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NAWAB SALAR JUNG BAHADUR.

OTHER MEN'S MINDS

OR,

SEVEN THOUSAND CHOICE EXTRACTS
ON
HISTORY, SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY, RELIGION,
ETC.,
SELECTED FROM THE STANDARD AUTHORSHIP
OF ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES,
AND
CLASSIFIED IN ALPHABETICAL ORD.

BY

D. 86
E. DAVIES, D.D.

WITH STEEL ILLUSTRATIONS.

I LOVE TO LOSE MYSELF IN OTHER MEN'S MINDS.—LAMB.

London :

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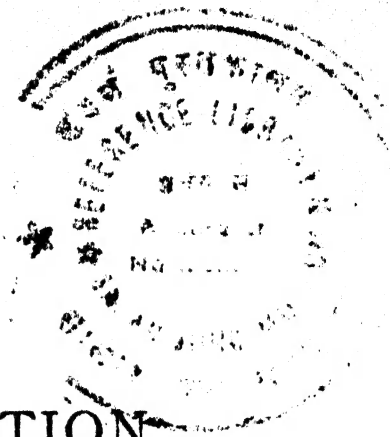
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DEDICATION.

HIt is seated by custome—from which we are now bold to assume authority—to bear names of our friends upon the fronts of our bookes, as gentlemen use to set their armes their gate. Some say this use began by the heroes and brave spirits of the old d, which were desirous to be thought to patronize learning; and men in requitall r the names of those brave princes.—DRAYTON.

TY.—A Dedication to the

My Father! unto Thee to whom I owe
All that I am, all that I have and can;
Who madest me in Thyself the sum of man
In all its generous aims and powers to know,
These first-fruits bring I; nor do Thou forego
Marking when I the boyish feat began,
Which numbers now three years from its plan,
Not twenty summers had embrowned my brow:
Life is at blood-heat every page doth prove:
Bear with it. Nature means necessity.
If there be aught that Thou canst love, it springs
Out of the hope that I may earn that love,
More unto me than immortality,
Or to have strung my harp with golden strings.—P. J. BAILEY.

NE.—A Dedication to a

dedicating to you this volume, a consideration of a far higher nature the formal and customary honour of addressing a man of literary and ific attainments induced me to shelter it under your patronage. In several vocations in which Providence has called you to officiate, you proved yourself the warm and disinterested patron of all that is volent and good,—of everything that concerns the present and eterne of mankind; while your praises have been re-echoed from r of the land to another as the champion of the Christian religo doctrines of which your voice and your pen have done so much all etc.—DICK.

fers

ESQUIRE.—Our Own Dedication to an

As genuine worth ought always to be recognized and published to world, not for the sake of ostentation, but to provoke to imitation, opportunity is seized of dedicating this volume—the fruit of several years' mental labour—to H. G. G. LUDLOW, ESQ., J.P., D.L., of Heywood House, not merely as an expression of deep thankfulness for personal kindnesses received from him, but as a token of admiration of his unwearied benevolence to the poor, his profound interest in young, and his decided sympathy with acknowledged evangelical truth and personal religion. To him, and to his truly devoted wife, the parishioners of Heywood are unspeakably indebted both for the beautiful Church which they worship God, and the numerous Christian advantages now happily possess.—DR. DAVIES.

FATHER.—A Dedication to a

To my father, whose life, like a perfume from beyond the Gates, illustrates every life which approaches it, the readers of this little book owe whatever pleasant thing they may find within its pages.—PHELPS.

MOTHER.—A Dedication to a

This volume is inscribed with deep reverence and affection to mother.—LORRAINE.

NOBLEMAN.—A Dedication to a

Your honourable name hath stood long, like a happy star, in the divine volumes, —a sanctuary of protection to the labours and perspirations of students; and if I have presumed to flee thither also for refuge, I have taught the way by more worthy precedents: It cannot be but for your honour that your patronage is so generally sought for, not only by ministers, but even by whole universities; in the vouchsafing whereunto we have daily as many prayers as the earth hath saints. I am bold to present my poor offering, as one loath to be hindmost in that acknowledgment which is so nobly deserved, and so joyfully rendered, by many tongues. Divers of these sermons did presume on the help of your wings when they first adventured to fly abroad; in their retrieval, or flight, being now sprung up in greater number, they humbly beg their pardon.—T. ADAMS.

PRINCE.—A Dedication to a

* * *

Where is he
Who dares foreshadow for an only son
A lovelier life, a more unstain'd, than his?

Or how should England dreaming of *his* sons
 Hope more from these than some inheritance
 Of such a life, a heart, a mind as thine,
 Thou noble Father of her Kings to be,
 Laborious for her people and her poor—
 Voice in the rich dawn of an ampler day—
 Far-sighted summoner of War and Waste
 To fruitful strifes and rivalries of peace.—
 Sweet Nature gilded by the gracious gleam
 Of letters, dear to Science, dear to Art,
 Dear to thy land and ours, a Prince indeed,
 Beyond all titles, and a household name,
 Hereafter, thro' all times—Albert the Good.—TENNYSON.

CER.—A Dedication to a

est thou recall, from the bosom of God where thou reposest, those
 days at Ghazir, in which, alone with thee, I wrote these pages,
 fired by the places we had visited together? Silent at my side, thou
 read and copy each sheet as soon as I had written it, whilst the sea,
 villages, the ravines, and the mountains were spread at our feet. When
 overwhelming light had given place to the innumerable army of stars,
 shrewd and subtle questions,—thy discreet doubts, led me back to the
 one Object of our common thoughts. * * * In the midst of these
 meditations, the Angel of Death struck us both with his wing: the
 fever seized us at the same time: I awoke alone! * * * Thou
 art now in the land of Adonis, near the holy Byblus and the sacred
 where the women of the ancient mysteries came to mingle their
 Reveal to me, O good genius! to me whom thou lovedst, those
 which conquer death, deprive it of terror, and make it almost
 good!—RÉNAN.

—A Dedication to a

the ears of corn, gathered and rubbed in my hands upon broken
 sheaves, I offer first to my wife.—DR. MACDONALD.



001
DAV

PREFACE.

—◆—
Your opening promises some great design.—HORACE.
—◆—

ACE.—The Beauty of a

preface, being the entrance of a book, should invite by its beauty. The porch announces the splendour of the interior.—I. DISRAELI.

E.—Carelessness respecting a

read a preface, and few care about it, that I shall make the present as brief as possible.—MOODY.

ov CE.—The Composition of a

difficult is the composition of a preface, that some authors can in miniature library more readily and satisfactorily than a single page. Hence originated the custom, in times remote, for the makers of books to secure for this special department "the ornamental contribution of a man of genius;" and hence, too, even at the present, this elaborate page, though it appears at the opening of a volume, is an effort of mental skill.—E. DAVIES.

E.—The Definition of a

the otto of the author's roses; every drop distilled at an immense cost is the reason of the reasoning, and the folly of the foolish.—DISRAELI.

CE.—A Devout

ago it used to be said—that there was a nobleman in France, who owned all the wood and stone, when split or hewn, bore his coat of arms depicted upon them by Nature. I shall not go to the truth of the story; but at least it is certain—that the industry and observation finds in all the creatures the mark and name, of his benign and merciful God. The Book of Nature—to use the thing in other words—has many thousand leaves, upon all the finger of God has inscribed His goodness; and He scatters

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them in every place, that we may never want the opportunity of contemplating the height and depth of His love. Happy the man who reads and devoutly meditates upon them !—SCRIVER.

PREFACE.—Dread of Criticism Shown in a

For the *doctrine* the author offers no apology,—it is his joy in life, and his hope in death: the *style* will be, as usual, severely attacked. If it shall be proved that his reasonings are vitiated, and his statements are incorrect, he shall bow to that judgment. Still will he stoop, if the censor be of a sufficient order of intellect to warrant a jest and sneer; only let him not be reproved in a vein of language, and with a course of illustration, which inspired no stimulating zest by containing any superior model.—DR. R. W. HAMILTON.

PREFACE —Egotism Displayed in a

I have such a facility in writing verses, and also in my invention, that a poem of double its length would have cost me little trouble. Although it contains only eleven thousand lines, I believe that longer epics do not exhibit more embellishments than mine.—SCUDERY.

PREFACE.—An Elegant

On a very elegant preface prefixed to an ill-written book, it was observed—that they ought never to have *come together*; but a sarcastic wit remarked—that he considered such marriages were allowable, for they were *not of kin*.—I. DISRAELI.

PREFACE.—An Eloquent

These voices are only echoes, often diverted and broken, yet never entirely spent in their transit from the future into the present. They are but snatches of the heavenly jubilee—fragments of glorious harmonies transmitted now and then from the white-robed choirs and adoring groups of the age to come. They are intimations of the glory to be revealed—preludes to the eternal hallelujah !—CUMMING.

PREFACE.—An Entertaining

It is not my intention to make an apology for my poem; some will think it needs no excuse, and others will receive none. The design I am sure is honest; but he who draws his pen for one party, must expect to make enemies of the other. There is a treasury of merits in the fanatic Church, as well as in the popish; and a pennyworth to be had of saintship, honesty, and poetry. My comfort is—their manifest prejudice to my cause will render their judgment of less authority against me. Yet if a poem have a genius, it will force its own reception in

the world ; for there is a sweetness in good verse which tickles even while it hurts ; and no man can be heartily angry with him who pleases him against his will.—DRYDEN.

PREFACE.—Motives Avowed in a

Concerning the motives which engaged me in the following attempt, it is not necessary that I say much ; the nature of my academical situation, a great deal of leisure since my retirement from it, the recommendation of an honoured and excellent friend, the not perceiving in what way I could employ my time or talents better, were the considerations that directed my thoughts to this design. Nor have I repented of the undertaking. Whatever be the fate or reception of this work, it owes its author nothing. In sickness and in health I have found in it that which can alone alleviate the one, or give enjoyment to the other—occupation and engagement.—ADN. PALEY.

PREFACE.—Our Own

In this goodly octavo will be found—beautiful emblems—striking contrasts—choice anecdotes—eloquent sayings—important definitions—philosophical truths—experimental facts—interesting histories—graphic sketches—theological verities—holy aspirations—in brief, a *résumé* of the finest and most valuable passages in English and Classic Literature, about equalling in number any compilation of the kind yet attempted ; while the range of authorship is wider, embracing, as it does, philosophers and divines, poets and historians, sceptics and believers, the living and the dead. And yet, with all this multiformity of genius, derived from separate ages, different hemispheres, and every class of thinkers, there is a wondrous harmony in conviction and statement, demonstrating that Truth is one at all times, in all lands, and under all circumstances. Furthermore : while there are upwards of seven thousand quotations, from upwards of one thousand three hundred sources, there is not, we believe, one pretty conceit, or sentimental fancy, in the whole. In the words of the Bard of the Night :—

“ Nothing but what is solid and refined
Should dare ask public audience of mankind.”

Every page glistens with gems, but they are of the purest water, and therefore can hardly fail to attract and benefit their possessor.—DR. DAVIES.

PREFACE.—A Quaint

Solomon bids us buy the truth, but does not tell us what it must cost, because we must get it though it be never so dear. Every parcel of truth is precious, as the filings of gold. We must either live with it, or die for it. As Ruth said to Naomi, so must gracious spirits say to Truth—

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"Where thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge, and nothing but death shall part thee and me." Truth is our heritage : it is a legacy that our forefathers have bought with their blood, which should make us willing to lay down anything, and to lay out everything, that we may, with the wise merchant in the Gospel, purchase this precious pearl, which is more worth than heaven and earth, and which will make a man live happily, die comfortably, and reign eternally.—T. BROOKS.

PREFACE.—Sympathy Expressed in a

You have given way beneath the burden of the days. Come, then, let us press very closely each to the other : it does good to weep together. Will you allow me an illustration ? It alone can describe what I am ; it alone can express what I desire. The desert stretches out implacably around ; the day has that fierce character that arises from an earth and sky on fire : a caravan approaches, the sand that it disturbs rises, wraps it about, and falls back upon its track, effacing it ; the camels drag on heavily ; the men sit bent in two,—they say nothing, look at nothing ; they let themselves be carried on, that is all. Meanwhile a figure that had kept in the shade beneath a great rock has risen ; as the caravan passes, this figure stretches out its hand, and offers a vase full of water ; the cup is poor indeed, but for all that the men steep their lips therein, and when the caravan has resumed its march their heads are lifted.—GASPARIN.

PREFACE.—The Termination of a

The author does not presume to have swept away all obscurities from the sky of truth ; but possibly a few rays of light may have been cast upon the dark clouds. For instances of failure he would crave forbearance ; for success, he would give the glory where alone it is due.—BRIDGES.

AUTHORS QUOTED;

WITH

LITERARY AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

Writers of an abler sort,

Whose wit well managed, and whose classic style,

Give Truth a lustre, and make Wisdom smile.—COWPER.

A.

ABBOT, ARCHBISHOP. One of the eight divines who, by command of James I., made the translation of the Bible. Born 1562; died 1663.

ABBOT, REV. JACOB. A popular American theologian: author of "The Young Christian," etc. Born 1803.

ABD-UL-AZIZ. The Sultan of Turkey

ABDY, MRS. A writer of agreeable Verses and Tales. Born 1818; died 1867.

ABERCROMBIE, DR. A distinguished Scottish physician and philosopher: author of "Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers of Man," etc. Born 1781; died 1844.

ABERNETHY, DR. An eminent English surgeon and physiologist. In 1809, he published an able volume, entitled "The Constitutional Origin and Treatment of Local Diseases," which made a considerable change in the science of surgery. Born 1764; died 1831.

ADAMS, JOHN Q. A celebrated American statesman and orator. Born 1767; died 1848.

ADAMS, REV. DR. An American divine. His principal work is "The Friends of Christ in the New Testament." Born 1806.

ADAMS, REV. THOMAS. Styled "the Shakespeare of the Puritans." Died 1670.

ADDISON, JOSEPH. The immortal essayist: editor of "The Spectator," etc. Born 1672; died 1719.

ADLER, REV. DR. A Jewish rabbi: author of "A Course of Sermons."

ÆSCHYLUS. Said to be "the first of the three great tragic poets of Greece." Born 525 B.C.; died 456 B.C.

ÆSOP. The world-renowned Greek fabulist and accomplished courtier. Born about 619 B.C.; destroyed by the citizens of Delphi 564 B.C.

ÆTNA.

AFRICANUS, SEXTUS J. A famous Christian writer of the third century, principally known by his "History of the World." Supposed to have died 232.

AIKIN, DR. An English physician and miscellaneous writer: author of that favourite work—"Evenings at Home," etc. Born 1747; died 1822.

AKENSIDE, DR. A physician and poet. His principal poem "The Pleasures of the Imagination," on its first appearance, met with immense success. Born 1721; died 1770.

ALBERT, PRINCE. Surnamed "Albert the Good." Born 1819; died 1861, to the profound and universal sorrow of the English nation.

ALCOTT, DR. An American reformer and popular educational writer: among his best works is "The House I Live In." Born 1798.

ALDINI, GIOVANNI. A distinguished natural philosopher. Born 1762; died 1834.

ALENCON, DUCHESS OF. An illustrious French authoress.

ALEXANDER, ANTON

ALEXANDER, REV. DR. An eminent American divine and Oriental scholar: author of "A Commentary on Isaiah," etc. Born 1809; died 1859.

ALEXANDER, REV. DR. W. L. A Scottish theologian: author of "The Connection and Harmony of the Old and New Testaments," etc. Born 1808.

ALEXANDER, REV. THOMAS. A well-known writer on the fifty-first Psalm. Died 1872.

ALFIERI, VITTORIO. A very celebrated Italian poet. "Philippe II." and "Saul," are considered his master-pieces. Born 1749; died 1803.

ALFORD, REV. DEAN. Author of "The Greek Testament," etc. Born 1810; died 1871.

ALFRED, KING. Surnamed "the Great." Born 849; died 901.

ALISON, SIR ARCHIBALD. A distinguished Scottish historian and lawyer. His most important work is "The History of Europe." Born 1792; died 1867.

ALLEYN, EDWARD. A celebrated English actor, and the founder of Dulwich College. Born 1556; died 1626.

ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM. An Irish poet: author of "Day and Night Songs." Born 1828.

ALLSTON, WASHINGTON. An eminent American painter: author of "Hints to Young Practitioners." Born 1779; died 1843.

ALVA, DUKE OF. A brave Spanish general who, it is said, was never defeated in battle. Born 1508; died 1582.

AMBROSE, ST. Bishop of Milan, and author of several Latin works which were highly esteemed. Born 340; died 397.

AMES, FISHER. A noted American statesman and orator: author of "Laocoon," and other essays. Born 1758; died 1808.

ANDERSON, REV. WILLIAM. Author of "Self-Made Men," etc.

ANNIBALE. An Italian musician, surnamed "Padovano." Died 1655.

ANSELM, ST. Archbishop of Canterbury, and a famous scholastic metaphysician. His greatest work is "Concordia Prædestinationis necnon Gratiaæ Die cum Libero Arbitrio." Born 1034; died 1109.

ANTOMMARCHI, DR. An Italian anatomist: physician to Napoleon I. at St. Helena, and author of "The Last Moments of Napoleon," etc. Died 1838.

ANTONINUS. Commonly called Marcus Aurelius, and sometimes designated "the Philosopher," because of his great wisdom, learning, and virtue: author of "Meditations," etc. Born 121; died 180.

ANTONY OF BOURBON. Duke of Vendôme and King of Navarre. Born 1518; died 1562.

AQUINAS, ST. THOMAS. A most eminent scholastic philosopher, surnamed "the Angelic Doctor." Born 1227; died 1274.

ARKUTHNOT, DR. A British physician, author, and satirist. Born 1675; died 1735.

ARCESILAUS. A Greek philosopher, founder of the New Academy. Born 316 B.C.; died 241 B.C.

ARGYLL, DUKE OF. Distinguished as a parliamentary debater and popular lecturer: author of "The Reign of Law," etc. Born 1823.

ARIOSTO. A celebrated Italian poet; Hallam denominates him "the favourite poet of Europe." Born 1474; died 1533.

ARISTOPHANES. The most famous comic poet of Greece. Among his master-pieces is a work entitled "The Clouds," a powerful satire against the Sophists. Born 444 B.C.; died 380 B.C.

ARISTOTLE. A world-renowned philosopher of antiquity, called "the Intellect" of his school: author of "Ethics," etc. Born 384 B.C.; died 322 B.C.

ARMINIUS, JACOBUS. A Dutch theologian, celebrated for his system of theology, commonly called Arminianism. Born 1560; died 1609.

ARMSTRONG, DR. An eminent physician and poet: author of "The Art of Preserving Health"—a didactic poem. Born 1709; died 1779.

ARMSTRONG, REV. G.

ARNDT, REV. FRIEDRICH. Author of "The Four Temperaments."

ARNOLD, REV. DR. An English teacher and historian of great merit: his chief work is a "History of Rome." Born 1795; died 1842.

ARNOT, REV. WILLIAM. A popular Scottish divine: author of "Illustrations of the Book of Proverbs," etc.

ARROWSMITH, REV. DR. An eminent English divine: "Tactica Sacra," and "Armilla Catechetica," are his principal works. Born 1602; died 1659.

ARTHUR, TIMOTHY S. An American writer of fiction, illustrative of domestic life. Born 1809.

ARVINE, REV. A. K. Author of "A Cyclopaedia of Religious Anecdotes."

ASCHAM, ROGER. A celebrated English scholar and writer: his greatest work is "The Schole-Master." Born 1515; died 1568.

ASPINALL, REV. DR.

ATHANASIUS, ST. An illustrious Greek Father—the supposed author of the creed commonly called "The Athanasian Creed." Born 296; died 373.

ATHELWOOD, ISABEL.

ATHERSTONE, EDWIN. An English poet of considerable reputation: author of "The Fall of Nineveh," etc. Born 1788.

ATTERBURY, BISHOP. A divine of singular ability—"the glory of our English orators." Born 1662; died, an exile in Paris, 1732.

ATTWELL, HENRY. Author of "Golden Thoughts."

AUGUSTINE, ST. One of the chief Fathers of the Latin Church; author of "The City of God," etc. Born 354; died 430.

AUSTEN, JANE. A distinguished novelist, "considered almost unrivalled in fidelity to Nature." Born 1775; died 1817.

AYTON, SIR ROBERT. A Scottish poet of eminence. Born 1570; died 1638.

AZAI, RABBI BEN

B.

BABBAGE, PROFESSOR. A famous English mathematician; inventor of a calculating machine which cost £17,000 in its construction; and author of "The Ninth Bridgewater Treatise," etc. Born 1790.

BACON, LORD. The illustrious English philosopher, lord keeper of the Great Seal under Queen Elizabeth: his greatest work was his "Instauratio Magna," of which the "Novum Organum" is a part. Born 1561; died 1626.

BACON, WILLIAM T.

BADER, DR.

BAGEHOT.

BAGOT, REV. DEAN. Author of "The Art of the Poetry of Horace," etc.

BAILEY, PHILIP J. The author of "Festus"—a poem of extraordinary beauty, power, and extravagance. Born 1816.

BAILEY, SIR JOHN

BAILLIE, JOANNA. A very celebrated British poetess: her "Plays on the Passions" is "a noble monument of her genius." Born 1762; died 1851.

BAILLIE, REV. JOHN. One of the biographers of St. Augustine.

BAKER, HENRY. A persevering and ingenious English naturalist: author of "The Microscope made Easy," etc. Born 1698; died 1774.

BAKER, SIR RICHARD. His "Chronicle of the Kings of England" was composed in Fleet Prison. Born 1568; died 1644.

BAKER, SIR SAMUEL. An illustrious English traveller: author of "The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia," etc. Born 1821.

BALE, BISHOP. A zealous writer against Popery. Born 1495; died 1563.

BALFOUR, MRS. Author of "The Women of the Bible," etc.

BALFOUR, PROFESSOR. A celebrated British botanist and physician: author of "The Plants of the Bible," etc. Born 1808.

BALLY, GEORGE

BANCROFT, GEORGE. An eminent American statesman and historian: author of "The History of the United States," etc. Born 1800.

BARBAULD, MRS. The whole of her writings are characterized by strong poetic feeling and great moral beauty. Born 1743; died 1825.

BARDSLEY, REV. J. W.

BARFORD, T.

BARHAM, REV. RICHARD H. An English divine and humorous writer; better known by his literary name—Thomas Ingoldsby: the popular author of "The Ingoldsby Legends." Born 1788; died 1845.

BARING-GOULD, REV. J. Author of "The Myths of the Middle Ages."

BARKER, MATTHEW H. A well-known English novelist. Born 1799; died 1846.

BARLOW, JOEL. A political and miscellaneous

- writer of considerable notoriety. Born 1755; died 1812.
- BARNABY.** An English poet: author of "A Divine Century of Spiritual Sonnets," etc. Born about 1560.
- BARNES, JULIA.** A treatise on hunting, hawk-ing, etc., called "The Book of St. Albans," is her chief production.
- BARNES, REV. ALBERT.** The well-known biblical commentator. Born 1798; died 1870.
- BARNES, REV. JOSHUA.** Author of "The Life of Edward III." Born 1654; died 1712.
- BARON, MICHEL.** A French actor, denomi-nated "the Roscius of his time" Born 1653; died 1720.
- BARROW, REV. DR.** An eminent mathema-tician, theologian, and pulpit orator. Born 1630; died 1677.
- BARRY, REV. DR.** Author of "Religion for Every Day," etc.
- BARTAS, DU.** A celebrated French negotiator and poet: his best poem is entitled "The Week of Creation." Died from wounds received in battle, 1590.
- BARTON, BERNARD.** A member of the Society of Friends, commonly known as "the Quaker Poet;" author of "The Reliquary," etc. Born 1784; died 1849.
- BAS, REV. W. C. LE**
- BASIL, ST.** Surnamed "the Great" Among his chief productions are "Homilies on the Psalms," and "Homilies on the "Six Days' Work." Born 329; died 379.
- BASSETT, REV. F. TILNEY**
- BATES, DAVID**
- BATES, REV. DR.** A distinguished Presby-terian minister: author of "The Lives of Pious and Learned Men," etc. Born 1625; died 1699.
- BAXTER, REV. RICHARD.** Styled "the English Demosthenes;" universally known by his justly admired work, entitled "The Saint's Everlasting Rest." Born 1615; died 1691.
- BAYLEY, SIR JOHN.** An illustrious English jurist: author of "A Summary of the Laws of the Bills of Exchange." Born 1763; died 1841.
- BAYLISS, WYKE**
- BAYLY, REV. JOHN.** Author of "The Guar-dian Angel." Born 1595; died 1633.
- BAYLY, THOMAS H.** An English lyric poet and novelist. Born 1797; died 1839.
- BAYNES, REV. ROBERT H.** Editor of "Lyra Anglicana."
- BEARD, REV. DR.** Author of "The Inter-preter of Scripture," etc.
- BEATTIE, JAMES.** A Scottish poet and meta-physician. Born 1735; died 1803.
- BEAUMARCHAIS, DE.** A French dramatist and versatile genius. Born 1732; died 1790.
- BEAUMONT, FRANCIS.** A lyrical and de-scriptive poet of the highest order. He wrote a number of popular dramas in conjunction with John Fletcher. Born 1586; died 1615.
- BEAUMONT, REV. DR.** One of the most eloquent pulpit orators of the present century.
- BEAUMONT, SIR JOHN.** Author of a col-lection of poems, entitled "Bosworth Field." Born 1582; died 1628.
- BECCARIA, MARQUIS DE.** An illustrious Italian: author of "Trattato dei Delitti e delle Pene," a book which was translated into the chief languages of Europe. Born 1738; died 1793.
- BEDÉ.** Surnamed "the Venerable." An English monk and Church historian, universally known by his "Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis An-glorum." Born about 673; died about 735.
- BEECHER, REV. DR.** An eminent American divine: author of "Views in Theology," etc. Born 1775; died 1863.
- BEECHER, REV. HENRY W.** An American preacher and writer of extraordinary ability and eloquence. Born 1813.
- BEESELY, REV. A. H.**
- BELL, G. M.**
- BELL, SIR CHARLES.** A celebrated physio-logist and surgeon: author of "The Hand: its Mechanism and Vital Endowments," etc. Born 1774; died 1842.
- BELLA, STEFANO.** An eminent Italian en-graver. Born 1610; died 1664.
- BELLAMY, JACOB.** One of the most popular of Dutch poets: author of "Vaderlandsche Gezangen," etc. Born 1757; died 1621.
- BELLEGARDE, ABBÉ DE.** Generally known as the translator of some of the works of St. Chrysostom and other Church Fathers. Born 1648; died 1734.
- BELLET, REV. GEORGE**
- BELLEW, J. C. M.** Author of "The Poets' Corner," etc.
- BELZONI, GIOVANNI B.** An enterprising traveller. Born 1778; died 1823.
- BENJAMIN, PARK.** An American poet and journalist. Born 1809; died 1864.
- BENNETT, WILLIAM C.** An English poet, distinguished as a writer of "Songs." Born 1820.
- BENTHAM, JEREMY.** An English jurist and utilitarian philosopher: author of "A Defence of Usury," etc. Born 1748; died 1832.
- BENTLEY, RICHARD.** Regarded as the greatest classical scholar England ever produced. Born 1662; died 1742.
- BERNARD, REV. RICHARD.** An English Puritan divine: author of "The Key of Know-ledge," etc. Born 1566; died 1641.
- BERNARD, ST.** The founder of one hundred and sixty monasteries, and the chief promoter of the second Crusade. Born 1091; died 1153.
- BERRIDGE, REV. JOHN.** Author of "The Christian World Unmasked." Born 1716; died 1793.
- BERTRAM, REV. R. A.** Translator of M. Coquerel's "Lectures on Preaching."
- BETHAM-EDWARDS, M. DE**
- BETHUNE, REV. DR.** An American divine, poet, and scholar: author of "The Fruit of the Spirit," etc. Born 1805; died 1862.
- BETTENHAM.**
- BEVERIDGE, BISHOP.** An eminent English prelate and orientalist: his most esteemed work is "Private Thoughts upon Religion." Born 1638; died 1708.
- BIAS.** One of the seven sages of Greece. Lived about 566 B.C.
- BICKERSTETH, REV. EDWARD.** A truly devout theologian: author of "A Help to the Study of the Scriptures," etc. Born 1786; died 1850.
- BIDDULPH, REV. THOMAS T.** "Essays on the Liturgy" is his principal work. Born 1763.
- RIGG.**
- BILNEY, THOMAS.** One of "the noble army of martyrs."
- BINNEY, REV. THOMAS.** Author of "Is it Possible to make the Best of both Worlds?" etc. Born 1800.
- BIRKS, REV. PROFESSOR.** A polemical divine of great ability.
- BIRT.**
- BLACK, DR.** An eminent chemist and physi-cian. Born 1728; died 1799.
- BLACKIE, PROFESSOR.** A Scottish scholar and writer. Born 1809.
- BLACKMORE, SIR RICHARD.** A celebrated physician and poet: his "Creation" is warmly commended. Born 1650; died 1729.
- BLACKSTONE, SIR WILLIAM.** An illu-strious English jurist: author of the well-known "Commentaries on the Laws of England." Born 1723; died 1780.
- BLACKWOOD, ADAM.** His literary reputation is derived from a work, entitled "The Martyr-dom of Mary Stuart." Born 1539; died 1613.
- BLAIKIE, REV. DR.** Editor of "The Sunday Magazine"

- BLAIR, REV. DR.** An eminent minister of the Scottish Church: author of "Lectures on Rhetoric," etc. Born 1718; died 1800.
- BLAIR, REV. ROBERT.** A Scottish divine, whose poem on "The Grave" has won for him a lasting renown. Born 1699; died 1746.
- BLAMIRE, SUSAN.** An English poetess, who wrote a number of admired lyrics in the Scottish dialect. Born 1747; died 1794.
- BLANCHARD, LAMAN.** A judicious editor and able magazinist. Born 1803; died 1845.
- BLESSINGTON, LADY.** As remarkable for her literary ability as for her personal beauty. Among her most popular works are "The Victims of Society," and "Conversations with Lord Byron." Born 1789; died 1849.
- BLOMFELD, BISHOP.** An eminent scholar and theologian. Born 1786; died 1857.
- BLOOMFIELD, ROBERT.** Author of the well-known rural poem—"The Farmer's Boy." Born 1766; died 1823.
- BLUNT, REV. HENRY.** Celebrated for his "Lectures on the History of St. Paul." Born 1794; died 1843.
- BLUNT, REV. J. H.** Author of "Directorium Pastorale," etc.
- BOGART, ELIZABETH.** An American poetess.
- BOGATZKY, KARL H.** A German theologian: author of "The Golden Treasury." Born 1690; died 1774.
- BOGUE, REV. DAVID.** A Scottish divine, and one of the first editors of "The Evangelical Magazine." Born 1750; died 1825.
- BOILEAU, NICOLAS.** A distinguished French poet and satirist. His best productions are "The Reading-Desk" and "The Art of Poetry." Born 1636; died 1711.
- BOIS, ABBE DU.** A French missionary, who wrote, in English, "The Characters, Manners, and Institutions of the People of India." Born 1765; died 1848.
- BOLEYN, ANNE.** Queen of Henry VIII., and mother of Queen Elizabeth. Born 1507; beheaded 1536.
- BOLINGBROKE, LORD.** A renowned statesman and political writer: Pope pronounced him "the best writer of his age." Born 1678; died 1751.
- BOLTON, REV. ROBERT.** An English scholar and divine: author of "Helpes to Humiliation," etc. Born 1572; died 1631.
- BONAPARTE, PRINCE.** An illustrious French naturalist: "Illustrations of the Italian Fauna" is his best production. Born 1803; died 1857.
- BONAR, REV. DR.** Author of "Hymns of Faith and Hope," etc. Born 1808.
- BONNARD, DE.** A French poet. Born 1744; died 1784.
- BON-SENS, LE**
- BOOTH, BARTON.** Famed as an English actor, and author of "The Death of Dido," a drama. Born 1681; died 1733.
- BORROW, GEORGE.** The friend of the Gipsy tribes: his most popular book is "The Bible in Spain." Born 1803.
- BOSQUIERI, PHILIP**
- BOSSERT, JAMES B.** Born 1627; died 1704.
- BOSSUET, BISHOP.** A distinguished French divine and pulpit orator. Born 1627; died 1704.
- BOSTON, REV. THOMAS.** A Scottish Presbyterian divine: author of "Human Nature in its Fourfold State," etc. Born 1676; died 1732.
- BOSWELL, JAMES.** The biographer of Dr. Johnson; Lord Macaulay styles him "the first of biographers." Born 1740; died 1795.
- BOUFFLERS, MARSHAL.** An illustrious French commander. Born 1644; died 1711.
- BOURRIENNE, GENERAL.** The private secretary and biographer of Napoleon I. Born 1769; died 1834.
- BOWDLER, JOHN.** Author of "Select Pieces in Verse and Prose," etc. Born 1783; died 1815.
- BOWLES, CAROLINE.** A poetess universally admired. After twenty years of friendship, she became the wife of Dr. Southey. Born 1787; died 1854.
- BOWLES, REV. WILLIAM L.** An eminent English poet: author of "The Spirit of Discovery," etc. Born 1762; died 1850.
- BOWRING, SIR JOHN.** An English statesman and linguist, rendered famous by his attainments in the Slavonic languages. Born 1792.
- BOWYER, REV. THOMAS**
- BOYD, REV. DR.** The popular author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson," etc.
- BOYLE, HON. ROBERT.** An illustrious philosopher and lover of science, who founded and endowed "The Boyle Lectures." Born 1626; died 1697.
- BOYSE, SAMUEL.** An English poet. Born 1708; died 1749.
- BOZIUS.**
- BRADFORD, REV. JOHN.** A famous Protestant divine. Born about 1510; martyred 1555.
- BRADLEY, REV. CHARLES.** Author of "Practical Sermons."
- BRAINARD, JOHN G. C.** An American poet and editor. Born 1796; died 1828.
- BRAINERD, REV. DAVID.** The celebrated missionary to the Indians. Born 1718; died 1747.
- BRANDE, WILLIAM T.** An eminent English chemist: author of an excellent "Dictionary of Science, Literature, and Art." Born 1788; died 1866.
- BRANDON, LORD.** A Court favourite. Died 1545.
- BREMER, FREDERIKA.** A Swedish novelist of great ability. Born 1802; died 1866.
- BRET, ANTOINE.** A French *littérateur*. Born 1717; died 1792.
- BREWER, REV. DR.** Author of "Theology in Science," etc.
- BREWSTER, SIR DAVID.** The illustrious astronomer: author of "More Worlds than One," etc. Born 1781; died 1868.
- BRIDGE, REV. STEPHEN.** A much-esteemed English clergyman.
- BRIDGES, REV. CHARLES.** The well-known commentator on Psalm cxix. Died 1869.
- BROADHURST.**
- BROCK, REV. WILLIAM**
- BRODIE, SIR BENJAMIN C.** The distinguished English surgeon. Born 1783; died 1862.
- BRODRICK, REV. ALAN.** Author of "Forest Poems," etc.
- BROME, RICHARD.** A popular English dramatist, originally a servant of Ben Jonson. Died 1652.
- BROOKE, REV. STOPFORD A.** Author of "The Life and Letters of Frederick W. Robertson," etc.
- BROOKS, MRS. M. G.** An American poetess. Born 1795; died 1845.
- BROOKS, REV. THOMAS.** A celebrated Puritan writer: author of "Heaven on Earth," etc. Born 1668; died 1680.
- BROOKS, SHIRLEY**
- BROOME, REV. DR.** Beside the composition of his own poems, he contributed several books to Pope's translation of "The Odyssey." Died 1745.
- BROTHERTON, JOSEPH**
- BROUGH, BISHOP**
- BROUGHAM, LORD.** A popular British orator, statesman, and writer: author of "Historical Sketches of Statesmen of the Time of George III." etc. Born 1779; died 1871.
- BROWN, FRANCES.** The blind poetess. Born 1816.
- BROWN, PHOEBE**
- BROWN, REV. DR.** Author of "The Second Advent," etc.
- BROWN, REV. HUGH S.** A popular English lecturer.
- BROWN, REV. J. B.** Author of "The Home Life," etc.

BROWNE, BISHOP. The distinguished expositor of the XXXIX. Article. Born 1811.

BROWNE, MARY A. "The Coronel" is her best poem. Born 1812; died 1846.

BROWNE, REV. H. J.

BROWNE, SIR THOMAS. An eminent antiquary and physician; author of "Religio Medici," etc. Born 1605; died 1682.

BROWNING, MRS. A first-class English poetess; her chief work is entitled "Aurora Leigh." Born 1809; died 1861.

BROWNING, ROBERT. Author of "The Ring and the Book," etc. Born 1812.

BRUCE, MICHAEL. A singularly plaintive and elegant poet. Born 1746; died 1767.

BRUCE, REV. ROBERT. An able Scottish clergyman. Born 1554; died 1631.

BRUYERE, JEAN DE LA. An illustrious French writer and moralist. "Les Caractères de Théophraste" is his principal work. Born 1644; died 1696.

BRYAN, MICHAEL. Author of "A Biographical and Critical Dictionary." Born 1757; died 1821.

BRYANT, WILLIAM C. A well-known American poet. "Thanatopsis" is regarded by many as his finest poem. Born 1794.

BRYDGES, SIR SAMUEL E. An able genealogist, topographer, and bibliographer, yet a man of eccentric character. Born 1762; died 1837.

BUCHOLTZER, REV. ABRAHAM. A German divine, and an intimate friend of Melancthon. Born 1520; died 1584.

BUCK, REV. CHARLES. Author of "A Theological Dictionary," etc. Born 1771; died 1815.

BUCKE, CHARLES. An eloquent English writer; author of "The Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature," etc. Born 1781; died 1847.

BUCKINGHAM, JAMES S. A celebrated English traveller and temperance lecturer. Born 1786; died 1855.

BUCKLAND, REV. DR. Distinguished more as a geologist than as a divine. His principal work is "Geology and Mineralogy Considered with Reference to Natural Theology." Born 1784; died 1856.

BUCKLE, HENRY T. A political and historical philosopher; author of "The History of Civilization in Europe." Born 1822; died 1862.

BUCKMINSTER, REV. JOSEPH S. A gifted American divine and competent scholar. Born 1784; died 1812.

BUDGELL, EUSTACE. An able contributor to "The Spectator," etc. Born 1685; drowned 1746.

BUFFON, COMTE DE. Said to be "the most eloquent, if not the most accurate, of naturalists." Born 1707; died 1788.

BULLINGER, REV. HEINRICH. A Swiss pastor and reformer; his works are chiefly controversial. Born 1504; died 1575.

BULLOCK, REV. CHARLES. Editor of "Our Own Fireside," etc.

BUNSEN, CHEVALIER VON. An illustrious German theologian, historian, and archaeologist; author of "Egypt's Place in Universal History," etc. Born 1791; died 1860.

BUNYAN, JOHN. Styled "the Bishop of the Baptists." His "Pilgrim's Progress" has won for him a world-wide and lasting popularity. Born 1628; died 1688.

BURKE, EDMUND. A most illustrious statesman, orator, and political writer. Among his chief works is "An Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful." Born 1730; died 1797.

BURLEIGH, LORD. An eminent English statesman. Born 1520; died 1598.

BURNET, BISHOP. A British historian of considerable renown. Born 1643; died 1715.

BURNS, REV. J. D. Author of "The Vision of Prophecy," etc.

BURNS, ROBERT. "The national poet of Scotland." Born 1759; died 1796.

BURRILL, JAMES. An American lawyer and senator. Born 1772; died 1820.

BURRITT, ELIHU. Styled "the Learned Blacksmith;" author of "Sparks from the Anvil," and "A Voice from the Forge." Born 1811.

BURROUGHS, REV. JEREMIAH. Author of "Gospel Conversation," and other devout works which were highly esteemed. Born 1599; died 1646.

BURTON, REV. ROBERT. A celebrated English humorist and philosopher; universally known by "The Anatomy of Melancholy." Born 1576; died about 1640.

BURY, BISHOP DE. Author of "A Treatise on the Love of Books." Born 1287; died 1345.

BUSH, REV. PROFESSOR. A famous American commentator. Born 1796; died 1860.

BUSHNELL, REV. DR. His most important work is "Nature and the Supernatural as together constituting the One System of God." Born 1802.

BUSSY-RABUTIN, COUNT DE. A distinguished French wit and satirist. Born 1618; died 1693.

BUTLER, A. H.

BUTLER, BISHOP. An English author of great eminence. "The Analogy of Religion" rendered him immortal. Born 1692; died 1752.

BUTLER, MRS. A popular English actress and writer. Born 1811.

BUTLER, REV. DEAN

BUTLER, REV. W. ARCHER. An Irish divine and philosopher. His "Sermons" and "Lectures" are models of elegant and vigorous composition. Born 1814; died 1848.

BUTLER, SAMUEL. A celebrated English wit and poet; author of "Hudibras." Born about 1612; died 1680.

BUXTON, SIR THOMAS F. A distinguished philanthropist; he produced "A Treatise on the Slave Trade." Born 1786; died 1845.

BYRON, LORD. An English poet of unusual genius. Born 1788; died 1824.

C.

CÆSAR, JULIUS. "Dictator of Rome." Born 100 B.C.; fell beneath the daggers of political conspirators. 44 B.C.

CAIRD, REV. DR. A Scottish minister and pulpit orator of great note; author of "The Religion of Common Life," etc. Born 1822.

CALDERON. A famous Spanish dramatist. Born 1601; died 1681.

CALDERWOOD, REV. DAVID. A celebrated Scottish divine; author of "A History of the Church of Scotland." Born 1575; died 1651.

CALDWELL, ROBERT. A modern English poet.

CALENIUS, WALTER. A noted Welsh historian, who flourished about 1120.

CALTHROP, REV. GORDON. Author of "Words Spoken to my Friends."

CALVIN, JOHN. The distinguished reformer and commentator. Born 1509; died 1564.

CAMDEN, WILLIAM. An eminent English antiquary; his most celebrated work is "Britannia sive Regnorum Angliæ," etc. Born 1551; died 1623.

CAMENS, LOUIS DE. A famous Portuguese poet. Born 1524; died 1579.

CAMPBELL, LORD. An illustrious British lawyer and statesman; author of "The Lives of the Chancellors of England," etc. Born 1779; died 1861.

CAMPBELL, REV. ALEXANDER. Founder of the religious sect denominated "the Disciples of Christ." Born 1788; died 1855.

- CAMPBELL, REV. DR.** Author of "The Philosophy of Rhetoric." Born 1709; died 1796.
- CAMPBELL, THOMAS.** A British poet, known world-wide by "The Pleasures of Hope." Born 1777; died 1844.
- CAMPIAN, EDMUND.** An English Jesuit: author of "Chronologia Universalis," etc. Executed 1581.
- CAREW, LADY**
- CAREW, THOMAS.** An English poet and royal favourite. Born 1589; died 1639.
- CAREY, REV. DR.** A celebrated orientalist and missionary. Born 1761; died 1834.
- CARLETON, WILLIAM.** A famous Irish novelist: his "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry" is an exceedingly popular book. Born 1793; died 1869.
- CARLISLE, EARL.** Author of "A Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters." Born 1802; died 1864.
- CARLYLE, THOMAS.** The distinguished British essayist, historian, and speculative philosopher. Born 1795.
- CARPENTER, DR.** Editor of "Popular Readings." Born 1813.
- CARRINGTON, EDWARD**
- CARTWRIGHT, REV. WILLIAM.** An English poet and eloquent preacher. Born 1611; died 1643.
- CARY, ALICE.** An American authoress, who has obtained considerable popularity in Europe as well as in her own native land. Born about 1822.
- CARYL, REV. JOSEPH.** Author of "An Exposition of Job." Born 1602; died 1673.
- CASAS, BARTOLOMEO DE LAS.** A celebrated Spanish prelate, whose "General History of the Indies" is invaluable. Born 1474; died 1560.
- CASSIODORUS, MAGNUS A.** A Roman senator and historian, subsequently a monk. Born about 468; died about 570.
- CATHERALI.**
- CATO, MARCUS P.** Denominated by Cicero "the Father of his Country." Born 95 B.C.; ended his life by falling on his own sword, 46 B.C.
- CAUNTER, REV. H.**
- CAUSSIN, NICOLAS.** A celebrated French writer and Jesuit. His work entitled "The Holy Court" met with an immense circulation. Born 1582; died 1651.
- CECIL, LORD.** An able and upright statesman: author of "The State and Dignity of a Secretary of State." Born 1563; died 1612.
- CECIL, REV. RICHARD.** One of the most eminent preachers of the English Church. Beside a series of sermons, he wrote "The Life of the Rev. John Newton." Born 1748; died 1810.
- CEKVANTES, MIGUEL DE.** "The Shakspeare of Spain," and the famous author of "Don Quixote." Born 1547; died 1616.
- CHALMERS, REV. DR.** A divine and writer "on whose like Scotland will not soon look again." Born 1780; died 1847.
- CHAMBERS, DR. WILLIAM.** Author of "Essays," etc.
- CHAMPNEYS, REV. W. W.**
- CHANNING, REV. DR.** An eloquent divine and advocate of peace and liberty. Born 1780; died 1842.
- CHAPIN, REV. DR.** A distinguished American preacher and orator: author of "Humanity in the City," etc. Born 1614.
- CHAPLIN, REV. JEREMIAH.** President of Waterville College, Maine. Born 1776; died 1841.
- CHAPMAN, GEORGE.** An English dramatist and translator. Born 1557; died 1634.
- CHAPONE, HESTER.** An English authoress of considerable merit: her "Letters on the Improvement of the Mind" are greatly prized. Born 1727; died 1801.
- CHARLES I.** King of England. Born 1600; beheaded 1649.
- CHARLES XII.** King of Sweden. Born 1682; killed 1718.
- CHARLESWORTH, MARIA L.** The popular authoress of "Ministering Children," etc.
- CHARNOCK, REV. STEPHEN.** Celebrated for his "Discourses on Providence" Born 1628; died 1680.
- CHARRON, PIERRE.** An eminent French philosopher and priest. His principal work is a "Traité de la Sagesse." Born 1531; died 1603.
- CHATEAUBRIAND, VISCOUNT DE.** An illustrious French writer: author of "Génie du Christianisme." Born 1768; died 1848.
- CHATHAM, LORD.** A renowned and eloquent statesman. Born 1708; died 1778.
- CHATTERTON, THOMAS.** An English poet of considerable promise, but whose life was cut short by poison. Born 1752; died 1770.
- CHAUCER, GEOFFREY.** "The Father of English Poetry." The celebrated "Canterbury Tales" are reckoned his best compositions. Born 1328; died 1400.
- CHEEVER, REV. DR.** Author of "Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress," etc.
- CHENEDOLLE, CHARLES J. DE.** An eminent French poet: his principal poem is entitled "Le Génie de l'Homme." Born 1769; died 1833.
- CHESTER, J. L.**
- CHESTERFIELD, LORD.** An English statesman of brilliant accomplishments, but intense vanity and ambition: his fame as an author rests on his "Letters to his Son." Born 1694; died 1773.
- CHEVALIER, MICHEL.** A notable French economist. Born 1806.
- CHEYNE, DR.** A famous Scotch physician and essayist. Born 1671; died 1742.
- CHILLINGWORTH, REV. WILLIAM.** An eminent divine and controversialist: author of "The Religion of Protestants," etc. Born 1602; died 1644.
- CHRYSOSTOM, ST.** A pre-eminent Greek Father, designated "the Golden-Mouthed:" his writings consist of commentaries, treatises, and sermons. Born 347; died 407.
- CHURCH, REV. R. W.** Author of "Sermons on Great Texts."
- CHURCHILL, REV. CHARLES.** Known more as a poet than as a divine. "The Conference," a poem, is his master-piece. Born 1731; died 1764.
- CHURCHYARD, THOMAS.** An English versifier: author of "The Worthiness of Wales," etc. Born about 1520; died 1604.
- CIBBER, COLLEY.** A witty English dramatist and actor. Born 1671; died 1757.
- CICERO.** "The Prince of Roman Orators." Born 106 B.C.; murdered 43 B.C.
- CLARE, JOHN.** The Northamptonshire peasant-poet. Born 1793; died 1864.
- CLARENDON, LORD.** An illustrious English historian and statesman: author of "The History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars." Born 1608; died 1674.
- CLARKE, REV. DR. ADAM.** An eminent theologian and orientalist. Born 1762; died 1832.
- CLARKSON, REV. DAVID.** "A divine of extraordinary worth." Born 1622; died 1686.
- CLAY, HENRY.** A famous American statesman and orator. Born 1777; died 1852.
- CLEVELAND, JOHN.** An English poet and noted political writer. Born 1613; died 1659.
- COBBETT, WILLIAM.** Universally known as a vigorous political and miscellaneous writer. He was the friend of the poor. Born 1762; died 1835.
- COBDEN, RICHARD.** The distinguished senator and advocate of free trade. Born 1804; died 1865.
- COCHRANE, EARL.** Author of a valuable work, entitled "The Application of Chemistry to Agriculture," etc. Born 1749; died 1831.

- COCKTON, HENRY.** A popular English novelist: author of "The Life and Adventures of Valentine Vox." Born about 1808; died 1853.
- COGAN, DR.** An eminent English physician: author of "A Philosophical Treatise on the Passions," etc. Born 1736; died 1818.
- COKE, SIR EDWARD.** Distinguished as a lawyer and a judge: his fame as an author rests on his "Institutes of the Laws of England." Born 1552; died 1633.
- COLERIDGE, HARTLEY.** An English poet and miscellaneous writer. Born 1796; died 1840.
- COLERIDGE, SAMUEL T.** A philosopher, theologian, and poet of the highest order of attainments. Born 1772; died 1834.
- COLEY, REV. SAMUEL.** A popular English minister.
- COLLET, REV. DEAN.** A very learned man, and an eminent forerunner of the Reformation; he was also the founder of St. Paul's Schools. Born 1466; died 1510.
- COLLIER, JEREMY.** An able writer and historian. His chief work is "A Short View of the English Stage." Born 1650; died 1726.
- COLLINS, WILLIAM.** Highly gifted as a lyric poet; author of "An Ode to the Passions," etc. Born 1720; died 1756.
- COLLYER, REV. DR.** An English divine, celebrated for his several lectures on the Scripture. Died 1854.
- COLMAN, GEORGE.** Styled "the Younger;" a distinguished wit and dramatist. Born 1762; died 1836.
- COLTON, REV. CALEB C.** The eloquent but unfortunate author of "Lacon." Died 1832.
- COOMBE, DR. ANDREW.** An eminent physician and medical writer. Born 1797; died 1847.
- COMBE, WILLIAM.** Author of "The Devil on Two Sticks." Died 1823.
- CONDER, JOSIAH.** Publisher of "The Modern Traveller," etc. Born 1789; died 1855.
- CONFUCIUS.** The immortal Chinese sage, who flourished 550 B.C.; died 478 B.C.
- CONGREVE, WILLIAM.** A witty and original English dramatist: his best composition was "The Mourning Bride" Born 1670; died 1720.
- COOK, ELIZA.** An exceedingly popular English poetess. Born 1817.
- COOKE, THOMAS.** A celebrated actor. Born 1781; died 1848.
- COOPER, REV. EDWARD.** Author of "Sermons," etc.
- CORBET, BISHOP.** An English poet and pulpit orator: author of "Farewell to the Fairies," etc. Born 1582; died 1635.
- CORNEILLE, PIERRE.** Styled "the Grand Corneille," because he was the most distinguished of the French dramatists. Born 1606; died 1684.
- COTTA, BARON.** A celebrated German bookseller. Born 1764; died 1822.
- COTTON, DR. NATHANIEL.** Eminent as a physician and a poet: author of "Marriage, a Vision." Born 1707; died 1788.
- COTTON, REV. JOHN.** A learned English divine. Born 1585; died 1652.
- COULIN, REV. DR.**
- COVERDALE, BISHOP.** The first translator of the whole Bible into English. Born 1487; died 1568.
- COWLEY, ABRAHAM.** An English poet: author of "Pindaric Odes," etc. Born 1618; died 1667.
- COWLEY, HANNAH.** Celebrated for her "More Ways than One," Born 1743; died 1800.
- COWPER, WILLIAM.** Described by Dr. Southey as "the most popular poet of his generation." Born 1731; died 1800.
- COXE, BISHOP.** An eminent American divine: author of "Christian Ballads," etc. Born 1818.
- CRABBE, REV. GEORGE.** A well known English poet and divine: author of "The Borough," etc. Born 1754; died 1832.
- CRADOCK, REV. WALTER.** Born 1600; died 1651.
- CRAKANTHORPE, REV. RICHARD.** An elegant Puritan preacher: his best work is "Defensio Ecclesie Anglicanæ." Born 1567; died 1624.
- CRANMER, ARCHBISHOP.** A zealous promoter of the English Reformation. Born 1489; burnt 1556.
- CRASHAW, RICHARD.** A poet of considerable merit. Born 1615; died 1650.
- CRAWLEY.**
- CREASY, SIR EDWARD S.** A celebrated English lawyer and historian: author of "The Rise and Progress of the English Constitution." Born 1812.
- CREWDSON, MRS. T. D.**
- CRICHTON, REV. ANDREW.** A talented Presbyterian divine. Born 1837; died 1867.
- CROLY, REV. DR.** A popular poet and miscellaneous writer: his "Catiline" is considered "a splendid performance." Born 1780; died 1860.
- CRUDEN, ALEXANDER.** The well-known compiler of "A Concordance of the Scriptures." Born 1700; died 1770.
- CULLEN, DR.** A distinguished physician and medical writer. Born 1712; died 1790.
- CUMBERLAND, RICHARD**
- CUMMING, REV. DR.** A voluminous theological writer: author of "Voices of the Day," etc. Born 1810.
- CUNNINGHAM, ALLAN.** A Scottish poet and critic. Born 1785; died 1842.
- CUNNINGHAM, REV. JOHN W.** Author of "The Velvet Cushion," etc. Born 1780; died 1861.
- CURRAN, JOHN P.** A brilliant Irish barrister. Born 1750; died 1817.
- CUVIER, BARON.** The illustrious zoologist and anatomist: author of "Lectures on Comparative Anatomy," etc. Born 1769; died 1832.
- CUYLER, REV. DR.** A popular American divine.
- CYPRIAN, ST.** One of the most eminent Fathers of the Church, and bishop of Carthage: author of several important Treatises. Born about 200; martyred 258.
- CYRIL, ST.** Bishop of Jerusalem: his works principally consist of Lectures to Catechumens. Born 315; died 336.
- CZERWINSKI.**

D.

DABSHFELIM.

DAGUESSAU, HENRI F. A celebrated French chancellor, orator, and legislator. Born 1663; died 1751.

DALE, REV. CANON. An eminent divine and poet: author of "The Sabbath Companion," etc. Born 1797.

DALMAN, LORD

DANA, MATILDA F.

DANA, RICHARD H. An American poet and essayist of note. Born 1787.

DANBY, CECIL

DANIEL, SAMUEL. A meritorious but neglected English poet and historian. Born 1562; died 1619.

DANTE. The most distinguished of the Italian poets. Born 1265; died 1321.

DARLEY, GEORGE. An Irish poet and mathematician. Born 1785; died 1849.

DARU, COUNT. An illustrious French statesman, historian, and poet: author of "The History of Venice," etc. Born 1767; died 1829.

- DARWIN, DR. ERASMUS.** An ingenious English physiologist and poet. Born 1731; died 1802.
- DARWIN, PROFESSOR.** Author of "The Descent of Man," etc.
- D'AUBIGNE, REV. DR.** The eloquent historian of "The Reformation of the Sixteenth Century." Born 1794; died 1873.
- DAVENANT, SIR WILLIAM.** An English poet-laureate: "Gondibert" is his chief production. Born 1605; died 1668.
- DAVIDSON, LUCRETIA M.** An American poetess of great and ready ability. Born 1803; died 1825.
- DAVIDSON, MARGARET M.** Said to have been "Angelic." Born 1823; died 1853.
- DAVIES, EMMELINE M.**
- DAVIES, MRS.** An eminently devout and happy Christian. Died 1869.
- DAVIES, REV. DR.** Author of "Our Heavenly Home," etc.
- DAVIES, SIR JOHN.** A distinguished lawyer and poet; his principal composition is "The Immortality of the Soul." Born 1770; died 1826.
- DAVIS, THOMAS.** An Irish poet and politician. Born 1814; died 1845.
- DAVY, SIR HUMPHREY.** The inventor of the Safety Lamp, and one of the most famous of modern chemists. Born 1778; died 1829.
- DAWES, RUFUS.** An American poet of some eminence. Born 1803.
- DECKER, THOMAS.** An English dramatist of the sixteenth century.
- DEFOE, DANIEL.** A popular English writer and an original genius: author of "Robinson Crusoe," etc. Born 1661; died 1731.
- DELAVIGNE, JEAN F. C.** A distinguished French dramatist. Born 1793; died 1843.
- DEMING, MRS. H. A.**
- DEMOCRITUS.** One of the famous Greek philosophers: he was styled "the Laughing Philosopher." Born 460 B.C.; died 360 B.C.
- DEMOSTHENES.** The immortal Greek orator. Born about 382 B.C.; died 322 B.C.
- DENHAM, SIR JOHN.** Deservedly considered one of the Fathers of English poetry. Born 1615; died 1665.
- DENVY, SIR WILLIAM**
- DENTON, REV. THOMAS.** Author of a Poem entitled "The House of Superstition," etc. Born 1724; died 1777.
- DERBY, EARL.** An illustrious English statesman.
- DERZHAVIN, GABRIEL R.** A Russian celebrity: author of "An Ode to the Penny," etc. Born 1743; died 1816.
- DESCARTES.** A distinguished French mathematician and philosopher. Born 1596; died 1650.
- D'HENAU.**
- DICK, REV. DR.** An eminent Scottish writer: author of "The Christian Philosopher," etc. Born 1772; died 1857.
- DICKENS, CHARLES.** The popular English novelist. Born 1812; died 1870.
- DICKENSON, ELIZABETH**
- DINNIES, ANNA P.** A volume of poems—"The Floral Year," is her best production.
- DIOCLETIAN.** A famous Roman emperor. Born about 245; died 313.
- DIODORUS.** A distinguished historian. He lived in the first century, B.C.
- DION, CASSIUS.** A celebrated Roman historian and senator: author of "The History of Rome." Born about 155.
- DIONYSIUS.** A noted Greek historian and critic. Born about 70 B.C.
- DISRAELI, ISAAC.** Author of "The Curiosities of Literature," etc. Born 1766; died 1842.
- DISRAELI, RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN.** An illustrious English statesman: his last work is "Lothair." Born 1805.
- DIXON, W. HEPWORTH.** An able and popular writer: author of "Her Majesty's Tower," etc. Born 1821.
- DODDRIDGE, REV. DR.** A well-known expositor and biographer. Born 1702; died 1751.
- DONNE, REV. C. E.**
- DONNE, REV. DR.** An eminent English divine and poet. Born 1573; died 1631.
- DORAN, REV. DR.**
- DORSET, EARL.** Distinguished both as a writer and a statesman. Born 1536; died 1608.
- DOUBLEDAY, THOMAS**
- DOUDNEY, REV. DR.** Editor of "The Gospel Magazine," etc.
- DOWNHAM, REV. GEORGE.** Author of "A Treatise on Justification," etc. Died 1634.
- DRAYTON, MICHAEL.** An English poet-laureate: his principal composition is "The Poly-O-bion." Born 1563; died 1631.
- DRENNAN, DR.** An Irish poet and political writer. Born 1754; died 1820.
- DREXELIUS, JEREMIAH.** A German Jesuit and orator. Born 1551; died 1638.
- DRUMMOND, REV. D. T. K.** Author of "Last Scenes in the Life of our Saviour," etc.
- DRUMMOND, SIR WILLIAM.** A British scholar and clever writer. Died 1828.
- DRUMMOND, WILLIAM.** A Scottish poet, whose works are replete with delicacy and tenderness. Born 1585; died 1649.
- DRYDEN, JOHN.** An English poet-laureate and royal historiographer. "The Ode for St. Cecilia's Day" is regarded as his finest poem. Born 1631; died 1700.
- DUDLEY, LORD.** Author of "The Life of Horne Tooke." Born 1751; died 1833.
- DUFF, JAMES**
- DUFF, REV. DR.** An eminent Scottish missionary: author of "India and Indian Missions," etc. Born 1806.
- DUFFERIN, LORD.** He published a work, entitled "Letters from High Latitudes," which is justly commended. Born 1826.
- DUMOULIN.**
- DUNCAN, REV. DR.** The founder of Savings-Banks, and author of "The Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons," etc. Born 1774; died 1846.
- DUNLISON, DR.** Distinguished for his profound and varied learning. Born 1793; died 1869.
- DUNS, REV. DR.** Author of "Science and Christian Thought."
- DEFOUR, PAUL.** A popular French dramatist. Born 1726.
- DWIGHT, REV. DR.** A famous American orator and writer: his "Theology Explained and Defended" is confessedly one of the best systems of theology extant. Born 1752; died 1817.
- DWIGHT, REV. SERENO E.** Author of "Discourses." Born 1786; died 1830.
- DYER, REV. JOHN.** A British poet of considerable repute. Born 1700; died 1758.
- DYMOND, JONATHAN.** An eminent English moralist and essayist, and a member of the Society of Friends. Born 1796; died 1828.

E.

- EARLE, BISHOP.** According to Burnet, "he was the greatest man of all the clergy" of his time. Born 1601; died 1665.
- EASTLAKE, SIR CHARLES.** A celebrated English historical painter, who has enriched the literature of art with several most valuable works. Born 1793; died 1865.
- EDGEWORTH, MARIA.** A well known writer of fascinating tales. Born 1767; died 1849.
- EDMESTON, JAMES.** A devout modern English poet.
- EDWARD VI.** Founder of St. Thomas's Hos-

pital, and of numerous Grammar Schools. Born 1537; died 1553.

EDWARDS, REV. JONATHAN. A famous American theologian and metaphysician: author of "The Freedom of the Will," etc. Born 1703; died 1758.

EFFENDI, EVILIA

EHRENBERG, DR. An eminent German naturalist. Born 1795.

ELDON, LORD. A distinguished lawyer and statesman. Born 1751; died 1838.

ELIZABETH, CHARLOTTE. A truly devout and pleasing authoress. Born 1792; died 1846.

ELIZABETH, QUEEN. Her reign was distinguished as one of the greatest periods in English literature. Shakspeare, Spenser, Lord Bacon, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Hooker, were its illustrious ornaments. Born 1533; died 1602.

ELLCOTT, BISHOP. Author of "A Critical and Grammatical Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles," etc. Born 1819.

ELLIOTT, EBENEZER. Designated the "Corn-Law Rhymist." Born 1781; died 1849.

ELPHINSTONE.

ELY, REV. JOHN. A distinguished Nonconformist divine.

ELYOT, SIR THOMAS. A celebrated English diplomatist and learned writer: author of "The Castle of Health," etc. Died 1546.

EMERSON, RALPH W. An eminent American essayist and poet. Born 1803.

EMMERSON, MRS.

EPICTEIUS. Originally a slave; after his emancipation, he became a Stoic philosopher. He lived in the first century.

EPICURUS. A famous Greek philosopher, the founder of the Epicurean sect. Born about 340 B.C.; died 270 B.C.

ERLE, SIR WILLIAM. A distinguished English judge. Born 1793.

ERSKINE, LORD. His chief publication is "Armata," a political romance. Born 1750; died 1823.

EURIPIDES. The illustrious tragic poet of Athens. It is said that he composed no less than ninety-two tragedies. Born 480 B.C.; died 406 B.C.

EUSEBIUS. Styled "the Father of Ecclesiastical History;" Jerome calls him "the Prince of the Arians." Born about 266; died about 340.

EVANS, MARIAN C. Under the assumed name of George Eliot, she published "The Mill on the Floss," etc. Born about 1820.

EVANS, REV. J. HARRINGTON. An eminent English theologian. Born 1785; died 1849.

EVELYN, JOHN. An accomplished English writer. His "Sylva; or, a Discourse on Forest Trees," was the first work printed by order of the Royal Society. Born 1620; died 1706.

EVERETT, EDWARD. A famous American statesman, orator, and scholar. Born 1794; died 1865.

F.

FABER, REV. GEORGE S. A widely-known and justly-appreciated theologian. His "Difficulties of Infidelity" is a masterly production. Born 1773; died 1854.

FALCONER, WILLIAM. A Scottish poet: author of "The Shipwreck." Born 1730; perished at sea 1769.

FARMER, REV. HUGH. An eloquent preacher and able writer. Born 1714; died 1787.

FARRAR, REV. FREDERICK W. Author of "The Witness of History to Christ," etc.

FARRE, DR.

FELLOWES, REV. DR. The learned writer of "Christian Philosophy," etc. Born 1770; died 1847.

FELTHAM, OWEN. Celebrated as the author of "Resolves—Divine, Moral, and Political." Born 1608; died 1678.

FENELON, ARCHBISHOP. An eminent French divine, whose works are generally known and prized. Born 1651; died 1715.

FENNELL, REV. RICHARD

FENTON, ELIJAH. A distinguished English poet and biographical writer. Born 1683; died 1730.

FERGUSON, ROBERT. A British poet and prose writer: author of "The Shadow of the Pyramid," etc. Born 1820.

FERGUSON, SAMUEL

FERRIER, MARY. A gifted Scottish novelist. Born 1782; died 1854.

FETIS, FRANCOIS J. A Belgian composer, critic, and biographer: author of "A General History of Music," etc. Born 1784.

FEYJOO. A Benedictine monk, designated "the Spanish Addison." Born 1676; died 1764.

FICHTE, JOHANN G. A celebrated German philosopher, whose works are replete with eloquence and patriotism. Born 1762; died 1814.

FIELDING, HENRY. Justly called "the Father of the English Novel." Born 1707; died 1754.

FINEUS. An eminent French mathematician. Born 1494; died 1555.

FINNEY, REV. CHARLES G. Author of "Lectures on Revivals," etc. Born 1792.

FITZ-OSBORNE.

FITZ-RAYMOND.

FITZROY, ADMIRAL. Superintendent of the Meteorological Department of the Board of Trade. Born 1805; died 1805.

FLAMANK, REV. JAMES

FLAVEL, REV. JOHN. A noted Calvinistic divine: author of "Husbandry Spiritualized." Born 1627; died 1691.

FLECKNOE, RICHARD. An English poet and dramatist. Died 1678.

FLEMING. Styled "the Traveller."

FLEMING, CONTARINI

FLEMING, REV. ROBERT. The celebrated author of "The Rise and Fall of the Papacy." Died 1716.

FLETCHER, ANDREW. An able Scottish writer and orator; sometimes called "Fletcher of Saltoun." Born 1653; died 1716.

FLETCHER, JOHN. An eminent English dramatist. Born 1576; died 1625.

FLETCHER, PHINEAS. Author of an allegorical poem, entitled "The Purple Island." Born 1584; died 1650.

FLETCHER, REV. GILES. "Christ's Victory"—a magnificent poem—is the production of his genius. Born 1588; died 1623.

FLETCHER, REV. JOHN W. "The devout vicar of Madeley." His works are published in eight volumes. Born 1720; died 1785.

FLINDERS, MATTHEW. A distinguished English navigator. Born 1760; died 1814.

FLINT, TIMOTHY. An American author and traveller: author of "The Geography of the Valley of the Mississippi," etc. Born 1780; died 1840.

FLOURENS, MARIE J. P. A celebrated French physiologist and author: his work on "Human Longevity" is a very popular book. Born 1794.

FOLLEN, MRS. ELIZA L. The composer of "Twilight Stories," etc. Born 1787; died 1859.

FONTAINE, JEAN DE LA. The famous French fabulist. Born 1621; died 1695.

FONTENELLE, BERNARD DE. An eminent French dramatist and philosopher: his most admired production is "An Essay on the Geometry of the Infinite." Born 1657; died 1757.

FOOTE, SAMUEL. A comic writer and actor. Born 1721; died 1777.

FORD, JOHN. A noted English dramatist:

- author of "The Lover's Melancholy," etc. Born 1586; died 1639.
- FORDYCE.**
- FORSTER, JOHANN G. A.** Professor of natural history. Born 1754; died 1794.
- FORSTER, RIGHT HON. W. E.** An English statesman and orator. Born 1818.
- FOSTER, REV. JOHN.** An able essayist and original thinker: among his principal works is "An Essay on Popular Ignorance." Born 1770; died 1843.
- FOX, CHARLES J.** One of England's greatest statesmen and orators. Born 1749; died 1806.
- FOXE, JOHN.** Author of "The Book of Martyrs." Born 1517; died 1587.
- FRANCIS, REV. PHILLIP.** An eminent Irish poet and translator. Died 1773.
- FRANKLIN, DR. BENJAMIN.** A famous American philosopher and politician. Born 1706; died 1790.
- FRASER, JAMES B.** A popular Scottish writer: his "Travels through Persia" is considered a master-piece of lively delineations and graphic sketches. Born 1783; died 1856.
- FRISWELL, J. HAIN.** Author of "The Gentle Life," etc. Born 1827.
- FROUDE, JAMES A.** One of England's best historians. Born 1818.
- FRY, ELIZABETH.** Styled "the Female Howard." Born 1780; died 1845.
- FULGENTIUS.** A disciple of St. Augustine, and an able theologian. Born 478; died 533.
- FULLER, MARGARET.** A distinguished American authoress, who became, by marriage with an Italian nobleman, Marchioness of Ossoli. Born 1810; perished at sea 1850.
- FULLER, REV. ANDREW.** Denominated "the Franklin of Theology:" author of "The Gospel its own Witness," etc. Born 1754; died 1815.
- FULLER, REV. DR. THOMAS.** The well-known historian and divine: his "Church History of Britain" is an invaluable work. Born 1608; died 1661.
- G.
- GAINSBOROUGH, THOMAS.** An English landscape and portrait painter—the friend and rival of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Born 1727; died 1788.
- GALEN, DR.** A famous Greek writer and pagan philosopher. Besides several very important treatises on medical science, he wrote many able works on philosophy and kindred subjects, in one of which he strongly commends the temperance and self-denial of the Christians. Born 131; died about 210.
- GALLAGHER, WILLIAM D.** An American poet and journalist of considerable note. Born 1808.
- GAMBOLD, REV. JOHN.** A learned English Moravian divine: author of "A Summary of Christian Doctrine," etc. Born 1710; died 1771.
- GARBETT, ARCHDEACON.** An English clergyman of great literary ability.
- GARBETT, REV. EDWARD.** The accomplished editor of "The Christian Advocate."
- GARRICK, DAVID.** Pronounced the most celebrated actor that ever appeared on the English stage. Born 1716; died 1779.
- GARTH, SIR SAMUEL.** An eminent physician and poet: author of "The Dispensary," etc. Died 1718.
- GASPARIN, COUNTESS DE.** An authoress and moralist of a very high order. "The Near and Heavenly Horizons" is her principal work. Born 1815.
- GAY, JOHN.** A meritorious English poet. Born 1688; died 1732.
- GEORGE III.** Born 1738; died 1820.
- GERHARDT, REV. PAUL.** An esteemed German divine and poet. Born 1606; died 1675.
- GESSNER, SALOMON.** A distinguished Swiss poet and artist: author of "The Death of Abel," etc. Born 1730; died 1787.
- GETHIN, LADY.** A profoundly intelligent authoress. Congreve has warmly eulogized her "Reliquiæ Gethinianæ" in one of his poems. Born 1676; died 1697.
- GIBBON, EDWARD.** The celebrated author of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Born 1737; died 1794.
- GIBBONS.**
- GIBBS, WILLIAM A.**
- GIBSON, WILLIAM.** A self-taught English mathematician. Born 1720; died 1791.
- GILBERT, GABRIEL.** A French dramatist. Born 1610; died 1680.
- GILFILLAN, REV. GEORGE.** Author of "The Bards of the Bible," etc. Born 1813.
- GILFILLAN, ROBERT.** A Scottish poet. Born 1813; died 1850.
- GILL, REV. DR.** An eminent biblical expositor. Born 1697; died 1771.
- GILPIN, REV. WILLIAM.** A famous English divine and elegant writer: author of "Essays on Picturesque Beauty," etc. Born 1724; died 1804.
- GIRANDIERE, LA.**
- GISBORNE, REV. THOMAS.** A theological and miscellaneous author. Born 1758; died 1846.
- GLADSTONE, RIGHT HON. WILLIAM.** The prime-minister of England: author of "The State in its Relations with the Church," etc. Born 1809.
- GLAPTHORNE, HENRY.** A dramatic poet of the time of Charles I.
- GLYNN, DR.** An English physician and poet: author of "The Day of Judgment,"—a poetical essay. Died 1800.
- GODOMAR, COUNT.**
- GOETHE, JOHANN W. VON.** Said to be "the greatest modern poet of Germany, and the patriarch of German literature:" "Faust" is his chief work. Born 1749; died 1832.
- GOLDONI, CARLO.** A celebrated Italian comic poet. Born 1707; died 1793.
- GOLDSMITH, DR.** The well-known poet, historian, and essayist. Born 1728; died 1774.
- GOOD, DR. JOHN M.** An eminent English physician, poet, and miscellaneous writer. Born 1704; died 1827.
- GOODE, REV. DEAN.** Author of "The Divine Rule of Faith and Practice," etc. Born 1800; died 1868.
- GOODRICH, NEWTON.**
- GOODRICH, SAMUEL G.** A celebrated American publisher: author of a series of juvenile works under the assumed name of "Peter Parley." Born 1793; died 1863.
- GOODWIN, REV. JOHN.** An English Puritan divine. His "Divine Authority of Scripture Asserted" is a master-piece of polemic theology. Born 1593; died 1665.
- GORDON, DR.** An English physician. Born 1801; died 1849.
- GORDON, REV. WILLIAM.** Author of "A History of the Rise, Progress, and Establishment of the United States." Born 1729; died 1807.
- GOUGE, REV. DR.** A learned English theologian.
- GOUGH, JOHN B.** The popular temperance orator. Born 1817.
- GOULBURN, REV. DEAN.** Author of "The Pursuit of Holiness," etc.
- GOULD, HANNAH F.** A successful American poetess. Died 1865.
- GRACIAN.** A celebrated Spanish ecclesiastic. His work entitled "The Hero" was translated into several languages. Born 1584; died 1658.
- GRAHAM, LORD.**

GRAHAME, REV. JAMES. Author of an exquisitely beautiful poem, entitled "The Sabbath." Born 1765; died 1811.

GRATIAN.

GRAY, DAVID. A Scottish poet. Born 1838; died 1861.

GRAY, THOMAS. Author of that admirable yet sombre poem—"An Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." Born 1716; died 1771.

GREEN, MATTHEW. An English poet. Born 1696; died 1737.

GREENE, REV. ROBERT. A truly humorous poet: author of "A Groat's Worth of Wit Bought with a Million of Repentance." Born 1560; died 1592.

GREGORY, ST. A Greek Father, distinguished for his piety, learning, and eloquence. Born about 332; died about 398.

GREY, LADY JANE. Queen of England for nine days only. Born 1537; executed at the Tower 1554.

GRIFFIN, GERALD. An Irish novelist: author of "The Collegians," etc. Born 1803; died 1840.

GRIFFITH, REV. WILLIAM. A popular English divine.

GRIMSHAW, REV. THOMAS S. The biographer of the Rev. Legh Richmond. Born 1777; died 1850.

GRINDON, LEO H. Author of "Life," etc.

CROSART, REV. ALEXANDER B. Editor of "The Works of Thomas Brooks."

GROSE, REV. JOHN

GROSVENOR, REV. DR. A popular English preacher. Born 1675; died 1758.

GUICCIARDINI, FRANCESCO. The celebrated historian of Italy. Born 1482; died 1540.

GUIZOT, FRANÇOIS P. G. An illustrious French statesman and historian: author of "Histoire Générale de la Civilization en Europe," etc. Born 1787.

GURNALL, REV. WILLIAM. Generally known by his "Christian in complete Armour." Born 1617; died 1679.

GUTHRIE, REV. DR. A famous Scottish preacher and eloquent lecturer; founder of the Ragged School in Edinburgh; and author of "The Gospel in Ezekiel," etc. Born 1800; died 1873.

GUYON, MADAME. A French lady, distinguished for her talents and piety. Her works, it is said, form thirty-nine octavo volumes. Born 1648; died 1719.

GUYOT, DR. The author of a series of textbooks on geography. Born 1807.

GWILT, JOSEPH. An eminent English architect: editor of "An Encyclopædia of Architecture." Born 1784.

GWILYM, DAVID. Styled "the Welsh Ovid." Born 1340; died 1400.

H.

HARINGTON, WILLIAM. An English poet and historian. Born 1605; died 1645.

HAYDN, JOSEPH. A German musician, universally known by his immortal Oratorio—"The Creation." Born 1732; died 1809.

HAGENBACH, REV. DR. A Swiss theologian: author of "The Essence and History of the Reformation." Born 1801.

HALE, MRS. SARAH J. An American authoress of distinction. Born 1795.

HALE, SIR MATTHEW. An eminent English judge and author. Born 1609; died 1676.

HALIBURTON, JUDGE. A most humorous delineator of character, as "The Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick" will fully demonstrate. Born 1797; died 1865.

HALL, BISHOP. Designated "the Christian Seneca:" author of "Contemplations on the

Historical Passages of the Old and New Testaments." Born 1574; died 1656.

HALL, CAPTAIN BASIL. A famous traveller and author. Born 1788; died 1844.

HALL, JOHN. A miscellaneous writer. Born 1627; died 1656.

HALL, MRS. S. C. A popular Irish authoress: her fame rests principally on "Lights and Shadows of Irish Life." Born 1804.

HALL, REV. ROBERT. Dr. Parr says of him—"He has the eloquence of an orator, the fancy of a poet, the subtilty of a schoolman, the profoundness of a philosopher, and the piety of a saint." Born 1764; died 1831.

HALLAM, HENRY. An eminent scholar, historian, and critic: author of "The Constitutional History of England." Born 1777; died 1859.

HALLIDAY, SIR ANDREW. A distinguished physician, traveller, and writer. Died 1840.

HALLIWELL, JAMES O. A learned British archæologist; one of the biographers of Shakespeare. Born 1821.

HALYBURTON, REV. THOMAS. Author of "The Great Concern of Salvation," etc. Born 1674; died 1712.

HAMERTON, PHILIP G. The gifted writer of "Thoughts about Art."

HAMILTON, ALEXANDER. An illustrious American statesman, orator, and general. Born 1757; shot in a duel 1804.

HAMILTON, DUKE OF

HAMILTON, MRS. ELIZABETH. A meritorious writer: her chief work is entitled "Letters on Elementary Education." Born 1758; died 1816.

HAMILTON, REV. DR. JAMES. An eminent Presbyterian divine: author of "The Royal Preacher," etc. Born 1814; died 1871.

HAMILTON, REV. DR. R. W. One of the most eloquent preachers of his time. Born 1794; died 1848.

HAMILTON, SIR WILLIAM. A most distinguished metaphysician. Born 1788; died 1856.

HAMMOND, REV. HENRY. An excellent orator and author of great merit: his "Annotations" and "Paraphrases" are generally admired. Born 1605; died 1660.

HANDEL, GEORGE F. The immortal musician: his sublime master-piece is "The Messiah." Born 1684; died 1759.

HANNA, REV. DR. Editor of "The Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Dr. Chalmers." Born 1808.

HANNAY, JAMES. A popular British writer of fiction: "Singleton Fontenoy" is his best work. Born 1827.

HARE, ARCHDEACON. Author of "The Mission of the Comforter." Born 1790; died 1855.

HARE, AUGUSTUS J. C. His "Walks at Rome" is an admirable volume.

HARPER, JOHN. An eminent naturalist: author of "Glimpses of Ocean Life."

HARRINGTON, SIR JOHN. Spoken of by Queen Elizabeth as "that merry Poet—my Godson." Born 1561; died 1612.

HARRISON, WILLIAM H. A distinguished President of the United States. Born 1773; died 1841.

HARTMANN, J. A German chemist: author of "Praxis Chymiatrica." Born 1568; died 1631.

HARVEY, ELLA L.

HAVARD, W.

HAVEN, REV. DR. An American divine: editor of "Zion's Herald." Born 1820.

HAVERGAL, FRANCES R. A modern poetess of increasing fame: her last work is entitled "The Ministry of Song."

HAWKER, REV. DR. A celebrated Calvinistic divine: author of "Morning and Evening Portions," etc. Born 1753; died 1827.

HAWKSHAW, MRS. ELIZABETH
HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL. A favourite American novelist. Born 1804; died 1864.
HAYES, SAMUEL
HAZLITT, WILLIAM. A vigorous thinker and an eloquent critic. Born 1778; died 1830.
HEADLEY, REV. J. T. An American divine of singular ability both as a preacher and a writer: author of "The Sacred Mountains," etc.
HEBER, BISHOP. Known world-wide by his beautiful poem, entitled "Palestine." Born 1783; died, while bathing, 1826.
HEINZELMANN.
HELPS, ARTHUR. A popular English historian and essayist: author of "Friends in Council," etc. Born 1818.
HELVETIUS, CLAUDE A. A French philosopher. Born 1715; died 1771.
HEMANS, MRS. An accomplished and amiable poetess. It was said of her—"Few have written so much and so well." Born 1794; died 1835.
HEMSTED.
HENRY, PATRICK. A distinguished American orator and patriot. Born 1736; died 1793.
HENRY, REV. MATTHEW. Author of "An Exposition of the Old and New Testaments." Born 1662; died 1714.
HENRY, REV. PHILIP. Father of the Rev. Matthew Henry. Born 1631; died 1696.
HERBERT, REV. GEORGE. His poems—"The Temple," and "The Priest of the Temple" are universally admired. Born 1593; died 1632.
HERDER, JOHANN G. VON. A most gifted German philosopher, theologian, and poet. Born 1744; died, while engaged in composing a hymn to the Deity, 1803.
HERDMAN, W. G.
HERODOTUS. An eminent Greek historian, styled "The Father of History." Born 484 B.C.
HERRICK, REV. ROBERT. An English poet of considerable merit. Born 1591; died 1634.
HERSCHEL, SIR JOHN. One of the most famous astronomers of modern times: author of "A Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy," etc. Born 1790; died 1871.
HERVEY, G. W.
HERVEY, REV. JAMES. Known as the eloquent writer of "Meditations and Contemplations." Born 1714; died 1758.
HERVEY, THOMAS K. An English poet and editor of great ability. Born 1804; died 1859.
HESIOD. A celebrated Greek poet who lived 800 B.C.
HEY, REV. JOHN. Author of "Lectures on Divinity," etc. Born 1734; died 1815.
HEYWOOD, JOHN. One of the earliest English dramatists, and jester at the court of Henry VIII. Died about 1565.
HEYWOOD, THOMAS. Among his best dramas are "The English Traveller" and "A Challenge for Beauty."
HIGGINS, B.
HILL, AARON. An English dramatist of merit. Born 1685; died 1750.
HILL, REV. ROWLAND. A humorous and sarcastic divine—a disciple of George Whitfield. Born 1744; died 1833.
HILL, SIR JOHN. A celebrated botanist and voluminous writer. Born 1716; died 1775.
HINCKS, DR.
HIRST, HENRY B. A successful American poet. Born 1813.
HITCHCOCK, REV. PROFESSOR. An eminent geologist: author of "The Religion of Geology," etc. Born 1793; died 1864.
HOARE, SIR RICHARD. A noted historian and topographer. Born 1758; died 1838.
HOBBS, THOMAS. A famous English philosopher and writer. Born 1588; died 1679.

HODGE, REV. PROFESSOR. Author of "Outlines of Theology." Born 1797.
HODGINS, J. G.
HOGG, JAMES. A Scottish poet, known as "the Ettrick Shepherd." Born 1772; died 1835.
HOLDER, WILLIAM. An English writer of some celebrity: author of "A Treatise on the Natural Grounds and Principles of Harmony," etc. Born 1674; died 1697.
HOLDSWORTH, REV. RICHARD. An able English theologian. Born 1590; died 1649.
HOLLAND, PHILEMON. A skilful teacher, and a ready and accurate translator of the classics. Born 1551; died 1636.
HOLMES, DR. OLIVER W. A distinguished American author, wit, and poet. Born 1809.
HOLMES, REV. WILLIAM
HOLTY, LUDWIG H. C. A German lyric poet of great excellence. Born 1748; died 1776.
HOLYDAY, REV. DR. Chaplain to Charles I., and author of a poem entitled "A Survey of the World." Born 1593; died 1661.
HOME, REV. JOHN. A popular Scottish dramatist: author of "The Tragedy of Douglas." Born 1724; died 1808.
HOMER. Universally pronounced "the greatest Epic Poet of Greece:" yet it was said that "he was blind and poor, and went about reciting his verses for bread:" but after his death, "seven cities disputed for the honour of being his birth-place." He is supposed to have lived about the eighth century B.C.
HONE, WILLIAM. A celebrated satirical writer: author of "The Every Day Book," etc. Born 1770; died 1842.
HOOD, THOMAS. A famous English humourist and popular poet. Like Yorick, "he was a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy." Born 1798; died 1845.
HOOK, THEODORE E. An English writer of brilliant wit, and a prodigy of colloquial power. His "Sayings and Doings" is considered one of his most successful works. Born 1788; died 1841.
HOOKER, REV. RICHARD. Known as "the judicious Hooker." His "Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity" is a master-piece of learning, reasoning, and eloquence. Born 1553; died 1600.
HOOLE, JOHN. An English translator and dramatist. Born 1727; died 1803.
HOOPER, BISHOP. Born 1495; martyred 1553.
HOPKINS, BISHOP. A popular English preacher and standard theologian: author of "The Doctrine of the Two Covenants," etc. Born 1633; died 1690.
HORACE. A first-class Latin poet. Born 65 B.C.; died 8 B.C.
HORNE, BISHOP. An eminent biblical scholar: author of the well known "Commentary on the Book of Psalms." Born 1730; died 1792.
HOUGHTON, LORD. An illustrious English statesman and miscellaneous writer; the biographer of Keats, the poet. Born 1809.
HOUSMAN, JAN. A celebrated Dutch painter, who had a peculiar art of preparing colours. Born 1682; died 1749.
HOW, REV. W. WALSHAM
HOWARD, JOHN. The humble, yet immortal philanthropist. Born 1726; died 1790.
HOWARD, SIR ROBERT. A distinguished poet and historian. Born 1626; died 1698.
HOWE, REV. JOHN. Author of "The Living Temple" and other theological works which are highly prized. Born 1630; died 1705.
HOWELL, JAMES. A Welsh writer of great celebrity: author of "Familiar Letters," etc. Born 1595; died 1666.
HOWITT, MARY. A popular English authoress and moralist, and the translator of Bremer's "Tales from the Swedish," etc. Born 1804.
HOWITT, WILLIAM. A most entertaining and instructive writer. Born 1795.

HOWSON, REV. DEAN. Author of "Scenes from the Life of St. Paul," etc. Born 1815.

HUDSON, REV. HENRY N. An American clergyman: author of "Lectures on Shakespeare." Born 1814.

HUFELAND, DR. An eminent German physician and medical writer: his "Art of Prolonging Life" has often been translated and reprinted. Born 1762; died 1836.

HUGHES, JOHN. An English poet and essayist. Born 1677; died 1720.

HUGHES, THOMAS. A popular social economist: author of "Tom Brown's School Days." Born 1823.

HUGO, REV. THOMAS. Author of "Tragedies," etc.

HUGO, VICTOR M. A distinguished French lyric poet and novelist. Born 1802.

HULEATT, REV. HUGH

HULLAH, JOHN P. The successful introducer of a new system of instruction in vocal music. Born 1812.

HUMBOLDT, BARON. An illustrious German traveller, philologist, and statesman: author of that truly remarkable work—"Cosmos; Essay of a Physical Description of the Universe," etc. Born 1769; died 1835.

HUME, DAVID. An eminent historian, philosopher, and miscellaneous writer. Born 1711; died 1776.

HUMPHREYS, D. Author of "A Poem on the Happiness of America." Born 1753; died 1818.

HUNT, LEIGH. Known not only as a fascinating poet and an original essayist, but also as an able political writer. Born 1784; died 1859.

HUNTER, JOHN. A celebrated British anatomist and surgeon: author of "A Treatise on the Blood," etc. Born 1728; died 1793.

HUNTINGDON, LADY. An English countess, eminent for her piety, zeal, and munificence. Born 1707; died 1791.

HURD, BISHOP. An able theological and miscellaneous writer. Born 1720; died 1803.

HURDIS, REV. DR. Author of "Sir Thomas More," and other poems. Born 1763; died 1801.

HUSS, REV. JOHN. A reformer before the Reformation. Born 1373; martyred 1415.

HUTCHINSON, JOHN. A distinguished theologian and natural philosopher, whose writings provoked much controversy. Born 1674; died 1737.

HUXLEY, PROFESSOR. An eminent physiologist and naturalist: author of "Man's Place in Nature," etc. Born 1825.

HYACINTHE, PERE The renowned French orator. Born 1828.

I.

IGNATIUS, ST. One of the earliest Christian Fathers, and one of the most eminent among the immediate successors of the Apostles. Born about 40; martyred 107.

IMPERIALI, CARDINAL. Celebrated as a patron of learning. Born 1651; died 1737.

INGLEHOORN, JAMES. A distinguished Swedish poet.

INGELOW, JEAN. A popular English poetess. Born 1825.

IRENÆUS, ST. Denominated "the Immortal Apostle of the Gauls." His "Treatise on Heresies" is highly appreciated even at the present day. Born about 130; martyred 202.

IRVING, REV. EDWARD. A singularly gifted Scottish orator. Born 1792; died 1834.

IRVING, WASHINGTON. A remarkably pure and graceful American writer. His first work was "The History of New York," and his last—"The Life of George Washington." Born 1783; died 1859.

J.

JACKSON, BISHOP. Author of "The Sinfulness of Little Sins," etc. Born 1811.

JACKSON, J. R.

JACKSON, REV. THOMAS. Author of "The Providence of God," etc.

JACKSON, WILLIAM. A musical composer and miscellaneous writer. Born 1730; died 1804.

JACOMB, REV. DR. An able commentator on part of the Epistle to the Romans. Born 1622; died 1687.

JAMES I. Born 1566; died 1625.

JAMES, GEORGE P. R. A popular novelist and historian. Born 1801; died 1860.

JAMES, REV. JOHN A. An eloquent preacher and practical writer: known world-wide by his "Anxious Inquirer." Born 1785; died 1859.

JAMESON, MRS. The talented authoress of "Legends of the Madonna," etc. Born 1797; died 1860.

JANEWAY, REV. JOHN. A profoundly devout minister.

JAY, REV. WILLIAM. Called by John Foster "The Prince of Preachers:" author of "Morning and Evening Exercises," etc. Born 1769; died 1853.

JEFFERSON, DR. An eminent physician.

JEFFREY, LORD. A renowned Scottish judge, critic, and essayist: the first editor of the "Edinburgh Review." Born 1773; died 1850.

JEFFREY, REV. DR. Author of "Sermons," etc. Born 1647; died 1720.

JEMMAT, WILLIAM

JENKYN, REV. DR. A theologian of considerable note.

JENYNS, SOAME. A distinguished writer and politician. Born 1704; died 1787.

JEROME, ST. The Church owes to him for the Latin translation of the Bible, commonly called "the Vulgate." Born about 340; died 420.

JERROLD, DOUGLAS W. A famous humourist, novelist, and dramatist: author of "Men of Character," etc. Born 1803; died 1857.

JERVIS, REV. T.

JESSE, EDWARD. An eminent naturalist: author of that deservedly-popular work—"Gleanings in Natural History." Died 1868.

JEUNE, BISHOP. A distinguished English prelate. Born 1806; died 1868.

JEWEL, BISHOP. Styled "the Jewel of Bishops." His principal work is "Apologia Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ," which was translated into English by the mother of Lord Bacon, and is said to have done more for the promotion of the Reformation than any other work. Born 1522; died 1571.

JOHN, J. A. ST.

JOHNSON, DR. SAMUEL. The renowned lexicographer and writer. Born 1709; died 1784.

JOHNSON, JOSEPH. Author of "Living in Earnest."

JOHNSTON, PROFESSOR. A celebrated agricultural chemist: author of "The Chemistry of Common Life," etc. Born about 1796; died 1855.

JONES, SIR WILLIAM. Pre-eminent as a lawyer, poet, and linguist. Born 1746; died 1794.

JONSON, BEN. Appropriately designated "the Virgil of our Dramatic Poets." One of the characters of his first drama—"Every Man in his Humour"—was performed by Shakespeare. Born 1574; died 1637.

JORTIN, REV. DR. An able scholar and critic: his greatest work is "Remarks on Ecclesiastical History." Born 1698; died 1770.

JUDSON, MRS. E. A popular American poetess and magazinist. Born 1817; died 1854.

JUVENAL. A most distinguished Latin satirical poet. Born about 40; died 123.

K.

- KAMES, LORD.** A Scottish judge and eminent writer: his "Elements of Criticism" established his literary fame. Born 1696; died 1782.
- KAMPHUIZEN, THEODORUS R.** A celebrated Dutch painter. Born about 1580; died 1627.
- KANT, IMMANUEL.** Founder of the transcendental school of philosophy: author of "Kritik der reinen Vernunft," etc. Born 1724; died 1804.
- KEATS, JOHN.** A poet of great promise, but his life was unfortunately brief. Born 1795; died 1821.
- KEBLE, REV. JOHN.** The highly-esteemed and popular author of "The Christian Year." Born 1792; died 1866.
- KEMPIS, THOMAS À.** A German ascetic; generally regarded as the author of "De Imitatione Christi;" but many assert that the work was merely found among certain beautiful MSS. of his, copied by his brother. Born 1380; died 1471.
- KEN, BISHOP.** An elegant poet and distinguished theologian: his "Morning and Evening Hymns" are repeated daily in thousands of dwellings. Born 1637; died 1711.
- KENNETT, BISHOP.** A famous antiquary and learned divine. Born 1600; died 1728.
- KENT, DUKE OF.** Father of Queen Victoria, and a liberal patron of benevolent enterprises. Born 1767; died 1820.
- KING, BISHOP.** Author of "A Poetical Version of the Psalms." Born 1591; died 1669.
- KING, THOMAS.** A popular dramatic writer. Born 1730; died 1805.
- KINGLAKE, ALEXANDER W.** Author of "A History of the Crimean War." Born 1809.
- KINGSLEY, REV. CANON.** "Hypatia"—a philosophical romance—is regarded by many as the best of his numerous literary productions. Born 1819.
- KINNOUL, EARL OF.**
- KIRK, REV. PROFESSOR.** A thoughtful Scottish divine: author of "The Way of Life made Plain," etc.
- KITTO, DR. JOHN.** An able and well-known biblical writer. Born 1804; died 1854.
- KLOPSTOCK, FRIEDRICH G.** A celebrated German poet: his reputation rests on "The Messiah," a poem of extraordinary beauty and power. Born 1724; died 1803.
- KNAEP, DR.** An eminent German writer.
- KNIGGE, BARON VON.** He wrote, besides other works, "Roman meines Lebens," in four volumes. Born 1732; died 1796.
- KNIGHT, CHARLES.** A noted publisher, editor, and writer: the biographer of "William Caxton." Born 1791.
- KNIGHT, MRS. CORNELIA.** An English authoress, and, for a time, a companion to the Princess Charlotte. Born 1758; died 1837.
- KNOLLES, RICHARD.** Author of "The History of the Turks." Born 1545; died 1610.
- KNOWLES, HERBERT.** Born 1798; died 1817.
- KNOWLES, J. SHERIDAN.** An accomplished dramatist and actor, and, withal, a theologian. Born 1784; died 1862.
- KNOX, REV. DR.** A distinguished writer and popular preacher: author of "Essays, Moral and Literary." Born 1754; died 1822.
- KNOX, REV. JOHN.** When laid in his grave, the Earl of Morton said of him—"There lies he who never feared the face of man." Born 1505; died 1572.
- KOSSUTH, LOUIS.** An illustrious Hungarian statesman, warrior, and orator. Born 1802.
- KRUMMACHER, REV. DR.** An eminent pulpit orator, and, for some time, chaplain to the King of Prussia: author of "Elijah the Tishbite," etc. Born 1796; died 1868.

L.

- LACORDAIRE, ABBÉ.** An elegant French preacher, and founder of a new order of Dominicans: author of "Sermons at Notre-Dame." Born 1802; died 1861.
- LAIDLAW, WILLIAM.** A British poet. Born 1780; died 1845.
- LAMARTINE, ALPHONSE DE.** A distinguished French historian, poet, and orator. His "History of the Girondists" is an eloquent and brilliant composition. Born 1792; died 1863.
- LAMB, CHARLES.** "The most original, most quaint, most simple, most touching of all modern essayists." Born 1775; died 1834.
- LAMBERT, JOSEPH.** A French prior and moralist: author of "The Evangelical Year," etc. Born 1654; died 1722.
- LAMONT.**
- LONDON, LETITIA E.** A gifted English poetess of extensive reputation. Born 1802; died 1839.
- LANDOR, WALTER S.** An English poet and miscellaneous writer, whose style was original, antique, and perfect. Born 1775; died 1864.
- LANGDALE, LORD.** An eminent judge. Born 1783; died 1851.
- LANKESTER, DR.** An English naturalist and popular lecturer: author of "Half-Hours with the Microscope." Born 1814.
- LANSDOWNE, MARQUIS OF.** An able debater, and highly esteemed for his generous encouragement of literature and art. Born 1780; died 1863.
- LARDNER, DR.** Author of "The Handbook of Natural Philosophy," etc. Born 1793; died 1859.
- LATIMER, BISHOP.** One of the principal reformers of the Church. Born 1470; burnt 1555.
- LAUN, THOMAS DE.**
- LAVATER, REV. JOHANN C.** A distinguished Swiss theologian and physiognomist: author of "Physiognomischen Fragmente," etc. Born 1741; died 1801.
- LAW, REV. DEAN.** An eminently Evangelical writer.
- LAW, REV. WILLIAM.** His "Serious Call to a Devout Life" has been immensely useful. Born 1686; died 1761.
- LAWRENCE, SIR THOMAS.** The most famous portrait-painter of his day. Born 1709; died 1830.
- LAYARD, AUSTEN H.** An orientalist and antiquary of wide celebrity: author of "Nineveh and its Remains," etc. Born 1817.
- LEDYARD, JOHN.** An American traveller of great daring and fame. Born 1751; died 1788.
- LEE, D. K.**
- LEE, MARY E.** An American authoress and translator. Born 1813; died 1849.
- LEE, NATHANIEL.** An English dramatist: author of "The Tragedy of Nero," etc. Born 1658; died 1691.
- LEE, REV. DR. SAMUEL.** A most persevering student, and a most eminent orientalist: author of "A Hebrew, Chaldaic, and English Lexicon," etc. Born 1783; died 1852.
- LEIGH, AURORA.**
- LEIGHTON, ARCHBISHOP.** A sound theologian and an eloquent preacher. Born 1613; died 1684.
- LEITCH, REV. DR.** Author of "God's Glory in the Heavens."
- LEMIERRE, ANTOINE M.** A successful French dramatist. Born 1723; died 1793.
- LEO X.** Noted as a munificent patron of literature and the arts.
- LEONARDS, LORD ST.** Author of "The Happy Book of Property Law."
- LESSING, GOTTHOLD E.** Surnamed "the Admirable" for his learning: author of "Letters on Literature," which formed an epoch in German literature. Born 1729; died 1781.

LESSING, PROFESSOR
 L'ESTRANGE, SIR ROGER. An English partisan writer. Born 1616; died 1704.
 LETTICE, REV. JOHN. An English poet and pulpit orator. Born 1737; died 1832.
 LEVER, CHARLES J. A very popular Irish novelist. Born 1806; died 1872.
 LEWES, GEORGE H. Author of "A Biographical History of Philosophy," etc.
 LEYDEN, DR. JOHN. A celebrated Scottish physician, poet, antiquary, and orientalist. Born 1775; died 1811.
 LICHTWER, MAGNUS G. One of the most popular fabulists of which Germany can boast. Born 1719; died 1782.
 LIDDON, REV. CANON. Author of "The Divinity of Christ," etc.
 LIEBER, FRANCIS. A distinguished German historian and political writer; editor of the "Encyclopædia Americana." Born 1800.
 LIEBIG, PROFESSOR. One of the greatest chemists of the present century. His "Familiar Letters on Chemistry" have been intensely admired. Born 1803; died 1873.
 LIGHT, REV. WILLIAM E. Author of "Sermons on Personal Religion."
 LIGHTFOOT, REV. DR. A learned biblical commentator. Born 1602; died 1675.
 LILLO, GEORGE. An effective tragic writer. Born 1693; died 1740.
 LILLY, JOHN. Called "the Euphuist." Born about 1553; died about 1600.
 LIMBORCH, VAN
 LINDSAY, LORD. Author of "Letters on Egypt, Edom, and the Holy Land." Born 1812.
 LINN, REV. DR. An American divine and poet; his best poem is entitled "The Powers of Genius." Born 1777; died 1804.
 LIVY. A learned Roman historian. Born 59 B.C.; died 17 A.D.
 LLOYD, ROBERT. An English poet and usher. Born 1733; died 1764.
 LOARING, H. J. Author of "Common Savings."
 LOCKE, JOHN. A renowned English philosopher; his chief work is "An Essay on the Human Understanding." Born 1632; died 1704.
 LOCKER, EDWARD H. Author of "Lectures on the Bible and Liturgy." Born 1777; died 1849.
 LOCKHART, JOHN G. A distinguished novelist and critic; son-in-law and biographer of Sir Walter Scott. Born 1794; died 1854.
 LODGE, THOMAS. An English dramatist and versatile writer; Hallam pronounces him one of the best poets of the age. Born 1556; died 1625.
 LOFFT, CAPEL. An eminent barrister and magazinist. He encouraged Bloomfield to publish "The Farmer's Boy," etc. Born 1751; died 1824.
 LOGAN, REV. JOHN. A well-known Scottish poet and miscellaneous writer; author of "An Ode to the Cuckoo," and "A Review of the Charges against Warren Hastings." Born 1748; died 1788.
 LOGAU, FRIEDRICH VON. A German baron and poet, remarkable for his irony and pathos. Born 1604; died 1655.
 LONGFELLOW, HENRY W. An American poet and scholar of universal renown. Born 1807.
 LONGINUS. A distinguished Greek philosopher, critic, and teacher; author of "A Treatise on the Sublime." Born about 213; died 273.
 LORAIN, REV. NEVISON. Author of "Lectures on the Lord's Prayer."
 LOUIS XII. Surnamed "the Father of the People." Born 1462; died 1515.
 LOUIS XIV. Surnamed "Le Grand." Born 1638; died 1715.
 LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.
 LOVEACE, LADY. The only child of Lord Byron. Born 1815; died 1852.

LOVER, SAMUEL. A successful Irish novelist and poet; author of "Handy Andy," etc. Born 1797; died 1868.
 LOWE, RIGHT HON. ROBERT. An eminent English statesman and orator. Born 1811.
 LOWELL, JAMES R. A celebrated American poet, critic, and scholar; author of "The Biglow Papers," etc. Born 1819.
 LOWER, M. A.
 LUCAN. A highly imaginative and impressive Roman epic poet. Born 38; put to death 65.
 LUCAS, DR.
 LUTHER, REV. DR. MARTIN. "The Hero of the Reformation." Born 1483; died 1546.
 LYELL, SIR CHARLES. A distinguished geologist; author of "The Principles of Geology," etc. Born 1797.
 LYNTHURST, LORD. An illustrious English statesman. Born 1772; died 1863.
 LYTTELTON, LORD. A most eminent English statesman, poet, and historian; author of "Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul." Born 1700; died 1773.
 LYTTON, LORD. After Sir Walter Scott, the most popular of all the English novelists. Born 1803; died 1873.

M.

MACAULAY, LORD. A renowned English historian and essayist. Born 1800; died 1859.
 MACDONALD, DR. GEORGE. Author of "The Seaboard Parish," etc.
 MACDUFF, REV. DR. A voluminous theological writer.
 MACCHIARELLI. A famous Italian diplomatist and writer; his most important work is entitled "Del Principe." Born 1469; died 1527.
 MACINTOSH, SIR JAMES. A distinguished lawyer, statesman, and historian. Born 1705; died 1832.
 MACKARNES, BISHOP. Born 1820.
 MACKAY, DR. A popular Scottish poet. "The Good Time Coming" is included in his "Voices from the Crowd." Born 1814.
 MACKELLAR, THOMAS. An American poet of some celebrity. Born 1812.
 MACKENZIE, REV. WILLIAM B. Author of "Bible Characters," etc. Died 1871.
 MACLAGAN, ALEXANDER. A Scottish poet; author of "Sketches from Nature."
 MACLAURIN, REV. JOHN. A truly eloquent preacher.
 MACLEOD, REV. DR. A popular Scottish divine; editor of "Good Words," and author of "The Earnest Student," etc. Born 1812; died 1872.
 MADDEN, REV. DR. An excellent historian and poet. Born 1687; died 1765.
 MADISON, JAMES. A distinguished American statesman and political philosopher. Born 1751; died 1836.
 MAGEE, BISHOP. Celebrated as an orator. Born 1821.
 MAGOON, REV. DR. An American divine of considerable note; author of "The Orators of the American Revolution," etc. Born 1810.
 MAHOMET. The founder of one of the principal religions of the world; author of "The Koran." Born 569; died 632.
 MALCOLM, SIR JOHN. A British general and eminent historian. Born 1769; died 1833.
 MALLETT, DAVID. A Scottish poet and miscellaneous writer. Born about 1700; died 1765.
 MANGAU.
 MANN, HORACE. A noted American educationist. Born 1796; died 1859.
 MANNING, ARCHBISHOP. Author of "The Unity of the Church," etc. Born 1809.
 MANSFIELD, LORD. A British lawyer and scholar of great merit. Born 1734; died 1793.

- MANSEL, REV. DEAN.** Author of "The Limits of Religious Thought," etc. Born 1820; died 1871.
- MANT, BISHOP.** An able theological writer. Born 1776; died 1848.
- MANTELL, DR.** A distinguished geologist and palæontologist: author of "The Medals of Creation," etc. Born 1790; died 1852.
- MANTON, REV. DR.** The well-known commentator on the cxix. Psalm. Born 1620; died 1677.
- MANUEL, DON JUAN.** A member of the Spanish Royal Family: author of "El Conde Lucanor." Died about 1350.
- MARMION, SHAKERLEY.** An English dramatist: his principal work is "The Antiquary." Born 1602; died 1639.
- MAROLLES, ABBE DE.** A French *littérateur*. Born 1600; died 1681.
- MARKVAT, CAPTAIN.** A naval novelist of world-wide popularity. Born 1792; died 1848.
- MARSH, CATHARINE.** Well-known by "English Hearts and English Hands." Born 1815.
- MARSTON, JOHN.** An English dramatist, and the friend of Ben Jonson. Died about 1634.
- MAKTEN, H.**
- MAKHAL, MARCUS V.** A famous Latin epigrammatic poet. Born 43; died about 105.
- MARTIN, MARGARET M.** Authoress of "Christianity in Earnest." Born 1807.
- MARTIN, REV. SAMUEL.** Author of "The Useful Arts," etc.
- MARTINEAU, HARRIET.** An English miscellaneous writer: among her best productions are "Traditions of Palestine," and "Deerbrook." Born 1802.
- MARTYN, REV. HENRY.** The devoted Indian missionary, and translator of the New Testament into the Persian language. Born 1781; died 1812.
- MARTYR, JUSTIN.** One of the earliest and most learned of the Greek Fathers. Born about 103; martyred about 165.
- MARVELL, ANDREW.** Distinguished chiefly as a senator and political writer. Born 1620; died 1678.
- MASON, REV. DR.** An American preacher of rare eloquence. Born 1770; died 1829.
- MASON, REV. JOHN.** Author of "Self-Knowledge." Born 1706; died 1763.
- MASON, REV. WILLIAM.** A divine and poet of extensive reputation. Born 1725; died 1797.
- MASON, SIR JOHN.** A celebrated statesman, whose favourite maxim was—"Do, and say nothing." Died 1566.
- MASSEY, GERALD.** An English poet of growing fame. Born 1828.
- MASSILLON, BISHOP.** A most eloquent French preacher. Born 1663; died 1742.
- MASSINGER, PHILIP.** One of the most illustrious of Shakspeare's successors. Born 1584; died 1640.
- MATSON, REV. W. T.**
- MAUNDER, SAMUEL.** A well-known English compiler. Born 1790; died 1849.
- MAURY, LIEUTENANT.** A famous American hydrographer and naval officer: author of "The Physical Geography of the Sea." Born 1806.
- MAVOR, WILLIAM F.** A Scottish writer and tutor: he published a number of useful compilations. Born 1758; died 1837.
- MAXIMILIAN II.** The unfortunate Emperor of Mexico. Born 1832; shot 1867.
- MAY, THOMAS.** An eminent historian and poet. Born 1594; died 1650.
- MAYHEW, HENRY.** The first editor of "Punch," and the popular author of "London Labour and the London Poor," etc. Born 1812.
- MAYNE, REV. JASPER.** An English divine and poet. Born 1604; died 1672.
- MAYNWARINGE, DR.**
- MAYOW, REV. R.**
- MCCOSH, REV. DR.** Author of "The Intuitions of the Mind," etc. Born 1810.
- M'CHEYNE, REV. ROBERT.** A truly devoted Scottish minister: joint-author of "A Narrative of a Mission of Inquiry to the Jews." Born 1813; died 1843.
- M'COMB, WILLIAM.** An Irish poet: author of "The Voice of a Year," etc.
- MELANCTHON, PHILIP.** A German philosopher, poet, and theologian of pre-eminent abilities. He was the coadjutor of Luther in the Reformation. Born 1497; died 1560.
- MELMOTH, WILLIAM.** Author of "The Great Importance of a Religious Life." Born 1666; died 1743.
- MELVILL, REV. CANON.** One of the most eloquent divines of the Church of England, and author of several volumes of Sermons which have met with a most extensive circulation. Born 1798; died 1871.
- MENAGE, GILLES.** A distinguished French scholar and critic. Born 1613; died 1692.
- MENNES, SIR JOHN.** An English poet. Born 1591; died 1671.
- MERRY, C. M.**
- METASTASIO, PIETRO B.** An "Imperial Poet of Italy." Born 1698; died 1782.
- M'FARLANE, REV. DR.** Author of "The Mountains of the Bible," etc.
- MIDDLETON, REV. DR.** A celebrated English scholar and controversialist. Born 1681; died 1750.
- MIDDLETON, THOMAS.** An English dramatist, and the contemporary of Jonson, Massinger, and Rowley. Died about 1626.
- MIFLIN, J. H.**
- MILL, JAMES.** A political economist and historian: his "History of British India" is pronounced a work of unusual merit. Born 1771; died 1836.
- MILL, JOHN STUART.** An eminent English philosopher: author of "A System of Logic," etc. Born 1806; died 1873.
- MILLER, HUGH.** The celebrated Scottish geologist and writer: his last work was "The Testimony of the Rocks." Born 1802; died 1856.
- MILLER, REV. DR.** An American professor of ecclesiastical history. Born 1769; died 1850.
- MILLER, THOMAS.** An English poet and basket-maker; the friend of the poet Rogers. Born 1808.
- MILLHOUSE.**
- MILLINGEN, DR.** A distinguished antiquary. Born 1774; died 1845.
- MILMAN, REV. DEAN.** An eminent poet, historian, and divine: author of "The History of Christianity," etc. Born 1791; died 1868.
- MILNER, REV. DR.** The celebrated writer of "The History of the Church of Christ." Born 1751; died 1820.
- MILTON, JOHN.** The immortal author of "Paradise Lost." Born 1608; died 1674.
- MING TSONG.** A famous Chinese emperor.
- MIRABEAU, COUNT DE.** A remarkable orator and an eminent statesman: one of the most notable personages connected with the French Revolution. Born 1749; died 1791.
- MITFORD, MARY R.** A charming delineator of English rural life. Born 1786; died 1855.
- M'NEILE, REV. DEAN.** Author of "Lectures on the Church of England," etc.
- MOIR, DAVID M.** The highly-esteemed "Delta" of Blackwood's Magazine. Born 1798; died 1851.
- MOLESCHOTT, DR.** A Dutch physiologist and naturalist: among his chief works is "Nacht und Leben." Born 1822.
- MOLIERE.** A distinguished French comic actor and author: his master-piece is entitled "The Hypocrite." Born 1622; died 1673.

MOMUS.

MONOD, REV. ADOLPHUS. An eminent Swiss Protestant divine: author of "Lucille," etc. Born 1830; died 1856.

MONTAGU, BASIL. Editor of Lord Bacon's works. Born 1770; died 1851.

MONTAGU, LADY MARY W. Celebrated specially for her literary correspondence. Born about 1600; died 1762.

MONTAIGNE, MICHEL. The illustrious French essayist. Born 1533; died 1592.

MONTALEMBERT, MARQUIS DE. A voluminous writer on military subjects. Born 1714; died 1800.

MONTESQUIEU, BARON. Author of "L'Esprit des Lois," etc. Born 1689; died 1755.

MONTFAUCON, BERNARD DE. A well-known French antiquary and critic. Born 1655; died 1741.

MONTGOMERY, GEORGE W. Author of "Bernardo del Carpio." Died 1847.

MONTGOMERY, JAMES. "The Moravian Poet;" author of "The World before the Flood," etc. Born 1771; died 1854.

MONTGOMERY, REV. ROBERT. The talented author of "The Omnipresence of the Deity," etc. Born 1807; died 1855.

MOODY, REV. N. G. Author of "Lectures on the Lord's Prayer."

MOON, GEORGE W. Author of "The Soul's Inquiries Answered," etc.

MOORE, DR. GEORGE. An eminent physician and devout writer: "The Power of the Mind over the Body" is his best work.

MOORE, DR. JOHN. Author of "Zeluca." Born 1730; died 1802.

MOORE, EDWARD. An English *littérateur*. Born 1712; died 1757.

MOORE, SIR JOHN. The famous military commander who fell in 1809, by a cannon-shot at the Battle of Corunna, and whose burial was immortalized in a poem by Wolfe. Born 1761.

MOORE, THOMAS. The national poet of Ireland, or, as Lord Byron designated him—"The poet of all circles, and the idol of his own." Born 1779; died 1852.

MORE, HANNAH. Her first work was entitled "The Search after Happiness;" her last—"The Spirit of Prayer." Born 1745; died 1833.

MORE, REV. HENRY. A divine of great genius and immense scholarship. Born 1614; died 1687.

MORE, SIR THOMAS. A famous lawyer and statesman. Born 1480; beheaded 1535.

MORGAN, LADY. The distinguished authoress of "Italy." Born 1780; died 1859.

MORRIS, REV. CALEB. An eminent English preacher.

MORRIS, WILLIAM. An English poet: author of "The Earthly Paradise."

MORRISON, REV. DR. CHARLES. Author of "The Natural Order of Creation."

MOSHEIM, REV. JOHANN L. VON. A celebrated German theologian and historian: his great work is "The Institutes of Ecclesiastical History." Born 1694; died 1755.

MOTTE, DE LA. A French critic, translator, and dramatist of note. Born 1672; died 1731.

MOTLEY, J. L. Author of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," etc.

MOULTRIE, REV. CANON. An elegant English poet: author of "Lays of the English Church," etc. Born 1804.

MOZART, JOHANN C. W. A. The world-renowned composer of music. Born 1756; died 1792.

MULLER, PROFESSOR MAX. Author of "Lectures on Language," etc.

MULLER, REV. DR. Author of "Religion and Business."

MURLOCK, MISS. The talented authoress of "John Halifax," etc.

MURPHY, ARTHUR. An Irish dramatist and miscellaneous writer: biographer of Johnson and Garrick. Born 1728; died 1805.

N.

NABB, T.

NAIRNE, LADY. A Scottish poetess of exquisite tenderness, as evinced by "The Land o' the Leal," and other beautiful poems. Born 1766; died 1845.

NAPIER, LORD. A celebrated British general. Born 1810.

NAPIER, SIR CHARLES J. A renowned British general: author of "Lights and Shadows of Military Life." Born 1782; died 1853.

NAPOLEON I. The scourge and terror of Europe. Born 1769; died 1821.

NAPOLEON III. Ex-emperor of the French: author of "The Life of Julius Cæsar." Born 1808; died 1873.

NARBAL.

NEAL, JOHN. An eminent American poet and miscellaneous writer. Born 1793.

NEANDER, REV. DR. The learned author of "The History of the Christian Religion and Church," etc. Born 1789; died 1850.

NEAVES, LORD

NEELE, HENRY. Author of "The Romance of History," etc. Born 1798; died 1828.

NELSON, LORD. "England's greatest Naval Hero." Born 1758; fell in battle 1805.

NERVAL, GERARD DE. A French *littérateur*. Born 1808; died 1855.

NEVILLE, HENRY. A political writer of note: author of "Plato Redivivus, or a Dialogue concerning Government." Born 1620; died 1694.

NEVIN, REV. DR. An eminent American divine and editor: author of "The Mystical Presence," etc. Born 1803.

NEWMAN, REV. DR. Author of "An Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine," etc. Born 1801.

NEWTON, REV. DR. A popular Methodist preacher. Born 1780; died 1854.

NEWTON, REV. JOHN. "The Messiah" and "Cardiphonia" are his chief productions. Born 1725; died 1807.

NEWTON, SIR ISAAC. The discoverer of the law of gravitation: and, indisputably, the greatest astronomer, philosopher, and mathematician of recent times. Born 1642; died 1727.

NEY, MARSHAL. One of the most valiant of French heroes. Born 1760; shot 1815.

NICOLAS, AUGUSTE. A French judge and writer. The work on which his literary reputation is founded is entitled "Philosophical Studies on Christianity." Born 1807.

NICOLE, REV. PIERRE. A celebrated French philosopher and theologian: his principal work is published in twenty-three volumes, entitled "Moral Essays and Theological Instructions." Born 1625; died 1695.

NIGHTINGALE, FLORENCE. The heroine of the Crimea: her "Notes on Hospitals" is invaluable. Born 1820.

NORRIS, REV. JOHN. A distinguished philosopher and mystical divine: author of "An Essay toward the Theory of the Intelligible World." Born 1657; died 1711.

NORTON, HON. MRS. A widely-known and highly-esteemed authoress, described by Mrs. Sedgwick as "the perfection of intellectual and physical beauty, uniting masculine force with feminine delicacy." Born 1808.

NOVALIS. The assumed name of Friedrich Von Hardenberg, an eminent German philosopher and mystical writer: author of a remarkable work entitled "Christianity in Europe." Born 1774; died 1801.

O.

- O'BRIEN, WILLIAM S.** An earnest but unfortunate Irish leader. Born 1803; died 1864.
- O'CONNELL, DANIEL.** One of the most gifted and eloquent politicians Ireland has yet produced. Born 1775; died 1847.
- O'DOWD, CORNELIUS.**
- O'HARA, KANE.** A popular Irish dramatist; author of "The Golden Pippin," etc. Died 1782.
- OKEN, PROFESSOR.** A famous German naturalist and physiologist. He published that remarkable work—"The Elements of Natural Philosophy, the Theory of the Senses, and the Classification of Animals." Born 1779; died 1851.
- OLDHAM, JOHN.** An English satirist; the friend of Dryden. Born 1653; died 1683.
- OLPE, MRS.** A brilliant writer of fiction. Born 1769; died 1853.
- ORIGEN.** One of the most eloquent and influential of the early Christian Fathers; compiler of a valuable edition of the Old Testament, entitled "Hexapla." Born 186; died 253.
- OSBORNE, FRANCIS.** An English biographical and historical writer. Born 1589; died 1659.
- OSBORNE, REV. LORD S. G.**
- OSBURN, WILLIAM.** A well-known writer on Egypt and her language.
- OTWAY, THOMAS.** An eminent English dramatist. "Venice Preserved" is considered his best drama. Born 1651; died 1685.
- OVERBURY, SIR THOMAS.** Described as "one of the most accomplished gentlemen about the Court of James I." Born 1561, poisoned 1613.
- OVID, PUBLIUS N.** A most famous Roman poet. Born 43 B.C.; died 18 A.D.
- OWEN, REV. DR.** An able and voluminous author. His "Exposition of the Epistle to the Hebrews" is prized by every theological student. Born 1616; died 1683.
- OXENDEN, BISHOP.** An eminent prelate and successful writer; author of "Portraits from the Bible," etc.

P.

- PALAFIX, JOSE.** The illustrious governor and defender of Saragossa. Born 1780; died 1847.
- PALEY, REV. ARCHDEACON.** The celebrated author of "Moral and Political Philosophy." Born 1743; died 1805.
- PALMER, RAY.**
- PALMERSTON, LORD.** A statesman of wonderful ability and pure patriotism. Born 1784; died 1865.
- PARDOE, JULIA.** A popular English authoress. Born 1808; died 1862.
- PAREUS, REV. DAVID.** A learned German Calvinistic commentator. Born 1548; died 1620.
- PARK, MUNGO.** A famous and enterprising explorer; author of "Travels in the Interior of Africa." Born 1771; perished 1805.
- PARKER, REV. DR.** Editor of "The Pulpit Analyst."
- PARKER, REV. THEODORE.** A celebrated American orator and rationalistic divine. Born 1810; died 1860.
- PARNELL, REV. DR.** A devout Irish poet, whose poems were introduced to the world by Pope. Born 1679; died 1717.
- PARR, REV. DR.** An English scholar and critic, renowned for his learning and colloquial powers. Born 1747; died 1825.
- PARTON, SARAH P. W.** She published "Fern Leaves" under the pseudonym of Fanny Fern. Born 1811.
- PASCAL, BLAISE.** Characterized by Bayle as "one of the sublimest spirits in the world;" author of "Pensées," etc. Born 1623; died 1662.
- PATRICK, BISHOP.** A prelate of rare ability, learning, and piety. He wrote a Paraphrase and Commentary on the Old Testament. Born 1626; died 1707.
- PATTERSON, MARY.**
- PATTERSON, ROBERT.** Author of "An Introduction to Zoology."
- PAULDING, JAMES K.** A popular American novelist and miscellaneous writer. Born 1779; died 1860.
- PAVILLON, ETIENNE.** A French poet. Born 1632; died 1705.
- PAWLET, SIR AMYAS.**
- PAYNE, JOHN H.** An American dramatist and actor; chiefly known by that popular and exquisitely touching poem—"Home, sweet Home." Born 1792; died 1852.
- PAYSON, REV. DR.** An eminent American preacher of impassioned and all-persuasive eloquence. Born 1783; died 1827.
- PEARODY, REV. WILLIAM B. O.** An American poet and magazinist of considerable note. Born 1769; died 1847.
- PEARSON, REV. THOMAS.** A prize essayist; author of "Infidelity: its Aspects, Causes, and Agencies." Died 1864.
- PEEL, SIR ROBERT.** Justly regarded as "the most distinguished statesman of his age." Born 1788; died, from a fall from his horse, 1850.
- PELLISON, PAUL.** The historian of the French Academy. Born 1624; died 1693.
- PENAGES.**
- PENN, WILLIAM.** The celebrated Quaker; founder and legislator of Pennsylvania. Born 1644; died 1718.
- PERCIVAL, JAMES G.** A popular American poet and scholar. Born 1795; died 1856.
- PERCY, REUBEN AND SHOLTO.** Joint-editors of "The Percy Anecdotes."
- PETRARCH, FRANCESCO.** An eminent Italian scholar and poet. Born 1304; died, sitting among his books, 1374.
- PETRONIUS, ARBITER.** A talented Latin satirist; author of a novel entitled "Satyricon." Died, by his own hand, 66.
- PHELPS, ELIZABETH.** A favourite American authoress. Born 1815; died 1852.
- PHILEMON.** A distinguished Athenian poet, the rival of Menander. Born 360 B.C.; died 262 B.C.
- PHILIP OF MACEDON.**
- PHILIPS, JOHN.** A successful English poet; author of "The Splendid Shilling,"—a mock heroic poem. Born 1676; died 1708.
- PHILLIPS, EDWARD.** A nephew and pupil of Milton. Beside "A Life of Milton," he published "Theatrum Poetarum." Born 1630; died 1680.
- PIERSON, LYDIA J.**
- PIERRE, ST.** An eccentric but eminently benevolent French priest and writer; Rousseau declared that "he was an honour to his age and his species." Born 1658; died 1743.
- PIESSE, G. W. S.**
- PINDAR.** Said to be "the great lyric poet of Greece." Born 520 B.C.; died 442 B.C.
- PITMAN, ISAAC.** The well-known promoter of the phonetic system of writing.
- PITT, RIGHT HON. WILLIAM.** An illustrious British statesman and debater. Born 1759; died 1866.
- PLAIFERE, REV. DR.**
- PLATO.** The immortal philosopher of Athens. Born 429 B.C.; died 347 B.C.
- PLATT, S. H.**
- PLAUTUS, MARCUS A.** A very celebrated Roman comic poet. Born 224 B.C.; died 184 B.C.
- PLAYFAIR, DR. LYON.** Author of a number of treatises and lectures on chemistry. Born 1819.

LYNY. Commonly called "Pliny the Elder." His great work—"Natural History," is, according to "Pliny the Younger," of "great compass and erudition, and as varied as Nature herself." Born 23; perished, by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, 79.

LUTARCH. A famous Greek writer, chiefly distinguished for a work entitled "The Parallel Lives of Forty-six Greeks and Romans." Born about 50; died about 120.

LOCK, REV. EDWARD. An eminent English theologian and orientalist. Born 1604; died 1691.

DE, EDGAR A. An American poet of great promise, but whose life was not prolonged to fulfil the bright hopes his first productions kindled. Born 1811; died 1840.

OLHILL, EDWARD

OLLOCK, SIR FREDERICK. A distinguished English judge. Born 1783; died 1870.

OLLOK, EDWARD

OLLOK, REV. JOHN. The biographer of Robert Pollok.

OLLOK, REV. ROBERT. The gifted author of that magnificent poem—"The Course of Time." Born 1798; died 1827.

OLYBIUS. An eminent didactic Greek historian and moralist. Born 204 B.C.; died 122 B.C.

OPE, ALEXANDER. One of the most celebrated English poets. Born 1688; died 1744.

OPE-SPENCE.

ORTER, GEORGE R. Author of "The Progress of the Nation." Born 1792; died 1852.

ORTER, REV. EBENEZER. President of Andover Theological Seminary. Born 1772; died 1834.

ORTEUS, BISHOP. An author of great reputation. His chief work consists of a series of "Lectures on the Gospel of St. Matthew." Born 1731; died 1808.

OWER, REV. PHILIP B. Author of "The 111 Wills of the Psalms," etc.

POWERSCOURT, LADY. An eminently devout writer.

RAED, WINTHROP M. A distinguished English poet and magazinist. Born 1802; died 1839.

RATT, REV. JOSIAH. The biographer of Richard Cecil.

RAY, ISAAC C.

RENTICE, GEORGE D. An American poet and journalist. Born 1802; died 1870.

RESCOTT, WILLIAM H. An American historian of the highest order of merit; author of "The History of Ferdinand and Isabella," etc. Born 1796; died 1859.

PRICE, REV. AUBREY C. Author of "Occupy till I Come."

PRICE, REV. DR. A political and miscellaneous Welsh writer. Born 1723; died 1791.

PRICHARD, PROFESSOR. An eminent English ethnologist and physiologist. His "Researches into the Physical History of Mankind" is a work displaying great talent and perseverance. Born 1785; died 1848.

PRIESTLEY, REV. DR. A celebrated English chemist, philosopher, and theologian; author of "The Institutes of Natural and Revealed Religion." Born 1733; died 1804.

PRINCE, JOHN C. Author of "Dreams and Realities," etc. Born 1808; died 1866.

PRINGLE, THOMAS. A Scottish poet and miscellaneous writer. Born 1789; died 1844.

PRIOR, MATTHEW. An English diplomatist and poet. Born 1664; died 1721.

PROCTER, ADELAIDE A. An English poetess and magazinist; her literary fame rests chiefly on her "Legends and Lyrics." Born 1825; died 1864.

PROCTER, BRYAN W. A distinguished Eng-

lish poet, who wrote under the *nom de plume* of "Barry Cornwall," and whose songs have obtained considerable popularity. Born 1770.

PROPERTIUS, SEXTUS A. A talented Roman elegiac poet, the friend of Ovid. Born about 50 B.C.

PRYNNE, WILLIAM. An English antiquary and politician; he compiled several volumes of Records. Born 1600; died 1669.

PUCKLE.

PULSFORD, REV. DR. Author of "Quiet Hours," etc.

PUNSHON, REV. DR. An eloquent preacher and popular lecturer.

PUSEY, REV. DR. The leader of the Tractarians, and author of "A Commentary on Daniel," etc. Born 1800.

PYTHAGORAS. One of the most famous philosophers of antiquity, and the inventor of several important geometrical theorems, as well as stringed musical instruments. Born about 600 B.C.

Q.

QUARLES, FRANCIS. A quaint English poet; his "Emblems" are very widely known. Born 1592; died 1604.

QUARLES, JOHN. Son of Francis Quarles, and, like him, a poet. Born 1624; died 1665.

QUESNEL, PASQUIER. A French polemical writer. Born 1634; died 1719.

QUINCEY, THOMAS DE. A celebrated English essayist, and author of that remarkable book—"The Confessions of an Opium-Eater." Born 1785; died 1859.

QUINTILIAN, MARCUS F. An eminent Roman teacher and critic; his chief work is "Institutio Oratoria." Born about 45; died about 118.

R.

RABELAIS, FRANCOIS. A French writer, famous for his learning, wit, and humour; his "Les Faits et Dicts du Geant Gargantua et de son Fils Pantagruel," is his master-piece. Born about 1483; died about 1553.

RACINE, JEAN. A distinguished French dramatist, highly commended by Voltaire, and a rival of Corneille. Born 1639; died 1699.

RAGG, REV. THOMAS. The thoughtful author of "Creation's Testimony to its God."

RAIKES, ROBERT. A noted English philanthropist—the founder of Sunday-Schools. Born 1735; died 1811.

RALEIGH, REV. DR. Author of "The Story of Jonah," etc.

RALEIGH, SIR WALTER. An illustrious scholar, warrior, and statesman; his "History of the World" was written in the Tower. Born 1552; beheaded 1618.

RAMSAY, ALLAN. A Scottish poet of considerable fame. Born 1685; died 1758.

RAMSAY, REV. DEAN. The popular author of "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," etc. Born 1791; died 1873.

RANDOLPH, THOMAS. An English dramatist, a protégé of Ben Jonson. Born 1605; died 1634.

RANEW.

RANTZAU, COUNT DE. A distinguished French warrior, often so severely wounded, that, at last, he possessed but one leg, one arm, one ear, and one eye! Died 1651.

RAPIN, PAUL DE. Author of an exceedingly popular "History of England" in eight 4to volumes. Born 1661; died 1725.

RAWLE, WILLIAM. An eminent American jurist. Born 1759; died 1836.

RAYMENT, REV. DR.

RAYNAL, GUILLAUME T. F. A gifted French

- philosopher and historian. Born 1711; died 1796.
- RAYNARD, DR. E.**
- REGNIER, MATHURIN.** A celebrated French satirist. Born 1573; died 1613.
- REID, REV. DR.** Pronounced a "patient, modest, and deep thinker;" author of "An Inquiry into the Human Mind," etc. Born 1710; died 1796.
- REMBOLD.**
- RENAN, ERNEST.** A talented French orientalist and critic; author of "The Life of Jesus," etc.
- REYNOLDS, BISHOP.** One of the Assembly of Divines. Born 1595; died 1676.
- REYNOLDS, SIR JOSHUA.** The greatest portrait-painter England has ever produced. Born 1723; died 1792.
- RHODIGINUS, CÆLIUS.** An Italian philologist. "Antiquæ Lectiones" was his principal work. Born 1450; died 1525.
- RICHARDSON, SIR JOHN.** A famous British naturalist and traveller. Born 1757; died 1865.
- RICHMOND, REV. LEGH.** An eminently pious and earnest divine; author of "The Dairyman's Daughter," etc. Born 1772; died 1827.
- RICHTER, JEAN P. F.** A German writer whose numerous productions are full of beauty, wisdom, and rich and rare humour. Born 1763; died 1825.
- RIDGE, DR.** An eminent physician.
- RILEY.** Editor of "The Dictionary of Classical Quotations."
- RINGELBERG, JOACHIM S. VAN.** A distinguished Flemish philosopher; author of "A Treatise on the Method of Study." Born about 1500; died 1536.
- ROBERTS, DR.**
- ROBERTS, REV. RICHARD.** A popular English preacher.
- ROBERTSON, REV. DR.** A justly celebrated historian; author of "The History of Scotland," etc. Born 1721; died 1793.
- ROBERTSON, REV. FREDERICK W.** One of the greatest preachers the Church has lately produced; author of "Expository Lectures on the Epistle to the Corinthians," etc. Born 1816; died 1853.
- ROBESPIERRE, MAXIMILIEN M. J. A.** A French demagogue, surnamed "the Incorruptible." Born 1758; guillotined 1794.
- ROBINSON, MARY.** An English poetess and actress. Born 1758; died 1800.
- ROBINSON, REV. THOMAS.** An English naturalist of some note. Died 1719.
- ROBSON, D. S.**
- ROCHEFOUCAULD, DUKE DE LA.** An illustrious French courtier and moralist; chiefly remembered by his "Réflexions et Maximes." Born 1613; died 1680.
- ROCHESTER, EARL OF.** An English courtier and satirist. Born 1647; died 1680.
- ROGERS, PROFESSOR.** A talented English essayist; author of "The Eclipse of Faith," etc. Born 1806.
- ROGERS, REV. DR. CHARLES.** Extensively known by his "Century of Scottish Life."
- ROGERS, REV. TIMOTHY**
- ROGERS, SAMUEL.** An English poet of many and eminent qualities. His name is associated with "The Pleasures of Memory," and "Italy." Born 1763; died 1855.
- ROLLIN, CHARLES.** A French professor and historian; author of a popular work, entitled "Histoire Ancienne," which has been translated into English. Born 1661; died 1741.
- ROMAINE, REV. WILLIAM.** The well-known author of "The Life, Walk, and Triumph of Faith." Born 1714; died 1795.
- ROMILLY, SIR SAMUEL.** An eminent English lawyer and statesman. Born 1757; died, by his own hand, during a paroxysm of brain fever, 1818.
- ROSCOMMON, EARL OF.** An illustrious English poet. Born 1633; died 1684.
- ROUSSEAU, JEAN J.** A Swiss philosopher and writer of splendid abilities, which were unhappily employed on behalf of Infidelity. Born 1712; died 1778.
- ROWE, NICHOLAS.** A poet-laureate and tragic writer. Born 1673; died 1718.
- ROWLEY, WILLIAM.** An English dramatist, a contemporary of Shakspeare.
- RUDYARD, SIR BENJAMIN.** An elegant English scholar. Born 1572; died 1638.
- RUSKIN, JOHN.** One of the most eloquent and brilliant writers on art and nature; author of "The Stones of Venice," etc. Born 1819.
- RUSSELL, EARL.** An illustrious British statesman; the biographer of Thomas Moore. Born 1792.
- RUTHERFORD, REV. SAMUEL.** A Scottish divine, eminent for piety, eloquence, and love of truth; author of "The Life and Triumph of Faith." Born about 1600; died 1661.
- RUYSBROEK, JEAN DE.** A Flemish mystic, called "the Ecstatic Doctor." Born about 1294; died 1381.
- RYLAND, REV. DR.** Author of "A Life of Andrew Fuller." Born 1754; died 1825.
- RYLE, REV. CANON.** A highly gifted Evangelical clergyman, and author of numerous works in divinity.

S.

- SAGE, ALAIN LE.** A distinguished French dramatist and novelist. Born 1668; died 1747.
- SALA, GEORGE A.** An English *littérateur*; author of "Rome and Venice," etc. Born 1827.
- SALLUST.** An eminent Roman historian; his chief works were "Bellum Catilinæ" and "Bellum Jugurthinum." Born 86 B.C.; died 34 B.C.
- SANDERSON, BISHOP.** Author of "De Juremanti Obligatione," etc. Born 1557; died 1603.
- SANDFORD, MRS. JOHN**
- SANDYS, ARCHBISHOP.** A learned but greatly persecuted prelate, and one of the translators of the Scriptures, known as "The Bishops' Bible." Born 1519; died 1583.
- SANNAZARO, JACOPO.** An illustrious Italian poet; author of "Arcadia," etc. Born 1438; died 1530.
- SAUNDERS, DAVID.** "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain."
- SAURIN, REV. JAMES.** A truly eloquent French preacher, whose "Sermons" are still held in great repute. Born 1677; died 1734.
- SAVAGE, RICHARD.** An English poet of singular ability, and of still more singular life. Born 1603; died 1743.
- SAVILLE, SIR HENRY.** "We may justly deem him," says Hallam, "the most learned Englishman in profane literature of the reign of Elizabeth." Born 1549; died 1622.
- SAVONAROLA, GIROLAMO.** A vehement Italian orator and political reformer. Born 1452; strangled 1498.
- SAWYER, WILLIAM**
- SCHILLER, JOHANN C. F. VON.** The national poet of Germany; author of the immortal drama—"Wallenstein." Born 1759; died 1805.
- SCHIMMELPENNINGCK, MARY A.** An authoress of rare conversational and literary power, as shown in her "Memoirs of Port Royal." Born 1778; died 1856.
- SCHOPENHAUFER, ARTHUR.** A celebrated German thinker of misanthropical habits. Born 1788; died 1860.

- SCIPIO.** Probably the greatest military genius Rome ever produced; he also excelled in the Greek language and literature. Born 235 B.C.; died 183 B.C.
- SCOTT, F. M.**
- SCOTT, REV. JAMES.** A noted pulpit orator; author of a series of political essays published under the signature of "Anti-Sejanus," and "Old Sly-Boots." Born 1733; died 1814.
- SCOTT, REV. THOMAS.** Author of the well-known "Commentary on the Bible." Born 1747; died 1821.
- SCOTT, SIR WALTER.** The great Scottish novelist and poet, who "did for literature what Shakspeare did for the drama;" author of "The Waverley Novels," etc. Born 1771; died 1832.
- SCOU GAL, REV. HENRY.** A Scottish philosopher and divine; his chief work is entitled "The Life of God in the Soul of Man." Born 1650; died 1678.
- SCRAGGS.**
- SCRIVER, REV. CHRISTIAN.** An eminent German court-preacher; author of "Gotthold's Emblems," etc. Born 1629; died 1693.
- SCUDERY, GEORGE DE.** A French dramatist. Born about 1601; died 1667.
- SECKER, ARCHBISHOP.** A distinguished prelate, whose charges and sermons form twelve volumes. Born 1693; died 1768.
- SECKER, REV. WILLIAM.** An English clergyman of peculiar genius and original talents; author of "The Nonsuch Professor."
- SEED, REV. JEREMIAH.** An English essayist and correspondent. Died 1747.
- SELDEN, JOHN.** A famous English statesman, lawyer, and conversationalist. "It has been said," states Hallam, "that Selden's 'Table-Talk' is worth all the *Anna of the Continent*; in this I should be disposed to concur." Born 1584; died 1654.
- SELKIRK, ALEXANDER.** A Scotchman celebrated as a navigator. It is supposed that his adventures were narrated to Daniel Defoe, who based thereon his "Adventures of Robinson Crusoe." Born 1676; died 1723.
- SENECA.** A Roman philosopher, stoic, and moralist of great note and eloquence. Born about 5 B.C.; died, in a warm bath, 65 A.D.
- SEVIGNE, MADAME DE.** A French writer, distinguished for her epistolary talent and great personal beauty. Born 1626; died 1696.
- SEWARD, WILLIAM.** A friend of Dr. Johnson, and author of "Anecdotes of Distinguished Persons." Born 1747; died 1799.
- SEWELL, DR. G.** An eminent English physician and miscellaneous writer. Died 1726.
- SEWELL, ELIZABETH M.** The gifted authoress of "Amy Herbert," etc.
- SEYMOUR, REV. M. HOBART.** Widely known by his "Evenings with Romanists."
- SHAFTESBURY, LORD.** An illustrious English statesman.
- SHAKSPEARE, WILLIAM.** The immortal bard of Stratford-on-Avon—"the myriad-minded man." Born 1564; died 1616.
- SHARP, ARCHBISHOP.** Author of seven volumes of sermons. Born 1644; died 1714.
- SHAW, THOMAS B.** An English writer and translator; author of "Outlines of English Literature." Born 1813; died 1862.
- SHEA, JOHN A.** An Irish poet and magazinist. Born 1827; died 1845.
- SHEA, SIR MARTIN A.** Clever both as an artist and a poet. Born 1770; died 1850.
- SHELLEY, PERCY B.** One of England's greatest poets. Born 1792; drowned at sea 1822.
- SHENSTONE, WILLIAM.** A pastoral poet and miscellaneous writer of correct sentiment and cultivated taste. Born 1714; died 1763.
- SHERIDAN, RICHARD B.** An illustrious statesman, and a dramatist and wit of the first order. Born 1751; died 1816.
- SHERLOCK, REV. DR.** An eminent English theologian; author of "A Practical Treatise on Death." Born 1641; died 1707.
- SHERMAN, REV. JAMES.** Author of "Acquaintance with God."
- SHIRLEY, JAMES.** A celebrated writer of tragedies, comedies, and poems. Born 1594; died 1666.
- SHUTE, REV. NATHANIEL.**
- SIBBES, REV. DR.** A sound and voluminous writer on theology. Born 1577; died 1635.
- SIDNEY, ALGERNON.** A noted English republican; author of "Discourses on Government." Born 1622; died 1683.
- SIDNEY, SIR PHILIP.** One of the most accomplished English statesmen and writers of his time. Born 1554; fell in battle 1586.
- SIGOURNEY, MRS. LYDIA H.** An American poetess and author of world-wide popularity. Born 1791; died 1865.
- SIMEON, REV. CHARLES.** The author of numerous theological works which are highly esteemed. Born 1759; died 1836.
- SIMONIDES.** A distinguished Greek lyric poet, a friend of Themistocles, and a rival of Pindar. Born 556 B.C.; died 467 B.C.
- SIMPSON, MRS. J. C.**
- SIMPSON, REV. DAVID.** Author of "A Plea for Religion," etc.
- SIMPSON, REV. R. J.** An eloquent advocate of Freemasonry.
- SISMONDI, JEAN C. L.** An eminent Swiss historian; his "Histoire des Français" is considered his best work. Born 1773; died 1842.
- SKELTON, REV. JOHN.** An English scholar and poet, whose learning was strongly praised by Erasmus. Born 1460; died 1529.
- SKINNER, REV. ROBERT.**
- SLADDEN, DILNOT.**
- SMART, CHRISTOPHER.** An English poet, celebrated for his classical knowledge. Born 1722; died 1770.
- SMILES, SAMUEL.** A popular English biographer; author of "Self-Help," etc.
- SMITH, ALEXANDER.** The gifted writer of "A Life Drama." Born 1830; died 1867.
- SMITH, DR. ADAM.** A well-known political economist; author of "A Theory of Moral Sentiments." Born 1723; died 1790.
- SMITH, DR. SOUTHWOOD.** An English physician and writer of great ability, and one of the projectors of "The Westminster Review." Born about 1790.
- SMITH, DR. WILLIAM.** Chief editor of "A Dictionary of the Bible," etc. Born 1814.
- SMITH, E. P.**
- SMITH, REV. HENRY.** Styled "the Silver-Tongued Preacher." His "Sermons" are intensely suggestive and eloquent. Born 1530; died 1600.
- SMITH, REV. SIDNEY.** A political writer, critic, and preacher of extraordinary efficiency. Born 1771; died 1845.
- SMITH, WILLIAM.** Called "the Father of English Geology." Born 1769; died 1839.
- SMOLLETT, THOMAS G.** A distinguished Scottish novelist and editor. Born 1721; died 1771.
- SMYTH, PROFESSOR.** Author of "Lectures on Modern History," etc. Born 1766; died 1849.
- SOANEN, BISHOP.** A French prelate and eloquent writer. Born 1647; died 1740.
- SOCRATES.** An illustrious Grecian, who "may be justly called," says Cicero, "the Father of Philosophy." Born 470 B.C.; died 400 B.C.
- SOLO.** A famous Athenian legislator, who was ranked with the Seven Sages of Greece. Born 638 B.C.; died 558 B.C.
- SOMERVILLE, WILLIAM.** An English poet and man of letters; his principal composition is entitled "The Chase." Born 1692; died 1742.
- SOPHOCLES.** The renowned Greek tragic poet. The Ancients gave him the appellation of "the

- Attie Bee,** "because of his native gracefulness and sweetness. Born 495 B.C.; died 405 B.C.
- SOUTH, REV. DR.** A divine possessing great wit, originality, and earnestness. Born 1633; died 1716.
- SOUTHERN, THOMAS.** An Irish dramatist of celebrity. Among his best works are "Oronoko" and "Isabella." Born 1660; died 1740.
- SOUTHEY, DR.** A distinguished poet-laureate, biographer, and miscellaneous writer. Born 1774; died 1843.
- SOUTHEY, MRS.** Her maiden name was Caroline Bowles.
- SOUTHWELL, ROBERT.** Author of several hymns and religious treatises. Born 1560; executed 1595.
- SPENCER, REV. JOHN.** Editor of "Things New and Old."
- SPENSER, EDMUND.** An illustrious English poet; author of "The Faerie Queene." Born 1553; died 1599.
- SPOONER, DR.**
- SPRAGUE, CHARLES.** An eminent American poet and magazinist. Born 1791.
- SPRAT, REV. THOMAS.** An English poet and the historian of "The Rye-House Plot." Born 1636; died 1713.
- SPURGEON, CHARLES H.** An exceedingly popular minister; author of "The Treasury of David," etc. Born 1834.
- SPURSTOWE, REV. WILLIAM.** Died 1686.
- STAIR, LORD.** An eminent Scottish statesman and jurist. Born 1699; died 1793.
- STANFORD, REV. CHARLES.** Author of "Central Truths," etc.
- STANISLAUS.** King of Poland; distinguished for his literary ability and acquirements; author of "The Works of the Benevolent Philosopher." Born 1677; died 1766.
- STANLEY, LORD.** An illustrious English statesman.
- STANLEY, REV. DEAN.** The eloquent author of "Sinai and Palestine," etc. Born 1813.
- STEBBING, REV. HENRY.** Extensively known by his valuable "History of the Christian Church." Born 1800; died 1857.
- STEELE, MRS.**
- STEELE, SIR RICHARD.** An accomplished essayist and dramatist; the first editor of "The Tatler." Born 1671; died 1729.
- STEEVENS, GEORGE.** An elegant scholar, and well-acquainted with old English literature. Born 1736; died 1800.
- STENNETT, REV. DR.**
- STEPHENS, SIR JOHN**
- STERLING, REV. JOHN.** Eminent as an essayist and a critic. Born 1806; died 1844.
- STERN, REV. A. H.** The renowned Abyssinian missionary and captive.
- STERNE, REV. LAWRENCE.** A celebrated Irish humorist; author of "Tristram Shandy," etc. Born 1713; died 1768.
- STEVENSON, REV. DR.** The popular author of "The Lord our Shepherd," and other religious works.
- STEWART, REV. GEORGE**
- STEWART, DUGALD.** A distinguished Scottish philosopher; author of "Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind." Born 1753; died 1828.
- STEWART, REV. DR. A.**
- STILLINGFLEET, BISHOP.** Of great reputation as a religious controversialist. Born 1635; died 1699.
- STIRLING, EARL OF.** An illustrious Scottish poet and courtier. Born about 1580; died 1640.
- STOCK, REV. RICHARD**
- STORY, JOSEPH.** A celebrated American judge and law-writer; author of "Commentaries on the Conflict of Laws." Born 1779; died 1845.
- STOUGHTON, REV. DR.** Author of "The Pen, the Pulpit, and the Pulpit," etc.
- STOWE, MRS. HARRIET BECHER.** An American authoress of great distinction, but known chiefly as the writer of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a work which obtained an immense circulation. Born 1812.
- STOWE, REV. CHARLES**
- STRETCH, L. M.**
- STRICKLAND, AGNES.** A talented English authoress; her literary fame is derived principally from her "Lives of the Queens of England." Born 1806.
- STROVE.**
- STUART, REV. A. MOODY.** Author of "The Three Marys," etc.
- STUART, DR.** An eminent Scottish editor and miscellaneous writer. Born 1746; died 1786.
- SULLIVAN, DR. WILLIAM.** Author of "The Public Men of the Revolution," etc. Born 1774; died 1830.
- SULLY, DUC DE.** A very celebrated French statesman and historian. Born 1560; died 1641.
- SUMNER, ARCHBISHOP.** A distinguished prelate; author of "The Records of Creation," and other invaluable treatises. Born 1780; died 1862.
- SUMNER, BISHOP.** A thoroughly evangelical and highly revered divine; author of "Sermons on Christian Charity," etc. Born 1790.
- SUPERVILLE, REV. DANIEL DE.** A French Protestant minister of note. Born 1657; died 1728.
- SURREY, EARL OF.** "An accomplished nobleman, a brave soldier, and one of the best English poets of his age." Born 1516; beheaded 1547.
- SUTTON, REV. CHRISTOPHER.** Died 1639.
- SWAIN, CHARLES.** Known as "the Manchester Poet;" author of "The Beauties of the Mind," etc. Born 1803.
- SWENDENBORG, EMMANUEL.** The famous Swedish mathematician and theosophist—the founder of the "New Church" sects. Born 1688; died 1772.
- SWIFT, REV. DEAN.** A celebrated Irish humorist, satirist, and political writer. "The Tale of a Tub" is considered his masterpiece. Born 1667; died 1745.
- SWINBURNE, ALGERNON C.** A rising English poet. Born 1843.
- SWINNOCK, REV. GEORGE.** Author of "The Christian Man's Calling," etc. Born 1627; died 1773.
- SYNESIUS, BISHOP.** An eminent philosopher; author of "A Treatise on Dreams," etc. Born 378; died 430.

T.

TACITUS, CAIUS C. A renowned Roman historian. His "Annales" is universally regarded as his best composition. Born about 55.

TAGLIACCOZZI, GASPARO. A distinguished Italian surgeon and lecturer. Born 1546; died 1590.

TAIT, ARCHBISHOP. Author of "The Dangers and Safeguards of Theology," etc. Born 1811.

TALFOURD, THOMAS N. A celebrated English judge, poet, and promiscuous writer; his "Ion"—a tragedy, was very successful. Born 1795; died, on the bench, while delivering a charge, 1854.

TALLEYRAND A famous French statesman and wit. Among his notable sayings is this—"Language is given to man to conceal his thoughts." Born 1754; died 1838.

TASSO, TORQUATO. An Italian epic poet of the highest distinction; author of "Gerusalemme Liberata," etc. Born 1544; died 1595.

TATHAM, EMMA. An eminently-gifted English poetess; her chief composition is entitled "The Dream of Pythagoras."

- TAYLOR, BISHOP JEREMY.** One of the most illustrious prelates of the Church, and one of the most eloquent theologians. Born 1613; died 1667.
- TAYLOR, HENRY.** An English dramatist of celebrity. Born 1800.
- TAYLOR, ISAAC.** An eminent English writer: author of "The Natural History of Enthusiasm," etc. Born 1787; died 1865.
- TAYLOR, JANE.** A gifted poetess and miscellaneous writer. Born 1783; died 1824.
- TAYLOR, REV. ABRAHAM**
- TAYLOR, REV. JOHN.** Author of "A Sketch of Moral Philosophy," etc. Born 1660; died 1761.
- TEGNÉR, BISHOP.** The poet of Sweden; author of "The Children of the Lord's Supper," translated by Longfellow. Born 1782; died 1846.
- TEMPLE, BISHOP.** Author of "Sermons preached at Rugby," etc.
- TEMPLE, SIR WILLIAM.** A renowned English diplomatist and miscellaneous writer. Born 1628; died 1699.
- TENNENT, S R JAMES E.** A celebrated Irish traveller and statesman. Born 1804; died 1860.
- TENNYSON, ALFRED.** England's poet-laureate. Born 1809.
- TENTERDEN, LORD.** An eminent lawyer and judge. Born 1762; died 1832.
- TERENCE.** A Roman comic poet of great fame. His works are pronounced "models of elegant diction and pure Latinity." Born 195 B.C.; died 158 B.C.
- TERTULLIAN.** One of the most illustrious of the Latin Fathers. Born about 160; died about 240.
- THACKERAY, WILLIAM M.** A popular English novelist, of whom it has been well said—"He was a man in all the qualities of intellect, a child in all the qualities of heart." Born 1811; died 1864.
- THEOCRITUS.** Said to be "the Father of Greek Pastoral Poetry." He lived 282 B.C.
- THEOGNIS.** A notable Greek philosopher and poet.
- THEOPHRASTUS.** A Greek thinker and orator, whose original name was Tyrramus. His "Moral Characters" is intensely admired. Born 374 B.C.; died 286 B.C.
- THIÉBAULT, DIEUDONNE.** A distinguished French *littérateur*: author of "Souvenirs of Twenty Years' Residence in Berlin," etc. Born 1733; died 1807.
- THOMPSON, REV. DR.** An eminent American divine. Among his several works "Love and Penalty" holds a conspicuous place. Born 1819.
- THOMSON, ARCHBISHOP.** Author of "An Outline of the Laws of Thought." Born 1810.
- THOMSON, JAMES.** The poet of "The Seasons." Born 1700; died 1748.
- THOMSON, REV. DR. ANDREW.** Of exalted reputation for his zeal and eloquence; styled "the Prince of Debaters;" author of "Great Missionaries." Born 1779; died 1831.
- THORNDALE, REV. DR.**
- THOROLD, REV. ANTHONY W.** A devout and earnest evangelical clergyman.
- THUCYDIDES.** A renowned Greek general and historian, whose celebrity is derived chiefly from his "History of the Peloponnesian War." Born 471 B.C.; died 401 B.C.
- THYER.** Editor of Milton's complete works.
- TIBULLUS.** A distinguished Roman poet, an intimate friend of Horace. Born 55 B.C.; died 18 B.C.
- TILLOTSON, ARCHBISHOP.** Author of "Sermons," which take a foremost place in the religious literature of England. Born 1630; died 1694.
- TIMBS, JOHN.** He has published, among other works, "The Year Book of Facts." Born 1801.
- TOD, COLONEL.** Author of "Travels in Western India," etc. Born 1782; died 1835.
- TODD, REV. DR.** An American author, known generally by his "Student's Manual." Born 1800; died 1873.
- TOOKE, ANDREW.** An English author and teacher. Born 1673; died 1731.
- TOPLADY, REV. AUGUSTUS M.** An English Calvinistic divine, celebrated principally as the composer of several exquisitely beautiful hymns. Born 1740; died 1778.
- TORRENS, ROBERT.** Author of several works on political economy and commerce. Born 1780; died 1864.
- TOWNSHEND, REV. G. H.**
- TRAILL, REV. ROBERT.** A practical writer in divinity. Born 1642; died 1783.
- TRAPP, REV. JOHN.** A quaint, but highly suggestive commentator. Born 1602; died 1669.
- TRENCH, ARCHBISHOP.** A distinguished ecclesiastic and eminent philologist; author of "Notes on the Miracles," etc. Born 1807.
- TROWER, BISHOP**
- TRUSLER, REV. DR.** A successful compiler of sermons, which were printed in imitation of MS. Born 1735; died 1820.
- TUCKER, HON. G.** An eminent statesman and lawyer; styled "the American Blackstone." Born 1752; died 1827.
- TUPPER, MARTIN F.** A popular English poet; author of "Proverbial Philosophy," etc. Born 1810.
- TURNBULL, REV. JOSEPH**
- TURNER, CHARLES**
- TURNER, SHARON.** An English historian and poet of considerable fame. The work by which he is best known is "The Sacred History of the World." Born 1768; died 1847.
- TUSSER, THOMAS.** Author of "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry united to as many of Good Housewifery," etc. Born 1520; died 1580.
- TWEEDIE, REV. DR.** An attractive religious writer.
- TWISS, REV. WILLIAM.** A learned English minister; author of "Vindiciæ Gratiæ." Born 1575; died 1646.
- TYNDALE, WILLIAM.** Famed as a Church reformer and translator of the New Testament into English. Born 1500; burnt 1536.

U.

- UDALL, REV. EPHRAIM.** Author of "A Treatise on Sacrilege." Died 1647.
- ULLMANN, REV. DR.** A German theologian, whose works enjoy a very high reputation; author of "The Sinlessness of Jesus," etc. Born 1796.
- UPHAM, REV. PROFESSOR.** An able American divine. Among his principal works are "A Philosophical and Practical Treatise on the Will." Born 1790.
- USHER, ARCHBISHOP.** A distinguished Irish scholar and elaborate writer on theology. Born 1580; died 1656.

V.

- VANCOUVER, CAPTAIN.** A famous English circumnavigator; author of "Vancouver's Voyage." Died 1798.
- VANDERKISTE, REV. R. W.** Author of "Notes of a Six Years' Mission."
- VAUGHAN, HENRY.** An eminent Welsh poet and devotional writer, called sometimes "the Silurist." Born 1621; died 1695.
- VAUGHAN, REV. DR.** The gifted preacher of the Temple Church; author of "Plain Words on Christian Living," etc.

- VAUVENARGUES MARQUIS DE.** A French moral philosopher. Born 1715; died 1747.
- VENABLES, REV. GEORGE VENATORIUS.**
- VENN, REV. HENRY.** A highly-esteemed English theologian; author of "The Complete Duty of Man." Born 1725; died 1797.
- VENNING, REV. RALPH.** An English minister, noted for his eloquence and piety. Born 1620; died 1673.
- VERE, SIR FRANCIS DE.** A distinguished English general. He left, in MS., an account of his life, entitled "The Commentaries of Sir F. Vere." Born 1554; died 1608.
- VERY, JONES.** An American poet and magazineist. Born 1813.
- VICTORIA, QUEEN.** England's Sovereign Lady; authoress of "Leaves from the Journal of our Life," etc. Born 1819.
- VINET, REV. DR.** Pronounced "the most original and philosophical of the Swiss preachers." "The Outlines of Philosophy" is one of his chief productions. Born 1797; died 1847.
- VIRGIL.** The world-famed Roman poet. Born 70 B.C.; died 19 B.C.
- VOLTAIRE, FRANCOIS M. DE.** A most remarkable and brilliant French dramatist and historian, who became a pillar of Deism in France. Born 1694; died 1778.
- VORAGINE, ARCHBISHOP.** Author of "The Golden Legend," etc. Born 1230; died 1298.
- W.**
- WADDINGTON, REV. GEORGE.** An English writer, who published a "History of the Church from the Earliest Ages to the Reformation," etc. Born 1793.
- WALKER, REV. JAMES B.** Author of an exceedingly popular and useful volume—"The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation." Born 1805.
- WALLER, EDMUND.** An English poet, whose intellectual abilities were of the first order. Born 1605; died 1687.
- WALPOLE, HORACE.** A famous literary gossip, amateur, and wit; author of "Letters," etc. Born 1717; died 1797.
- WALSH, WILLIAM.** An English poet and writer, the patron of Pope, and the friend of Dryden. Born 1663; died 1703.
- WALTON, IZAAK.** The biographer of Hooker, Donne, Wotton, and Herbert, and author of "The Complete Angler." Born 1593; died 1683.
- WARBURTON, BISHOP.** An eminent critic, controversialist, and writer, widely known by his "Divine Legation of Moses." Born 1658; died 1779.
- WARD, REV. SAMUEL.** Author of "Discourses." Born 1577; died 1630.
- WARDLAW, REV. DR.** An accomplished theologian; author of "Christian Ethics," etc. Born 1779; died 1853.
- WARING, ANNE L.** An English poetess of great promise.
- WARNER, SUSAN.** An exceedingly popular American authoress, who, for some time, published under the assumed name of Elizabeth Wetherall. Her first novel—"The Wide, Wide World"—met with great success.
- WARTON, THOMAS.** An English poet-laureate and professor of poetry at Oxford. Born 1728; died 1790.
- WARWICK, ARTHUR**
- WARWICK, EARL OF.** Author of "Memoirs of his Own Time." Born 1608; died 1683.
- WASHINGTON, GENERAL.** The founder and first President of the United States of America. Born 1732; died 1779.
- WASTELL, SIMON.** Born 1562.
- WATKINS, REV. CHARLES.** An English poet and noted geologist. Born 1795.
- WATSON, BISHOP.** An eminent theologian and miscellaneous writer; author of "A Commentary for the Bible," etc. Born 1737; died 1815.
- WATSON, REV. RICHARD.** Author of "Zoological Institutes," etc. Born 1781; died 1831.
- WATSON, REV. THOMAS.** "An Essay of Divinity" was his principal work. Died about 1690.
- WATTS, ALARIC A.** A celebrated English journalist and *littérateur*. Born 1799; died 1864.
- WATTS, REV. DR.** A divine and poet of well-merited fame; author of "The Improvement of the Mind," "Divine and Moral Songs," etc. Born 1674; died 1748.
- WAYLAND, PROFESSOR.** His "Treatise on Human Responsibility" will be regarded as a leading work in its own department for many years to come. Born 1796; died 1865.
- WEBBE, CAROLINE**
- WEBBE, CORNELIUS**
- WEBSTER, DANIEL.** One of the most renowned American orators and statesmen. Born 1782; died 1852.
- WEBSTER, DR. NOAH.** A distinguished American philologist and lexicographer. Born 1758; died 1843.
- WEBSTER, JOHN.** An English dramatist of the seventeenth century.
- WEITBRECHT, REV. J. J.**
- WELBY, AMELIA.** An American poetess. Born 1821; died 1852.
- WELLINGTON, DUKE OF.** The immortal hero of Waterloo. Born the same year as Napoleon I., 1769; died 1852.
- WELSH, JOHN**
- WESLEY, MRS. SUSANNAH.** The mother of the Wesleys.
- WESLEY, REV. CHARLES.** The poet of Methodism. Born 1708; died 1788.
- WESLEY, REV. JOHN.** The founder of Methodism. Born 1703; died 1791.
- WEST, BENJAMIN.** The renowned American painter. Born 1738; died 1820.
- WESTCOTT, REV. B. F.**
- WESTNESS.**
- WHATELY, ARCHBISHOP.** One of the most celebrated writers of his day; author of "Essays on Difficulties in the Writings of St. Paul," etc. Born 1787; died 1864.
- WHEELWRIGHT, REV. JOHN.** Founder of the town of Exeter, in America. Born 1594; died 1679.
- WHEWELL, REV. PROFESSOR.** A distinguished English philosopher; author of "The History of the Inductive Sciences," etc. Born 1795; died 1866.
- WHIPPLE, EDWIN P.** An eminent American essayist, critic, magazineist, and lecturer. Born 1819.
- WHITE, HENRY KIRKE.** An English poet of great promise, but whose life was shortened by excessive study. Born 1785; died 1806.
- WHITE, REV. GILBERT.** A famous English naturalist; author of "The Natural History of Selborne." Born 1720; died 1793.
- WHITE, REV. HENRY.** An English clergyman of first-class literary attainments. Died 1836.
- WHITECROSS, REV. J.**
- WHITFIELD, REV. GEORGE.** Designated "the Prince of Pulpit Orators," the founder of the Calvinistic Methodists. Born 1714; died 1770.
- WHITLOCK, ELIZABETH.** An English actress, the sister of the famous Mrs. Siddons. Born 1761; died 1836.
- WHITTIER, JOHN G.** An American poet and philanthropist of great celebrity. Born 1808.
- WICLIFFE, REV. JOHN.** A divine of immortal fame, appropriately styled "the Morning Star

- of the Reformation; translator of the first complete version of the English Bible. Born 1324; died 1384.
- WIELAND, CHRISTOPH M.** A distinguished German poet and translator. Born 1733; died 1813.
- WILBERFORCE, WILLIAM.** An illustrious English statesman and philanthropist; author of that very successful and useful work—"A Practical View of the Prevailing Religious System of Professed Christians Contrasted with Real Christianity." Born 1759; died 1833.
- WILBYE, JOHN.** An eminent English composer. Lived about 1570.
- WILCOX, CARLOS.** An eloquent American poet. Born 1794; died 1827.
- WILKINS, BISHOP.** A distinguished mathematician and theologian. Born 1614; died 1672.
- WILKS, REV. W.** A noted geologist.
- WILLES, LORD CHIEF JUSTICE**
- WILLIAM DE WYKEHAM.** A very eminent English statesman and ecclesiastic. He erected New College, Oxford, Winchester College, and also re-built a great part of Winchester Cathedral. Born 1324; died 1404.
- WILLIAMS, REV. JOHN.** A devoted missionary, styled "the Apostle of Polynesia;" author of "A Narrative of Missionary Enterprise in the South Seas." Born 1796; murdered by the islanders 1839.
- WILLIS, H.**
- WILLIS, NATHANIEL P.** An American editor and poet of universal repute. Born 1807; died 1867.
- WILMOT, SIR JOHN E.** A learned English judge. Born 1700; died 1792.
- WILSON, J. G.**
- WILSON, PROFESSOR.** The well-known "Christopher North;" an eminent critic, poet, and miscellaneous writer. Born 1783; died 1854.
- WILSON, PROFESSOR GEORGE.** The celebrated Scottish chemist; author of "The Five Gateways of Knowledge," etc. Born 1818; died 1869.
- WILSON, RAE.** A famous British traveller. Besides other important works, he published "Travels in the Holy Land." Born 1773; died 1849.
- WILSON, REV. J. H.** A popular Scottish clergyman; author of "Our Father in Heaven," etc.
- WILSON S.**
- WINGATE, DAVID**
- WINSLOW, DR. FORBES.** An eminent English physician and author; editor of "The Journal of Psychological Medicine." Born 1810.
- WINSLOW, REV. DR.** Author of "No Condemnation in Christ Jesus," etc.
- WIRT, WILLIAM.** An eloquent American lawyer and writer. Born 1772; died 1834.
- WISEMAN, CARDINAL.** An illustrious scholar; author of "Lectures on the Connection between Science and Revealed Religion," etc. Born 1802; died 1865.
- WITHER, GEORGE.** An English poet, satirist, and political writer. Born 1588; died 1667.
- WOLCOTT, DR.** An English physician and satirist of intense humour, who passed under the name of "Peter Pindar." Born 1738; died 1819.
- WOLFE, REV. CHARLES.** An Irish divine and poet; author of "The Burial of Sir John Moore," pronounced by Lord Byron "the most perfect ode in the language." Born 1791; died 1823.
- WOLFF, REV. DR.** The renowned Eastern traveller and missionary to the Jews; author of "Travels and Adventures." Born 1795; died 1862.
- WOLSEY, CARDINAL.** Born 1471; died 1530, with the memorable sentence on his lips—"Had I but served my God as faithfully as I have served my king, He would not have given me over in my gray hairs."
- WOLSTONECRAFT, MARY.** A celebrated English authoress and translator. Her "Letters from Norway" contain many fine descriptive passages. Born 1759; died 1797.
- WORDSWORTH, BISHOP.** Author of "A Commentary on the Holy Scriptures," etc. Born 1807.
- WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM.** "The Lake Poet." Born 1770; died 1850.
- WOTTON, ST. HENRY.** An illustrious English diplomatist and writer; author of "The Elements of Architecture," etc. Born 1563; died 1639.
- WYATT, SIR THOMAS.** A celebrated statesman, courtier, and poet. Born 1503; died 1542.
- WYCHERLEY, WILLIAM.** A very popular English dramatist. Born 1640; died 1715.
- WYLLIE, REV. DR.** Author of "A Pilgrimage to Rome," etc.
- WYNDHAM, SIR WILLIAM.** An eloquent English senator. Born 1687; died 1740.

X.

- XENOPHON.** The illustrious Athenian commander, historian, and philosopher. Born about 445 B.C.
- XIMENES, CARDINAL.** A celebrated Spaniard and patron of literature. Born 1436; died 1517.

Y.

- YALDON, REV. THOMAS.** Author of "The Temple of Fame," etc. Born 1671; died 1736.
- YOUNG, CHARLOTTE**
- YOUNG, DR. THOMAS.** A celebrated natural philosopher. Born 1721; died 1824.
- YOUNG, REV. DR. EDWARD.** The immortal bard of the night. Born 1684; died 1763.
- YOUNG, REV. DR. JOHN.** An eminent theologian; author of "The Christ of History," etc.

Z.

- ZENO.** The famous Greek philosopher, and founder of the school of Stoics. Born about 355 B.C.; died about 263 B.C.
- ZIMMERMAN, JOHANN G. VON.** The distinguished moralist and physician; author of "An Essay on Solitude," etc. Born 1728; died 1795.
- ZINZENDORF, COUNT VON.** The founder or restorer of the Moravians or Herrnhuters. Born 1700; died 1760.
- ZORNLIN, MADAME**
- ZOUCH, REV. DR.** A theological writer of considerable note. Born 1737; died 1815.
- ZSCHOKKE, JOHANN H. D.** A voluminous German author. The work by which he is best known is "Meditations on Death and Eternity." Born 1771; died 1848.

OTHER MEN'S MINDS.

OTHER MEN'S MINDS.

"General observations drawn from particulars are the jewels of knowledge, comprehending great store in a little room."—LOCKE.

A. —The Letter

This is the king, or leader, in the empire of letters forming the various languages of the world. And wherefore? Because it represents the first sound made by the organs of speech without the least effort, or even altering the natural position or configuration of the lips.—DR. DAVIES.

AA—The Character of

Aaron never appears so perfect a character as Moses. He was more a man of the times, subject to passing influences and prevailing tastes. He also lacked the burning enthusiasm of his meek, yet daring brother. Nevertheless he must have possessed rare gifts to have been chosen his brother's son and fellow-labourer in that arduous deliverance of the Children of Israel from Egypt, and in conducting them through the wilderness to the Promised Land. Much more must he have possessed an elevation and purity of character far above his fellows, to have been chosen as the founder of the Jewish priesthood, the first to minister at the altar, and to represent a sacerdotal dynasty more glorious and immortal than the line even of David, or any succession of kings that ever filled a throne.—HEADLEY.

AAA—The Death of

With trembling hand,
He hastened to unclasp the priestly robe,
And cast it on his son, and on his head
The mitre placed; while, with a feeble
voice

He blessed, and bade him keep his garments pure

From blood of souls. But then, as Moses raised

The mystic breastplate, and that dying eye
Caught the last radiance of those precious stones,

By whose oracular and fearful light

Jehovah had so oft His will revealed

Unto the chosen tribes whom Aaron loved

In all their wanderings—but whose Promised Land

He might not look upon—he sadly laid

His head upon the mountain's turfy breast,
And with one prayer, half wrapped in stifled groans,

Gave up the ghost.—SIGOURNEY.

ABBA—Father.

These two words enshrine a world of pathos and beauty. Albeit of different languages—"Abba" being Syriac, and "Father" Greek—they possess but one meaning. Why, then, this divinely-inspired tautology? Simply and sublimely on account of that vital, and intense, and blessed relationship which now exists between the Great Parent and His redeemed children, that no other words could, in any sufficient degree, express it.—E. DAVIES.

ABBEY.—Tombs in Westminster

Mortality, behold and fear,

What a charge of flesh is here!

Think how many royal bones

Sleep within this heap of stones:

Here they lie, had realms and lands,

Who now want strength to stir their hands:

Where from their pulpits sealed in dust,
They preach—"In greatness is no trust:"
Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest, royal'st seed
That the earth did e'er suck in,
Since the first man died for sin:
Here the bones of birth have cried,
Though gods they were, as men they died:
Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropp'd from the ruin'd sides of kings:
Here's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

F. BEAUMONT.

ABBEY.—The Window of an

A mighty window, hollow in the centre,
Shorn of its glass of thousand colourings,
Through which the deepen'd glories once
could enter,

Streaming from off the sun-like seraph's
wings,

Now yawns all desolate: now loud, now
fainter,

The gale sweeps through its fretwork,
and oft sings

The owl his anthem, where the silenced
quire

Lie with their hallelujahs quench'd like fire.

But in the moontide of the morn, and when
The wind is winged from one point of
heaven,

There moans a strange unearthly sound,
which then

Is musical—a dying accent driven
Through the huge arch, which soars and
sinks again;

Some deem it but the distant echo given
Back to the night wind by the waterfall,
And harmonized by the old choral wall:

Others, that some original shape, or form
Shaped by decay perchance, hath given
the power

(Though less than that of Memnon's statue,
warm

In Egypt's rays, to harp at a fix'd hour—
To this grey ruin, with a voice to charm

Sad but serene, it sweeps o'er tree or
tower;

The cause I know not, nor can solve: but
such

The fact: I've heard it,—once perhaps too
much.—BYRON.

ABEL.—The Character of

What a lovely character! Our Lord,
"who knew what was in man," styles him
—"righteous Abel." He was a bright
example of righteousness; a meek, but
zealous servant of God, eminent in faith,
steadfastly persevering in holiness, patiently
suffering in the cause of religion, and finally
closing his life with an honourable martyr-
dom.—T. ROBINSON.

ABEL—in Heaven.

And there was a *wonder in heaven*. Meek
and humble, there bent before the Divine
Majesty a solitary human spirit. It sung,
but it was a lonely song. It gazed, but its
eye rested upon nothing like itself. Its
thoughts and affections circled within their
own individual consciousness. It could
find none who were naturally like-minded
with it. None had ever sinned of its new
associates, none had wept, none had died.
It had brought a new history with it to
heaven. It had carried hither mingled
emotions which only it could know. But
the soul of righteous Abel did not long
feel alienation there. Up from this world
another and another sprung. He the soli-
tary was set in a family: he the lonesome
was surrounded by a throng.—DR. R. W.
HAMILTON.

ABILITIES.—Natural

Natural abilities can almost compensate
for the want of every kind of cultivation,
but no cultivation of the mind can make up
for the want of natural abilities.—SCHOPEN-
HAUFER.

ABILITIES.—Poetical

These abilities, wheresoever they be
found, are the inspired gift of God rarely
bestowed, but yet to some, though most
abuse, in every nation; and are of power to
imbreed and cherish in a great people the
seeds of virtue and public civility—to allay
the perturbations of the mind, and soothe the
affections in right tune—to celebrate in
glorious and lofty hymns the throne and
equipage of God's almightiness, and what
He works, and what He suffers to be
wrought with High providence in His
Church—to sing victorious agonies of mar-
tyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of
just and pious nations, doing valiantly
through faith against the enemies of Christ
—to deplore the general relapses of king-
doms and states from justice and God's true
worship,—lastly, whatever in religion is
holy and sublime, in virtue amiable, or
grave, whatsoever hath passion or admi-
ration in all the changes of that which
called fortune from without, or the
subtleties and refluxes of men's thou-
ght from within; all these things with a
and treatable smoothness to paint out
describe.—MILTON.

ABILITIES.—The Use of

The knack of making good use of me-
rate abilities secures the esteem of men,
and often raises to higher fame than
merit.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

ABILITY.—Requisite

Ability is as requisite to execute a great enterprize as capacity to devise it.—H. TAYLOR.

ABRAHAM.—The Renown of

Abraham is one of the most renowned persons the world ever saw. Besides the conspicuous place he holds in the Bible history, he is introduced into the Koran of Mahomet, and is regarded by the Arabians as the father of their nation, and by the Jews as theirs. The ancient Persians pay him the highest honour, and think he was their master, as before their great teacher. In India, too, Abraham is honoured by some as their distinguished ancestor. The Jews of Egypt, Chaldaea, and Damascus acknowledge their obligations to this illustrious man. * * * But what shall we say of the blessings which he received from God? The believing posterity have been multiplied as the stars of heaven. His venerable name is invested with immortal honour in the history of the Church and of the world, and is ascribed only to Him whose name is above all names. Canaan, the Land of Promise, was given to his natural posterity for seven centuries, as their peculiar inheritance. And, above all, from his loins, the great Saviour in due time appeared in the world to ransom, by His sufferings, death, resurrection, and glory, a multitude of immortal souls, whom no man can number.—J. H. ENZIE.

ADGERS.—The Care of

Had it not been for their care, which has saved many a perishable fragment from the shipwreck of letters which the barbarians occasioned, we should, perhaps, find no works of the ancients remaining.—I. DISRAELI.

ADGERS—compared to Etchers.

We must compare such to fine etchers after the masters.—I. DISRAELI.

ABSENCE—a Banishment.

Absence from those we love is from self! A deadly banishment.—SHAKESPEARE.

ABSENCE—in Love.

Absence in love is like water upon fire; it quickens, but much extinguishes it.—MORE.

ABSENCE.—Mental

Fontaine attended the burial of one of his friends, and some time afterwards he went to visit him. At first he was shocked at the information of his death; but, re-

covering from his surprise, observed:—"True! true! I recollect I went to his funeral."—I. DISRAELI.

ABSENCE.—The Results of

Absence in most that quenches love,
And cools the warm desire,
The ardour of my heart improves,
And makes the flame aspire. COTTON.

ABSENT.—Night Thoughts of the

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work 's expir'd;
For then my thoughts—from far where I abide—
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beautiful, and her old face new:
Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find. SHAKESPEARE.

ABSENT—yet Present.

As the flight of a river
That floats to the sea,
My soul rushes ever
In tumult to thee.
A two-fold existence
I am where thou art;
My heart in the distance
Beats close to thy heart.
Look up! I am near thee,
I gaze on thy face;
I see thee, I hear thee,
I feel thine embrace.—LYTTON.

ABSENT.—Speaking of the

When the absent are spoken of, some will speak gold of them, some silver, some iron, some lead, and some always speak dirt, for they have a natural attraction towards what is evil, and think it shows penetration in them. As a cat watching for mice does not look up though an elephant goes by, so are they so busy mousing for defects, that they let great excellences pass them unnoticed. I will not say it is not *Christian* to make beads of others' faults, and tell them over every day; I say it is *infernal*. If you want to know how the devil feels, you *do know* if you are such an one.—H. W. BEECHER.

ABSOLUTE.—The

God is called "The Absolute" by the Deist.—DR. WEBSTER.

ABSOLUTION.—Beforehand.

When Tetzal was at Leipsic, in the sixteenth century, and had collected a great deal of money from all ranks of the people, a nobleman, who suspected imposition, put the question to him—"Can you grant absolution for a sin which a man shall intend to commit in future?" "Yes," replied the frontless commissioner, "but on condition that a proper sum of money be actually paid down." The noble instantly produced the sum demanded; and in return received a diploma, sealed and signed by Tetzal, absolving him from the unexplained crime which he secretly intended to commit. Not long after, when Tetzal was about to leave Leipsic, the nobleman made inquiry respecting the road he would probably travel, waited for him in ambush at a convenient place, attacked and robbed him; then beat him soundly with a stick, sent him back to Leipsic with his chest empty, and at parting, said—"This is the fault I intended to commit, and for which I have your absolution."—ARVINE.

ABSOLUTION.—a Divine Act.

It appertaineth to the true God alone to loose men from their sins.—ST. CYRIL.

ABSTINENCE.—Enjoined.

Refrain to-night,
And that shall lend a hand of easiness
To the next abstinence; the next more
easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of
nature,
And either curb the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency.—SHAKESPEARE.

ABSTINENCE.—The Pain of

The abstinence from a present pleasure that offers itself is a pain, nay, oftentimes a very great one.—LOCKE.

ABSTINENCE.—A Reason for

Finding that deep and holy spirit-breathing was suspended during bodily enjoyments, godly souls have often interdicted the gratifications of the flesh, in order to help their spirits in the God-ward direction.—PULSFORD.

ABSTRACTION.—The Habit of

Things that differ very greatly one from another, are often found to be alike in some single quality; and when this one quality is distinctly taken notice of, we readily learn to think of it apart from the other qualities with which it may have been joined; and

thus the mind acquires the habit of *drawing off* certain properties of things, and of giving names to them: this habit is called abstraction; and the words employed on such occasions are called abstract terms.—I. TAYLOR.

ABSTRACTION.—no Positive Act.

Abstraction is no positive act: it is simply the negative of attention.—SIR W. HAMILTON.

ABSURDITY.—Humbled by an

We are more profoundly humbled by some absurdity we have fallen into. But some sin we have committed, unless that long involved some absurdity.—DR. VINET.

ABUSE.—Coarse and Refined

Abuse is not so dangerous when the no vehicle of wit or delicacy, no subtleveyance. The difference between coarse and refined abuse is as the difference between being bruised by a club and wounded by a poisoned arrow.—DR. JOHNSON.

ABUSE.—Liable to

Though a good man and a wise, yet liable to every man's abuse.—BR. TAY

ABUSES.—The Evil of

Liberty may be endangered by the abuse of liberty, as well as by the abuse of power.—MADISON.

ABYSS.—The

There is something unspeakably awful in this word. Originally, it was applied to the ocean, or to the under-world, and accordingly had nothing particularly sublime in its meaning. Now, however, in the Testament language, it is used as a noun to describe *hades*—the place of the dead generally, but more specifically of the part of *hades*—the bottomless pit—in which the spirits of fallen angels and unregenerate men are confined until the general judgment. Hence its thrilling import.—DR. DAVI

ACADEMY.—The French

It was such that, now when the merchants speak of these first days of the Academy, they call it the golden age, during which with all the innocence and freedom of the fortunate period, without pomp and without any other laws than the friendship, they enjoyed together all the advantages of a society of minds, and a rational life, the yield of whatever softens and charms.—PELISSON.

ACADEMY.—Need for an English

Had an academy been established in our country, we should have possessed all the present advantages with the peculiar

such an institution. The congregating spirit creates by its sympathy; an intercourse exists between its members which had not otherwise occurred; in this attrition of minds the torpid awakens, the timid is emboldened, and the secluded is called forth: to contradict, and to be contradicted, is the privilege and source of knowledge. — I. DISRAEL.

ACADEMY.—The Success of an

An academy can only succeed among individuals themselves. It will not be by the favour of the many, but by the wisdom and authority of the few. It is not even in the gift of royalty to create at a word what can only be formed by the co-operation of workmen themselves, and of the great master—Time! — I. DISRAELI.

ACCELERATION.—The Principle of

The period of social improvement, or of actual advancement, contains within it the principle of acceleration. — BP. SEABOR.

ACCENT.—The Importance of

Accent is the soul of language; it gives feeling and truth. — ROUSSEAU.

ACENTS.—Heavenward borne.

On their wings to heaven her accents
Words as heaven alone is fit to hear.

DRYDEN.

ACCIDENT.—Geniuses developed by

"I was at Rome," says Gibbon, "on the 10th of October, 1764, as I sat musing at the ruins of the Capitol, while the robed friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the Decline and Fall of the City started to my mind."

Wiley became a poet by accident. In another's apartment he found, when very young, Spenser's "Fairy Queen;" and, by continual study of poetry, he became so enthralled by the Muse, that he grew irretrievably a poet.

Joshua Reynolds had the first fondness for his art excited by the perusal of Addison's Treatise.

Howe the great discovery of Newton was a very trivial accident. When a student at Cambridge, he had retired during the winter into the country. As he was reading under an apple-tree, one of the fruit fell and struck him a smart blow on the head. When he observed the smallness of the apple, he was surprised at the force of the stroke. This led him to consider the

accelerating motion of falling bodies; from whence he deduced the principle of gravity, and laid the foundation of his philosophy. — I. DISRAELI.

ACCIDENT—God's Part.

What men call accident is God's own part. — P. J. BAILEY.

ACCIDENT.—The Wind of

What reason, like the careful ant, draws laboriously together, the wind of accident collects in one brief moment. — SCHILLER.

ACCOMMODATION.—The Law of

Without this, there can be no such thing as instruction. The teacher must lower himself to his pupils, in order to raise them to himself. So to the child the man becomes a child, and explains the truth in a form adapted to its age, by making use of its childish conceptions as a veil for it. In accordance with this principle, every revelation of God has made use of this law of accommodation, in order to present the divine to the consciousness of men in forms adapted to their respective stand-points. — NEANDER.

ACCOMMODATIONS.—A Pedestrian's

A volume of Shakspeare in each pocket, a small bundle with a change of linen slung across his shoulders, an oaken cudgel in his hand, complete our pedestrian's accommodations. — SIR W. SCOTT.

ACCOUNT.—The Final

Of all accounts, the final one will be the most accurate and decisive. It will embrace not only every deed, but every thought and word. Infinite Wisdom will audit it, and Infinite Power settle it. — E. DAVIES.

ACCUMULATION.—The Desire of

When this desire has once gotten hold of the heart, it shuts out all other considerations but such as may promote its views. And as it closes the heart, so also it clouds the understanding. — BP. MANT.

ACCUSED.—Protection of the

It is a principle that should never be lost sight of, that an accused person is presumed to be innocent; and that no other vexation should be imposed upon him than what is absolutely necessary for the purposes of future investigation. — S. SMITH.

ACCUSER.—A False

A false accuser is a monster, a dangerous monster, ever and in every way malignant, and ready to seek causes of complaint. — DEMOSTHENES.

ACHES—the Result of Disease.

A sudden and a swift disease
First on the heart, Life's chiefest fort, does
seize,
And then on all the suburb vitals preys ;
Next it corrupts the tainted blood,
And scatters poison through its purple
flood :
Sharp aches in thick troops it sends,
And pain which like a rack the nerves
extends.—OLDHAM.

ACQUAINTANCE—worth Cherishing.

Acquaintance, born and nourished in
Adversity, is worth the cherishing ;
'Tis proved steel which one may trust one's
life to.—J. S. KNOWLES.

ACQUAINTANCE.—A Miserly

I believe he would be willing to take the
beam out of his own eye, if he knew he
could sell the timber.—FOOTE.

ACQUAINTANCE.—Need for making

If a man does not make new acquaintance
as he advances through life, he will soon
find himself left alone. A man should
keep his friendship *in constant repair*.—
DR. JOHNSON.

ACQUIREMENT.—The Term

It is used in opposition to natural gifts ;
as, eloquence and skill in music and paint-
ing are acquirements ; genius—the gift of
nature. It denotes especially personal at-
tainments.—DR. WEBSTER.

ACQUISITION.—Risks attending every

Every noble acquisition is attended with
its risks : he who fears to encounter the one,
must not expect to obtain the other.—
METASTASIO.

ACQUISITIONS.—Great

To make great acquisitions can happen to
very few.—DR. JOHNSON.

ACRIMONY.—The Growth of

A just reverence of mankind prevents
the growth of acrimony and brutality.—
SHAFTESBURY.

ACT.—A Right

A right act strikes a chord that extends
through the whole universe, touches all
moral intelligence, visits every world, vi-
brates along its whole extent, and conveys
its vibrations to the very bosom of God !—
BINNEY.

ACTING.—The Interim between

Between the acting of a dreadful thing *rowing*
And the first motion, all the interim is *giving*
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream. *abstract-*
SHAKSPE *such oc-*
as. — 1.

ACTION—Defined.

Action is, so to speak, the genius
nature.—DR. BLAIR.

ACTION—the Destiny of Man.

Action is at once the destiny and the
of man. All the conditions of his existence
are framed upon the supposition of his
activity. It is so in man's physical frame
The elastic foot is for speed ; the firm
limb for endurance ; the arm, at once su-
and sinewy, for toil ; the eye and the
are for their respective revelries in sight
sound. It is so in our mental constitu-
By the active exercise of the powers we
God has given us we classify objects we
understand truths ; we discriminate, we
vent, we analyse, we compare, we combi-
It is so in our moral nature. The power
which we distinguish between right
wrong ; an instinct of worship, which,
ever we may brutalise, we cannot whol-
stifle ; yearnings after a nobler life, no
debauchery can extinguish nor im-
absolutely kill—these are all implan-
within us by the Giver of every good
perfect gift.—PUNSHON.

ACTION.—The Eloquence of

When the action is natural and gra-
it is eloquent in a pre-eminent degree.—
DAVIES.

ACTION—the End of Thought.

Action is the end of all thought, but
act justly and effectively, you must think
wisely.—LORD STANLEY.

ACTION—cannot enforce Argument.

Action can have no effect upon reason-
minds. It may augment noise, but it
can enforce argument. If you speak
dog, you use action ; you hold up your
thus, because he is a brute ; and in pro-
tion as men are removed from brutes,
will have the less influence upon the
DR. JOHNSON.

ACTION.—Immediate

Happy is he whose action is as quick
the impulse that calls for it !—whose
obedience has in it the fresh colour of
born convictions !—whose feet
echo of God's "Arise !" —DR. RALEIGH

ACTION—makes the Orator.

When Demosthenes was asked what was the first part of an orator, what the second, and what the third? he answered—"Action." The same man I say, if any should ask me what is the first, the second, the third part of a Christian, I must answer—"Action."—**BROOKS.**

ACTION.—The Necessity of

The fact is, that in order to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and wade through as well as we can. It is not do to be perpetually calculating chances, and adjusting nice chances: it did all very well before the Flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterwards; but at present a man waits, and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his first cousins, and his particular friends, till one fine day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age,—that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends, that he has no more time left to follow their advice.—**S. SMITH.**

ACTIONS.—Bad

The worst part of bad actions is—they make us worse.—**DR. VINET.**

ACTIONS.—Brave

Bent on deeds of glory, but a votary at the shrine of modesty, he scorns the arrogant vaunt as base, but his brave actions speak his worth.—**ÆSCHYLUS.**

ACTIONS.—The Centre of our

As all the rivers run into the sea, and all the lines meet in the centre, so all our actions terminate and centre in God.—**T. WATSON.**

ACTIONS.—Conjectures respecting

Our best conjectures, as to the true spring of actions, are very uncertain; the actions themselves are all we must pretend to know from history. That Caesar was murdered by twenty-four conspirators, I doubt not; but I very much doubt whether their love of liberty was the sole cause.—**CHESTERFIELD.**

ACTIONS.—Divine

The mortal streams of divine actions flow only from the pure springs of divine affections.—**W. SECKER.**

ACTIONS.—Great

Great actions are not always true sons
Of great and mighty resolutions;
Nor do th' boldest attempts bring forth
Events still equal to their worth;
But sometimes fail, and, in their stead,
Fortune and cowardice succeed.

S. BUTLER.

ACTIONS.—The Immortality of our

Our actions must clothe us with an immortality loathsome or glorious.—**COLTON.**

ACTIONS.—Moral

Moral actions may be done from natural principles, and will certainly centre in self, in some shape or other; but a truly Christian act must proceed from a gracious principle in the heart.—**BOGATZKY.**

ACTIONS.—The Principles of

The inward persuasion that we are free to do, or not to do a thing, is but a mere illusion. If we trace the true principles of our actions, we shall find that they are always necessary consequences of our volitions and desires, which are never in our power. You think yourself free, because you do what you will; *but are you free to will, or not to will; to desire, or not to desire?* Are not your volitions and desires necessarily excited by objects or qualities totally independent of you? But, you will say—"I feel free." This is an illusion, that may be compared to that of the fly in the fable, who, lighting upon the pole of a heavy carriage, applauded himself for directing its course. Man who thinks himself free is a fly, who imagines he has power to move the universe, while he is himself unknowingly carried along by it.—**BON-SENS.**

ACTIONS.—The Return of

Be vicious, and viciousness may go down as an heir-loom in half-a-hundred families; be inconsistent, and enmity to the Gospel may be propagated over a parish; give occasions of offence, and many may fall; those who are entering in the narrow way may be discouraged, and those who have already entered may be made to stumble. Ye live not for yourselves; ye cannot live for yourselves; a thousand fibres connect you with your fellow-men, and along those fibres, as along sympathetic threads, run your actions as causes, and return to you as effects.—**CANON MELVILL.**

ACTIVITIES.—A Man's

The Jews compared a man with a fixed employment to "a vineyard fenced." A good comparison. A man's activities,

within his proper calling, are not like trees scattered up and down the wayside, or over the wilderness, when much of the fruit is lost; but like well-planted and well-trained vines in a garden, where the most is made of them, and they are all husbanded and preserved.—STOUGHTON.

ACTIVITY.—Impressed on Man.

While all around are working, from the wavelet's tiniest ripple and from the rose-bud's heart, ever glowing into deeper crimson, to the tireless ocean and the menial and monarch sun; whilst unwearied labour was the condition of Paradise, and angels cease not in their ministry, and there is no faltering in the march of the heavens, and the Son went about doing good, and the Eternal Father, the Watchman of Israel, neither slumbereth nor sleepeth, you will not wonder that, by a law as benign as it is authoritative, God has impressed activity upon His favourite creature—man, and has provided that his shall not be a zoophite existence, clinging in blind helplessness as a parasite to its guardian rock, but a life beautiful and holy, a life of quickened pulses, and an activity and an energy of which insensate matter knows not; and finding, in the rapturous doing of every day life, its very soul and essence of joy.—PUNSHON.

ACTIVITY.—Literary

You must act: inactive contemplation is a dangerous condition for minds of profound moral sensibility. We are not to dream away our lives in the contemplation of distant or imaginary perfection. We are to act in an imperfect and corrupt world; and we must only contemplate perfection enough to ennoble our natures, but not to make us dissatisfied and disgusted with these faint approaches to that perfection, which it would be the nature of a brute or a demon to despise. It is for this reason that I exhort you to literary activity. It is not as the road of ambition, but of duty, and as the means of usefulness and the resource against disease. It is an exercise necessary to your own health, and by which you directly serve others.—MACK-INTOSH.

ACTIVITY.—Perpetual

I am always in haste, but never in a hurry; leisure and I have long taken leave of each other.—J. WESLEY.

ACTOR.—The Description of an

A man who does his business by nights instead of days,
Who receives his pay for playing, and works whene'er he plays.

MRS. BALFOUR.

ACTOR.—The Emotion of an

Betterton, although his countenance ruddy and sanguine, when he performed Hamlet, through the violent and strong emotion of amazement and horror in the presence of his father's spectre, instantly turned as white as his neckcloth, whose whole body seemed to be affected with a strong tremor: had his father's apparition actually risen before him, he could not have been seized with more real agonies. He struck the spectators so forcibly, that they felt a shuddering in their veins, and participated in the astonishment and the horror apparent in the actor!—I. L. ISRAEL.

ACTOR.—The Individuality of the

Even under his borrowed guise the actor belongs to himself. He has put on a mask beneath it his real face still exists; he throws himself into a foreign individuality which in some sense forms a shelter to the integrity of his own character; he may indeed wear festive attire, but his modesty is beneath it; he may smile, divert, but his soul is still his own; his inner life is undisturbed; no indiscreet question will burst upon him, no coarse hand will burst open the gates of the sanctuary.—GASPARIN.

ACTORS.—Rules for

Rules may teach us not to raise the head above the head; but if passion governs them, it will be well done: passion is more than art.—BARON.

ACTORS.—Tragic

Tragic actors should be nursed on the milk of queens!—BARON.

ACUTENESS.—Intellectual

Mere intellectual acuteness, dives into is, in too many cases, of all that is comprehensive and great and good, is more revolting than the most hideous seeming to be almost like the spectre of Mephistopheles.—DR. ARNOLD.

ADAM AND EVE.

All kinds of living creatures, new to sight and strange
Two of far nobler shape, erect and God-like erect, with native honour
In naked majesty, seemed lords of all
And worthy seemed; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude, severe and pure,
(Severe, but in true filial freedom pure)
Whence true authority in men; both

equal, as their sex not equal seemed ;
contemplation he, and valour formed ;
softness she, and sweet attractive

God only, she for God in him :
fair large front, and eye sublime,
he declared

white rule ; and hyacinthine locks
from his parted forelock manly

ACTING
Thring, but not beneath his shoulders
in the road :

stands as a veil down to her slender waist,
but adorned golden tresses wore
Zona veiled, but in wanton ringlets waved
India, the vine curls her tendrils ; which

seems, applied
very soft, but required with gentle sway,
could by her yielded, by him best received.

public * * * * *
and in hand they passed, the loveliest
seven air

a man ever since in love's embraces met ;
consists, the goodliest man of men since
first born
one sons ; the fairest of her daughters, Eve.
years
time

MILTON.

Am, the father of mankind, was no
left to savage of doubtful humanity, but a
specimen of man ; and Eve a soft

ACTING
Asian beauty, but exquisitely lovely

That the lot of fallen humanity.—
make MILLER.

ACTIVATION—Universal.

Throughout the universe there is a
Of glorious *proportioning* of one thing to
Of man. The size of animals, of man es-
As base, when considered with respect to
world animals, or to the plants which grow

him, is such as a regard to his con-
ACTIVITY would have pointed out. A giant

pygmy could not have milked goats,
he had corn, or mowed grass ; a giant could

have rode a horse, trained a vine, or
WATSON a sheep, with the same bodily ease as

ACTIVITY if at all. A pygmy would have
st amongst rushes, or carried off by

prey.—ADN. PALEY.

ACTIVITY.—A Good

Our
of activity
themselves
from his
by two
but I
of liber
FIELD

ACTIVITY.—Language Indebted to the
language has as much occasion to ad-
the distinct signification of the

and to adjective also the mood, as
low to adjective time. It has adjectived

effectively.—TOOKE.

ADMINISTRATION.—The Culminating Point of

The culminating point of administration
is to know well how much power, great or
small, we ought to use in all circumstances.
—MONTESQUIEU.

ADMINISTRATION.—A Violent and Arbitrary

A violent and arbitrary administration is
only an evil and oppression.—ABD-UL-
AZIZ.

ADMIRAL.—A Mighty

A mighty admiral, dark and terrible,
bearing down upon his antagonist with all
his canvass straining to the wind, and all
his thunders roaring from his broadsides.—
EVERETT.

ADMIRAL.—An Old English

The fireside, on a winter evening, was a
scene highly picturesque, and worthy of the
pencil of Wilkie. The veteran sat in his
easy chair, surrounded by his children. A
few grey hairs peeped from beneath his hat,
worn somewhat awry, which gave an arch
turn to the head, which it seldom quitted.
The anchor button, and scarlet waistcoat
trimmed with gold, marked the fashion of
former times. Before him lay his book,
and at his side a glass prepared by the
careful hand of a daughter, who devoted
herself to him with a tenderness peculiarly
delightful to the infirmities of age. The
benevolent features of the old man were
slightly obscured by the incense of a
“cigarre,” which spread its fragrance in long
wreaths of smoke around himself and the
whole apartment. A footstool supported
his wounded leg, beneath which lay the old
and faithful dog stretched on the hearth.
Portraits of King Charles the First and Van
Tromp (indicating the characteristic turn of
his mind) appeared above the chimney-
piece ; and a multitude of prints of British
heroes covered the rest of the wainscot. A
knot of antique swords and Indian weapons
garnished the old-fashioned pediment of the
door ; a green curtain was extended across
the room, to fence off the cold air, to
which an old sailor's constitution is par-
ticularly sensitive. Such was the picture.
If benevolence was the striking feature of
his disposition, religion was the guide of
his conduct, the anchor of his hope, the
stay of all his confidence. There was an
habitual energy in his private devotions,
which proved the firm hold which Chris-
tianity had obtained over his mind.
Whether in reading or in conversation,
at the name of God he instantly uncovered
his head, by a spontaneous movement of

religious feeling. Nothing but illness ever kept him from church. His example there was a silent reproof to the idle and indifferent. I see him still in imagination, kneeling, unconscious of all around him, absorbed in earnest prayer, and though his features were concealed, the agitation of his venerable head indicated the fervour of his supplications. The recollection has often quickened my own indolence. Such was the man whose memory was endeared to all who knew his worth, affording us a beautiful example of a true old English officer.—LOCKER.

ADMIRATION.—Pleasure in

There is a pleasure in admiration; and this is that which properly causeth admiration—when we discover a great deal in an object which we understand to be excellent; and yet we see more beyond that, which our understandings cannot fully reach and comprehend.—ABP. TILLOTSON.

ADMIRATION AND ADORATION.

The difference between admiration and adoration is observable in the difference of their respective objects; and that difference is immeasurable. For, speaking strictly, we admire the finite; we adore the Infinite.—CANON LIDDON.

ADMIRATION AND LOVE.

Admiration and love are like being intoxicated with champagne; judgment and friendship like being enlivened.—DR. JOHNSON.

ADMONITION.—Private

Private admonition is rather a proof of benevolence than of malevolence. It was the saying of Austin, when his hearers resented his frequent reproofs—"Change your conduct, and I will change my conversation."—W. SECKER.

ADOPTION—by God.

Divine adoption is an act of God, whereby He does judiciously take and constitute those that are by nature strangers to Him, and none of His family, members of His family and His own children, giving them the *privileges* of His children, or of His house as children.—BOSTON.

ADOPTION—among Men.

Adoption among men is an act by which a man takes the child of another, and places it in the condition of his own child, to be in every respect from thenceforth as his own, with all the rights, and privileges, and obligations, and duties of a child. The inducement to such an act is the kind-

ness, or benevolence, the generosity, or compassion, or affection, or any or all of these, of the adopter.—DEAN M'NEILE.

ADORATION.—The Object of

Jehovah—the absolutely Perfect, and the absolutely Happy—is *the* object of our supreme and unceasing adoration.—E. DAVIES.

ADORATION.—The Objects of Popular

The more immediate objects of popular adoration amongst the heathen were deified human beings.—FARMER.

ADORED.—The Desire to be

It is the ever-moving, acting force,
The constant aim, and the most thirsty wish
Of every sinner unrenowned, to be
A god; in purple or in rags, to have
Himself adored.—R. POLLOCK.

ADRIFT.—Cast

Gripped and bound
To a single plank,
And left on the waves alone with God!
LYTTON.

ADULATION.—The Danger of

When Alexander the Great had received from an arrow a wound that would not heal, he said to his parasites—"You say that I am Jupiter's son, but this wound proves me a feeble man." Undeserved praise is always fatal in its effects on the vainglorious dupe. More danger lurks in adulation than in abuse, since it is the slaver that kills and not the bite. They who are voracious of vain compliments drink from a Circean cup, which *first ex-*
hilarates to madness and then destroys.—MAGOON.

ADULATION.—Titles Blown from

Think'st thou the fiery fever will *go out*
With titles blown from adulation?
SHAKESPEARE.

ADVANTAGE.—The Abuse of

The abuse of any advantage is much more uncreditable than the want of it.—COLLIER.

ADVENTURE.—Noah's Dauntlessness or

Who but he undaunted could explore
A world of waves, a sea without a shore,
Trackless and vast and wild as that re-
veal'd
When round the ark the birds of tempest
wheel'd;—

When all was still in the destroying
hour ;—
No sign of man—no vestige of his power ?
S. ROGERS.

ADVERSARY.—Disputing without an

It may be thought that to vindicate the
permanency of truth is to dispute without
an adversary.—BEATTIE.

ADVERSARY.—The

The adversary, Satan, or the devil, so
called by way of eminence.—BEATTIE.

ADVERSITY.—Apostrophised.

Adversity ! thou thistle of life, thou too
art crowned—first with a flower, then with
down.—FOSTER.

ADVERSITY.—Bruised with

A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry ;
But were we burden'd with like weight of
pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves
complain.—SHAKESPEARE.

ADVERSITY.—The Benefits of

By adversity are wrought
The greatest works of admiration ;
And all the fair examples of renown
Out of distress and misery are grown.
DANIEL.

ADVERSITY.—Comfort with

Adversity is not without comfort and
opes.—LORD BACON.

ADVERSITY.—A Hymn to

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour,
The bad affright, afflict the best !
Bound in thy adamantine chain
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfe't before, unpitied and
alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged Nurse I thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore :
What sorrow was thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at
other's woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild laughter, noise, and thoughtless joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.

Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe ;
By vain prosperity received
To her they vow their truth, and are again
believed.—T. GRAY.

ADVERSITY.—preferred to Prosperity.

If adversity hath killed his thousands,
prosperity hath killed his ten thousands ;
therefore adversity is to be preferred. The
one deceives, the other instructs ; the one
miserably happy, the other happily miser-
able ; and therefore many philosophers have
voluntarily sought adversity and so much
commend it in their precepts. Demetrius,
in Seneca, esteemed it a great infelicity
that in his lifetime he had no misfortune.
Adversity then is not so heavily to be taken,
and we ought not in such cases so much to
macerate ourselves.—BURTON.

ADVERSITY.—Struggling with

Sir Walter Scott was sitting at a writing-
desk covered with papers, and on the top
was a pile of bound volumes of the *Moni-
teur*,—one, which he was leaning over as
my brother and I entered, was open on a
chair, and two others were lying on the
floor. As he rose to receive us, he closed
the volume which he had been extracting
from, and came forward to shake hands.
He was, of course, in deep mourning, with
weepers and other trappings of wo, but his
countenance, though certainly a little wo-
begonish, was not cast into any very deep
furrows. His tone and manner were as
friendly as heretofore, and when he saw
that we had no intention of making any
attempt at sympathy or moanification, but
spoke to him as of old, he gradually con-
tracted the length of his countenance, and
allowed the corners of his mouth to curl
almost imperceptibly upwards, and a re-
newed lustre came into his eye, if not
exactly indicative of cheerfulness, at all
events of well-regulated, patient, Christian
resignation. My meaning will be mis-
understood if it be imagined from this
picture that I suspected any hypocrisy, or
an affectation of grief in the first instance.
I have no doubt, indeed, that he feels, and
most acutely, the bereavements which have
come upon him ; but we may fairly suppose,
that among the many visitors he must have,
there may be some who cannot understand
that it is proper, decent, or even possible,
to hide those finer emotions deep in the
heart. He immediately began conversing
in his usual style—the chief topic being
Captain Denham (whom I had recently
seen in London) and his book of *African
Travels*, which Sir Walter had evidently
read with much attention. * * * After

sitting a quarter of an hour, we came away, well pleased to see our friend quite unbroken in spirit—and though bowed down a little by the blast, and here and there a branch the less, as sturdy in the trunk as ever, and very possibly all the better for the discipline—better, I mean, for the public, inasmuch as he has now a vast additional stimulus for exertion—and one which all the world must admit to be thoroughly noble and generous.—CAPT. HALL.

ADVERSITY.—The Use of

Adversity, like winter weather, is of use to kill those vermin which the summer of prosperity is apt to produce and nourish.—ARROWSMITH.

ADVICE.—Agreeable

There is nothing so difficult as the art of making advice agreeable; and indeed all the writers, both ancient and modern, have distinguished themselves among one another according to the perfection at which they arrived in this art. How many devices have been made use of to render this bitter portion palatable! Some convey their instructions to us in the best chosen words, others in the most harmonious numbers, some in point of wit, and others in short proverbs.—ADDISON.

ADVICE.—Easy to Give

It is easy for a man to give advice to his neighbour, but to follow it one's self is not so easy. As a proof of this, I have known physicians lecturing their patients most eloquently on the benefits of abstinence; then, if they are themselves overtaken by disease, doing the very same things which they would not allow their patients to do. Theory and practice are very different.—PHILEMON.

ADVICE.—Few can Receive

If there are few who have the humility to receive advice as they ought, it is often because there are few who have the discretion to convey it in a proper vehicle, and to qualify the harshness and bitterness of reproof by an artful mixture of sweetening ingredients.—SEED.

ADVICE.—Freely Given.

Nothing is given so ungrudgingly as advice.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

ADVICE.—must be Gentle.

Our advice must not fall like a violent storm, bearing down and making those to droop whom it is meant to cherish and refresh. It must descend as the dew upon

the tender herb, or like melting flakes of snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon and the deeper it sinks into the mind.—SEED.

ADVISER.—The Sacred Office of an

No office can be more sacred than that of an adviser, especially if it has relation to the highest interests of man.—DR. DAVIES.

ADVOCATE.—The Business of an

An advocate in court is employed to *defend* his client. He does not begin by admitting his guilt, or in any way basing his plea on the conceded fact that he *is* guilty; his proper business is to show that he is *not* guilty, or, if he be proved to be so, to see that no injustice is done him.—A. BARNES.

ADVOCATE.—A Faithful

A faithful advocate can never sit without clients. Nor do I believe that any man could lose by it in the end, that would not undertake a cause he knew not honest. A goldsmith may gain an estate as well as he that trades in every coarser metal. An advocate is a limb of friendship; and further than the altar he is not bound to go. And it is observed of as famous a lawyer as I think was then in the world, the Roman Cicero, that he was slain by one he had defended, when accused of the murder of his father! Certainly he that defends an injury is next to him that commits it. And this is recorded, not only as an example of ingratitude, but as a punishment for patronizing an ill cause.—FELTHAM.

ADVOCATE.—A Great

O Pollio! thou the greatest defence Of sad, impleaded innocence, On whom, to weigh the grand debate, In deep consult the fathers wait.—HORACE.

AFFABILITY.—The Efficacy of

Affability is of a wonderful efficacy or power in procuring love.—ELYOT.

AFFECTATION.—The Artificial Ugliness of

The fool is never more provoking than when he aims at wit, the ill-favour'd of our sex are never more nauseous than when they would be beauties, adding to their natural deformity the artificial ugliness of affectation.—WYCHERLEY.

AFFECTATION.—The Cure of

When Cicero consulted the oracle at Delphos, concerning what course of studies he

should pursue, the answer was—"Follow nature." If everyone would do this, affectation would be almost unknown.—J. BEAUMONT.

AFFECTATION.—Defined.

Affectation is the wisdom of fools, and the folly of many a comparatively wise man.—MOMUS.

AFFECTATION.—Loathed.

In my soul I loathe
All affectation; 'tis my perfect scorn;
Object of my implacable disgust.
COWPER.

AFFECTATION.—The Supposition producing

All affectation proceeds from the supposition of possessing something better than the rest of the world possesses. Nobody is vain of possessing two legs, and two arms, because that is the precise quantity of either sort of limb which everybody possesses.—S. SMITH.

AFFECTIBLE.—Counsel to Become

Lay aside the absolute, and, by union with the creaturely, become affectible.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

AFFECTING.—Design in

Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.—CONGREVE.

AFFECTION.—Conjugal

A married woman of the Shawnee Indians made this beautiful reply to a man whom she met in the woods, and who implored her to love and look on him. "Oulman, my husband," said she, "who is for ever before my eyes, hinders me from seeing you, or any other person."—ARVINE.

AFFECTION.—must be Cooled.

Affection is a coal that must be cool'd,
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire:
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none.—SHAKESPEARE.

AFFECTION.—Filling

Ancient history records, that a certain city was besieged, and at length obliged to surrender. In the city there were two brothers, who had, in some way, obliged the conquering general; and in consequence of this, received permission to leave the city before it was set on fire, taking with them as much of their property as each could carry about his person. Accordingly the two generous youths appeared at the

gates of the city, one of them carrying their father, and the other their mother.—ARVINE.

AFFECTION.—Maternal

Just as the diminutive wren will fight hard in her nest for her young against the hungry owl, or just as a hen will gather her chickens beneath her wings, and herself bravely meet and repel the swoop of the ravenous eagle, so will maternal affection nerve her who gave us birth to shield us from all dangers which imperil either our bodies or our souls. Hence maternal affection, for this and other reasons, is truly sublime and God-like!—DR. DAVIES.

AFFECTION.—Paternal

Socrates was once surprised by Alcibiades, playing with his children. The gay patrician rather scoffed at him for joining in such sports; to which the philosopher replied—"You have not such reason as you imagine to laugh so at a father playing with his child. You know nothing of that affection which parents have to their children; restrain your mirth till you have children of your own, when you will, perhaps, be found as ridiculous as I now seem to you to be."—ARVINE.

AFFECTION.—The Power of

Affection is the savage beast,
Which always us annoyeth;
And never lets us live in rest,
But still our good destroyeth:
Affection's power who can suppress,
And master when it sinneth,
Of worthy praise deserves no less,
Than he that kingdoms winneth.
BRANDON.

AFFECTIONS.—The Cultivation of the

It appears unaccountable that our teachers generally have directed their instructions to the head, with very little attention to the heart. From Aristotle down to Locke, books without number have been composed for cultivating and improving the understanding; but few, in proportion, for cultivating and improving the affections.—KAIMES.

AFFECTIONS.—The Fascination of the

None of the affections have been noted to fascinate and bewitch, but love and envy.—LORD BACON.

AFFECTIONS.—Household

If ever household affections and loves are graceful things, they are graceful in the poor. The ties that bind the wealthy and

proud to home may be forged on earth,
t those which link the poor man to his
mble hearth are of the true metal, and
ar the stamp of heaven. The man of
gh descent may love the halls and lands
his inheritance as a part of himself, as
phies of his birth and power; the poor
an's attachment to the tenement he holds,
rich strangers have held before, and may
-morrow occupy again, has a worthier
ot, struck deep into a purer soil. His
usehold gods are of flesh and blood, with
alloy of silver, gold, or precious stones;
has no property but in the affections of
own heart; and when they endear bare
ors and walls, despite of rags, and toil,
d scanty meals, that man has his love of
me from God, and his rude hut becomes
olemn place.—**DICKENS.**

AFFLICTED.—God Regards the
heaven's high throne He sits, whose
watchful eye
gards th' afflicted, when unfeeling pride
nies that justice which the law asks for
them.—**ÆSCHYLUS.**

AFFLICTION.—The Benefit of
t is related of one, who, under great
erity, had fled from the worst of masters
the best (I mean he had sought rest in
bosom of Jesus Christ, the common
end of the weary and the heavy-laden),
t he was so impressed with a sense of
benefit he had derived from affliction,
t lying on his death-bed, and seeing his
ster stand by, he eagerly caught the
ds of his oppressor, and kissing them,
l—"These hands have brought me to
ven." Thus many have had reason to
is God for affliction, as being an instru-
it in his hand of promoting the welfare
their immortal souls!—**BUCK.**

do the winds and thunder cleanse the
air;
o working bees settle and purge the
wine;
opp'd and pruned trees do flourish;
o doth the fire the drossy gold refine.
SPENSER.

AFFLICTION.—The Best Remedy for
he best remedy for affliction is submitting
rovidence. Must is a hard nut to
c, but it has a sweet kernel. "All
gs work together for good to them that
God." Whatever falls from the skies
oner or later, good for the land: what-
comes to us from God is worth having,
though it be a rod. Therefore, let
ough the heaviest soil with our eye on

the sheaves of harvest, and learn to sing
at our labour while others murmur.—
SPURGEON.

AFFLICTION.—Brothers in

Affliction's sons are brothers in distress,
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the
bliss!—**R. BURNS.**

AFFLICTION.—Consolation Given in

Before an affliction is digested, consol-
ation comes too soon; and after it is digested,
it comes too late; but there is a mark be-
tween these two, as fine, almost, as a hair,
for a comforter to take aim at.—**STERNE.**

AFFLICTION.—The Fire of

As we sometimes hold a crooked stick
over the fire to straighten it, so God holds
us over the fire of affliction to make us
more straight and upright.—**T. WATSON.**

AFFLICTION.—Look up in

If affliction grasps thee rudely,
And presents the rack and cup,
Drink the draught and brave the torture,—
Even in despair look up!—**CHESTER.**

AFFLICTION.—Prayer with

The spirit of prayer does not necessarily
come with affliction. If this be not poured
out upon the man, he will, like a wounded
beast, skulk to his den and growl there.—
R. CECIL.

AFFLICTIONS.—Christians in

Stars shine brightest in the darkest night;
torches are better for beating; grapes come
not to the press till they come to the press;
spices smell best when bruised; young trees
root the faster for shaking; gold looks
brighter for scouring; juniper smells
sweetest in the fire; the palm-tree proves
the better for pressing; chamomile, the
more you tread it, the more you spread it.
Such is the condition of all God's children:
they are then most triumphant when most
tempted; most glorious when most afflicted;
most in favour of God when least in man's
and least in their own: as their conflicts,
so their conquests; as their tribulations, so
their triumphs; true salamanders, that live
best in the furnace of persecution: so that
heavy afflictions are the best benefactors to
heavenly affections; and where afflictions
hang heaviest, corruptions hang loosest;
and grace, that is hid in nature, as sweet
water in rose-leaves, is then most fragrant
when the fire of affliction is put under to
distil it out.—**BOGATZKY.**

AFFLICTIONS.—The Effects of

Afflictions sent by Providence, melt the constancy of the noble-minded, but confirm the obduracy of the vile. The same furnace that hardens clay, liquifies gold; and in the strong manifestations of divine power, Pharaoh found his punishment, but David his pardon.—COLTON.

AFFLICTIONS.—The Necessity of

When Mr. Cecil was walking in the Botanical Gardens of Oxford, his attention was arrested by a fine pomegranate tree, cut almost through the stem near the root. On asking the gardener the reason of this, "Sir," said he, "this tree used to shoot so strong that it bore nothing but leaves; I was therefore obliged to cut it in this manner; and when it was almost cut through, then it began to bear plenty of fruit." The reply afforded this inquisitive student a general practical lesson, which was of considerable use to him in after life, when severely exercised by personal and domestic afflictions. Alas! in many cases, it is not enough that the useless branches of the tree be lopped off, but the stock itself must be cut—and cut nearly through—before it can become extensively fruitful. And sometimes the finer the tree, and the more luxuriant its growth, the deeper must be the incision.—J. A. JAMES.

AFFRONT.—Freedom Construed into an

Captious persons construe every innocent freedom into an affront.—CRABBE.

AFFRONTS.—The Forgiveness of

As affronts are next door neighbours to insults, they are seldom forgiven or forgotten, except, perhaps, by the young.—E. DAVIES.

AFTERNOON.—A Sultry

No sound nor motion of a living thing
The stillness breaks, but such as serve to soothe,

Or cause the soul to feel the stillness more.
The yellow-hammer by the wayside picks,
Mutely, the thistle's seed; but in her flight,
So smoothly serpentine, her wings outspread

To rise a little, closed to fall as far,
Moving like sea-fowl o'er the heaving waves,

With each new impulse chimes a feeble note.

The russet grasshopper at times is heard,
Snapping his many wings, as half he flies,
Half hovers in the air. Where strikes the sun,

With sultriest beams, upon the sandy plain,

Or stony mount, or in the close, deep vale,
The harmless locust of this western clime,
At intervals, amid the leaves unseen,
Is heard to sing with one unbroken sound,
As with a long-drawn breath, beginning low,

And rising to the midst with shriller swell,
Then in low cadence dying all away.

Beside the stream, collected in a flock,
The noiseless butterflies, though on the ground,

Continue still to wave their open fans
Powdered with gold, while on the jutting twigs

The spindling insects that frequent the banks,

Rest with their thin transparent wings outspread

As when they fly. Ofttimes, though seldom seen,

The cuckoo, that in summer haunts our groves,

Is heard to moan, as if at every breath
Panting aloud. The hawk, in mid-air high,

On his broad pinions sailing round and round,

With not a flutter, or but now and then,
As if his trembling balance to regain,
Utters a single scream, but faintly heard,
And all again is still.—C. WILCOX.

AGE.—The Advance of

The advance of age is at first unperceived; but it is, nevertheless, certain and rapid; and when it is realized, it seems to approach almost with the speed of light: and life at last seems to end soon after its commencement.—DR. DAVIES.

AGE.—The Calm of

How quiet shows the woodland scene!

Each flow'r and tree, its duty done,

Reposing in decay serene,

Like weary men when age is won;

Such calm old age as conscience pure

And self-commanding hearts insure;

Waiting their summons to the sky,

Content to live, but not afraid to die.

KEBLE.

AGE.—The Characteristics of each

Each succeeding age and generation leaves behind it a peculiar character, which stands out in relief upon its annals, and is associated with it for ever in the memory of posterity. One is signalized for the invention of gunpowder, another for that of printing; one is rendered memorable by the revival of letters, another by the reformation of religion; one is marked in history by the conquests of Napoleon, another is rendered illustrious by the dis-

coveries of Newton. If we are asked by what characteristic the present age will be marked in future records, we answer, by the miracles which have been wrought in the subjugation of the powers of the material world to the uses of the human race. In this respect no former epoch can approach to competition with it.—DR. LARDNER.

AGE.—The Childhood of

Old age is but a second childhood.—ARISTOPHANES.

AGE—Describing Emptiness.

Clouds of affection from our youthful eyes
Conceal the emptiness which age describes :
The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and
decayed,
Lets in new lights through chinks that time
has made.—WALLER.

AGE.—The Foundations of

The foundations of an honourable and comfortable age are laid in the minority of children ; if the plant be not kept straight at first, the tree will be crooked incurably at the last.—BP. REYNOLDS.

AGE.—The Golden

The golden age was first, when man, yet
new,
No rule but uncorrupted reason knew ;
And, with a native bent, did good pursue :
Unforced by punishment, unawed by fear,
His words were simple, and his soul
sincere ;
Needless was written law when none
oppress ;
The law of man was written on his breast :
No suppliant crowds before the judge
appear'd :
No court erected yet, nor cause was heard ;
But all was safe, for conscience was their
guard—OVID.

This truly is the golden age : much
honour cometh by gold.—PROPERTIUS.

AGE.—The Honourableness of

Tell me what you find better, or more honourable than age. Is not wisdom entailed upon it ? Take the pre-eminence of it in everything :—in an old friend, in old wine, in an old pedigree.—MARMION.

AGE.—The Iron

Hard steel succeeded ;
And stubborn as the metal were the men :
Truth, modesty, and shame the world
forsook ;
Fraud, avarice, and force, their places
took.—OVID.

AGE.—Middle

As we advance from youth to middle age, a new field of action opens, and a different character is required. The flow of gay impetuous spirits begins to subside ; life gradually assumes a graver cast ; the mind a more sedate and thoughtful turn. The attention is now transferred from pleasure to interest ; that is, to pleasure diffused over a wider extent, and measured by a larger scale. Formerly, the enjoyment of the present moment occupied the whole attention ; now, no action terminates ultimately in itself, but refers to some more distant aim. Wealth and power, the instruments of lasting gratification, are now coveted more than any single pleasure ; prudence and foresight lay their plan ; industry carries on its patient efforts ; activity pushes forward ; address winds around ; here, an enemy is to be overcome ; there, a rival to be displaced ; competition warms ; and the strife of the world thickens on every side.—DR. BLAIR.

AGE.—Old

Old age, I conceive, is by no means one of the evils of life ; because in proportion as the infirmities of the aged increase in number and degree, their sensibility also becomes more languid ; and because to them the mere pleasure of living compensates the pains of life.—PANAGES.

AGE.—The Port of

Life has its bliss for these, when past its
bloom ;
As wither'd roses yield a late perfume :
Serene, and safe from passion's stormy
rage,
How calm they glide into the port of age !
SHENSTONE.

AGE.—The Problem of the

It is the great problem of the age to reconcile facts with knowledge—philosophy with religion.—ADN. HARE.

AGE.—The Tendency of the

No one, who has paid any attention to the peculiar features of our present era, will doubt for a moment that we are living at a period of most wonderful transition, which tends rapidly to accomplish that great end to which indeed all history points—the realization of the unity of mankind. Not a unity which breaks down the limits and levels the peculiar characteristics of the different nations of the earth, but rather a unity the result and product of those very national varieties and antagonistic qualities.—PRINCE ALBERT.

AGE.—The Venerableness of

To our mind, the venerableness of age made "the Old Man at the Gate" something like a spiritual presence. He was so old; who could say how few the pulsations of his heart between him and the grave! But there he was with a meek happiness upon him; gentle, cheerful. He was not built up in bricks and mortar, but was still in the open air, with the sweetest influences about him;—the sky, the trees, the green sward, and flowers with the breath of God in them!—JERROLD.

AGE.—The Veneration of

The eye of age looks meek into my heart! The voice of age echoes mournfully through it! The hoary head and palsied hand of age plead irresistibly for its sympathies! I venerate old age; and I love not the man who can look without emotion upon the sunset of life, when the dusk of evening begins to gather over the watery eyes, and the shadows of twilight grow broader and deeper upon the understanding.—LONGFELLOW.

AGE AND YOUTH.

Crabbed age and youth
 Cannot live together:
 Youth is full of pleasance,
 Age is full of care;
 Youth like summer morn,
 Age like winter weather;
 Youth like summer brave,
 Age like winter bare;
 Youth is full of sport,
 Age's breath is short;
 Youth is nimble, age is lame;
 Youth is hot and bold,
 Age is weak and cold;
 Youth is wild, and age is tame:
 Age, I do abhor thee;
 Youth, I do adore thee;
 O my Love, my Love is young!
 SHAKESPEARE.

AGED.—The Duty of the

A material part of the duty of the aged consists in studying to be useful to the race who succeeds them. Here opens to them an extensive field, in which they may so employ themselves as considerably to advance the happiness of mankind. To them it belongs to impart to the young the fruit of their long experience; to instruct them in the proper conduct, and to warn them of the various dangers of life; by wise counsel to temper their precipitate ardour; and both by precept and example to form them to piety and virtue. Aged wisdom, when joined with acknowledged virtue, exerts an authority over the human mind,

greater even than that which arises from power and station. It can check the most forward, abash the most profligate, and strike with awe the most giddy and unthinking.—DR. BLAIR.

AGED.—The Lamentation of the

I have lived long enough: my way of life
 Is fall'n into the sear—the yellow leaf;
 And that which should accompany old
 age—
 As honour, love, obedience, troops of
 friends,
 I must not look to have; but in their
 stead,
 Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour,
 breath,
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, but
 dare not.—SHAKESPEARE.

AGENT.—A Moral

A moral agent is a being that is capable of those actions that have a moral quality, and which can properly be denominated good or evil in a moral sense.—BUCK.

AGENTS.—Free

Heaven made us agents, free to good or
 ill.—DRYDEN.

AGGRESSOR.—The Insolence of the

The insolence of the aggressor is usually proportioned to the tameness of the sufferer.—AMES.

AGHAST.—Standing

Aghast the maiden rose,
 White as her veil, and stood before the
 queen
 As tremulously as foam upon the beach
 Sands in a wind, ready to break and fly.
 TENNYSON.

AGHAST.—Waking

Aghast he waked; and starting from his
 bed,
 Cold sweat in clammy drops his limbs
 o'erspread.—DRYDEN.

AGITATION.—The Moment of

We only feel agitation when the moment
 for acting a dreadful thing approaches.
 CORNEILLE.

**AGREEABLE.—The Character who passes
 for**

The character in conversation which commonly passes for agreeable is made up of civility and falsehood.—DEAN SWIFT.

AGREEABLENESS.—The Nature of

It consists in a symmetry of which we know not the rules, and a secret conformity

of the features to each other, and to the air and complexion of the person. — LA ROCHE-FOUCAULD.

AGRICULTURE—the Foundation of Manufactures.

Agriculture is the foundation of manufactures, since the productions of nature are the materials of art. — GIBBON.

AGRICULTURE—gives Riches to a Nation.

Agriculture not only gives riches to a nation but the only riches she can call her own. — DR. JOHNSON.

AGRICULTURE.—The Progress of

Agriculture still holds, notwithstanding the development of commerce and manufactures, a fundamental position; and, although time has changed the position which the owner of the land, with his feudal dependants, held, the country gentleman with his wife and children,—the country clergyman, the tenant, and the labourer, yet form a great and united family in which we gladly recognize the foundation of the social state. — PRINCE ALBERT.

AIR.—Bad

Inhaling bad air is drinking in death! — DR. DAVIES.

AIR.—The Consumption of

Unlike other natural wants, our consumption of air is not voluntary. The action of the lungs is like the oscillations of a pendulum. It is incessant: sleeping or waking, in sickness or in health; sitting, standing, or moving, it is maintained with a regularity and continuity quite independent of the will. Its suspension is the suspension of life. — DR. LARDNER.

AIR—Described.

Air is the transparent, colourless, invisible, light, and attenuated fluid with which we are always surrounded. — DR. LARDNER.

AIR.—A Lively Little

See the effects of a long piece of music at a public concert. The orchestra are breathless with attention, jumping into major and minor keys with the most ecstatic precision. In the midst of all this wonderful science, the audience are half devoured with *ennui*. On a sudden there springs up a lively little air, expressive of some natural feeling, though in point of science not worth a half-penny; the audience all spring up, every head nods, every foot beats time, and every heart also; a universal smile breaks out on

every face; and every one agrees that music is the most delightful rational enjoyment that the human mind can possibly enjoy. — S. SMITH.

AIR.—The Pressure of

As it is everywhere present, it presses upon every substance with a weight equal to fifteen pounds per square inch. So that the pressure of air sustained by a man is equal to about fifteen tons! This seems to be a tremendous burden for every man to bear; yet it is not so much as felt. This is mainly owing to the elasticity of the human body, and the equal pressure of the air in all directions. In consequence of the former, if any part of the body is unusually oppressed, it gives way like the buffer of a railway carriage; and in consequence of the latter, the pressure from within counterbalances that from without. — DR. BREWER.

It is easy to calculate its pressure upon the entire surface of the globe, which is two hundred millions of square miles; so that its pressure will be five thousand billions of tons! This certainly seems an enormous weight; but we must remember that everything on the earth is adjusted accordingly. — DR. BREWER.

ALARM.—The Effect of an

An alarm has an awfulness connected with it which no language can possibly describe. If it occur at night-time, whole families, and sometimes whole neighbourhoods, are alike disturbed and distressed by it. — E. DAVIES.

ALBUM.—The First

The first album, consisting of fragments written by various persons in a blank book, is said to have been kept on the Alps, in the monastery of St. Bruno. In this every traveller, at his departure, was asked to inscribe his name, and he usually added to it a few sentences of devotion, of thankfulness to his hosts, or of admiration of the scene around him. — LOARING.

ALCHYMIST.—The Death of an

'Twas morning, and the old man lay alone:
No friend had closed his eyelids, and his lips,
Open and ashy pale, the expression wore
Of his death-struggle. His long silvery hair
Lay on his hollow temples thin and wild,
His frame was wasted, and his features wan,
And haggard as with want, and in his palm
His nails were driven deep, as if the thro:
Of the last agony had wrung him sore.
The storm was raging still. The shutters
swung
Screaming as harshly in the fitful wind,

And all without went on—as aye it will,
Sunshine or tempest, reckless that a heart
Is breaking, or has broken, in its change.

The fire beneath the crucible was out ;
The vessels of his mystic art lay round,
Useless and cold as the ambitious hand
That fashioned them ; and the small rod,
Familiar to his touch for threescore years,
Lay on the alembic's rim, as if it still
Might vex the elements at its master's will.

And thus had passed from its unequal
frame

A soul of fire—a sun-bent eagle stricken
From his high soaring down—an instrument
Broken with its own compass. Oh, how
poor

Seems the rich gift of genius, when it lies,
Like the adventurous bird that hath out-
flown

His strength upon the sea, ambition-
wrecked—

A thing the thrush might pity, as she sits
Brooding in quiet on her lonely nest !

N. P. WILLIS.

ALCHYMY.—The Benefits Derived from

The pursuit of alchymy is at an end. Yet surely to alchymy this right is due—that it may truly be compared to the husbandman whereof Æsop makes the fable, that when he died, told his sons that he had left unto them a great mass of gold buried underground in his vineyard, but did not remember the particular place where it was hidden ; who when they had with spades turned up all the vineyard, gold indeed they found none ; but by reason of their stirring and digging the mould about the roots of their vines, they had a great vintage the year following : so the painful search and stir of alchymists to make gold, hath brought to light a great number of good and fruitful experiments, as well for the disclosing of nature as the use of man's life.—LORD BACON.

ALCOHOL.—The Nourishing Power of

The lessening in weight, or substance, is one of the most usual consequences of the approach of old age : it is a common symptom of the decline of life. The stomach either does not receive, or does not digest, food enough to replace that which is daily removed from the substance of the body. Weak alcoholic drinks arrest, or retard, and thus diminish, the daily amount of this loss of substance. They gently stimulate the digestive organs also, and help them to do their work more fully and faithfully ; and thus the body is sustained to a later period in life. Hence poets have called wine “the milk of the aged ;” and scientific philosophy

owns the propriety of the term. If it does not nourish the old so directly as it nourishes the young, yet it certainly does aid in supporting and filling up their failing frames. And it is one of the happy consequences of a temperate youth and manhood, that this spirituous milk does not fail in its good effects when the weight of years begins to press upon us.—PROF. JOHNSTON.

ALDERMAN.—The Derivation of the Term

This term is derived from the Saxon “ælder-man,” formerly the second in rank of nobility among our Saxon ancestors, equal to the “earl” of Dano-Saxon. There were also several magistrates who bore the title of Alderman ; and the *Aldermanus totius Angliæ* seems to have been the same officer who was afterwards styled *Capitalis Justiciarius Angliæ*, or Chief Justice of England.—LOARING.

ALEXANDRA.—A Welcome to

Sea-kings' daughter from over the sea,
Alexandra !
Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra !
Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet !
Welcome her, thundering cheer of the
street !
Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,
Scatter the blossoms under her feet !
Break, happy land, into earlier flowers !
Make music, O bird, in the new-budded
bowers !
Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours !
Warble, O bugle, and trumpet, blare !
Flags, flutter out upon turrets and towers !
Flames, on the windy headland flare !
Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire !
Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air !
Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire !
Welcome her, welcome the land's desire,
Alexandra !

Sea-kings' daughter as happy as fair,
Blissful bride of a blissful heir,
Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea,
O joy to the people and joy to the throne,
Come to us, love us, and make us your
own :

For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,
Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,
We are each all Dane in our welcome of
thee,
Alexandra !
TENNYSON.

ALIEN.—The Duties of an

An alien ought to attend to nothing but his own business, never to meddle with the affairs of others, and least of all to pry into the concerns of a foreign state.—CICERO.

ALIENATION.—The Evils of

This is a word of dark and sad import, and hence it is unutterably distressing to witness its actualization in the case of long-attached friends, but chiefly in that of the members of a once united and happy family. The evils resulting from it often pass the boundaries of time, and influence the destinies of eternity!—E. DAVIES.

ALIMENT.—The Moral Effect of

The moral effect of aliment is clearly evinced in the different tempers of the carnivorous and the frugivorous animals: the former, whose destructive passions, like those of ignorant men, lay waste all within their reach, are constantly tormented with hunger, which returns and rages in proportion to their own devastation; this creates that state of warfare or disquietude which seeks, as in murderers, the night and veil of the forest; for should they appear on the plain, their prey escapes, or, seen by each other, their warfare begins. The frugivorous animals wander tranquilly on the plains, and testify their joyful existence by frisking and basking in the congenial rays of the sun, or browsing with convulsive pleasure on the green herb, evinced by the motion of the tail, or the joyful sparkling of the eyes, and the gambols of the herd. The same effect of aliment is discernible amongst the different species of man, and the peaceful temper of the frugivorous Asiatic is strongly contrasted with the ferocious temper of the carnivorous European.—ROUSSEAU.

ALLEGIANCE—Over-Pressed.

Allegiance may be pressed too far, and rendered useless, just as a well-tempered sword may be shivered to pieces upon its own anvil.—DR. DAVIES.

ALLEGIANCE—a Principle.

Allegiance is a principle, and therefore is more excellent than loyalty, which is no more than a feeling or sentiment. It may and does exist under every form of government, but in well-conducted monarchies, this principle also assumes the form of loyalty, and in fidelity and obedience becomes warmly attached to the sovereign.—DR. WEBSTER.

ALLEGORIES.—The Use of

Allegories and spiritual significations, when applied to faith, and that seldom, are laudable; but when they are drawn from the life and conversation, they are dangerous, and, when men make too many of them, pervert the doctrine of faith. Allegories are fine ornaments, but not of proof.—LUTHER.

ALLEGORIST.—The Aim of an

The best thing, on the whole, that an allegorist can do, is to present to his readers a succession of analogies, each of which may separately be striking and happy, without looking very nicely to see whether they harmonize with each other.—MACAULAY.

ALLEGORY.—The Dwelling-place of

Allegory dwells in a transparent palace.—LEMIERRE.

ALLEGORY.—A Sophist's

The allegory of a sophist is always screwed; it crouches and bows like a snake, which is never straight, whether she go, creep, or lie still; only when she is dead, she is straight enough.—LUTHER.

ALLIANCES.—The Benefit of

Alliances do serve well to make up a present breach or mutually to strengthen those states who have the same ends.—RUDYARD.

ALLY.—A Doubtful

It is better to have an open enemy than a doubtful ally.—NAPOLEON I.

ALPHABET.—The English

The twenty-first verse of the seventh chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the English alphabet, with but one exception.—E. DAVIES.

ALPHABET.—The Hebrew

The eighth verse of the third chapter of Zephaniah contains every letter, including finals, of the Hebrew alphabet, as well as every vowel sound, and also the different forms of the Sheva.—E. DAVIES.

ALPS.—The Apocalyptic Splendours of the

I looked, and saw behind the dark mass of the Mole (a huge blue-black mountain in the foreground), the granite ranges rising gradually and grimly as we rode; but further still, behind these grey and ghastly barriers, all bathed and blazing in the sun's fresh splendours, undimmed by a cloud, unveiled even by a filmy fleece of vapour, and oh! so white, so intensely, blindingly white, against the dark-blue sky, the needles, the spires, the solemn pyramid, the transfiguration cone of Mont Blanc! Higher, and still higher, those apocalyptic splendours seemed lifting their spectral, spiritual forms, seeming to rise as we rose, seeming to start like giants hidden from behind the black brow of intervening ranges, opening wider the amphitheatre of glory, until, as we reached the highest point, in

our road, the whole unearthly vision stood revealed in sublime perspective! The language of the Revelation came rushing through my soul. This is, as it were, a door opened in heaven. Here are some of those everlasting mountain ranges whose light is not of the sun, nor of the moon, but of the Lord God and of the Lamb! Here is, as it were, "a great white throne," on which One might sit before whose face heaven and earth might flee; and here "a sea of glass mingled with fire!" Nay, rather, here are some faint shadows, some dim and veiled resemblances, which bring our earth-imprisoned spirits to conceive remotely what the disencumbered eye of the ecstatic Apostle gazed upon! * * * I do not wonder that the eternal home of the glorified should be symbolized by a Mount Zion: I do not wonder that the Psalmist should say—"I will lift up mine eyes unto the *hills* whence cometh my help!" For surely earth cannot present, nor unassisted fancy conceive, an object more profoundly significant of divine majesty than these mountains in their linen vesture of everlasting snow!—C. SLOWE.

ALPS.—The Foundation of the

The great mountains lift the lowlands on their sides. Let the reader imagine, first, the appearance of the most varied plain of some richly cultivated country; let him imagine it dark with graceful woods, and soft with deepest pastures; let him fill the space of it, to the utmost horizon, with innumerable and changeful incidents of scenery and life; leading pleasant streamlets through its meadows, strewing clusters of cottages beside their banks, tracing sweet footpaths through its avenues, and animating its fields with happy flocks, and slow wandering spots of cattle; and when he has wearied himself with endless imagining, and left no space without some loveliness of its own, let him conceive all this great plain, with its infinite treasures of natural beauty and happy human life, gathered up in God's hands from one end of the horizon to the other, like a woven garment; and shaken into deep falling folds, as the robes droop from a king's shoulders; all its bright rivers leaping into cataracts along the hollows of its fall, and all its forests rearing themselves aslant against its slopes, as a rider rears himself back when his horse plunges; and all its villages nestling themselves into the new windings of its glens; and all its pastures thrown into steep waves of greensward, dashed with dew along the edges of their folds, and sweeping down into endless slopes, with a cloud here and there lying quietly, half on the grass, half in the air; and he will have

as yet, in all this lifted world, only the foundation of one of the great Alps. And whatever is lovely in the lowland scenery becomes lovelier in this change: the trees which grew heavily and stiffly from the level line of plain assume strange curves of strength and grace as they bend themselves against the mountain side; they breathe more freely, and toss their branches more carelessly as each climbs higher, looking to the clear light above the topmost leaves of its brother tree: the flowers which on the arable plain fell before the plough, now find out for themselves unapproachable places, where year by year they gather into happier fellowship, and fear no evil; and the streams which in the level land crept in dark eddies by unwholesome banks, now move in showers of silver, and are clothed with rainbows, and bring health and life wherever the glance of their waves can reach.—RUSKIN.

ALPS.—Nearing the

Who first beholds those everlasting clouds,
Seed time and harvest, morning, noon, and
night,
Still where they were, steadfast, immove-
able;

Those mighty hills, so shadowy, so sublime
As rather to belong to heaven than earth,—
But instantly receives into his soul
A sense, a feeling that he loses not,
A something that informs him 'tis an hour
That he may date henceforward and for ever.
To me they seemed the barriers of a world,
Saying—"Thus far, no farther." And as
o'er

The level plain I travelled silently,
Nearing them more and more, day after day,
My wandering thoughts my only company,
And they before me still.—Oft as I look'd
A strange delight was mine, mingled with
fear;

A wonder as at things I had not heard of;
And still and still I felt as though I gazed
For the first time.—S. ROGERS.

AMBASSADOR.—Advice to an

To be in safety yourself, and serviceable
to your country, you should always, and
on all occasions, speak the truth. By this
means your truth will secure yourself, if
you shall ever be called to any account;
and it will also put your adversaries to a
loss in all their disquisitions and under-
takings.—WOTTON.

AMBASSADOR.—The Deportment of an

An ambassador, invested with authority
to transact the business of his principal,
carries with him, in his whole behaviour, a
deportment agreeable to the instructions of

his superior : he speaks in the language, and adopts the general character of the power whom he is commissioned to represent.—BP. SUMNER.

AMBASSADORS.—The Office of

Ambassadors are the eye and ear of states.—GUICCIARDINI.

AMBITION.—A Check to

Philip, King of Macedon, as he was wrestling at the Olympic games, fell down in the sand ; and when he rose again, observing the print of his body in the sand, cried out—"Oh, how little a parcel of earth will hold us when we are dead, who are ambitiously seeking after the whole world whilst we are living !"—ARVINE.

AMBITION.—The Evils of

Ambition is a gilded misery, a secret poison, a hidden plague, the engineer of deceit, the mother of hypocrisy, the parent of envy, the original of vices, the moth of holiness, the blinder of hearts, turning medicines into maladies and remedies into diseases. High seats are never but uneasy, and crowns are always stuffed with thorns.—T. BROOKS.

AMBITION.—The Fever of

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,
And there hath been thy bane ; there is a
fire
And motion of the soul which will not
dwell
In its own narrow being, but aspire
Beyond the fitting medium of desire ;
And but once kindled, quenchless ever-
more,
Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire
Of aught but rest ; a fever at the core,
Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever
bore.—BYRON.

AMBITION.—Great

Great ambition is the passion of a great character. He who is endowed with it may perform very great or very bad actions ; all depends upon the principles which direct him.—NAPOLEON I.

AMBITION.—The Misery of

When Napoleon returned to his palace, immediately after his defeat at Waterloo, he continued many hours without taking any refreshment. One of the grooms of the chamber ventured to serve up some coffee, in his cabinet, by the hands of a child whom Napoleon had occasionally distinguished by his notice. The emperor sat motionless, with his hands spread over his eyes. The page stood patiently before him, gazing with infantine curiosity

on an image which presented so strong a contrast to his own figure of simplicity and peace ; at last the little attendant presented his tray, exclaiming, in the familiarity of an age which knows so little distinctions—"Eat, sire ; it will do you good." The emperor looked at him, and asked—"Do you not belong to Gonesse?" (a village near Paris).—"No, sire, I come from Pierrefite." "Where your parents have a cottage and some acres of land?" "Yes, sire." "There is happiness," replied the man who was still the emperor of France and king of Italy.—ARVINE.

AMBITION.—the Mark of Noblest Minds.

Ambition is the stamp impress'd by Heaven

To mark the noblest minds ; with active heat Inform'd, they mount the precipice of power,

Grasp at command, and tower in quest of empire ;

While vulgar souls compassionate their cares,
Gaze at their height and tremble at their danger.

Thus meaner spirits with amazement mark
The varying seasons and revolving skies,
And ask, what guilty power's rebellious hand
Rolls with eternal toil the pond'rous orbs ?
While some archangel, nearer to perfection,
In easy state presides o'er all their motions,
Directs the planets with a careless nod,
Conducts the sun, and regulates the spheres.

DR. JOHNSON.

AMBITION.—The Reward of

He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find

The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds
and snow ;

He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those
below.

Though high above the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath the earth and ocean
spread,

Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toil that to those
summits led.—BYRON.

AMBITION.—The Spark of Great

It was not till after the terrible passage of the bridge of Lodi that the idea entered my mind that I might become a decisive actor in the political arena. Then arose for the first time the spark of great ambition.—NAPOLEON I.

AMBITION.—Unbounded

When Pyrrhus king of Epirus, was making great preparations for his intended

expedition into Italy, Cineas, the philosopher, took a favourable opportunity of addressing him thus:—"The Romans, sir, are reported to be a warlike and victorious people; but if God permit us to overcome them, what use shall we make of the victory?" "Thou askest," said Pyrrhus, "a thing that is self-evident. The Romans once conquered, no city will resist us; we shall then be masters of all Italy." Cineas added—"And having subdued Italy, what shall we do next?" Pyrrhus, not yet aware of his intentions, replied—"Sicily next stretches out her arms to receive us." "That is very probable," said Cineas, "but will the possession of Sicily put an end to the war?" "God grant us success in that," answered Pyrrhus, "and we shall make these only the forerunners of greater things, for then Lybia and Carthage will soon be ours; and these things being completed, none of our enemies can offer any farther resistance." "Very true," added Cineas, "for then we may easily regain Macedon, and make an absolute conquest of Greece; and, when all these are in our possession, what shall we do then?" Pyrrhus, smiling, answered—"Why then, my dear friend, we will live at our ease, drink all day long, and amuse ourselves with cheerful conversation." "Well sir," said Cineas, "and why may we not do all this now, and without the labour and hazard of an enterprise so laborious and uncertain?" Pyrrhus, however, unwilling to take the advice of the philosopher, ardently engaged in these ambitious pursuits, and at last perished in them.—ARVINE.

AMBITION.—Vaulting

I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other.—SHAKSPEARE.

AMBITIOUS.—The Time to be

If there is ever a time to be ambitious, it is not when ambition is easy, but when it is hard. Fight in darkness; fight when you are down; die hard, and you wont die at all.—H. W. BEFCHER.

AMERICA.

Child of the earth's old age.—LONDON.

AMERICA.—The Discovery of

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Gutierrez, a page of the queen's wardrobe. Gutierrez perceived it, and calling to Salcedo, comptroller of the

fleet, all three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight the joyful sound of "land! land!" was heard from the Pinta, which kept always ahead of the other ships. But, having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, every man was now become slow of belief, and waited in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience for the return of day. As soon as morning dawned, all doubts and fears were dispelled. From every ship an island was seen, about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the Pinta instantly began the *Te Deum*, as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships, with tears of joy and transports of congratulation. This office of gratitude to Heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conceptions of all former ages.

As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the island with their colours displayed, with warlike music, and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view. Columbus was the first European who set foot on the new world which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and, kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix, and, prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind in their new discoveries.—DR. ROBERTSON.

AMERICA.—The Future of

Agassiz says the American Continent was the first created; it will be the last in the fulfilment of the designs of the Creator. A cosmopolitan land—cosmopolitan in the intentions of its founders, in the bloody struggle of its defenders—God has in store for you who people it the accomplishment of admirable results. Northward are the Esquimaux; southward is Africa. You summon from walled China the unmoving people to dwell amid the moving nation, the stationary to mingle with the progressive; all impelled by the breath of you, the great humanitarian people. The foundation of your people is the Bible, the book that speaks of God, the living word of Jesus Christ. In an admirable manifesto from your President there shines through his words the Christian faith. A belief in Jesus is at the root of this nation: and when I return I shall tell Europe that I have found here liberty associated with Christianity, and have been among a people who do not think that to be free they must be parted from God.—HYACINTHE.

AMERICA.—On Leaving

With triumph this morning, O Boston!
 I hail
 The stir of thy deck and the spread of
 thy sail,
 For they tell me I soon shall be wafted,
 in thee,
 To the flourishing isle of the brave and
 the free.
 And that chill Nova Scotia's unpromising
 strand
 Is the last I shall tread of American land.
 Well—peace to the land! may her sons
 know, at length,
 That in high-minded honour lies liberty's
 strength,
 That though man be as free as the fetter-
 less wind,
 As the wantonest air that the north can
 unbind,
 Yet, if health do not temper and sweeten
 the blast,
 If no harvest of mind ever sprung where
 it pass'd.
 Then unblest is such freedom, and baleful
 its might,—
 Free only to ruin, and strong but to
 blight!
 Farewell to the few I have left with
 regret:
 May they sometimes recall, what I cannot
 forget,
 The delight of those evenings,—too brief
 a delight!
 When in converse and song we have stol'n
 on the night;

When they've ask'd me the manners, the
 mind, or the mien
 Of some bard I had known or some chief
 I had seen,
 Whose glory, though distant, they long
 had adored,
 Whose name had oft hallow'd the wine-
 cup they pour'd.
 And still as, with sympathy humble but
 true,
 I have told of each bright son of fame all
 I knew,
 They have listen'd, and sighed that the
 powerful stream
 Of America's empire should pass, like a
 dream,
 Without leaving one relic of genius to say
 How sublime was the tide which had
 vanished away!
 Farewell to the few—though we never may
 meet
 On this planet again, it is soothing and
 sweet
 To think that, whenever my song or my
 name
 Shall recur to their ear they'll recall me
 the same,
 I have been to them now, young, un-
 thoughtful, and blest,
 Ere hope had deceived me or sorrow deprest.
 * * * * *
 But see!—the bent top-sails are ready to
 swell—
 To the boat, I am with thee—Columbia,
 farewell!—T. MOORE.

AMERICA.—Men in

In America, we see a country of which
 it has been truly said, that in no other are
 there so few men of great learning, and so
 few men of great ignorance.—BUCKLE.

AMERICAN.—The Name

The name—American, must always exalt
 the pride of patriotism.—WASHINGTON.

AMULET.—The Name and Use of an

A piece of stone, metal, or other sub-
 stance, marked with certain characters,
 which people wear about them as a pro-
 tection against diseases and enchantments.
 The name, as well as the thing itself, is
 derived from the East, coming from the
 Arabic *hamail*, a locket, or anything hung
 round the neck.—BUCK.

AMULETS.—The Wearing of

Amulets were much worn by the Jews,
 who attached the most superstitious notions
 to them. Many of the Christians of the
 first century wore them, marked with a fish,
 as a symbol of the Redeemer.—BUCK.

AMUSEMENT.—The Effect of

Whatever amuses serves to kill time, to lull the faculties, and to banish reflection.—CRABBE.

AMUSEMENTS.—Innocent

Innocent amusements are such as excite moderately, and such as produce a cheerful frame of mind, not boisterous mirth; such as refresh, instead of exhausting, the system; such as recur frequently, rather than continue long; such as send us back to our daily duties invigorated in body and spirit; such as we can partake of in the presence and society of respectable friends; such as consist with and are favourable to a grateful piety; such as are chastened by self-respect, and are accompanied with the consciousness that life has a higher end than to be amused.—DR. CHANNING.

AMUSEMENTS.—in Relation to Religion.

They are to religion like breezes of air to the flame—gentle ones will fan it, but strong ones will put it out.—DR. THOMAS.

ANALOGY.—Reasoning from

We reason from analogy when we suppose that the stars, like the sun, are surrounded with planets, which derive from them light and heat. The same Divine Wisdom which is seen to have made this admirable arrangement in one instance, is presumed to have made it also in others. When we see that every part of the earth's surface, and every drop of water, is crowded with animated beings, we reason from analogy in supposing that the Divine Benevolence, which has filled one spot of His universe with life, has done the same in other places of His dominion.—I. TAYLOR.

ANARCHY.—Described.

The choking, sweltering, deadly, and killing rule of no rule; the consecration of cupidity and braying of folly, and dim stupidity and baseness in most of the affairs of men. Slop-shirts attainable three-half-pence cheaper by the ruin of living bodies and immortal souls.—CARLYLE.

ANARCHY.—The Evil Result of

Where there is lack of government, or a state of society where there is no law, or where the law is inefficient, there anarchy will ultimately become general, and prove the sad cause of political confusion and national distress.—DR. DAVIES.

ANARCHY.—Wild

Than wild anarchy
There is no greater ill; beneath its rage
Cities are sunk, and houses are o'erturn'd;
And, in the contest of the spear, it breaks
The battle's bleeding ranks.—SOPHOCLES.

ANATHEMA.—Definitions of an

An offering or present made to some deity, and hung up in a temple.—DR. W. SMITH.

A ban or curse pronounced with religious solemnity by ecclesiastical authority, and accompanied by excommunication.—DR. WEBSTER.

ANATHEMA.—The Form of an

Let no church of God be open to Andronicus and his accomplices; but let every sacred temple and sanctuary be shut against them. I admonish both private men and magistrates, neither to receive them under their roof, nor to their table; and priests more especially, that they neither converse with them living, nor attend their funerals when dead.—SYNESIUS.

ANATOMIST.—The Science of the

The anatomist presents to the eye the most hideous and disagreeable objects, but his science is useful to the painter in delineating even a Venus or a Helen.—HUME.

ANATOMY.—A Rarity in

The anatomy of a little child, representing all parts thereof, is accounted a greater rarity than the skeleton of a man in full stature.—DR. FULLER.

ANCESTORS.—The Boast of

The man who has nothing to boast of but his illustrious ancestors, is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is under ground.—OVERBURY.

ANCESTORS.—The Deeds of

The deeds of long-descended ancestors
Are but by grace of imputation ours,
Theirs in effect.—OVID.

ANCESTORS.—The Glory of

The glory of ancestors sheds a light around posterity; it allows neither their good nor bad qualities to remain in obscurity.—SALLUST.

ANCESTRY.—The Humble Source of

How high soe'er thy pride may trace
The long-forgotten founders of thy race,
Still must the search with that asylum end
From whose polluted source we all descend.
JUVENAL.

ANCHOR.—Forging the

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the
black mound heaves below,
And red and deep a hundred veins burst
out at every throe;

It rises, roars, rends all outright—O Vulcan,
 what a glow !
 'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright,
 the high sun shines not so !
 The high sun sees not, on the earth, such
 fiery fearful show ;
 The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth,
 the ruddy lurid row
 Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like
 men before the foe ;
 As quivering through his fleece of flame,
 the sailing monster slow
 Sinks on the anvil—all about the faces
 fiery grow—
 “Hurrah!” they shout, “leap out—leap
 out:” bang, bang, the sledges go ;
 Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing
 high and low ;
 A hailing fount of fire is struck at every
 squashing blow ;
 The leathern mail rebounds the hail ; the
 rattling cinders strow
 The ground around ; at every bound the
 sweltering fountains flow,
 And thick and loud the swinking crowd, at
 every stroke, pant “Ho!”
 In livid and oblurate gloom, he darkens
 down at last,
 A shapely one he is and strong as e'er from
 cat was cast.
 A trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou
 hadst life like me,
 What pleasures would thy toils reward
 beneath the deep green sea!
 S. FERGUSON.

ANCHORS.—The Invention of

Some ascribe the invention of anchors to the Tyrrhenians ; others to Midas, the son of Gordius. The most ancient are said to have been of stone, and sometimes of wood, to which a great quantity of lead was usually fixed. In some places baskets full of stones, and sacks filled with sand, were employed for the same use. All these were let down by cords into the sea, and by their weight stayed the course of the ship. Afterwards, anchors were made of iron, at first with only one fluke, but in a short time a second was added by Eupalamus, or Anacharis, the Scythian philosopher.—**LOARING.**

ANECDOTE—Defined.

A particular or detached incident or fact of an interesting nature ; a biographical incident or fragment ; a single passage of private life.—**DR. WEBSTER.**

ANECDOTE.—Pleasure Derived from an

Those to whom any anecdote is old, will not be offended if it be well applied ; and those to whom it may be new, will receive the double pleasure of novelty and illustration.—**COLTON.**

ANECDOTE.—The Power of an

An anecdote, if well read or told, will prove more interesting and potential than the most eloquent utterance or the most elaborate argument. Large audiences have frequently been convulsed with laughter or bowed down with grief by its mighty influence.—**DR. DAVIES.**

ANECDOTES—Common Stock.

Anecdotes, like the air, are private property only so long as they are kept in ; the instant the one is told, or the other liberated, they are common stock.—**COLTON.**

ANGEL.—The Bright Beauteousness of an

The beauteous creature came toward us, white-robed, with his face like the sparkling of the morning star.—**DANTE.**

ANGEL.—The Obedience of an

Just as “I love” is the passion of an angel's heart, “I serve” is the motto on an angel's brow.—**E. DAVIES.**

ANGEL.—The Understanding of an

Compare a Solomon, an Aristotle, or an Archimedes, to a child that newly begins to speak, and they do not more transcend such a one than the angelical understanding exceeds theirs even in its most sublime improvements and acquisitions.—**DR. SOUTH.**

ANGEL.—The Voice of an

The angel ended, and in Adam's ear
 So charming left his voice, that he awhile
 Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd
 to hear.—**MILTON.**

ANGELS.—Belief in the Existence of

Such a belief is in full keeping with our deepest and holiest feelings. We naturally long for the spiritual and heavenly ; and this is the Divinity which speaks in our bosoms. In those calm and thoughtful moments which sometimes come over us, there is an impression made, all-pervasive in its influence—an indescribable consciousness which no subtle argument will dispel—that we have direct and unbroken fellowship with intelligences higher and better than we are ; and this peculiar conviction obtains a greater depth and richer sweetness when the spirit feels herself alone, or when she sits amid the wreck of earthly things, and is loosened from the terrene and perishable. Every fetter is then shaken off, and for a while she dwells only with the invisible ! Let the scorner remember that there is incomparably more truth in the

intuitions of the heart than in the less trustworthy conclusions of the head. "Everyone knows," says a celebrated author, "that there is such a thing as *feeling* a proposition to be true, though the understanding may be unable to master it. It is to our *feeling*, rather than to our *thinking*, that the sublimest arguments are primarily addressed. Where logic works out one truth, the heart has already realized twenty; because love, which is the heart's activity, is the profoundest and nimblest of philosophers. All things that live, and are loveliest, are born there." Hence this belief in angels had its first existence in the heart: after-experience did but intensify and strengthen it. It must, therefore, be true; or verily, there is no truth soever.—DR. DAVIES.

ANGELS.—The Creation of

Their life was ere the heavens were conceived,
The stars begotten, or the ages born.
P. J. BAILEY.

ANGELS.—Deliverances Wrought by

The great day alone will declare what deliverances these girded swordmen of the Captain of the Lord's hosts have wrought for each of His little ones in their journey through the wilderness.—A. M. STUART.

ANGELS.—The Disposition of the

It is pure benevolence. As the attributes of the Deity may be resolved into love, so the God-like virtues of these spirits refer to the same principle. Their task may sometimes be—to break seals of judgment, to discharge vials of wrath, to ring out trumpet-peals of doom; but love, in all its degrees, constitutes their essence and pervades their being,—giving beauty to their robes, and lustre to their crowns,—gilds the sphere in which they shine, and attunes the harmonies which they warble.—DR. R. W. HAMILTON.

ANGELS.—The Entertainment of

So down they sat,
And to their viands fell; nor seemingly
The angel, nor in mist—the common gloss
Of theologians;—but with keen despatch
Of real hunger, and concoctive heat
To transubstantiate: what redounds, transpires
Through spirits with ease; nor wonder; if
by fire—
Of sooty coal the empiric alchymist
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,
Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold,
As from the mine.—MILTON.

ANGELS.—The Faculties of the

Angels, in their several degrees of elevation above us, are endowed with more comprehensive faculties.—LOCKE.

ANGELS.—The Fallen

Heaven once suffered a vast and instantaneous depopulation. Spirits to whom it was the birthplace, who had known no inferior stage of being, created in purity and crowned with glory, of mighty power and intelligence, covered themselves with the guilt and shame of a most unnatural revolt. What a home was theirs! One element of blessedness filled it! Festal was their song, and jubilant was their triumph! It was their own habitation, but they left it. It was a chief position—the highest rank—a principality, but they did not keep it. They fought, but prevailed not, neither was their place found any more in heaven. * * * There was a strange vacancy amidst those groves: untrodden paths and ungathered fruits. Diadems and lyres lay in neglected heaps. The brows which had worn those diadems were now scarred by the wrath-blast; the hands which had struck those lyres were now bound with everlasting chains.—DR. R. W. HAMILTON.

ANGELS.—The Guardianship of

Some will have it—that God allots two angels to one person,—one to guard and comfort him, the other to tempt and vex him. This was Plato's idea. He says:—"Every individual is attended by a good and evil genius;" and the Pontificians borrowed it from him. But as "God cannot be tempted with evil, so neither can He tempt any man," nor appoint or allow any instrument of His to do so. Others, again, assert—that He assigns a particular angel to each saint. This, indeed, was the current notion of ancient times. The Jewish Rabbins taught—that Adam's guardian-angel was called—Raziel, Abraham's—Zachiel, Isaac's—Raphael, Jacob's—Peniel, and Moses's—Metatron. One thing is certain—wherever a believer is found—whether in gorgeous palace, or humble cottage—in cold dungeon, or happy home—in suffering chamber, or crowded street—on restless ocean, or gloomy desert, there they throng to bless him —E. DAVIES.

ANGELS.—The Ministration of the

And is there care in heaven? And is there
love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures
base,
That may compassion of their evils move?

There is :—else much more wretched
were the case

Of men than beasts : but oh th' exceed-
ing grace
Of highest God, that loves His creatures
so,

And all His works with mercy doth em-
brace,
That blessed angels He sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve His
wicked foe !—SPENSER.

ANGELS.—The Numbers of the

Angels are distributed around us in great numbers. They form an army, an encampment, according to the Scriptures ; and a numerous army, a well-regulated camp, are not afraid of the attacks of the enemy.—ST. BASIL.

ANGELS.—The Power of the

Human and mental power is impotency itself in comparison with that which the angels possess. They "excel in strength." They are styled "mighty," "powers," as if they were the impersonations of that attribute.—DR. DAVIES.

ANGELS.—The Visits of

When angels have come, they have spoken to a patriarch in the door of his tent—to a distressed husbandman threshing his wheat under an oak—to persecuted apostles in prison. But can you think of an instance of divine or angelic visitation to a king on his throne—to a noble in his palace—to a rich man surrounded with splendours—to a sage amid his books ? An angel once came to a seer who was trusting to his own wisdom, and trying hard to outwit omniscience ; but it was with a drawn sword ; and the far-seeing prophet or necromancer owed his salvation to an ass ! An angel once came to a king on a throne ; but it was to smite him with worms, so that he gave up the ghost !—DR. RALEIGH.

ANGELS.—The Will and Work of

The will and work of angels are in perfect harmony ; therefore an angel's duty is an angel's delight.—DR. GUTHRIE.

ANGER.—Forbidden.

Be not angry that you cannot make others as you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself what you wish to be.—KEMPIS.

ANGER.—The Impotence of

Anger is the most impotent passion that accompanies the mind of man ; it effects

nothing it goes about ; and hurts the man who is possessed by it more than any other against whom it is directed.—CLARENDON.

ANGER.—Intemperate

There is not in Nature
A thing that makes man so deformed, so
beasily,
As doth intemperate anger.—J. WEBSTER.

ANGER.—Peace made in

He that makes his last peace with his
Maker
In anger, anger is his peace eternally.
ROWLEY.

ANGER.—Sinful

If a man meets with injustice, it is not required that he shall not be roused to meet it ; but if he is angry after he has had time to think upon it, that is sinful. The flame is not wrong, but the coals are.—H. W. BEECHER.

ANGER.—Subdued.

Francis Xavier sometimes received in the prosecution of his zealous labours the most mortifying treatment. As he was preaching in one of the cities of Japan, some of the multitude made sport of him. One, more wanton than the rest, went to him while he addressed the people, feigning that he had something to communicate in private. Upon his approach, Xavier leaned his head to learn what he had to say. The scorner thus gained his object, which was to spit freely upon the face of the devoted missionary, and thus insult him in the most public manner. The father, without speaking a word, or making the least sign of anger or emotion, took out his handkerchief, wiped his face, and continued his discourse, as if nothing had occurred. By such a heroic control of his passions, the scorn of the audience was turned into admiration.—ARVINE.

ANGER.—Temperate

Temperate anger well becomes the wise.
PHILEMON

ANGER.—Tired.

Anger is like
A full hot horse, who being allowed his
way,
Self-mettle tires him.—SHAKSPEARE.

ANGLING.—an Art.

No doubt but that angling is an art, and an art worth your learning ; the question is, rather, whether you be capable of learning it ; for angling is somewhat like poetry—men are to be born to it, and

must not only bring an inquiring, observing wit, but also a large measure of hope and patience.—WALTON.

ANGLING.—The Delights of

Yes! dear to us that solitary trade,
'Mid vernal peace in peacefulness pursued
Through rocky glen, wild moor, and hanging wood,
White-flowering meadow, and romantic glade!
The sweetest visions of our boyish years
Come to our spirits with a murmuring tone
Of running waters,—and one stream appears,
Remember'd all,—tree, willow, bank, and stone!
How glad were we, when, after sunny showers,
Its voice came to us, issuing from the school!
How fled the vacant, solitary hours,
By dancing rivulet, or silent pool!
And still our souls retain, in manhood's prime,
The love of joys our childish years that blest;
So now encircled by these hills sublime,
We anglers, wandering with a tranquil breast,
Build in this happy vale a fairy bower of rest.—J. WILSON.

ANIMALCULA.—Wonders of the

In the clearest waters, and also in the strongly-troubled acid and salt-fluids of the various zones of the earth;—in springs, rivers, lakes, and seas;—in the internal moisture of living plants and animal bodies, and probably, at times, carried about in the vapour and dust of the whole atmosphere of the earth, exists a world, by the common senses of mankind unperceived, of very minute living beings, which have been called, for the last seventy years, infusoria. In the ordinary pursuits of life, this mysterious and infinite kingdom of living creatures is passed by without our interest in its wonders. But to the quiet observer how astonishing do these become, when he brings to his aid those optical powers by which his faculty of vision is so much strengthened! In every drop of dirty, stagnant water, we are generally, if not always, able to perceive, by means of the microscope, moving bodies, of from one eleven hundred and fiftieth to one twenty-five thousandth of an inch in diameter, and which often lie packed so closely together, that the space between each individual scarcely equals that of their diameter.—**PROF. PRICHARD.**

ANIMALS.—Cruelty to

One day I got off my horse to kill a rat, which I found on the road only half-killed, wishing to put the creature out of its misery. I am shocked at the thoughtless cruelty of many people; yet I did a thing soon after, that has given me considerable uneasiness, and for which I reproach myself bitterly. As I was riding homeward, I saw a waggon standing at a door, with three horses; the two foremost were eating their corn from bags at their noses; but I observed that the third had dropped his on the ground, and could not stoop to get any food. However, I rode on in absence, without assisting him. But when I had got nearly home, I remembered what I had observed in my absence of mind, and felt extremely hurt at my neglect; and would have ridden back had I not thought the waggoner might have come out of the house and relieved the horse. A man could not have had a better demand for getting off his horse, than for such an act of humanity. It is by absence of mind that we omit many duties.—**R. CECIL.**

ANIMALS.—The Effect of Music on

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods,
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.—**SHAKSPEARE.**

ANIMALS.—Hurtful

Of wild creatures, a tyrant; and of tame ones, a flatterer.—**BIAS.**

ANIMALS.—The Instincts of

All the wonderful instincts of animals, which, in my humble opinion, are proved beyond a doubt, and the belief in which is not decreased with the increase of science and investigation,—all these instincts are given them only for the combination or preservation of their species. If they had not these instincts, they would be swept off the earth in an instant. This bee, that understands architecture so well, is as stupid as a pebble-stone out of his own particular

business of making honey ; and, with all his talents, he only exists that boys may eat his labours, and poets sing about them. *Ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias.* A peasant girl of ten years old puts the whole republic to death with a little smoke ; their palaces are turned into candles, and every clergyman's wife makes mead wine of the honey ; and there is an end of the glory and wisdom of the bees ! Whereas, man has talents that have no sort of reference to his existence ; and without which his species might remain upon earth in the same safety as if they had them not. The bee works at that particular angle which saves most time and labour ; and the boasted edifice he is constructing is only for his egg : but Somerset House, and Blenheim, and the Louvre, have nothing to do with breeding. Epic poems, and Apollo Belvideres, and Venus de Medicis, have nothing to do with living and eating. We might have discovered pig-nuts without the Royal Society, and gathered acorns without reasoning about curves of the ninth order. The immense superfluity of talent given to man, which has no bearing upon animal life, which has nothing to do with the mere preservation of existence, is one very distinguishing circumstance in this comparison. There is no other animal but man to whom mind appears to be given for any other purpose than the preservation of body.—S. SMITH.

ANIMALS.—Instruction Derived from

The daily labours of the bee
Awake my soul to industry :
Who can observe the careful ant
And not provide for future want ?
My dog—the trustiest of his kind—
With gratitude inflames my mind ;
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my service copy Tray :
In constancy and nuptial love
I learn my lesson from the dove :
The hen, who from the chilly air,
With pious wing, protects her care,
And every fowl that flies at large,
Instructs me in a parent's charge —GAY.

ANIMALS.—The Treatment of

Poor beasts that every day we see o'er-driven,
Plodding along their path in patient pain ;
No love of God for them, no hope of heaven,
Their sinking, flagging spirits to sustain !
Poor beasts, we see them toiling on the road,
While threats and curses 'gainst them freely flow ;

Now, bowed beneath the cruel, heavy load
Now shrinking from the hasty, cow'rdly blow !
The dumb brute bears no malice in his heart,
For all the sufferings he undergoes :
Ill-treated, yet he bravely plays his part,
And meekly bears his heritage of woes.
I watched the two, the man that held the rein,
The bridled beast that at his bidding ran,
And asked, which was the better of the twain,
The noble beast, or the ignoble man ?
Shall we, on whom a gracious God bestows
Heaven's hope to cheer us in life's darkest hour,
Be more impatient of our daily woes
Than they who lack such hope, such heart-sustaining power ?—COLLETT.

ANIMALS.—Uniform Actions in

The bees now build exactly as they built in the time of Homer ; the bear is as ignorant of good manners as he was two thousand years past : and the baboon is still as unable to read and write, as persons of honour and quality were in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Yet it is not from any lack of inconveniences, nor any extraordinary contentedness with their situation, that any species of animals remains in such a state of sameness. The wolf often kills twenty times as much as he wants ; and if he could hit upon any means of preserving his superfluous plunder, he would not perish of hunger as often as he does. To lay traps for the hunters, and to eat them as they were caught, would be far preferable to all those animals who are the cause and the contents of traps themselves.—S. SMITH.

ANIMALS.—War among

As for war, let the stags fighting with each other, and belling defiance across the hills, and all the other pugnacious male animals in the world testify, that without trumpet or drum, herald's flag, or champion's gage of battle, they can throw down and take up the gauntlet, announce a *Casus Belli*, and proclaim peace or war as perfectly, and with far less needless diplomacy than we. Take, however, as still more striking, that strange military proceeding, that *Coup d'État* of the bees, when they put their hives under martial law, and slaughter the drones. How the matter is managed, no one exactly knows, but there is plainly perfect concert among the slayers, and utter disconcert among the victims. What massacre of St. Bartholomew, Indian mutiny,

or the like, can vie with this as an act of effective, premeditated murder?—PROF. G. WILSON.

ANNIHILATION.—no Law.

Annihilation is no law of the ascertained universe.—DR. R. W. HAMILTON.

ANNIVERSARY.—The Return of an

And now the rising day renews the year—
A day for ever sad, for ever dear.—VIRGIL.

ANNOYANCE.—Little Things Create an

A grain, a dust, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense.
SHAKESPEARE.

ANSWER.—The Right Way to

A thoughtful kind answer is almost omnipotent. It not only makes a friend still more friendly, but it subdues the wildest passion and the deepest prejudice of the greatest enemy. The cowardly become brave under its inspiring influence, and the brave are nerved by it to nobler deeds and mightier exploits. And yet, though it is so soothing, enchanting, and potential, it costs the utterer nothing. This, therefore, is the right way to answer; and were it universally adopted, many a tear would be unshed, many a passion be unprovoked, and many a friend be retained.—DR. DAVIES.

ANSWER.—The Wrong Way to

We are supposed to live in an age of free and active thought. As to the amount of thought for which the age takes credit to itself there may be some doubt, but all will admit that we live in an age of free and active talk, in which political, social, ecclesiastical, and religious subjects are being perpetually discussed. The discussion of such subjects calls forth many bad feelings and bad words. Even temperance cannot be advocated by some, excepting in the most disgracefully intemperate language. Anger, uncharitableness, intolerance, prevail most terribly by reason of our differences on political and theological questions, and hard words are used, and hard names are called. Writing ink is generally composed, in a great measure, of gall; the chemistry of the fluid in which we write our thoughts and feelings is very symbolical of many of the thoughts and feelings themselves. If you look into the correspondence of a newspaper, you may find to perfection what it is to answer a fool according to his folly, so as to be like unto him. Controversial sermons also, and controversial pamphlets; Protestants answering Catholics, and Catholics answering Protestants, each according to the other's folly, that is, according to the

other's bitterness, and violence, and rancour. Now, whenever your antagonist's folly takes these shapes—showing itself in anger, in scorn, in ungenerous insinuations, in false assertions, in wilful perversion of facts or disingenuous concealment of facts—answer not according to such folly as that, lest you become dishonest, mean, narrow-minded, and ill-tempered as your adversary.—H. S. BROWN.

ANTI-CHRIST.—Views of

Some regard him as a pretender to the Messiahship, like Barchocheba; others as one who claims to be the vicar of Christ; while others have found him in Nero, and even in Satan incarnate!—BUCK.

ANTICIPATION.—The Blessedness of

How frequently the anticipation of some special enjoyment, or the possession of some coveted boon, proves to be more blessed than the actualization itself! But while this is the common experience on earth, it shall not be so in heaven. *There*, realization shall infinitely exceed all manner of anticipation.—DR. DAVIES.

ANTICIPATIONS.—Described.

Charming lights from Fancy's dreaming;
Gilded beams from Beauty's seeming;
Joyful hopes of future blessings;
Dreams of Fame's unearned caressings;
Smiles from Fortune, wiles from Pleasure;
Visions of some unknown treasure;
Daily thoughts of something noble,
Free from care, or thought, or trouble;
Bright delusions of the youthful,
Only wanting in the truthful;
Gilded baits and bursting bubbles,
Proving but a sea of troubles;
Dreams of earth allied to heaven,
Youth and Hope to thee are given.

ÆTNA.

ANTINOMIANISM.—A Rebuke to

Rowland Hill would have tried the critical sagacity of the most erudite. His eccentricities were of great notoriety. With many strong points of character, he combined notions prodigiously odd. One of those restless infesters of places of worship, commonly called Antinomians, one day called on Rowland Hill, to bring him to account for his too severe and legal Gospel. "Do you, sir," asked Rowland, "hold the Ten Commandments to be a rule of life to Christians?" "Certainly not," replied the visitor. The minister rang the bell, and on the servant making his appearance, he quietly added—"John, show that man the door, and keep your eye on him until he is beyond the reach of every article of wearing apparel or other property in the hall!"—ARVINE.

ANTIPATHIES.—Inveterate

Inveterate antipathies against particular nations or persons, and passionate attachments to others, are to be avoided.—WASHINGTON.

ANTIPATHY—in Relation to Hope and Reason.

A habit is generated of thinking that a natural antipathy exists between hope and reason.—I. TAYLOR.

ANTIQUARIAN.—The Memory of the

A thorough-paced antiquarian not only remembers what all other people have thought proper to forget, but he also forgets what all other people think it proper to remember.—COLTON.

ANTIQUARY.—A Description of the

One that has his being in this age, but his life and conversation in the days of old. He neglects himself because he was born in his own time, and so far off antiquity, which he so much admires; and repines, like a younger brother, because he came so late into the world. He spends the one half of his time in collecting old and insignificant trifles, and the other in showing them, which he takes a singular delight in, because the oftener he does it, the further they are from being new to him. He is a great time-server, but it is of time out of mind. His days were spent and gone long before he came into the world, and his only business is to collect what he can out of the ruins of them. He values things wrongfully for their antiquity, forgetting that the most modern are really the most ancient of all things in the world; like those that reckon their pounds before their shillings and pence, of which they are made up. He has so strong a natural affection to anything that is old, that he may truly say to the dust and worms—"Thou art my father," and to rottenness—"Thou art my mother."—S. BUTLER.

ANTIQUITIES.—Historical

I dare assure any wise and sober man—that historical antiquities do deserve and will reward the pains of any student; will make him understand the state of former ages, the constitution of governments, the fundamental reasons of equity and law, the rise and succession of doctrines and opinions, the original of ancient and the composition of modern tongues, the tenures of property, the maxims of policy, the rites of religion, the characters of virtue and vice, and indeed the nature of mankind.—KENNETT.

ANTIQUITY.—An Address to

Antiquity! thou wondrous charm, what art thou? that being nothing art everything! When thou wert, thou wert not antiquity—then thou wert nothing, but hadst a remoter antiquity, as thou called it, to look back to with blind veneration, thou thyself being to thyself flat, jejune, modern! What mystery lurks in this reversion? or what half Januses are we, that cannot look forward with the same idolatry with which we for ever revert! The mighty future is as nothing being everything! The past is everything being nothing!—LAMB.

ANTIQUITY.—The Recommendation of

An established government has an infinite advantage by that very circumstance of its being established, the bulk of mankind being governed by authority, not reason, and never attributing authority to anything that has not the recommendation of antiquity.—HUME.

ANTIQUITY—does not make Truth.

'Tis not antiquity, nor author,
That makes truth truth, altho' Time
daughter,
'Twas he that put her in the pit
Before he pull'd her out of it;
And as he eats his sons, just so
He feeds upon his daughters too.
Nor does it follow, 'cause a herald,
Can make a gentleman, scarce a year old,
To be descended of a race
Of ancient kings in a small space,
That we should all opinions hold
Authentic that we can make old.

S. BUTLER

ANTITHESIS—the Blossom of Wit.

Antithesis may be the blossom of wit, but it will never arrive at maturity, unless sound sense be the trunk, and truth the root.—COLTON.

ANTITHESIS.—The Employment of

Young people are dazzled by the brilliancy of antithesis, and employ it.—L. BRUYERE.

ANXIETIES.—Needless

The generality of mankind create to themselves a thousand needless anxieties by a vain search after a thing that never was, nor ever will be, found upon earth. Let us, then, sit down contented with our lot; and in the meantime be as happy as we can in a diligent preparation for what is to come.—T. ADAMS.

ANXIETY AND TRUST.

Between a man, torn with anxiety, tossed with fear, fretting with care, and the good man who calmly trusts in the Lord, there is as great a difference as between a brawling, roaring mountain brook, that, with mad haste, leaps from crag to crag, and is ground into boiling foam, and the placid river, which, with beauty on its banks and heaven in its bosom, spreads blessings wherever it flows, and pursues the noiseless tenor of its way back to the great ocean from which its waters came.—**DR. GUTHRIE.**

APATHY.—The Adoption of the Term

In the first ages of the Church, the Christians adopted the term to express a contempt of earthly concerns.—**DR. WEBSTER.**

APATHY.—The Meaning of

According to the Stoics, apathy meant the extinction of the passions by the ascendancy of reason.—**R. FLEMING.**

APOLOGIES.—Vanity Displayed in

A lady invited Dean Swift to a most sumptuous dinner. She said—"Dear Dean, this fish is not as good as I could wish, though I sent for it half across the kingdom, and it cost me so much," naming an incredible price. "And this thing is not such as I ought to have for such a guest, though it came from such a place, and cost such a sum." Thus she went on, decrying and underrating every article of her expensive and ostentatious dinner, and teasing her distinguished guest with apologies, only to find a chance to display her vanity, in bringing her trouble and expense into view, until she exhausted his patience. He is reported to have risen in a passion, and to have said—"True, madam, it is a miserable dinner; and I will not eat it, but go home and dine upon sixpence worth of herring."—**ARVINE.**

APOLOGY—in the Original Sense.

An apology, in the original sense, was a trading off from some charge or imputation, by explaining or defending principles or conduct. It therefore amounted to a vindication.—**CRABBE.**

APOLOGY—in the Present Sense.

One who now offers an apology, admits himself to have been, at least apparently, in the wrong, but brings forward some mitigating circumstance, or tenders a frank acknowledgment, by way of reparation.—**CRABBE.**

APOPLEXY—a Retaining Fee.

A slight touch of apoplexy may be called a retaining fee on the part of death.—**MENAGE.**

APOSTASY.—Different Kinds of

First—original, in which we have all participated; secondly—national, when a kingdom relinquishes the profession of Christianity; thirdly—personal, when an individual backslides from God; fourthly—when men are given up to judicial hardness of heart, as Judas.—**BUCK.**

APOSTASY.—Recovered from

In the bloody reign of Queen Mary of England, Archbishop Cranmer became obnoxious to her persecuting spirit. She was determined to bring him to the stake; but previously employed emissaries to persuade him, by means of flattery and false promises, to renounce his faith. The good man was overcome, and subscribed to the errors of the Church of Rome. His conscience smote him: he returned to his former persuasion; and, when brought to the stake, he stretched forth the hand that had made the unhappy signature, and held it in the flames till it was entirely consumed, frequently exclaiming—"That unworthy hand!" after which he patiently suffered martyrdom, and ascended to receive its reward.—**ARVINE.**

APPAREL.—The Best

A man ought in his clothes to conform something to those that he converses with, to the custom of the nation, and the fashion that is decent and general, to the occasion, and his own condition; for that is best that best suits with one's calling, and the rank we live in. And seeing all men are not Oedipuses to read the riddle of another man's inside, and most men judge by appearances, it behoves a man to barter for a good esteem, even from his clothes and outside. We guess the goodness of the pasture by the mantle we see it wears.—**FELTHAM.**

APPAREL.—The Importance of the

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy.
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
SHAKESPEARE.

APPAREL.—Rich

Rich apparel has strange virtues; it makes him that hath it without means esteemed for an excellent wit, he that enjoys it with means, puts the world in remembrance of his means; it helps the deformities of nature, and gives lustre to her beauties; makes continual holiday where it shines;

sets the wits of ladies at work, that otherwise would be idle ; furnisheth your two shilling ordinary ; takes possession of your stage at your new play ; and enricheth your oars, as scorning to go with your scull.—JONSON.

APPEAL.—An Effectual

Some old soldiers going to be shot for a breach of discipline, passing by Marshal Turenne, pointed to the scars on their faces and breasts. What speech could come to this? It had the desired effect. The marshal instantly stayed the execution, and gave the men a free pardon.—PERCY.

APPEARANCE.—A Good

What is a good appearance? It is not being pompous and starchy ; for proud looks lose hearts, and gentle words win them. It is not wearing fine clothes ; for such dressing tells the world that the outside is the better part of the man. You cannot judge a horse by his harness ; but a modest, gentlemanly appearance, in which the dress is such as no one could comment upon, is the right and most desirable thing.—SPURGEON.

APPEARANCES.—Deceitful

The fairest cheek hath oftentimes a soul
Leprous as sin itself, than hell more foul.
The wisdom of this world is idiotism ;
Strength a weak reed ; health sickness'
enemy,
And it at length will have the victory.
Beauty is but a painting ; and long life
Is a long journey in December gone,
Tedious and full of tribulation.—DECKER.

APPEARANCES.—The Effect of

In many cases mere appearances have all the effect of positive realities.—LIVY.

APPEARANCES.—The Expense of Keeping up

The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should never want a fine house nor fine furniture.—DR. FRANKLIN.

APPETITE.—The Rage of the

Man's heart eats all things, and is hungry still ;
"More! more!" the glutton cries ; for
something new
So rages appetite ; if man can't mount
He will descend.—DR. E. YOUNG.

APPETITE.—No Want of

Here's neither want of appetite nor mouths ;
Pray Heaven we be not scant of meat or
mirth.—SHAKSPEARE.

APPLAUD.—Eager to

I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—SHAKSPEARE.

APPLAUSE.—The Action and End of

Applause is the spur of noble minds, the end and aim of weak ones.—COLTON.

APPLAUSE.—Great

Such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tem-
pest,
As loud and to as many tunes ; hats, cloaks,
Doublets, I think flew up ; and had their
faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost.
SHAKSPEARE.

APPLAUSE.—Ill-Timed

Ill-timed applause
Wrongs the best speaker, and the justest
cause.—HOMER.

APPLE-TREE.—The Full Blossom of an

An apple tree in full blossom is like a message, sent from earth to heaven, of purity and beauty ! We walk around it reverently and admiringly. Homely as it ordinarily is, yet now it speaks of the munificence of God better than any other tree. The oak proclaims strength and rugged simplicity. The pine is a solitary, stately fellow. Even in forests, each tree seems alone, and has a sad, Castilian-like pride. The elm is a prince : grace and glory are on its head. But none of these speak such thoughts of abundance,—such prodigal and munificent richness,—such lavish, unsparing generosity, as this same plain and homely apple-tree. The very glory of God seems resting upon it ! It is a little inverted hemisphere, like that above it ; and it daily mimics with bud and bloom the stars that nightly blossom out into the darkness above it. Though its hour of glory is short, into it is concentrated a magnificence which puts all the more stately trees into the background ! If men will not admire, insects and birds will !—H. W. BEECHER.

APPLICATION.—The Benefits of

What is it that makes a man fit for business but application? Who applies most—the man with a large fortune, or the man with a small one? Which is the most likely to devote himself to dissipation—he who has the means for it, or he who has none? Which to lay in the greatest stock of merit—he who sees nothing but merit can give him consideration, or he who has already in hand that of which merit could give him but a chance?—BENTHAM.

APPOINTMENT.

APPOINTMENT.—The Character of an

An appointment is a contract, express or implied, and he who does not keep it breaks faith, as well as dishonestly uses other people's time, and thus inevitably loses character.—SMILES.

APPOINTMENT.—Holding to an

He that holds to his appointment, and does not keep you waiting, shows that he has regard for your time as well as his own.—SMILES.

APPRECIATION.—Diverse

Contemporaries appreciate the man rather than the merit; but posterity will regard the merit rather than the man.—COLTON.

APPRECIATION.—not Obtained on Earth.

Many fail to obtain from their fellows on earth that appreciation which is their just due, but it shall not be so when they companion with exalted spirits in the realms of perfection.—DR. DAVIES.

APPREHENSION.—Intensifies Evil.

Oh! who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
Oh, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell Sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when he bites, and lanceth not the
sore.—SHAKESPEARE.

APPREHENSION.—The Source of

Apprehension springs from a sense of danger when somewhat remote, but approaching. It is calmer and more permanent than alarm; and may be felt by a single individual when alone.—DR. WEBSTER.

APPROBATION.—A Christian's

A Christian's approbation arises from his perception of the will of God.—BUCK.

APPROBATION.—The Love of

Outside of Christianity, the love of approbation is one of the best things to be met with in fallen man.—DR. VINET.

APPROPRIAMENTS —The Neglect of

If you can neglect
Your own appropriaments, but praising that
In others wherein you excel yourself,
You shall be much beloved here.—FORD.

ARARAT.

APRIL.—The Call of

Now the golden Morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermeil cheek and whisper soft
She woos the tardy Spring:
Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground,
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters her freshest, tenderest green.
T. GRAY.

APRIL.—Growth in

There has not been a sound to-day
To break the calm of nature;
Nor motion, I might almost say,
Of life, or living creature;
Of waving lough, or warbling bird,
Or cattle faintly lowing;
I could have half-believed I heard
The leaves and blossoms growing
Sure since I look'd at early morn,
Those honeysuckle buds
Have swell'd to double growth; that thorn
Hath put forth larger studs;
That lilac's cleaving cones have burst,
The milk-white flowers revealing;
Even now, upon my senses first
Methinks their sweets are stealing.
The very earth, the steamy air
Is all with fragrance rife;
And grace and beauty everywhere
Are flushing into life—CHAUCER.

ARARAT.—Mount

The first in the list of sacred mountains is Ararat. The first-named summit in human history, it emerges from the flood, and lifts its head over the water to look down on all coming generations to the end of time. Whether it was changed in that mighty convulsion which drowned the world, or whether its lofty peak, which saw the swelling waters and steady rise, remained the same, we know not. At all events, the mountain looked down on the swaying world at its feet as cities floated from their foundations and came dashing against its side, and beheld a wilder scene than ever covered a battle-field, as it heard and saw six generations shriek and sink together. But whatever may have been its former history, it now stands as the only memorial of the flood. Rising like a sugar-loaf from a chaos of peaks, which gleam and glitter in the sunbeams that are reflected from their snowy sides; overlooking a sea on one side and a desert on the other, it is a grand and striking object in itself, but made still more so by the associations that cluster around its sacred top. It has seldom been profaned by human feet; but there was a time when

sea rolled over it, and mightier waves
ever yet swept the sea thundered high
e its crown.—HEADLEY.

ARBITRATION.—The Advantage of
arbitration has this advantage—there are
e points of contest which it is better to
by arbitration than to win by law.—
TON.

ARBITRATORS.—Absolute
masters of their terms, and arbitrators of
ace.—ADDISON.

BOUR.—An Ornamental
ere nested was an arbour, overwove
many a summer's silent fingering.
KEATS.

rong and substantial plants of Laburnum
ed the shell; while the slender and
le shoots of Syringa filled up the inter-
s.—Was it to compliment, as well as
accommodate their worthy guests, that
shrubs interwove the luxuriant foliage?
it to represent those tender but close
chments, which had united their affec-
s and blended their interests? I will
too positively ascribe such a design to
disposition of the branches. They
posed, however, by their twining em-
es, no inexpressive emblem of the
earments and the advantages of friend-
s. They composed a canopy, of the
best verdure, and of the thickest tex-
: so thick, that it entirely excluded
sultry ray; and shed both a cool re-
ment and an amusive gloom; while
y unsheltered tract glared with light,
ainted with heat.—J. HERVEY.

ARCHBISHOPRICS.—The Establishment
of
the first establishment of archbishoprics
England was in the time of Lucius—the
Christian King of England; who, after
conversion of his subjects, erected three
bishoprics at London, York, and Llan-
then called Caerleon. The dignity of
bishop continued in the see of London
hundred and eighty years, till, in the
of the Saxons, it was translated to
cebury, where it has continued ever
.—BUCK.

HER.—Instructing an
You're not steady. I perceived
waver'd now. Stand firm!—Let every
limb
praced as marble, and as motionless.
d like the sculptor's statue on the gate

Of Altorf, that looks life, yet neither breathe
Nor stirs.

You've miss'd again!
Dost see the mark? Rivet your eye to it!
There let it stick, fast as the arrow would,
Could you but send it there.

J. S. KNOWLES.

ARCHERY.—The Advantage of

In the fight the English arrows fell so
thick among the French, and did so torment
and fright them, that many men, rather than
endure them, leapt desperately into the sea.
And without all question, the guns which
are used, are neither so terrible in battle,
nor do such execution, nor work such con-
fusion as arrows can do; for bullets, not
being seen, only hurt where they hit; but
arrows enrage the horse, and break the
array, and terrify all that behold them in
the bodies of their neighbours.—J. BARNES.

ARCHITECT.—The Place of Study for an

An architect should live as little in cities
as a painter. Send him to our hills, and let
him study there what nature understands by
a buttress, and what by a dome. There
was something in the old power of architec-
ture which it had from the recluse more
than from the citizen. The buildings of
which I have spoken with chief praise, rose,
indeed, out of the war of the piazza, and
above the fury of the populace: and Heaven
forbid that for such cause we should ever
have to lay a larger stone, or rivet a firmer
bar, in our England! But we have other
sources of power in the imagery of our iron
coasts and azure hills;—of power more pure,
nor less serene, than that of the hermit
spirit which once lighted with white lines of
cloisters the glades of the Alpine pine, and
raised into ordered spires the wild rocks of
the Norman sea; which gave to the temple
gate the depth and darkness of Elijah's
Horeb cave; and lifted out of the populous
city grey cliffs of lonely stone, into the midst
of sailing birds and silent air.—RUSKIN.

ARCHITECTURE.—Defined.

Architecture is the art which so disposes
and adorns the edifices raised by man, for
whatsoever uses, that the sight of them may
contribute to his mental health, power, and
pleasure.—RUSKIN.

ARCHITECTURE.—The First Great
Works of

To the first great works of architecture,
Egypt, ever fertile in the productions of art
as well as of nature, is recorded to have
given rise. Several of them are extant at
this day, and are too generally known to

limit of reiterated description. They excite those ideas which arise from magnificence of design, not from delicacy of execution ; and they rather astonish by their grandeur than please by their elegance.—Dr. KNOX.

ARCHITECTURE.—The Function of

We are forced, for the sake of accumulating our power and knowledge, to live in cities ; but such advantage as we have in association with each other is in great part counterbalanced by our loss of fellowship with nature. We cannot all have our gardens now, nor our pleasant fields to meditate in at eventide. Then the function of our architecture is, as far as may be, to replace these ; to tell us about nature ; to possess us with memories of her quietness ; to be solemn and full of tenderness like her, and rich in portraiture of her ; full of delicate imagery of the flowers we can no more gather, and of the living creatures now far away from us in their own solitude.—RUSKIN.

ARCHITECTURE.—The Origin of European

All European architecture, bad and good, old and new, is derived from Greece through Rome, and coloured and perfected from the East. The history of architecture is nothing but the tracing of the various modes and directions of this derivation. If you hold fast this great connecting clue, you may bring all the types of successive architectural invention upon it like so many beads. Those old Greeks gave the shaft ; Rome gave the arch ; the framework and strength of architecture are from the race of Japheth ; the spirituality and sanctity of it from Isaac, Abraham, and Shem.—RUSKIN.

ARGUMENT.—Answering a Bad

The best way of answering a bad argument is not to stop it, but to let it go on in its course till it leaps over the boundaries of common sense.—S. SMITH.

ARGUMENT.—Conduct in

Treating your adversary with respect is giving him an advantage to which he is not entitled. The greatest part of men cannot judge of reasoning, and are impressed by character ; so that if you allow your adversary a respectable character, they will think that, though you differ from him, you may be in the wrong. Treating your adversary with respect is striking soft in a battle.—Dr. JOHNSON.

ARGUMENT.—The Force of

Argument is like an arrow from a cross-bow, which has great force though shot by a child.—LORD BACON.

ARGUMENTS—like their Subjects.

Arguments, like children, should be like The subject that begets them.—DECKER.

ARISTOCRACY.—Blessings Conferred on the

God has ornamented your terrestrial crowns with many choice jewels. He has given you of the fatness of the earth, as well as of the dew of heaven ; Esau's venison, as well as Jacob's blessing ; the nether springs of common bounty, as well as the upper springs of special mercy.—W. SECKER.

ARISTOCRACY.—A Defence of the

Look at history, and you will find that the institution you decry has been the salvation of England. Who does your work—fights your battles—writes your books—guides you in storm and darkness, but the aristocracy ?—LINDSAY.

ARISTOCRACY.—General

There is a fretfulness about every man's position with us, which is positively frightful. He is never easy ; for there is always some little line of demarcation between him and his neighbour, which he toils to pass over. The aristocracy descends through every link, from the golden to the copper, of the country. The Duke of Devon is not more exclusive than the duke's poulterer. Society is a long series of uprising ridges, which from the first to the last, offer no valley of repose. Whenever you take your stand, you are looked down upon by those above you, and reviled and pelted by those below you. Every creature you see is a farthing Sisyphus pushing his little stone up some liliputian mole-hill. This is our world.—LYTTON.

ARISTOCRACY.—Necessary to a Monarchy.

An aristocracy is the true, the only support of a monarchy. Without it the State is a vessel without a rudder—a balloon in the air. A true aristocracy, however, must be ancient. Therein consists its real force,—its talismanic charm.—NAPOLEON I.

ARISTOCRACY.—The People in an

If in an aristocracy the people be virtuous, they will enjoy very nearly the same happiness as in a popular government, and the state will become powerful.—MONTESQUIEU.

ARITHMETIC.—Ignorant of

He who is ignorant of the art of arithmetic is but half a man.—CHARLES XII.

ARITHMETICIAN.—The Matchless

There is no arithmetician like him who hath learned to number his days, and to apply his heart unto wisdom.—SWINNOCK.

ARK.—The

The ark was the only memorable ship that sailed unarmed.—PROF. G. WILSON.

ARK.—The Capacities of the

If in a ship of such greatness we seek room for eighty-nine distinct species of beasts, or, lest any should be omitted, for a hundred several kinds, we shall easily find place both for them and for the birds, which in bigness are no way answerable to them, and for meat to sustain them all. For there are three sorts of beasts whose bodies are of a quantity well known:—the beef, the sheep, and the wolf; to which the rest may be reduced by saying, according to aristotle, that one elephant is equal to four beeves, one lion to two wolves, and so of the rest. Of beasts, some feed on vegetables, others on flesh. There are one-and-thirty kinds of the greater sort feeding on vegetables, of which number only three are clean according to the law of Moses, whereof seven of a kind entered into the ark, namely—three couples for breed, and one odd one for sacrifice; the other eight-and-twenty kinds were taken by two of each kind; so that in all there were in the ark one-and-twenty great beasts clean, and six-and-fifty unclean; estimable for largeness as ninety-one beeves; yet, for a supplement—lest, perhaps, any species be omitted—let them be valued as a hundred and twenty beeves. Of the lesser sort feeding on vegetables were in the ark six-and-twenty kinds, estimable, with good allowance for supply, as fourscore sheep. Of those which devour flesh were two-and-thirty kinds, answerable to threescore and four wolves. All these two hundred and eighty beasts might be kept in one story or room of the ark, in their several cabins; their meat in a second; the birds and their provisions in a third, with space to spare for Noah and his family, and all their necessities.—SIR W. RALEIGH.

ARK.—The View from the

The mighty ark
Rests upon Ararat; but nought around
Its inmates can behold, save o'er the ex-
panse
Of boundless waters the sun's orient orb
Stretching the hull's long shadow, or the
moon
In silence through the silver-curtained
clouds
Sailing, as she herself were lost, and left
In hollow loneliness.—C. BOWLES.

ARMED.—Completely

Arm'd at all points, exactly, cap à-pié.
SHAKSPEARE.

ARMED.—Thrice

What stronger breast-plate than a heart
untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel
just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in
steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is cor-
rupted.—SHAKSPEARE.

ARMOUR.—The Best

The best armour is to keep out of gun-
shot.—LORD BACON.

ARMOUR.—Strong

Our armour all is strong, our cause the
best;
Then reason wills our hearts should be as
good.—SHAKSPEARE.

ARMS.—Coats of

Coats of arms were known in the time of Richard I., and hereditary in families about 1192, although some trace it higher, and think that it originated with the primitive people painting their bodies with various figures, to distinguish them from each other. In the time of the crusades, the knights painted their banners with different figures, for better recognition. The lions in the English arms were originally leopards, as found in an old record of 1252. Formerly, none but the nobility bore arms; but the French monarch, Charles XV., having ennobled some Parisians in the thirteenth century, the custom was adopted by other nations. Crest implies the most elevated part of the head armour, and took its origin from *crista*, a cock's comb, the cock being an emblematic figure of undaunted bravery.—LOAKING.

ARMS.—The Noise of

The noise of arms deafens the voice of the laws.—MONTAIGNE.

ARROGANCE.—The Assumption of

In some people arrogance takes the place of greatness of mind.—LA BRUYÈRE.

ARROGANCE.—The Effects of

Arrogance creates disgust in some, and ridicule in others, more especially if it be shown by an inferior toward a superior.—LIVY.

ART.—The Acquirement of

The acquirement of art is difficult, its reward transient.—SCHILLER.

ART.—Criticism on

The production of all works in art or poetry requires in their conception and execution not only an exercise of the intellect, skill, and patience, but particularly a concurrent warmth of feeling and a free flow of imagination. This renders them most tender plants, which will thrive only in an atmosphere calculated to maintain that warmth, and that atmosphere is one of kindness—kindness toward the artist personally, as well as toward his production. An unkind word of criticism passes like a cold blast over their tender shoots, and shrivels them up, checking the flow of the sap which was rising to produce, perhaps, multitudes of flowers and fruit. But still, criticism is absolutely necessary to the development of art, and the injudicious praise of an inferior work becomes an insult to superior genius.—PRINCE ALBERT.

ART.—Great and False

Great art dwells on all that is beautiful; but false art omits or changes all that is ugly. Great art accepts Nature as she is, but directs the eyes and thoughts of what is most perfect in her; false art saves itself the trouble of direction by removing or altering whatever it thinks objectionable.—RUSKIN.

ART—the Hand of Nature.

Art is the right hand of Nature. The latter has only given us being, the former has made us men.—SCHILLER.

ART—as a Language.

We regard Art, in its higher offices, as a LANGUAGE. And as a poet, an orator, or a writer employs words and sentences to convey thoughts and feelings, so the artist employs forms, colours, and symmetries to convey some sentiment or truth.—H. W. BEECHER.

ART.—Taste in Relation to

In art there is a point of perfection, as of goodness or maturity in nature; he who is able to perceive it, and who loves it, has perfect taste; he who does not feel it, or loves on this side or that, has an imperfect taste.—LA BRUYÈRE.

ART.—Wonder at the Works of

Wonder at the sight of works of art may be the effect of ignorance and novelty; but real admiration and permanent delight in them are the growth of taste and knowledge.—HAZLITT.

ARTICLES—on Common Subjects.

I never wanted articles on religious subjects half so much as articles on common subjects written with a decidedly religious tone.—DR. ARNOLD.

ARTICLES.—The Rise and Fall of

When articles rise, the consumer is the first that suffers; and when they fall, he is the last that gains.—COLTON.

ARTISTS.—Different Classes of

Artists, considered as searchers after truth, are to be divided into three classes—a right, a left, and a centre. Those on the right perceive and pursue the good, and leave the evil: those in the centre, the greatest, perceive and pursue the good and evil together, the whole thing as it verily is: those on the left perceive and pursue the evil, and leave the good.—RUSKIN.

ARTIST.—A Judicious

A judicious artist will use his eye, but he will trust only to his rule.—DR. SOUTH.

ARTIST.—The Rebuke of an

An on-looker observing the slight taps given to a statue by Canova, spoke as if he thought the artist to be trifling; but was rebuked by this reply—"The touches which you ignorantly hold in such small esteem are the very things which make the difference between the failure of a bungler and the *chef d'œuvre* of a master.—COLEY.

ARTS—brought to the Aid of Religion.

If the fine arts are to be brought to the aid of religion, they should put on a dress as unlike that which they wear in their intercourse with the world as possible.—HULLAH.

ARTS.—The Fine

These—as far as they relate to painting, sculpture, and architecture—which are sometimes confounded with art in general, rest on the application of the laws of form and colour, and what may be called the science of the beautiful. They do not rest on any arbitrary theory on the modes of producing pleasurable emotions, but follow fixed laws—more difficult perhaps to seize than those regulating the material world, because belonging partly to the sphere of the ideal and our spiritual essence, yet perfectly appreciable and teachable, both abstractedly and historically, from the works of different ages and nations.—PRINCE ALBERT.

ARTS.—Great

In all great arts, as in trees, it is the height that charms us; we care nothing for

the roots or trunks; yet they could not exist without the aid of these.—CICERO.

ARTS.—Liberal

Liberal arts, as distinguished from mechanical arts, are such as depend more on the exertion of the mind than the labour of the hands, and regard amusement, curiosity, or intellectual improvement, rather than the necessity of subsistence or manual skill: such are grammar, rhetoric, painting, sculpture, architecture, music, etc.—DR. WEBSTER.

ARTS.—The Mother of

The mother of useful arts is necessity; that of the fine arts is luxury.—SCHOPENHAUER.

ASCETIC.—The Hope of the

In hope to merit heaven, by making earth a hell!—BYRON.

ASCETICISM.—Three Forms of

Three forms of asceticism have existed in this weak world. Religious asceticism, being the refusal of pleasure and knowledge for the sake—as supposed—of religion; seen chiefly in the middle ages. Military asceticism, being the refusal of pleasure and knowledge for the sake of power; seen chiefly in the early days of Sparta and Rome. And monetary asceticism, consisting in the refusal of pleasure and knowledge for the sake of money; seen in the present days of London and Manchester.—RUSKIN.

ASPIRATIONS.—Devout

My God! my happiness! who art as well the End as the Author of my being—who hast more perfection than I can desire, and art also seriously willing to quench my great thirst in the ocean of Thy perfection—I beseech Thee show me Thy glory, that I may see Thee as Thou art, and ever dwell in the light of Thy beauty!—J. NORRIS.

Nearer, yet nearer,—oh, to be so near
The great good Presence, that above all
 fear
For this scene or the next, my soul might
 move
Beneath the shadow of that perfect Love—
That Wisdom infinite—Power firm and
 fast,
Which form'd, upholds, and will discern at
 last!
I know His eye is ever on my heart,—
Wake I or sleep, His arm is round my
 way:
Oh, why of Him see I so small a part,
While me He searcheth closely day by
 day?

I would be nearer, holier, higher brought
By earnest aims, untouch'd by earthly
 heaven:

Lord, let the daily fountain of my thought
Flow ever 'mid the golden fields of
 heaven!—MRS. SIMPSON.

Oh, love, love surpassing in Jesus! I
have no fault to that love, but that it
seemeth to deal niggardly with me; I have
little of it. Oh that I had Christ's seen
and read bond, subscribed by Himself, for
my fill of it! Oh, there is no room in us
on this side of the water for that love!
This narrow bit of earth, and these cbb
and narrow souls can hold little of it,
because we are full of rifts. I would that
glory, glory would enlarge us, and make
us tight, and close up our seams and rifts
that we may be able to comprehend it,
which is yet incomprehensible.—RUTHER-
FORD.

I long to behold Him array'd
With glory and light from above,
The King in His beauty display'd
His beauty of holiest love:
I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus hath fix'd His abode;
Oh when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God!
C. WESLEY.

ASSASSIN.—The Cowardice of the

The assassin is emphatically a coward, because he takes away life, or attempts to do so, by surprise or secret assault.—DR. DAVIES.

ASSASSIN.—The Guilt of the

Because there is no act under the roof of heaven so dreadful as that which he accomplishes, save that of self-murder, therefore the guilt of the assassin is black as midnight, and his punishment, like that of Cain, greater than he can bear.—E. DAVIES.

ASSIMILATIONS.—Moral

There will be moral assimilations. Like will draw to like. Spirits will cling to kindred spirits, like steel-filings to the magnet.—MACDUFF.

ASSISTANCE.—Asking and Bestowing

Those who are constrained to solicit for assistance are really to be pitied; those who receive it without, are to be envied; but those who bestow it unasked, are to be admired.—ZIMMERMAN.

ASSOCIATE.—With Whom to

In all societies it is advisable to associate, if possible, with the highest; not that the

* highest are always the best, but, because if disgusted there, we can at any time descend ; but if we begin with the lowest, to ascend is impossible. In the grand theatre of human life, a box ticket takes us through the house.—COLTON.

ASSOCIATION.—The Benefits of

If men would permit their minds, like their children, to associate freely together—if they could agree to meet one another with smiles and frankness, instead of suspicion and defiance—the common stock of wisdom and happiness would be centupled.—LANDOR.

ASSOCIATION.—The Habit of

The mathematician, the mechanic, the statesman, the poet, the artist, the man of business, each acquires his proper habit of association, and each is prompt and successful in his line just in proportion to the rationality and the closeness of the connections that have been formed in his mind.—I. TAYLOR.

ASSOCIATION.—The Law of

So subtle and so persuasive is this law of association, that it is influential, even when we are hardly conscious of its existence. The chance word from the lips of a friend, falling upon some nascent desire like a spark upon tinder ; the vision of some grave or wise one, held up to the glance of fancy so often, that it has become the ideal model of the heart's aspiring ; the music of some old word greeting the ear with a strange melody, have fixed the tone of a spirit and have fashioned the direction of a life. The world is just one unbroken chain of these actions and re-actions. We are bound by them ; we are compassed by them ; and we can no more escape from them than we can fling ourselves beyond the influence of the law of gravitation, or refuse to be trammelled by the all-embracing air.—PUNSHON.

ASSURANCE.—Doubly Sure.

I'll make assurance doubly sure,
And take a bond of fate.—SHAKSPEARE.

ASTROLOGY—the Parent of Astronomy.

Astrology was much in vogue during the middle ages, and became the parent of modern astronomy, as alchemy did of chemistry.—DR. WEBSTER.

ASTROLOGY.—The Science of

We speak of it as an extinct science ; yet let but an eclipse of the sun happen, or a comet visit the evening sky, and in a moment we all believe in astrology. In vain

do you tell the gazers on such spectacles that a solar eclipse is only the moon acting for the time as a candle-extinguisher to the sun, and give them bits of smoked glass to look through, and draw diagrams on the blackboard to explain it all. They listen composedly, and seem convinced, but in their secret hearts they are saying—"What though you can see it through a glass darkly, and draw it on a blackboard, does that show that it has no moral significance? You can draw a gallows or a guillotine, or write the Ten Commandments on a blackboard, but does that deprive them of meaning?" And so with the comet. No man will believe that the splendid stranger is hurrying through the sky solely on a momentous errand of his own. No! he is plainly signalling, with that flashing sword of his, something of importance to men,—something at all events that, if we could make it out, would be found of huge concern to us.—PROF. G. WILSON.

ASTRONOMER.—The Pursuits of the

In fields of air he writes his name,
And treads the chambers of the sky ;
He reads the stars, and grasps the flame
That quivers in the realms on high.
SPRAGUE.

ASTRONOMERS.—The Happiness of

Happy the men who made the first essay,
And to celestial regions found the way !
No earthly vices clogg'd their purer souls,
That they could soar so high as touch the poles :
Sublime their thoughts and from pollution clear,
Bacchus and Venus held no revels there ;
From vain ambition free ; no love of war
Possess'd their minds, nor wranglings at the bar ;
No glaring grandeur captivates their eyes,
For such see greater glory in the skies :
Thus these to heaven attain.—OVID.

ASTRONOMY.—The Antiquity of

Astronomy is the most ancient of all the sciences, and has been the introducer of vast knowledge.—LUTHER.

ASTRONOMY.—The Elevating Influence of

It is not for us to say whether Inspiration revealed to the Psalmist the wonders of the modern astronomy. But even though the mind be a perfect stranger to the science of these enlightened times, the heavens present a great and an elevating spectacle—an immense concave reposing upon the circular boundary of the world, and the innumerable lights which are suspended from on high, moving with solemn regu-

larity along its surface. It seems to have been at night that the piety of the Psalmist was awakened by this contemplation, when the moon and the stars were visible, and not when the sun had risen in his strength, and thrown a splendour around him, which bore down and eclipsed all the lesser glories of the firmament. And there is much in the scenery of a nocturnal sky to lift the soul to pious contemplation. That moon, and these stars, what are they? They are detached from the world, and they lift us above it. We feel withdrawn from the earth, and rise in lofty abstraction from this little theatre of human passions and human anxieties. The mind abandons itself to reverie, and is transferred in the ecstasy of its thoughts to distant and unexplored regions. It sees nature in the simplicity of her great elements, and it sees the God of nature invested with the high attributes of wisdom and majesty.—DR. CHALMERS.

ASYLUM.—A Description of an

A place where detected lunatics are sent by those who have had the adroitness to conceal their own infirmity.—MRS. BALFOUR.

ASYLUM.—Various Uses of the Name—

Anciently the name was given to temples, altars, statues of the gods, etc. In later times each Christian Church was spoken of as a place of refuge and protection where criminals and debtors found shelter, and from which they could not be taken without sacrilege.—DR. WEBSTER.

ATHEISM.—The Apostles of

The three great apostles of practical atheism, that make converts without persecuting, and retain them without preaching, are Wealth, Health, and Power.—COLTON.

ATHEISM—a Desperate Shift.

Atheism is to be regarded as the desperate shift of an ill-regulated mind, determined to rid itself of responsibility at the expence of all reason and argument.—VANDERKISTE.

ATHEISM.—Modern

The atheism of this age is chiefly founded upon the absurd fallacy that the idea of law in nature excludes the idea of God in nature. As well might they say the code of Napoleon in France excludes the idea of Napoleon from France. To me, no intuition is clearer than this—that intelligent control everywhere manifests the presence of a ruling mind. To me, physical law, in its permanence, expresses the immutable persistence

of His will; in its wise adjustments, the infinite science of His intellect; in its kindly adaptations, the benevolence of His heart.—COLEY.

ATHEISM.—The Proof against

The real proof is the practical one; that is—let a man live on the hypothesis of its falsehood, the practical result will be bad; that is—a man's besetting and constitutional faults will not be checked, and some of his noblest feelings will be unexercised; so that if he be right in his opinions, truth and goodness are at variance with one another, and falsehood is more favourable to our moral perfection than truth! which seems the most monstrous conclusion which the human mind can possibly arrive at.—DR. ARNOLD.

ATHEIST.—The Blasphemy of the

Is there no God? The stars in myriads spread,

If he look up, the blasphemy deny;

While his own features, in the mirror read,
Reflect the image of Divinity.

Is there no God? The stream that silver flows,

The air he breathes, the ground he treads,
The trees,

The flowers, the grass, the sands, each wind
that blows,

All speak of God; throughout one voice
agrees,

And, eloquent, His dread existence shows:
Blind to thyself, ah! see Him, fool, in
these!—COTTA.

ATHEIST.—The Conversion of an

The famous astronomer Athanasius Kircher, having an acquaintance who denied the existence of a Supreme Being, took the following method to convince him of his error upon his own principles. Expecting him upon a visit he procured a very handsome globe of the starry heavens, which being placed in a corner of the room in which it could not escape his friend's observation, the latter seized the first occasion to ask from whence it came, and to whom it belonged. "Not to me," said Kircher, "nor was it ever *made by any person*, but came here by mere chance." "That," replied his sceptical friend, "is absolutely impossible: you surely jest." Kircher, however, seriously persisting in his assertion, took occasion to reason with his friend upon his own atheistical principles. "You will not," said he, "believe that this small body originated in *mere chance*; and yet you would contend that those heavenly bodies, of which it is only a faint and diminutive resemblance, came into existence without order and design!" Pur-

suings this chain of reasoning, his friend was at first confounded, in the next place convinced, and ultimately joined in a cordial acknowledgment of the absurdity of denying the existence of a God.—BUCK.

ATHEIST.—A Praying

There was a celebrated poet who was an atheist, or at least professed to be so. According to him there was no God. So he held when sailing over the unruffled surface of the *Ægean* sea. But the scene changed; and, with the scene, his creed. The heavens began to scowl upon him; and the deep uttered an angry voice, and, as if in astonishment at this God-denying man, "lifted up his hands on him." The storm increased, till the ship became unmanageable. She drifted before the tempest. The terrible cry—"Breakers ahead!" was soon heard; and how they trembled to see death seated on the horrid reef, waiting for his prey! A few moments more, and the crash comes. They are whelmed in the devouring sea? No! They are saved by a singular providence. Like apprehended evils, which, in a Christian's experience, prove to be blessings, the wave, which flung them forward on the horrid reef, came on in such mountain volume as to bear and float them over into the safety of deep and ample sea-room. But ere that happened, a companion of the atheist, who, seated on the prow, had been taking his last regretful look of heaven and earth, sea and sky, turned his eyes down upon the deck, and there, among papists who told their beads and cried to the Virgin, he saw the atheist prostrated with fear. The tempest had blown away his fine-spun speculations like so many cobwebs; and he was on his knees, imploring God for mercy. In that hour—in that terrible extremity—Nature rose in her might, asserted her supremacy, vindicated the claims of religion, smote down infidelity by a stroke, and bent the stubborn knees of atheism in lowliest prayer.—DR. GUTHRIE.

ATHEIST.—Questions for an

No God! Who warms the heart to heave
With thousand feelings, soft and sweet,
And prompts the aspiring soul to leave
The earth we tread beneath our feet,
And soar away on pinions fleet,
Beyond the scene of mortal strife,
With fair ethereal forms to meet,
That tell us of an after-life?—W. KNOX.

ATHEIST.—Remorse beside the Bed of the

To vengeance horrible aroused,
And clad in tenfold fierceness, shalt thou stand

Beside the atheist's bed; by his who oft,
With wit profane, and poignant blasphemy,
And specious show of argument, hath scoffed
Each awful truth, and ridiculed his God.
GIBSON.

ATHEISTS.—A Check to

On board ship, in the midst of a party of atheistical officers, Napoleon suddenly stopped before them, and said, in tones of great dignity—"Gentlemen, your arguments are very fine; but who made all those worlds beaming so gloriously above us? Can you tell me *that*?"—BOURRIENNE.

ATHEISTS.—The Punishment of

They wander loose about; they nothing see,
Themselves except, and creatures like themselves,
Short-lived, short-sighted, impotent to save;
So on their dissolute spirits, soon or late,
Destruction cometh like an armed man,
Or like a dream of murder in the night,
Withering their mortal faculties, and
breaking
The bones of all their pride.—LAMB.

ATHENS.—The Glory of

Westward, much nearer by south-west, behold!

Where on the *Ægean* shore a city stands,
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil;
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits,
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and
shades.

See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer
long;

There flowery hill Hymettus, with the
sound

Of bees' industrious murmur oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
His whispering stream within the walls
then view

The school of ancient sages; his who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:
There shalt thou hear and learn the
secret power

Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand; and various-measured
verse,

Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,
And his who gave them breath but higher
sung,

Blind *Melesigenes*, thence Homer call'd,
Whose poem *Phœbus* challenged for his
own;

Thence what the lofty grave tragedians
taught

In chorus or iambic, teachers best
 Of moral prudence, with delight received
 In brief sententious precepts, while they
 treat
 Of fate, and chance, and change in human
 life,
 High actions, and high passions best de-
 scribing :
 Thence to the famous orators repair,
 Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
 Wielded at will that fierce democratic,
 Shook the arsenal, and fulminated over
 Greece
 To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne :
 To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
 From heaven descended to the low-roof'd
 house
 Of Socrates ; see there his tenement,
 Whom well inspired the oracle pronounced
 Wisest of men ; from whose mouth issued
 forth
 Mellifluous streams, that water'd all the
 schools
 Of Academics old and new, with those
 Surnamed Peripatetics and the sect
 Epicurean, and the Stoic severe.—MILTON.

ATHENS.—The Ruin of

Many evils combined to effect the ruin
 of Athens, but chiefly war, the plague, and
 pleasure. War led the van ; and close on
 its fiery heels followed the deadly pesti-
 lence ; and lastly, the people gave them-
 selves up to festivals and idle pleasures ; and
 Athens tottered to her fall, despite the elo-
 quence of her greatest orator, and the
 daring of her greatest warrior.—DR.
 DAVIES.

Description of the

ATMOSPHERE.—A Cloaking more than

The atmosphere is somewhat of which
 a shoreless ocean, at the bottom of which
 man creeps along. It is an envelope or
 covering for the distribution of heat, and
 heat over the surface of the earth ; and
 draw, we cast vast quantities of de-
 animal matter ; it is a laboratory for puri-
 fication, in which that matter is re-com-
 pounded, and wrought again into wholesome
 and healthful shapes ; it is a machine for
 pumping up all the rivers from the sea, and
 for conveying the water from the ocean, to
 their sources in the mountains ; it is an
 inexhaustible magazine, marvellously stored.
 Upon the proper working of this machine
 depends the well-being of every plant and
 animal that inhabits the earth.—LIEUT.
 MAURY.

ATMOSPHERE.—Indebtedness to the

It is to this that we are indebted for all
 the pleasures of the human voice, the

harmonies of music, and the cheerful tones
 of birds. Were there no atmosphere, there
 would be no sounds, but all nature would
 be as mute as the silent grave. It is,
 furthermore, the medium whereby we enjoy
 the perfume of flowers and sweet essences,
 and the source of almost inconceivable
 beauty in its effects on light. Were there
 no atmosphere, we might indeed behold the
 sun when we turned our face towards it, but
 its light would be fierce and dazzling ; it
 would no longer be diffused as it now is,
 but like a burning furnace in the sky, sur-
 rounded by the blackness of impenetrable
 night. There would be no dawn ; but the
 sun would burst upon us in a moment
 with sudden brightness, and preserve one
 unvaried aspect till it as suddenly disap-
 peared in the evening. The stars would
 appear by day as well as by night, but they
 would be like stars in a black sky. We
 should have no colours. It is the air which
 gives us all the beautiful tints of the sky,
 the brilliant rainbow, and that pleasant
 subdued azure grey which the atmosphere
 usually presents. In such wonderful ar-
 rangements, and such diversity of functions,
 we cannot fail to perceive the marks of
 divine intelligence, benevolence, and skill.
 —DR. BREWER.

ATONEMENT.—The Divinity of the

All creatures being faulty by their nature,
 God only could atone—and unto none
 Except Himself—for universal sin :
 It is thus that God did sacrifice to God, —
 Himself unto Himself, in the great way
 Of Triune Mystery.—P. J. BAILEY.

ATONEMENT.—The Doctrine of the

The doctrine of the atonement supposes
 that the sins of men were so laid on Christ,
 that His sufferings were inconceivably in-
 tense and overwhelming.—S. E. DWIGHT.

ATONEMENT.—The Extent of the

It is not like a banquet, accommodated to
 the tastes and wants of so many and no
 more. Like a master-piece of music, its
 virtues are independent of numbers.—DR.
 THOMAS.

ATONEMENT.—The Felt Need of the

A certain man, on the Malabar coast,
 desired of various devotees and priests,
 how he might make atonement for his sins ;
 and he was directed to drive iron spikes,
 how he might blunt, through his sandals,
 and he was directed to drive iron spikes
 sufficiently deep into his feet, and to walk about
 and on these spikes eighty miles. If through
 place his naked weakness of body, he
 four hundred and eighty miles. If through
 loss of blood, or weakness of body, he
 was obliged to 1

healing and strength. He undertook the journey, and while he halted under a large shady tree, where the Gospel was sometimes preached, one of the missionaries came and preached in his hearing from these words—"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." While he was preaching, the man rose up, threw off his torturing sandals, and cried out aloud—"This is what I want;" and he became a lively witness, that the blood of Jesus Christ does indeed cleanse from all sin.—ARVINE.

ATTACHMENT.—The Characteristics of

It possesses at least two grand and essential characteristics—fidelity and perseverance.—E. DAVIES.

ATTACHMENT.—The Leading Idea of

The leading idea of attachment is that of being bound to some object by strong and lasting ties.—DR. WEBSTER.

ATTACK.—The First

The first attack is the fiercest.—TERENCE.

ATTACK.—Forgiveness of an

We most readily forgive that attack which affords us an opportunity of reaping a splendid triumph.—COLTON.

ATTEMPT.—The First

God will accept your first attempt, not as a perfect work, but as a beginning. The beginning is the promise of the end. The seed always whispers "oak," though it is going into the ground, acorn. I am sure that the first little blades of wheat are just as pleasant to the farmer's eyes, as the whole field waving with grain.—H. W. BEECHER.

ATTEMPTS.—Great

In great attempts, 'tis glorious e'en to fall.—LONGINUS.

ATTENTION.—Enforced.

They say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony.
SHAKESPEARE.

ATTENTION.—The Power of

Everyone is conscious of possessing a power, more or less perfect, of detaining some one thought, or class of thoughts, in the mind, and of considering, or viewing, a particular subject successively in all its parts and relations. This power is called attention. It is the proper and distinguishing excellence of the human mind; and, in

connexion with the faculty of abstraction, forms the essential difference between man and the brute, as well intellectually as morally. The degree in which it is possessed distinguishes also one human mind from another.—I. TAYLOR.

ATTORNEY.—The Face of an

His face is as intricate as the most winding cause, and his skin becomes at last as dry as his parchment.—BP. EARLE.

ATTORNEY.—The Learning of an

We can call him no great author, yet he writes very much. He has some smatch of a scholar, and yet uses Latin very hardly; and, lest it should accuse him, cuts it off in the midst, and will not let it speak out. He talks statutes as fiercely as if he had mooted seven years in the inns of court, when all his skill is stuck in his girdle, or in his office window.—BP. EARLE.

ATTRACTION.—Different kinds of

If there be any one phenomenon more than another which has puzzled philosophers to explain, it is that which is called "attraction." Any attempt to explain it by words involves the necessity of stating that several kinds of powers of attraction are recognized. First may be noticed the attraction of the earth towards all bodies above its surface. That which causes matter to "tumble" or "fall down" is called gravitation, or the earth's attraction. Secondly, there is what is termed cohesive attraction, which regulates the form of bodies, whether they be solid, as a rock, or granular, like sand. Another sort of attraction is named affinity, or chemical attraction, which produces all sorts of compounds; such as water, salt, sugar, etc., which are made up of substances of a totally opposite nature, held together by affinity. Were it not for this peculiar attraction of one substance to another, the whole world would be resolved into its elements; nothing would exist but a few metals, three or four gases, some sulphur, and charcoal; but by the force of affinity these different things unite, and produce all the beauties of nature. Thirdly, there is a magnetic attraction, or magnetism—an effect observed in only a very few substances, such as iron, nickel, and cobalt. Lastly, we have capillary attraction. By this force the sap rises in trees: a drop of water at the root finds its way to the summit of the loftiest poplar.—PIESSE.

ATTRACTION.—A Mistake Concerning

We talk of attraction in the universe, but there is no such thing as we are accustomed to consider it. The natural and moral

worlds are held together, in their respective operations, by an incessant administration. It is the mighty grasp of a controlling hand which keeps everything in its station. Were this control suspended, there is nothing adequate to the preservation of harmony and affection between my mind and that of my dearest friend for a single hour.—R. CECIL.

AUDACITY—Necessary.

Audacity is necessary in the commerce of men.—DR. JOHNSON.

AUGUST.—The Month of

The old Roman name was *sextilis*—the sixth month from March, the month in which the primitive Romans, as well as Jews, began the year. The name was changed to August in honour of the emperor—Augustus Cæsar, on account of his victories, and his entering on his first consulate in that month.—DR. WEBSTER.

There is no month in the whole year in which Nature wears a more beautiful appearance than in the month of August. Spring has many beauties, and May is a fresh and blooming month, but the charms of this time of year are enhanced by their contrast with the winter season. August has no such advantage. It comes when we remember nothing but clear skies, green fields, and sweet-smelling flowers—when the recollection of snow, and ice, and bleak winds, has faded from our minds as completely as they have disappeared from the earth,—and yet what a pleasant time it is! Orchards and corn-fields ring with the hum of labour; trees bend beneath the thick clusters of rich fruit which bow their branches to the ground; and the corn, piled in graceful sheaves, or waving in every light breath that sweeps above it, as if it wooed the sickle, tinges the landscape with a golden hue. A mellow softness appears to hang over the whole earth; the influence of the season seems to extend itself to the very waggon whose slow motion across the well-reaped field is perceptible only to the eye, but strikes with no harsh sound upon the ear.—DICKENS.

AUGUSTAN AGE.—The

The Augustan age of any national literature is the supposed period of its highest state of purity and refinement. Thus the reign of Louis XIV. has been called the Augustan age of French literature, and that of Queen Anne the Augustan age of English literature.—DR. WEBSTER.

AURORA-BOREALIS.—The

The luminous arch remains sometimes for hours together flashing and kindling in

ever-varying undulations, before rays and streamers emanate from it, and shoot up to the zenith. The more intense the discharges of the northern light, the more bright is the play of colours, through all the varying gradations from violet and bluish white to green and crimson. Even in ordinary electricity excited by friction the sparks are only coloured in cases where the explosion is very violent after great tension. The magnetic columns of flame rise either singly from the luminous arch, blended with black rays similar to thick smoke, or simultaneously in many opposite points of the horizon, uniting together, form a flickering sea of flame, whose brilliant beauty admits of no adequate description, as the luminous waves are every moment assuming new and varying forms. The intensity of this light is at times so great, that Lowenörn (on June 29, 1786) recognized the coruscation of the polar light in bright sunshine. Motion renders the phenomenon more visible. Round the point in the vault of heaven which corresponds to the direction of the inclination of the needle, the beams unite together to form the so-called corona, the crown of the northern light, which encircles the summit of the heavenly canopy with a milder radiance and unflickering emanations of light. It is only in rare instances that a perfect crown or circle is formed, but on its completion the phenomenon has invariably reached its maximum, and the radiations become less frequent, shorter, and more colourless. The crown and luminous arches break up, and the whole vault of heaven becomes covered with irregularly scattered, broad, faint, almost ashy grey, luminous, immovable patches, which in their turn disappear, leaving nothing but a trace of the dark, smoke-like segment on the horizon. There often remains nothing of the whole spectacle but a white, delicate cloud with feathery edges, or divided at equal distances into small roundish groups like cirro-cumuli.—HERSCHEL.

AUTHOR.—Counsel to an

An author should sell his first work for what the booksellers will give, till it shall appear whether he is an author of merit, or, which is the same thing as to purchase-money, an author who pleases the public.—DR. JOHNSON.

AUTHOR.—The Empire of the

That man has an empire beyond that of the highest monarch that now lives. It has been said that the Queen of this great empire has a kingdom upon which the sun never sets; yet her empire, great as it is, is neither so wide nor so deep as that of the

man who rules in the empire of your affections and in the kingdom of thought.—DIXON.

AUTHOR.—The Genius of an

The whole genius of an author consists in describing well, and delineating character well.—LA BRUYÈRE.

AUTHOR.—Judging an

Nothing can be more disagreeable to a person who does not express himself happily, than to be judged by the elegant writers, or even the half-wits. They make no account of his ideas, and only judge of his words. How superior soever he may really be to those who judge him as weak, he will never reform their judgment, and, in their opinion, he will always pass for a fool.—HELVETIUS.

AUTHOR.—The Labour of an

The greatest part of an author's time is spent in reading, in order to write; a man will turn over half a library to make one book.—DR. JOHNSON.

AUTHOR.—Sober Reflections of an

I have presumed to mark the moment of conception of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire:" I shall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather night, of the twenty-seventh of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau* or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatever might be the future date of my history, the life of the historian might be short and precarious.—GIBBON.

AUTHOR.—Sympathy with an

None but an author knows an author's cares,
Or fancy's fondness for the child she bears.
COWPER

AUTHOR.—Treatment of a New

How often do we see a person whose intentions are visibly to do good by the

works which he publishes, treated in as scurrilous a manner as if he were an enemy to mankind! All the little scramblers after fame fall upon him, publish every blot in his life, depend upon hearsay to defame him, and have recourse to their own invention, rather than suffer him to erect himself into an author with impunity. Not only the dull and the malicious, which make a formidable party in our island, but the whole fraternity of writers, rise up in arms against every new intruder into the world of fame: and a thousand to one, before they have done, prove him not only to be a fool, but a knave. Successful authors do what they can to exclude a competitor, while the unsuccessful with as much eagerness lay in their claim to him as a brother.—ADDISON.

AUTHORITIES.—Deference to Old

Men are resolved never to outshoot their forefathers' mark, but write one after another; and so the dance goes round in a circle, and the world is never the wiser for being older. Take an instance of this in the schoolmen, and in the best of them—Aquinas. 'Tis pleasant to see how that great wit is oftentimes put to it to maintain some unlucky authorities; and yet such a slave was he, that he would rather lose truth than go out of the road to find it. This also makes men otherwise senseful and ingenious, quote such things out of an old dull author, and with a peculiar emphasis of commendation too, as would never pass even in ordinary conversation. But now, no sooner does a man give himself leave to think, but he perceives how absurd and unreasonable it is that one man should prescribe to all posterity;—that men, like beasts, should follow the foremost of the herd; and that venerable *nonsense* should be preferred before *new sense*. He considers that that which we call antiquity is properly the nonage of the world;—that the sagest of his authorities were once new; and that there is no difference between an ancient author and himself, but only that of time, which, if of any advantage, 'tis rather on his side, as living in a more refined and mature age of the world. And thus, having cast off this intellectual slavery, he freely picks up truth wherever he can find it; puts to sea upon his own bottom; holds the stern himself; and now, if ever, we may expect new discoveries.—J. NORRIS.

AUTHORITY—a Disease and Cure.

Authority is a disease and cure,
Which men can neither want nor will
endure.—S. BUTLER.

AUTHORITY.—Man in
 Could great men thunder
 As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be
 quiet,
 For every pelting, petty officer
 Would use his heaven for thunder: nothing
 but thunder.
 Merciful Heaven!
 Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous
 bolt,
 Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
 Than the soft myrtle: but man, proud
 man!
 Dress'd in a little brief authority,
 Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
 His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
 Plays such fantastic tricks before high
 heaven,
 As make the angels weep; who, with our
 spleens,
 Would all themselves laugh mortal.

SHAKESPEARE.

AUTHORITY.—The Power of

Thus can the demigod—authority,
 Make us pay down for our offence.

SHAKESPEARE.

AUTHORS.—Dead

The society of dead authors has this
 advantage over that of the living:—they
 never flatter us to our faces, nor slander us
 behind our backs, nor intrude upon our
 privacy, nor quit their shelves until we
 take them down.—COLTON.

AUTHORS.—Glory Derived from

The chief glory of every people arises
 from its authors.—DR. JOHNSON.

AUTHORS.—Over-Anxiety of

Our energies are actually cramped by
 over-anxiety for success, and by straining
 our mental faculties beyond due bounds;
 in the very same way as water, when it
 rushes forward in too copious a stream, is
 unable to discharge itself through a narrow
 vent.—MONTAIGNE.

AUTHORS.—The Powers of

Some authors write nonsense in a clear
 style, and others sense in an obscure style;
 some can reason without being able to
 persuade, others can persuade without being
 able to reason; some dive so deep that
 they descend into darkness, and others soar
 so high that they give us no light; and
 some in a vain attempt to be cutting and
 dry, give us only that which is cut and
 dried. We should labour, therefore, to
 treat with ease of things that are difficult;

with familiarity of things that are novel;
 and with perspicacity of things that are
 profound.—COLTON.

AUTHORS.—Three Kinds of

Authors may be divided into falling
 stars, planets, and fixed stars: the first
 have a momentary effect. The second
 have a much longer duration. But the
 third are unchangeable, possess their own
 light, and work for all time.—SCHOPEN-
 HAUFER.

AUTHORS.—Unnatural War of

Authors alone, with more than savage rage,
 Unnatural war with brother authors wage.

CHURCHILL.

AUTHORSHIP.—The Vanity of

A man who writes a book, thinks himself
 wiser or wittier than the rest of mankind:
 he supposes that he can instruct or amuse
 them; and the public, to whom he appeals,
 must, after all, be the judges of his preten-
 sions.—DR. JOHNSON.

**AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—The Difficulty of
 Writing an**

The difficulty of those who would write
 their own life or biography is almost insur-
 mountable; for few will be honest enough
 to say anything disparagingly of themselves,
 while all will be more or less prompted to
 say everything in their own favour.—DR.
 DAVIES.

AUTUMN.—The Advent of

'Tis past! no more the Summer blooms!

Ascending in the rear,
 Behold, congenial Autumn comes,
 The Sabbath of the year!

What time thy holy whispers breathe,
 The pensive evening shade! beneath,

And twilight consecrates the floods;

While nature strips her garment gay,

And wears the verdure of decay,

Oh, let me wander through the sounding
 woods!—LOGAN.

AUTUMN.—An Evening in

The western sun withdraws the shorten'd
 day,

And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky

In her chill progress, to the ground con-
 densed

The vapours throws. Where creeping waters
 ooze,

Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers
 wind,

Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along

The dusky-mantled lawn. Meanwhile the
 moon,

Full-orb'd, and breaking through the
scatter'd clouds,
Shows her broad visage in the crimson
east.

Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales
descend,

And caverns deep, as optic tube describes,
A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
Now through the passing cloud she seems
to stoop,

Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming
mild

O'er the skied mountain to the shadowy
vale,

While rocks and floods reflect the quivering
gleam,

The whole air whitens with a boundless
tide

Of silver radiance, trembling round the
world.—J. THOMSON.

AUTUMN.—The Fruitfulness of

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness !

Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun,
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-
caves run ;

To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the
core ;

To swell the gourd, and plump the
hazel shells

With a sweet kernel ; to set budding
more,

And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never
cease,

For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their
clammy cells.—KEATS.

AVALANCHE.—The Grandeur of an

It is impossible to conceive the grandeur
of an avalanche, as it breaks away from
the highest ridge of snow on the tops of
the mighty Alps, and falls some thousands
of feet below. Scarcely has it reached its
first destination, than it is broken into in-
numerable fragments of various forms and
colours. Yet it re-gathers, and speeds on
from one castellated reef to another, until,
at length, with the roar of thunder, it reaches
the depths of the gulf below, and is lost in
silence and darkness for ever.—E. DAVIES.

AVARICE.—The Absurdness of

Can anything be more senselessly absurd
than that, the nearer we are to our journey's
end, we should still lay in more provision
for it?—CICERO.

AVARICE.—The Approaches of

How sordid and foolish an employment
it is to stand gazing at one's money, to take
pleasure in handling, weighing, and count-
ing it over and over ! It is in this way that
avarice makes its first approaches.—MON-
TAIGNE.

AVARICE.—Defined.

To desire money for its own sake, and in
order to hoard it up, is avarice.—BEATTIE.

AVARICE.—The Disease of

In December, 1790, died at Paris, liter-
ally of want, Mr. Ostervald, a well-known
banker. This man felt the violence of the
disease of avarice (for surely it is rather a dis-
ease than a passion of the mind) so strongly,
that, within a few days of his death, no im-
portunities could induce him to buy a few
pounds of meat, for the purpose of making
a little soup for him. "'Tis true," said he,
"I should not dislike the soup, but I have
no appetite for the meat ; what then is to
become of that ?" At the time that he re-
fused this nourishment, for fear of being
obliged to give away two or three pounds
of meat, there was tied round his neck a
silken bag which contained eight hundred
assignats of one thousand livres each ! He
died possessed of one hundred and twenty-
five thousand pounds sterling.—BUCK.

AVARICE.—The Evil of

Avarice isolates man from the great uni-
verse and the holy God, deadens the sensi-
bilities to the highest joys and shuts the
soul up in its own dark self, the victim of a
thousand miserable suspicions, and the sub-
ject of attributes that every generous heart
must loathe.—DR. THOMAS.

AVARICE.—The Misery of

"What an unfortunate wretch am I !"
complained a miser to his neighbour.
"Some one last night has taken away the
treasure which I buried in the garden and
laid a cursed stone in its place." "And
yet you have never used your treasure,"
aptly answered his neighbour. "Only
bring yourself to believe that the stone is
still your treasure, and you are none the
poorer." "If I am none the poorer," re-
turned the miser, "is not some one else the
richer ? The thought is enough to drive me
mad."—PROF. LESSING.

AVARICE.—The Ruinousness of

Avarice has ruined more men than pro-
digality, and the blindest thoughtlessness of
expenditure has not destroyed so many
fortunes as the calculating but insatiable
lust of accumulation.—COLTON.

AVARICIOUS.—The Acts and Fate of the
His treasures fly to clog each fawning slave,
Yet grudge a stone to dignify his grave :
For this low-thoughted craft his life em-
ployed ;
For this, though wealthy, he no wealth
enjoyed ;
For this he griped the poor, and alms
denied,
Unfriended lived, and unlamented died.

SAVAGE.

AVENGE.—The Way to

The best way of avenging thyself is not
to become like the wrongdoer.—ANTO-
NINUS.

AVENUE.—The Beauty of an

An avenue is one of the most beautiful
sights the eye can gaze upon. True, the trees
on either side of the broad walk indicate
the art of man rather than the productions
of nature ; nevertheless the effect is instan-
taneous and enchanting. How light, and
airy, and graceful is the arch stretching out
as far as the eye can see ! It seems like a
consecrated roof, which might well echo
the grateful anthems of a thousand hearts.
The golden sunshine blends with the
sombre shade, and the sportive winds now
play among the branches, and then sweep
along before you, as if they were inviting
you onward to behold and admire.—DR.
DAVIES.

AVERSION.—Manifest.

It is not difficult for a man to see that a
person has conceived an aversion for him.
—ADDISON.

AVERSION.—The Power of

You might as well think of vultures con-
sorting with doves, as of one associating
with another who has an intense aversion to
him.—E. DAVIES.

AVERSIONS.—A Bundle of

Some people's sensibility is a mere bundle
of aversions, and you hear them display and
parade it, not in recounting the things they
are attached to, but in telling you how many
things and persons they "*cannot bear*."—
FOSTER.

AVOCATIONS.—Numerous

Visits, business cards, and I know not
how many other avocations, do succeed one
another so thick, that in the day there is no
time left for the distracted person to con-
verse with his own thoughts.—BOYLE.

AWE.—Sacred

A sacred awe seizes the spirit as one
enters the consecrated house of prayer, and

gazes on the marble tombs of the mighty
dead.—DR. DAVIES.

AWE.—of Self.

I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life ; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

SHAKSPEARE.

AWE.—Things Inspiring

The roaring cataract, the snow-topt hill,
Inspire awe, till breath itself stands still.

BLOOMFIELD.

AXIOMS.—Different Kinds of

Mathematical axioms are such as—The
whole is greater than any of the parts ; or,
that equal things, added to equal, make
equal. Metaphysical axioms are such as
this—There can be nothing more in an
effect than was contained in its cause.
Moral axioms are such as this—The will
of God is the rule of right and wrong.—I.
TAYLOR.

B.

BABE.—An Address to a

O thou bright thing, fresh from the hand
of God,
The motion of thy dancing limbs are
swayed
By the unceasing music of thy being !
Nearer I seem to God when looking on
thee :
'Tis ages since He made His youngest star,
His hand was on thee as 'twere yesterday,
Thou later revelation ! Silver stream,
Breaking with laughter from the lake
divine
Whence all things flow. O bright and
singing babe !
What wilt thou be hereafter?—A. SMITH.

BABE.—The Language of a

All the language he speaks is tears, and
they serve well to express his necessity.—
POOLE.

BABE.—A Sleeping

How soft and fresh he breathes !
Look, he is dreaming ! Visions sure of
joy
Are gladdening his rest ; and, ah ! who
knows
But waiting angels do converse in sleep
With babes like this !—COXE.

BABIES—in Intellect.

It is well for us that we are born babies in intellect. Could we understand half what mothers say and do to their infants, we should be filled with a conceit of our own importance, which would render us insupportable through life. Happy the boy whose mother is tired of talking nonsense to him, before he is old enough to know the sense of it!—ADN. HARE.

BABY.—God will take Care of

We have read of a beautiful infant, who had been taught by its pious parents to say—"God will take care of baby." It was afflicted, and given up to die, just when its parents were recovering from a severe and dangerous illness. But the mother must see her dying child once again, to have one other maternal embrace this side heaven, and one look of love through its bright blue eye, ere it died. Just as the father and mother succeeded in reaching the apartment of the dying one, it was thought that its spirit had winged its glad flight to the upper world; but the mother's loud and piercing lamentation exposed the general mistake. The dying child opened its blue eyes once more, smiled its last smile, and, in a faint and almost inaudible utterance, said—"God will take care of baby," and then died, and attendant angels bore its emancipated spirit away on their broad, strong pinions to the throne of Everlasting Love!—DR. DAVIES.

BABY-CARTS.—Objections to

"Baby-carts, on narrow pavements, are awful bores, especially to a hurried business-man."—Are they? Suppose you and a certain pair of blue eyes, that you would give half your patrimony to win, were joint proprietors of that baby? I shouldn't dare to stand very near you, and call it a nuisance.—PARTON.

BACHELOR.—The Acknowledgment of a

I have no wife nor children, good or bad, to provide for—a mere spectator of other men's fortunes and adventures, and how they play their parts.—BURTON.

BACKSLIDER.—A Description of the

He is one who has unhappily fallen from the faith and practice of our holy religion; hence we designate him an apostate from the beautiful and the true—a deserter to the great Enemy of God and man.—E. DAVIES.

BACKSLIDER.—The Recovery of a

A backslider ordinarily goeth a great length ere he is recovered.—FRASER.

BACON.—Lord

Lord Bacon was the greatest genius that England, or perhaps any other country, ever produced.—POPE-SPENCE.

I was infinitely pleased to find among the works of this extraordinary man, a prayer of his own composing, which, for the elevation of thought and greatness of expression, seems rather the devotion of an angel than a man.—ADDISON.

BALAAM.—The Prophet

The prophecies of Balaam, the son of Beor, bring before us the image of the first godless poet—the first who "profaned the God-given strength, and marred the lofty line." Having been, perhaps, at first a true prophet and a genius, he had become a soothsayer, but was surprised and forced into a true prophet again. His words come forth from his lips like honey from the carcase of the lion—"meat from the eater." We figure him always with grey hair and a coarse visage; the brow lofty and broad; the eye small, leering, fierce; the lips large and protruding: Poetry has often flushed that noble brow; but licentiousness has blanched his hair, and many sins and abominations are expressed in his lower face. But look how the Spirit of the Lord now covers him with an unusual and mighty afflatus—how he struggles against it as against a shirt of poison, but in vain—how his eye at length steadies sullenly into vision—and how his lips, after writhing as though scorched, open their wide and slow portals to utter the blessing! He feels himself—eye, brow, soul, all but heart—caught in the power of a mighty one; and he must speak or burn! As it is, the blessing blisters his tongue like a curse, and he has found only in its utterance a milder misery. * * * We follow him, as he passes on toward the mountains of the East, with mingled emotions of disgust and admiration, fear and pity—pity, for the sword is already trembling over his head. He shall soon conspire with Midian, and shall perish in the attempt. It is but one lucid peak in his history that we see—all behind and before is darkness. Therefore "eternal silence be his doom!"—G. GILFILLAN.

BALLADS.—A Desire to Make

Give me the making of the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes the laws.—A. FLETCHER.

BALLADS.—Hotspur's Opinion of

I'd rather be a kitten and cry "mew," Than one of those same metre ballad-mongers.—SHAKSPEARE.

BALLOT.—Concealment by the

By the ballot corrupt votes are concealed, while virtuous citizens are left in the dark as to the sentiments of each.—CICERO.

BALLOT.—The Evil of the

How few are there who preserve the same delicacy of conduct in secret as when exposed to the view of the world! The truth is—the generality of mankind revere fame more than conscience.—PLINY.

BALL-ROOM.—The Allurements of the

It must be confessed that the ball-room possesses most powerful allurements. The decorations, the flowers, the odours, the company glittering with ornaments, the music, the dance, the banquet—all conspire to render the scene one of wondrous enchantment, alike false and true.—DR. DAVIES.

BANISHMENT.—The Bitter Bread of

Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,
Near to the king in blood, and near in love

Till you did make him misinterpret me,
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,

Eating the bitter bread of banishment.

SHAKESPEARE.

BANKRUPT.—The Gain of a

A bankrupt is made by breaking, as a bird is hatched by breaking the shell; for he gains more by giving over his trade, than ever he did by dealing in it.—BR. BUTLER.

BANKRUPT.—An Honest

Mr. Denham had formerly been in business at Bristol, had failed in debt to a number of people, compounded, and went to America; there, by a close application to business as a merchant, he acquired a plentiful fortune in a few years. Returning to England in a ship with me, he invited his old creditors to an entertainment, at which he thanked them for the easy compensation they had favoured him with; and when they expected nothing but the treat, every man, at the first remove, found under his plate an order on a banker for the full amount of the unpaid remainder, with interest.—DR. FRANKLIN.

BANKRUPTCY.—The Source of

The great source of mercantile miscarriage is—the merchant usually starts in a mode of life which should naturally adorn a successful conclusion. He begins with a rural

retreat, and with expensive relaxations; with those pleasures which should, in the regular course, be reserved as the reward of his toils, and the comfort of his age. He spends his active days in superfluous and unsatisfactory indulgence, and dooms the winter of life to want, to neglect, to a prison, or an almshouse.—DR. KNOX.

BANKS.—The History of

They were first known in Italy, where the Lombard Jews kept benches in the market-place, for the exchange of money and bills. The Italian word *banco* means bench, from which bank took its origin: and the word bankrupt is supposed to be derived from the French *banqueroute*, which signifies a breaking or failing business; for when a money-changer became insolvent, his bench was broken, to warn the public that he could no longer continue his business.—LOARING.

BANQUET.—An Edenic

So down they sat,
And to their viands fell; nor seemingly
The angel, nor in mist, the common gloss
Of theologians; but with keen despatch
Of real hunger, and concoctive heat
To transubstantiate: what redounds, transpires

Through spirits with ease; nor wonder, if
by fire

Of sooty coal the empiric alchemist
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,
Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold,
As from the mine.—MILTON.

BANQUET.—A Luxuriant

There were all the dainties, not only of the season, but of what art could add—venison, plain solid meat, fowl, baked and boiled meats, banquet in exceeding plenty, and exquisitely dressed.—EVELYN.

BANQUET.—An Oriental

The various items of which an Oriental banquet consists—bread, flesh, fish, fowls, melted butter, honey, and fruits, are in many places set on the table at once, in defiance of all taste. They are brought in upon trays—one, containing several dishes, being assigned to a group of two, or at most three persons, and the number and quality of the dishes being regulated according to the rank and consideration of the party seated before it. In ordinary cases four or five dishes constitute the portion allotted to a guest; but if he be a person of consequence or to whom the host is desirous of showing more than ordinary marks of attention, other viands are successively brought in, until, if every vacant corner of the tray is occupied,

the bowls are piled one above another.—**KITTO.**

BANTER.—Advice to

If your companions banter you on your regularity, order, decency, and love of study, banter them in return on their want of these qualities.—**CHATHAM.**

BANTERING.—Characterized.

Bantering is often poverty of wit.—**LA BRUYERE.**

BAPTISM.—Infant

An assembly of sixty-six pastors,—men who had stood the trial of a grievous persecution, and sound in the faith,—was called by Cyprian, in the year 253 of the Christian Era, to decide, not whether infants should be baptized at all, but whether it should be done immediately, or on the eighth day. If infant baptism had been an innovation, it must have been now of considerable standing. The disputes about Easter show that such an innovation must have formed a remarkable era in the Church. It is impossible to account for the silence of all antiquity, but on the footing that it had once been allowed, and that infant baptism was the practice of the first Churches.—**MILNER.**

BAPTISM.—The Sign of

Baptism is the initiatory sign by which we are admitted into the fellowship of the Church.—**CALVIN.**

BAPTISM, MARRIAGE, AND DEATH.

Here with an infant, joyful sponsors come,
Then bear the new-made Christian to his home :

A few short years, and we behold him stand,

To ask a blessing, with his bride in hand :

A few, still seeming shorter, and we hear
His widow weeping at her husband's bier:—

Thus as the months succeed, shall infants take

Their names ; thus parents shall the child forsake ;

Thus brides again and bridegrooms blithe shall kneel,

By love or law their vows to seal.

CRABBE.

BARDS.—The Employments of

Bards were chiefly employed by the ancient Celts to compose and sing verses in praise of great and valorous men. Nor was this their only employment : they were historians also. They dressed in blue, as did the olden priests. Hence their Welsh designation—*bardd*, which signifies priest, or philosopher.—**E. DAVIES.**

BARDS.—Night makes

Night hath made many bards ; she is so lovely !

For it is beauty maketh poesie,

As from the dancing eye come tears of light.

P. J. BAILEY.

BARGAIN.—A Dear

A dear bargain is always disagreeable, particularly as it is a reflection upon the buyer's judgment.—**PLINY.**

BARGAIN.—Inconveniences respecting a

A wise man will foresee inconveniences before he makes his bargain, and an honest man will stand to his bargain, notwithstanding all his inconveniences.—**MARTEN.**

BARONS.—The Origin of

Baron is a French word, denoting a degree of nobility below that of a viscount. Bracton, an ancient writer, says barons were called *Barones quasi robur belli*. This signification seems to agree with other nations, where *baroniae* are as much as *provinciae*, so that barons seem also originally to have had the government of territories or provinces. The origin and antiquity of baronies have occasioned laborious enquiries among English antiquaries. The most probable opinion seems to be that they were the same with our present lords of manors, to which the name of Court Baron gives some countenance. Camden refers the origin of barons by writ to Henry III., and barons by letters patent, or creation, to the eleventh of Richard II. There are now no feudal baronies ; but the bishops are called by writ, and sit in the House of Lords as barons, by succession. In former times, before there was a lord mayor in London, the burgesses were called barons, as appears by the city seal and their ancient charters. The earls palatine and marches of England had anciently their barons under them ; but no barons, save those who held immediately of the king, were peers of the realm. Baronets were first created by James I., the twenty-second of May, 1611.—**LOARING.**

BASENESS.—Exalted.

When baseness is exalted, do not bate
The place its honour for the person's sake.

G. HERBERT.

BASENESS.—Sickening at

And how does noble Chamont ?

Never ill, man, until I hear of baseness,

Then I sicken.—**BEAUMONT & FLETCHER.**

BASHFULNESS.—Defined.

The glow of the angel in woman.—**MRS. BALFOUR.**

BASHFULNESS—a great Hindrance.

Bashfulness is a great hindrance to a man, both in uttering his sentiments and in understanding what is proposed to him; 'tis therefore good to press forward with discretion, both in discourse and company of the better sort.—**LORD BACON.**

BASHFULNESS—but a Passage.

Bashfulness is but the passage from one season of life to another.—**BP. HURD.**

BASTILE.—The

'Tis true, the bastile is not an evil to be despised; but strip it of its towers, fill up the fosse, unbarricade the doors, call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper and not of a man which holds you in it, the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.—**STERNE.**

BAT.—The Nature of the

That curious, complex creature, which has something of beast and bird.—**LOCKE.**

BATH.—Knights of the

In the reign of George I. a permanent change was effected in one of the accompaniments of the coronation, namely, the new arrangement of the Knights of the Bath. In the earlier coronations it had been the practice of the sovereigns to create a number of knights before they started on their procession from the Tower. These knights being made in time of peace were not enrolled in any existing order, and for a long period had no special designation; but, inasmuch as one of the most striking and characteristic parts of their admission was the complete ablution of their persons on the vigil of their knighthood, as an emblem of the cleanliness and purity of their future profession, they were called Knights of "the Bath." The King himself bathed on the occasion with them. They were completely undressed, placed in large baths, and then wrapped in soft blankets. The distinctive name first appears in the time of Henry V. The ceremony had always taken place at Westminster; the bath in the Painted or Prince's Chamber, and the vigils either before the Confessor's Shrine, or, since the Reformation, in Henry VII.'s Chapel. Edward II. was thus knighted, at his father's coronation; and the crowd was so great that two knights were suffocated. Evelyn saw "the bathing of the knights preparatory to the coronation of Charles II. in the Painted Chamber." The badge which they wore was emblematic of the sacredness of their order—three garlands twisted together in

honour of the Holy Trinity, and supposed to be derived from Arthur, founder of British chivalry. The motto, with a somewhat questionable orthodoxy, was "*Tria numina juncta in uno.*" The badge was altered in the reign of James I., who, by a no less audacious secularization, left out *numina*, in order to leave the interpretation open for "the junction in one" of the three kingdoms (*tria regna*) of England, Scotland, and Ireland. The Shamrock was added to the Rose and Thistle after the Union with Ireland, 1802. It occurred to Sir Robert Walpole to re-construct the order, by the limitation of its members to persons of merit, and by the title, thus fitly earned, of "the most honourable." It is said that his main object was to provide himself with the means of resisting the constant applications for the order of the Garter. As such he offered it to Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, for her grandson. "No," she said, "nothing but the Garter." "Madame," said Walpole, "they who take the Bath will the sooner have the Garter."—**DEAN STANLEY.**

BATH.—The Luxury of the

There are few outward luxuries comparable to that of the bath; and few so needful alike in sickness and in health. No marvel that the Orientals understood this thoroughly; hence their baths were of amazing extent and magnificence.—**GWILT.**

BATHING.—The Pleasure of

Oh recreation exquisite, to feel
The wholesome waters trickle from the
head,
Oft as its saturated locks emerge!
To feel them lick the hand and lave the
foot!
And when the playful and luxurious limb
Is satiated with pastime, and the man
Rises refreshed from the voluptuous flood,
How rich the pleasure to let Zephyr chill
And steal the dew-drops from his panting
sides!—**HURDIS.**

BATTLE.—Awaiting the Signal of

Horror itself in that fair sight seem'd fair,
And pleasure flew amid sad dread and fear.
TASSO.

BATTLE.—A Description of a

In their turn
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors
mourn:
Ours take new courage from despair and
night;
Confus'd the fortune is, confus'd the fight:
All parts resound with tumults, plaints,
and fears,
And grisly Death in sundry shapes appears.
VIRGIL.

BATTLE.—Preparing for

From camp to camp, through the foul
womb of night,

The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch :
Fire answers fire ; and through their paly
flames

Each battle sees the other's umber'd face :
Steed threatens steed in high and boastful
neighs,

Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the
tents

The armourers accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.

SHAKSPEARE.

BATTLE.—Urging on to

Once more unto the breach, dear friends,
once more ;

Or close the wall up with our English dead !
In peace there 's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility :

But when the blast of war blows in our
ears,

Then imitate the action of the tiger ;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage ;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;
Let it fly through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'er-
whelm it,

As fearfully as does a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean :
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril
wide ;

Hold hard the breath, and bend up every
spirit

To his full height ! On, on, you noble
English !—SHAKSPEARE.

BATTLE-FIELD.—The Sight of a

The sight of a battle-field, after the fight,
is enough to inspire princes with a love of
peace and a horror of war.—NAPOLEON I.

BAY-TREE.—The Use of the

Its branches were used for crowning the
victors in the ancient games of Greece and
Rome, as well as for decorating the brow
of the poet.—PROF. BALFOUR.

BAZAAR.—The Matrimonial

As in the vegetable market there are
posies for the romantic, and potatoes for
the practical, the matrimonial bazaar is
varied to suit the varying taste. And so it
comes to pass that we have one race of
women, who break down under family
cares, whose dwellings, unless they are so
fortunate as to secure as a servant a worthier
woman than themselves, become scenes of

discomfort and sadness ; and another race,
who make unexceptionable nurses, whose
houses are faultless in all their appoint-
ments, but who, as companions, are about
as entertaining as the puddings they take
such care to cook.—BERTRAM.

BAZAARS.—Religious

These means for the support of religion
hardly comport with the sanctity of the
object. A certain air of frivolity and
worldliness is thrown over the whole ; so
that such a scene looks like *piety keeping a
stall at "Vanity Fair."*—J. A. JAMES.

BE.—To

To be, or not to be, that is the question :
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?

SHAKSPEARE.

BEARING AND FORBEARING.

The two powers which in my opinion
constitute a wise man, are those of bearing
and forbearing.—EPICTETUS.

BEASTS.—The Advantages of

Beasts have not the high advantages
which we possess ; but they have some
which we have not. They have not our
hopes, but then they have not our fears ;
they are subject like us to death, but it is
without being aware of it. Most of them
are better able to preserve themselves than
we are, and make a less bad use of their
passions.—MONTESQUIEU.

BEASTS.—The Creation of

God said—

"Let the earth bring forth soul living in
her kind,
Cattle, and creeping things, and beasts of
the earth,
Each in their kind." The earth obey'd,
and straight
Op'ning her fertile womb, teem'd at a birth
Innum'rous living creatures, perfect forms,
Limb'd and full grown.—MILTON.

BEAUTIFUL.—Anxiety to be

Over-anxiety to be beautiful is to be half
ugly.—SCRIVER.

BEAUTIFUL.—An Opinion respecting the

I am of opinion that there is nothing so
beautiful but that there is something still
more beautiful, of which this is the mere
image and expression,—a something which
can neither be perceived by the eyes, the
ears, nor any of the senses ; we compre-

hend it merely in the thoughts of our minds.—CICERO.

BEAUTY—Armed with Virtue.

Beauty armed with virtue bows the soul
With a commanding but a sweet control.
PERCIVAL.

BEAUTY.—The Art of Assisting

The true art of assisting beauty consists in embellishing the whole person by the proper ornaments of virtuous and commendable qualities. By this help alone it is that those who are the favourite work of nature become animated, and are in a capacity for exerting their charms; and those who seem to have been neglected by her, like models wrought in haste, are capable in a great measure of finishing what she has left imperfect.—J. HUGHES.

BEAUTY—more Beauteous by Truth.

Oh, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose is fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.—SHAKESPEARE.

BEAUTY.—The Captivation of

Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.
POPE.

BEAUTY—seldom Despised.

An outward gift which is seldom despised,
except by those to whom it has been refused.
—GIBBON.

BEAUTY.—The Fate of

Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and pales upon the sense.
ADDISON.

BEAUTY.—Female

What's female beauty but an air divine,
Thro' which the mind's all gentle graces
shine?

They, like the sun, irradiate all between;
The body chains, because the soul is seen.
Hence, men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace:
Some forms, tho' bright, no mortal man
can bear;
Some, none resist, tho' not exceeding fair.
DR. E. YOUNG.

BEAUTY.—The Imperishableness of

How shallow and false is the notion that personal beauty is a frail and fleeting thing! It triumphs over wisdom and virtue, not only in life but in death,—redeems or veils both folly and crime, and sweetens the saddest passages of history.—TALFOURD.

BEAUTY.—Inward

Beauty, that's only skin-deep,
Must fade like the gowans in May:
But inwardly rooted will keep
For ever without a decay.
Nor age nor the changes of life
Can quench the fair fire of love,
If virtue's engrained in the wife,
And the husband has sense to approve.
A. RAMSAY.

BEAUTY.—The Judges of

Wherever the standard of any species of beauty is required, we may safely say it rests in the opinion of candid men,—of men who have had experience in that department of beauty, who have feeling for it, and who have competent understandings to judge of the design and reasoning, which are always the highest and most excellent of all beauties. Such men, where they are to be found, form the standard in every department of beauty, and in every ingredient of taste.—S. SMITH.

BEAUTY—to the Liker.

Liking is not always the child of beauty; but whatsoever is liked, to the liker is beautiful.—SIR P. SIDNEY.

BEAUTY—Nature's Brag.

Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
Where most they wonder at the workman-ship:
It is for homely features to keep home,—
They had their name thence.—MILTON.

BEAUTY.—The Power of

His blooming beauty, with his tender years,
Hath bribed the judges for the promised prize.—VIRGIL.

In one of the worst parts of London there is an institution which I visited. In one room I found about thirty-five men listening to the teachings of the daughter of a small shopkeeper in the neighbourhood. She was one of the prettiest women I ever saw in my life. I noticed that there was no one present but the young woman with those rough men, and said to the superintendent—"Are you not afraid to leave my dear little friend alone with all those men?" He replied—"I am." "Then why don't you go to her?" "You mistake my fear. I am not afraid of their doing her any harm. They love her so much that they would lick the ground on which she walks, but I am afraid some person may step in, and, not being under authority, or knowing the manners of the place, may say something impertinent to her, and if he did he would not leave the place alive."—SHAFTESBURY.

BEAUTY.—The Praise of

Hard is the task, and bold the adventurous flight
Of him who dares in praise of beauty write ;
Or when to that high theme our thoughts ascend,
’Tis to detract—too poorly to commend :
And he who praising beauty does no wrong,
May boast to be successful in his song ;
But when the fair themselves approve its lays,
And one accepts, and one vouchsafes to praise
His wide ambition knows no further bound,
Nor can his muse with brighter fame be crown’d.—CONGREVE.

BEAUTY—Retired.

Small is the worth
Of Beauty from the light retired ;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

WALLER.

BEAUTY—a Silent Orator.

For converse among men, beautiful persons have less need of the mind’s commending qualities. Beauty in itself is such a silent orator, that it is ever pleading for respect and liking, and, by the eyes of others, is ever sending to their hearts for love. Yet even this hath this inconvenience in it—that it makes its possessor neglect the furnishing of the mind with nobleness. Nay, it oftentimes is a cause that the mind is ill.—FELTHAM.

BEAUTY.—The Smile of

Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh, what were man? A world without a sun !—T. CAMPBELL.

BEAUTY.—A Thing of

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever :
Its loveliness increases ; it will never
Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and
quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreath-
ing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman
dearth
Of noble natures, of gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o’er-darken’d
ways
Made for our searching : yea, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits.—KEATS.

BEAUTY—without Virtue.

Deprived of virtue, where is beauty’s power?
Her dimpled smiles, her roses, charm no more ;
So much can guilt the loveliest form de-
flower,
We loathe that beauty which we loved
before.—R. FERGUSON.

BEAUTY.—The World of

Draw first a cloud, all save her neck,
And out of that make day to break,
Till like her face it do appear,
And men may think all light rose here.
Then let the beams of that disperse
The cloud and show the universe,
But at such distance as the eye
May rather yet adore than spy.
The heaven design’d, draw next a spring,
With all that youth as it can bring,
Four rivers branching forth like seas,
And Paradise confining these.
Last, draw the circles of this globe,
And let there be a starry robe
Of constellations ’bout her hurl’d ;
And thou hast painted Beauty’s world.
JONSON.

BED.—Experience in

In bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
And, born in bed, in bed we die ;
The near approach a bed may show
Of human bliss and human woe.

DR. JOHNSON.

BED.—The Household

Cursed be the tongue that dares to speak
evil of the household bed ! By its side
oscillates the cradle. Not far from it is
the crib. In this sacred precinct—the
mother’s chamber—lies the heart of the
family. Here the child learns its prayer.
Hither, night by night, angels troop. It
is “the holy of holies!”—H. W. BEECHER.

BED.—The Luxury of a

What a delightful thing rest is ! The
bed has become a place of luxury to me !
I would not exchange it for all the thrones
in the world.—NAPOLEON I.

BED.—The Paradoxical Character of the

The bed is a bundle of paradoxes : we
go to it with reluctance, yet we quit it with
regret ; we make up our minds **every** night
to leave it early, but we make up our
bodies every morning to keep it late.—
COLTON.

BED-CHAMBER.—The

A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to
light.—SIR P. SIDNEY.

BED-FELLOWS.—Strange

Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows.—SHAKSPEARE.

BEE.—The Enjoyment of a

A bee amongst the flowers in spring is one of the most cheerful objects that can be looked upon. Its life appears to be all enjoyment ;—so busy and so pleased.—ADN. PALEY.

BEE.—The Example of the

The bee observe :
She too an artist is, and laughs at man,
Who calls on rules the sightly hexagon
With truth to form ; a cunning architect,
Who at the roof begins her golden work,
And builds without foundation. How she
toils,
And still from bud to bud, from flower to
flower,
Travels the livelong day ! Ye idle drones,
Who rather pilfer than your bread obtain
By honest means like these, behold and
learn
How good, how fair, how honourable 'tis
To live by industry. The busy tribes
Of bees so emulous are daily fed
With Heaven's peculiar manna. 'Tis for
them,
Unwearied alchymists, the blooming world
Nectarious gold distils. And bounteous
Heav'n,
Still to the diligent and active, good,
Their very labour makes the certain cause
Of future wealth.—HURDIS.

BEE.—The Female

The female bee, that feeds her husband
drone
Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
With honey stored.—MILTON.

BEE-HIVE.—The

Behold
Where yon pellucid, populous hive presents
A yet uncopied model to the world !
There Machiavel, in the reflecting glass,
May read himself a fool. The chemist
there
May, with astonishment invidious, view
His toils out-done by each plebeian bee,
Who, at the royal mandate, on the wing,
From various herbs and from discordant
flowers
A perfect harmony of sweets compounds.
SMART.

BEEES.—The Hum of

The winged army roam the fields around,
The rivers and the rocks re-murmur to the
sound.—VIRGIL.

BEEES.—The Work of

So work the honey bees ;
Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom :
They have a queen and officers of sorts,
Where some, like magistrates, correct at
home ;
Others, like merchants, venture trade
abroad ;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring
home
To the tent royal of their emperor ;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold ;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey ;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate ;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone.—SHAKSPEARE.

BEGGAR.—Children and the

We led the bending beggar on his way
(Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-grey),
Soothed the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt ;
As in his scrip we dropt our little store,
And sighed to think that little was no more,
He breathed his prayer—"Long may such
goodness live !"
'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to give :
Angels, when Mercy's mandate winged
their flight,
Had stopt to dwell with pleasure on the
sight.—S. ROGERS.

BEGGAR.—The Costume of the

He is never out of the fashion, or limpeth
awkwardly behind it. He is not required
to put on court mourning. He weareth all
colours, fearing none. His costume hath
undergone less change than the Quaker's.
He is the only man in the universe who is
not obliged to study appearances.—LAMB.

BEGGAR.—The Freedom of the

The ups and downs of the world concern him no longer. He alone continueth in one stay. The price of stock or land affecteth him not. The fluctuations of agricultural or commercial prosperity touch him not, or at worst but change his customers. He is not expected to become bail or surety for any one. No man troubleth him with questioning his religion or politics. He is the only free man in the universe.—LAMB.

BEGGAR.—The True

The true beggar is the only king above
all comparison.—PROF. LESSING.

BEGINNING.—A

The first step toward accomplishment, which perseverance only can ensure.—MRS. BALFOUR.

BEGINNING.—A Good

When the ancients said that a work begun was half done, they meant that we ought to take the utmost pains in every undertaking to make a good beginning.—POLYBIUS.

BEGINNINGS.—Small

The considerable actions in the world have usually very small beginnings. Of a few letters how many thousand words are made; of ten figures how many thousand numbers! A point is the beginning of all geometry. A little stone slung into a pond makes a little circle, then a greater, till it enlargeth itself to both the sides. So from small beginnings God doth cause an efflux through the whole world.—CHARNOCK.

BEHAVIOUR.—The Best

How lovely, and how happy, an open and ingenuous behaviour! An honest, unsuspecting heart diffuses a serenity over life like that of a fine day, when no cloud conceals the blue ether, nor a blast ruffles the stillness of the air; but a crafty and designing bosom is all tumult and darkness, and resembles a misty and disordered atmosphere in the comfortless climate of the north. The one raises the man almost to the rank of an angel of light; the other sinks him to a level with the powers of darkness. The one constitutes a terrestrial heaven in the breast; the other deforms and debases it till it becomes another hell.—DR. KNOX.

BEHAVIOUR.—Graceful Forms of

It is in praise and commendation as in gains; for as light gains make heavy purses by coming thick, whilst large ones come but seldom, so slender virtues procure great commendation because in continual use, whereas the opportunity of exercising any capital virtue comes but seldom; whence it adds greatly to a man's reputation, and is like perpetual letters of recommendation, to have discreet and graceful forms of behaviour. And to attain these it almost suffices not to despise them; for thus a man will observe them in others, and let him trust himself with the rest; for if he endeavour too much to express them he will lose their grace, which is to be natural, and unaffected.—LORD BACON.

BEHAVIOUR.—Humble

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high;
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be:

Sink not in spirit; who aimeth at the sky
Shoots higher much than he that means
a tree:

A grain of gold mixt with humbleness
Cures both a fever and letharginess.

G. HERBERT.

BEHAVIOUR.—a Mirror.

Behaviour is a mirror in which every one shows his image.—GOETHE.

BELIEF—Defined.

Belief is that state of mind which is produced by arguments that appear to be good, or sufficient.—I. TAYLOR.

BELIEF.—The Difference Made by

I find, with him to whom the tale is told, belief only makes the difference betwixt truth and lies; for a lie believed is true, and truth uncredited a lie. But certainly there rests much in the hearer's judgment, as well as in the teller's falsehood. It must be a probable lie that makes the judicious credulous; and the relator too must be of some reputation, otherwise strange stories detect some deformity in the mind.—FELTHAM.

BELIEF.—Hereditary

We often believe what our fathers believed before us without searching into the reason of our belief. There are few sublime wits that pry into the original of things, or endeavour to make a perfect discovery thereof.—GETHIN.

BELIEF—not Improved by Burning.

When religious sects ran mad,
He held, in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
It will not be improved by burning.
PRAED.

BELIEVER.—Rather be a

God knows I had rather be a believer than a king.—T. ADAMS.

BELL.—The Curfew

This bell, which means cover-fire bell, was established by William the Conqueror, who ordered it to be rung in every town and village at eight o'clock each evening, that his subjects might then extinguish all fires and lights, or pay a heavy fine. This penalty, however, was abrogated in 1100; but the practice of ringing the curfew bell

has existed, in most places, until now, and probably will never be wholly abolished.—
DR. DAVIES.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the
lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary
way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to
me.—T. GRAY.

BELL.—The Dinner

Of all appeals—although
I grant the power of pathos, and of gold,
Of beauty, flattery, threats, a shilling—no
Method's more sure at moments to take
hold
Of the best feelings of mankind, which
grow
More tender as we every day behold,
Than that all-softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner bell.

BYRON.

BELL.—The Diving

This was mentioned obscurely by Aristotle, about 325 B.C. The first diving bell was a very large kettle, suspended by ropes, with the mouth downwards, and planks to sit on fixed in the middle of its concavity. Two Greeks at Toledo, in 1588, made an experiment before the Emperor Charles V. when they descended in it with a lighted candle to a considerable depth. It is said to have been used on the coast of Mull, in searching for the wreck of part of the Spanish Armada. Smeaton made use of the diving bell in improving Ramsgate harbour. In 1683 William Phipps, the son of a blacksmith, formed a project for unloading a rich Spanish ship sunk on the coast of Hispaniola. Charles II. gave him a ship with everything necessary for his undertaking; but being unsuccessful, he returned in great poverty. He then endeavoured to procure another vessel; but failing, projected a subscription, to which the Duke of Albemarle contributed. In 1687 Phipps set sail in a ship of two hundred tons, having previously engaged to divide the profits according to the twenty shares of which the subscription consisted. At first all his labours proved fruitless; but at length he was fortunate enough to bring up so much treasure, that he returned to England with the value of two hundred thousand pounds sterling. Of this sum he got about twenty thousand, and the duke ninety thousand. Phipps was knighted by the king, and laid the foundation of the fortunes of the house of Mulgrave. The *Royal George*, which went down in 1782, was first surveyed by means of the diving

bell in May, 1817, and since then it has been continually employed in submarine surveys.
—LOARING.

BELL.—The Passing

Yet in these ears, till hearing dies,
One set slow bell will ever toll
The passing of the sweetest soul
That ever look'd with human eyes.

TENNYSON.

BELLS.—Evening

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, of home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!

T. MOORE.

BELLS.—Village

Oh, merry are the village bells that sound
with soothing chime
From the dim old tower, grown grey be-
neath the shadowy touch of Time;
They give a murmur of delight to earth,
and sky, and seas,
That mingles with the running streams,
and floats upon the breeze.

CARRINGTON.

BELLS.—Wedding

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony
foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she
gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously
wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the rhyming and the chiming of the
bells.—POE.

BENEFICENCE.—The Effect of

A beneficent person is like a fountain watering the earth, and spreading fertility; it is, therefore, more delightful and more honourable to give than receive.—EPICURUS.

BENEFICENCE—Renders us God-Like.

Nothing is more conformable to God's nature, or renders us more like Him, than beneficence.—BARROW.

BENEFICENT.—The Pleasure of being

Let a man compare with each other, and also bring to the abstract scale, the sentiment which follows the performance of a kind action and that which follows a vindictive triumph; still more if the good was done in return for evil. How much pleasure then will that man ensure,—yes, what a vast share of it, whose deliberate system it is—that his every action and speech shall be beneficent!—FOSTER.

BENEFIT.—The Concealment and Dis-closetment of a

Let him that hath bestowed a benefit conceal it; let him that hath received it disclose it.—SENECA.

BENEFIT.—Receiving and Conferring a

He who receives a good turn, should never forget it; he who does one, should never remember it.—CHARRON.

BENEFITS.—Why Men do

Some men do benefits to others only because they expect a return; some men even, if they do not demand any return, are not forgetful that they have rendered a benefit; but others do not know even what they have done, but are like a vine which has produced grapes, and seeks for nothing more after it has produced its proper fruit. So we ought to do good to others as simply and as naturally as a horse runs, or a bee makes honey, or a vine bears grapes season after season, without thinking of the grapes which it has borne.—ANTONINUS.

BENEVOLENCE—on the Battle-Field.

Sir Philip Sidney was Governor of Flushing, and General of the Horse, under his uncle, the Earl of Leicester. His valour, which was esteemed great, and not exceeded by any of his age, was at least equalled by his humanity. After he had received his death wound, at the battle of Zutphen, and was overcome with thirst from excessive bleeding, he called for drink, which was soon brought him. At the same time a poor soldier, dangerously wounded, was carried along, who fixed his eager eyes upon the bottle just as Sir Philip was lifting it to his mouth. Sir Philip immediately presented it to him, with the remark—"Thy necessity is greater than mine."—ARVINE.

BENEVOLENCE.—Genuine

Genuine benevolence is not stationary, but peripatetic. It goeth about doing good.—NEVINS.

BENEVOLENCE—a Language.

Benevolence is a universal language; and it will apologize for a multitude of defects

in the man who speaks it; while neither talents nor truth will apologize for pride, illiberality, or bitterness.—R. CECIL.

BENEVOLENCE.—Replete with

There cannot be a more glorious object in creation than a human being, replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himself most acceptable to his Creator, by doing most good to His creatures.—FIELDING.

BENEVOLENCE.—Royal

The king of Prussia once rang the bell of his cabinet, but as nobody answered, he opened the door of the ante-chamber, and found his page fast asleep upon a chair. He went up to awake him, but coming nearer he observed a paper in his pocket, upon which something was written. This excited his curiosity. He pulled it out, and found that it was a letter from the page's mother, the contents of which were nearly as follow:—"She returned her son many thanks for the money he had saved out of his salary and had sent to her, which had proved a very timely assistance. God would certainly reward him for it, and if he continued to serve God and his king faithfully and conscientiously, he could not fail of success and prosperity in this world." Upon reading this, the king stepped softly into his closet, fetched a rouleau of ducats, and put it with the letter into the page's pocket. He then rang so long till the page awoke and came into his closet. "You have been asleep, I suppose?" said the king. The page could not deny it, stammered out an excuse, put (in his embarrassment) his hand into his pocket, and felt the rouleau of ducats. He immediately pulled it out, turned pale, and looked at the king with tears in his eyes. "What is the matter with you?" said the king. "Oh!" replied the page, "somebody has contrived my ruin: I know nothing of this money." "What God bestows," resumed the king, "He bestows in sleep. Send the money to your mother: give my respects to her, and inform her that I will take care of both her and you."—BUCK.

BENEVOLENCE.—Warmed by

The lessons of prudence have charms,
And slighted may lead to distress;
But the man whom benevolence warms,
Is an angel who lives but to bless.

BLOOMFIELD.

BENIGNITY.—True

True benignity, when it becomes a constant habit, is to be preferred before the wealth of a world.—E. DAVIES.

BEQUESTS.—Counsel respecting

What you leave at your death, let it be without controversy, else the lawyers will be your heirs.—F. OSBORNE.

BEREAVEMENT.—The Bitterness of

There is no earthly calamity equal to bereavement. It is the heaviest stroke of a Father's hand, the sharpest arrow from the Almighty's quiver. To love deeply and tenderly, and then to be torn away from those who have thus gained our hearts ; to bid farewell to the dying ; to gaze on those countenances which were once radiant with smiles and beautiful with health ; to press those sealed lips ; to stand by the cold remains of the choice companions of our pilgrimage, yet hear no word of love and receive no token of affection ; to consign their dust—unutterably precious even in death—to the keeping of the deep and silent tomb, and then return to our desolate home, and feel that ties have been sundered which can only be fully restored when the grave shall yield up its prey ;—this is indeed the very climax of earthly sorrow.—DR. DAVIES.

BEREAVEMENT.—Comfort under

I have had an irreparable loss ; and no man can feel a loss of this consequence more sensibly than myself ; but the cross of a dying Jesus is my support : I fly from *one* death for refuge to *another*.—GROSVENOR.

BEREAVEMENT.—The Suddenness of

Around my steps
Floated his fame like music, and I lived
But in the lofty sound. But when my heart
In one frail ark had ventured all,—when
most
He seem'd to stand between my soul and
heaven,—
Then came the thunderbolt ! 'Tis ever
thus !
And the unquiet and foreboding sense
That thus 'twill ever be, doth link itself
Darkly with all deep love !—He died !
HEMANS.

BEST.—Doing the

Who does his best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly ; angels could no more.
DR. E. YOUNG.

BEST.—Everything for the

Everything is for the best in this best of possible worlds.—VOLTAIRE.

BIBLE.—The All-Sufficiency of the

What a fulness, what a richness, what a variety have we in its hallowed pages !

What a suitableness or all-sufficiency for every circumstance, condition, and purpose ! Are we guilty ? It proclaims pardon through the blood of the cross. Are we in danger ? It alarms us. Are we careless ? It admonishes us. Are we afflicted ? It inspires us with everlasting consolation and good hope through grace. Are we weak ? It tells us that in Christ we have abiding strength. Are we ignorant ? It informs us where true wisdom is to be found, and how it is to be obtained.—JAY.

BIBLE.—Arguments for the

There are four grand arguments for the truth of the Bible. Firstly, The miracles it records. Secondly, The prophecies it contains. Thirdly, The goodness of the doctrine. Fourthly, The moral character of the penman. The miracles flow from divine power, the prophecies from divine understanding, the excellence of the doctrine from divine goodness, and the moral character of the penman from divine purity.—D. SIMPSON.

BIBLE.—Attachment to the

Collins is well known as a celebrated English poet. In the latter part of his life he withdrew from his general studies, and travelled with no other book than an English New Testament, such as children carry to school. A friend was anxious to know what companion a man of letters had chosen ; the poet said—“ I have only one book, but that book is the best.”—ARVINE.

BIBLE.—The Authority of the

Other books may inculcate the loftiest and purest ideas, and may sometimes strike the conscience, but the chief characteristic of the Bible is not merely the truth it teaches and the examples it holds out, but the tone of supreme authority in which it speaks. The Bible not only claims this authority, but it compels the conscience to allow the claim. Other teachers have fancied that they had a divine inspiration, but their influence died away with their immediate followers, while the Bible has ever remained, speaking with authority and power.—BP. TEMPLE.

BIBLE.—The Authorship and Contents of

The Bible hath God for its author, truth, without any mixture of error, for its substance, and the salvation of man for its end.—LOCKE.

BIBLE.—The Beauty, Pathos, and Majesty of the

Let me not omit its fascinating charms for intellect. You have desire to be well

versed in the best writings. Here your most glowing wishes will be gratified. Here the noblest thoughts live in the noblest language. The historic annals—mighty in the mightiness of truth—stride in majestic purity of style. The enraptured poetry soars on the loftiest wings of dazzling sublimity. Do pastorals delight you? The book of Ruth is touching in all the simple loveliness of rural scenery. Does tragedy entrance you? Job's grand severity is thrilling with varied and heart-stirring incidents. To be brief, the odes are melting melody; the narratives are pictures of real life; the traits of character disclose the secret workings of the heart. In beauty, pathos, and majesty, the Bible pales all other writings, as the midday sun blots out the canopy of stars. Bring forth the finest specimens of human pen, they dwindle into insignificance beside the Book divine. Do you doubt? Read constantly, and you will soon confess that its excellencies far surpass report.—DEAN LAW.

BIBLE.—Christ in the

Take from the Bible the Godship of Christ, and to me it would be but a heap of dust. I would as soon have all Egypt raked into a heap, wherein not a stone of its cities, nor a trace of its inhabitants could be found, as that book if its Christ be not God.—H. W. BEECHER.

BIBLE.—Comments on the

Comments on the Bible may vary, like the clouds of the sky—the truths remain, like the stars, fixed for ever.—CUMMING.

BIBLE.—A Family

What household thoughts around thee, as their shrine,
Cling reverently!—Of anxious looks beguiled,

My mother's eyes upon thy page divine
Were daily bent; her accents, gravely mild,
Breath'd out thy love;—whilst I, a dreamy child,

On breeze-like fancies wander'd oft away,
To some lone tuft of gleaming spring-flowers wild,

Some fresh-discover'd nook for woodland play,
Some secret nest; yet would the solemn word,

At times, with kindlings of young wonder heard,
Fall on my waken'd spirit, there to be
A seed not lost; for which, in darker years,
O Book of Heaven! I pour, with grateful tears,

Heart-blessings on the holy dead and thee!
HEMANS.

BIBLE.—The Genius of the

To the believer in the supernatural claims of the Hebrew Book, how thrilling the proud reflection—this bark, as it carries me to heaven, has the flag of earthly genius floating above it! To the worshipper of genius, it presents the object no longer as human, but as divine. The admirer of man finds him here in his highest mood and station, speaking from the very door of the eternal shrine, with God tuning his voice, and regulating his periods. Genius and Religion are here seen wedded to each other, with unequal dowries, indeed, but with one heart. And there is thus conveyed, in parable, the prospect of their eternal union.—G. GILFILLAN.

BIBLE.—The Growth of the

The Bible was once a very little book. It grew by degrees to its present size; and, as in a house, stone is laid on stone, and storey built upon storey, so book was added to book, history to history, prophecy to prophecy—gospel to gospel, and one epistle to another, till the hands of John laid on the copestone, and, standing on the pinnacle of this sacred edifice, he pronounced God's wide and withering curse on all who should impair its integrity. The temple, in which "the Lord of the temple" appeared, took forty years to complete, but the written Word was a work of two thousand, and the revealed Word of not less than twice two thousand years. It was a long way between Paradise and Patmos; and a protracted dawn from the first streak of morning that rose on the fall till the sun introduced the perfect day. A period of at least four thousand years elapsed between the curse of Eden and the cross of Calvary.—DR. GUTHRIE.

BIBLE.—The Loan of a

In 1299 the Bishop of Winchester borrowed a Bible, in two volumes folio, from a convent in that city, giving a bond, drawn up in a most formal and solemn manner, for its due return. This Bible had been given to the convent by a former bishop, and in consideration of this gift, and one hundred marks, the monk founded a daily mass for the soul of the donor.—ARVINE.

BIBLE.—The Oneness of the

It has variety of style, but oneness of thought; the varied inflexions of many voices, but the one breath in all; the idiosyncrasies of men in its outward manifestation, but the inspiration of God its inward vitality and substance.—CUMMING.

BIBLE.—The Protestant

The Protestant Bible lives on the ear, like a music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of church bells, which the convert hardly knows how he can forego. Its felicities often seem to be almost things rather than mere words. It is part of the national mind, and the anchor of national seriousness. * * * The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. The power of all the griefs and trials of a man is hidden beneath its words. It is the representative of his best moments, and all that there has been about him of soft, and gentle, and pure, and penitent, and good, speaks to him for ever out of his English Bible. * * * It is his sacred thing, which doubt has never dimmed, and controversy never soiled. In the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant with one spark of religiousness about him, whose spiritual biography is not in his Saxon Bible.—NEWMAN.

BIBLE.—Reposing in Death on the

Here we find that knowledge which gives a feeling of firm ground below us—firm if there be *terra firma* in the universe,—and on which have reposed, in death, the wisest of mankind. Newton laid not his dying head on his “Principia,” but on his Bible; Cowper, not on his “Task,” but on his New Testament; Hall, not on his wide fame, but his “humble hope;” Michael Angelo, not on that pencil which alone coped with the grandeurs of the “Judgment,” but on that grace which for him shore the judgment of its terrors; Coleridge, not on his limitless genius, but on “Mercy for praise, to be forgiven for fame.”—G. GILFILLAN.

BIBLE.—The Study of the

Wisdom towards God is to be gotten out of God’s Book; and that by digging. Most people do but walk over the surface of it, and pick up here and there a flower. Few dig into it.—M. HENRY.

BIBLIOMANIACS.—Annoyed by

Not a few men think that a knowledge of books is far from comprising all the useful information in the world—men, too, who can think, and this well, on themes entertaining to all, and who have been so annoyed by bibliomaniacs, that they could almost wish that another Omar might rise and burn all the books in Germany.—G. W. HERVEY.

BIGOT.—The Origin of the Term

This term was originally given to the Normans in France. Rollo, the first Duke

of Normandy, was obliged to kiss the foot of King Charles in return for the province of Neustria. When told by his companions what he must do, he exclaimed—*Ne se, Bigot*—Not so, by God: the king and court mockingly called him Bigoth, whence the Normans are still called Bigothi.—DR. WEBSTER.

BIGOT.—A Proud

A proud bigot, who is vain enough to think that he can deceive even God by affected zeal, and throwing the veil of holiness over vices, damns all mankind by the word of his power.—BOILEAU.

BIGOTRY.—The cruelty of

Ambition’s self, though mad,
And nursed on human gore, with her compared,
Is merciful.—R. POLLOCK.

BIGOTS.—Persecuting

Persecuting bigots may be compared to those burning lenses which Lenbenhoeck and others composed from ice; by their chilling apathy they freeze the suppliant; by their fiery zeal they burn the sufferer.—COLTON.

BIOGRAPHIES.—Instructive and Useful

Biographies of great, but especially of good men, are most instructive and useful as helps, guides, and incentives to others. Some of the best are almost equivalent to gospels—teaching high living, high thinking, and energetic action for their own and the world’s good. British biography is studded over as with “patines of bright gold,” with illustrious examples of the power of self-help, of patient purpose, resolute working, and steadfast integrity, issuing in the formation of truly noble and manly character; exhibiting, in language not to be misunderstood, what it is in the power of each to accomplish for himself; and illustrating the efficacy of self-respect and self-reliance in enabling men of even the humblest rank to work out for themselves an honourable competency and a solid reputation.—SMILES.

BIOGRAPHY.—Defined.

Biography is a struggle with death.—ELY.

BIOGRAPHY.—A Genuine

It is rarely well executed. They only who live with a man can write his life with any genuine exactness and discrimination; and few people, who have lived with a man, know what to remark about him.—DR. JOHNSON.

BIOGRAPHY—Pleasant Reading.

Biography is the most universally pleasant, universally profitable of all reading.—**CARLYLE.**

PHYSIOLOGY—Defined.

A theory based on the assumption that there is a life-force, called either magnetic or odyllic force, which obeys laws analogous to those of magnetism, and through which one individual may by manipulation, or by a simple action of his will or mind, under certain conditions, control the mental states and actions of another individual.—**R. H. DANA.**

BIRDS.—The Beauty and Song of

Beautiful creatures of freedom and light!
Oh! where is the eye that groweth not bright
As it watches you trimming your soft glossy coats,
Swelling your bosoms, and ruffling your throats?
Oh! I would not ask, as the old ditties sing,
To be "happy as sand-boy" or "happy as king;"
For the joy is more blissful that bids me declare
"I'm as happy as all the wild birds in the air."
I will tell them to find me a grave when I die
Where no marble will shut out the glorious sky;
Let them give me a tomb where the daisy will bloom,
Where the moon will shine down, and the leveret pass by;
But be sure there's a tree stretching out high and wide,
Where the linnet, the thrush, and the wood-lark may hide;
For the truest and purest of requiems heard,
Is the eloquent hymn of the beautiful bird!
COOK.

BIRDS.—The Flight of

When winter bites upon the naked plain,
Nor food, nor shelter, in the groves remain,
By instinct led, a firm united band,
As marshall'd by some skilful general's hand,
The congregated nations wing their way
In dusky columns o'er the trackless sea;
In clouds unnumber'd, annual hover o'er
The craggy Bass, or Kilda's utmost shore;
Thence spread their sails to meet the southern wind,
And leave the gathering tempest far behind;
Pursue the circling sun's indulgent ray,
Course the swift seasons, and o'ertake the day.—**BARBAULD.**

BIRDS.—The Flight of

It is computed that the swallow flies upward of sixty, the crow twenty-five, and the hawk forty-two miles an hour. The flight of the English eagle is six thousand feet in a minute.—**R. WILSON.**

BIRDS.—The Habits of

Say, who the various nations can declare!
That plough, with busy wing, the peopled air?
These cleave the crumbling bark for insect food;
Those dip their crooked beak in kindred blood;
Some haunt the rushy moor, the lonely woods;
Some bathe their silver plumage in the floods;
Some fly to man, his household gods implore,
And gather round his hospitable door;
Wait the known call, and find protection there
From all the lesser tyrants of the air.
BARBAULD.

BIRDS.—Love among

Of love need I say anything? Who is there that has not watched the birds from St. Valentine's day onwards, through their courtships, weddings, lovers' quarrels, house buildings, welcoming of the small strangers, nursing the heirs and heiresses, and sending the young people forth into the world?—**PROF. G. WILSON.**

BIRDS.—Retaliation among

A neighbouring gentleman, one summer, had lost most of his chickens by a sparrow-hawk, that came gliding down between a faggot pile and the end of his house to the place where the coops stood. The owner, inwardly vexed to see his flock thus diminishing, bung a setting net adroitly between the pile and the house, into which the catiff dashed, and was entangled. Resentment suggested the law of retaliation; he, therefore, clipped the hawk's wings, cut off his talons, and fixing a cork on his bill, threw him down among the brood-hens. Imagination cannot paint the scene that ensued; the expressions that fear, rage, and revenge inspired, were new, or at least such as had been unnoticed before. The exasperated matrons upbraided—they execrated—they insulted—they triumphed. In a word, they never desisted from buffeting their adversary till they had torn him in a hundred pieces.—**G. WHITE.**

BIRDS.—Telegraphy among the

I watch a troop of crows, who by some "own correspondent" of theirs have learned

that Farmer Blyth's neighbours will hold a ploughing match on his grounds, and have in consequence summoned their brethren to a Diet of Worms. How unconcerned they look, as if worms were nothing to them! How grave, as if it were an Ecclesiastical Convocation, and they had no thoughts of the earth, earthy! Yet point a gun, or anything like it towards them, and in a moment the very birds whose backs seemed turned to you will give a flutter of their wings, which appears an involuntary struggle, but in reality is as significant a danger-signal as a red flag on a railway, and is sufficient to clear the field. Nor are these crows exceptionally wise. All their feathered brethren have made a sacred compact that never with their consent shall salt be put upon their tails. The sparrows are not so idle that they do not pass the word to each other when crumbs are falling thick from some rich man's table. The doves, though they look so innocent, do not spend all their time in cooing love songs and cradle lullabies, or in preening their rainbow feathers. They have a *Mark Lane Express* of their own, and by a peck, or a ruffle of their feathers, can direct each other to the fields where the autumn wheat is germinating best, or the gardens where the green peas are fullest and sweetest.—**PROF. G. WILSON.**

BIRDS.—The Voices of

The winged tribes have various sounds and voices adapted to express their various passions, wants, and feelings, such as anger, fear, love, hatred, hunger, and the like. All species are not equally eloquent; some are copious and fluent, as it were, in their utterance, while others are confined to a few important sounds; no bird, like the fish kind, is quite mute, though some are rather silent. The language of birds is very ancient, and like other ancient modes of speech, very elliptical; little is said, but much is meant and understood. The notes of the eagle are shrill and piercing; and about the season of nidification much diversified, as I have been often assured by a curious observer of nature, who long resided at Gibraltar, where eagles abound. The notes of our hawks much resemble those of the king of birds. Owls have very expressive notes; they hoot in a fine vocal sound, much resembling the *vox humana*, and reducible by a pitch-pipe to a musical key. This note seems to express complacency and rivalry among the males; they use also a quick call and an horrible scream; and can snore and hiss when they mean to menace. Ravens, beside their loud croak, can exert a deep and solemn note that makes the woods to echo; the

amorous sound of a crow is strange and ridiculous; crows, in the breeding season, attempt sometimes in the gaiety of their hearts, to sing, but with no great success; the parrot kind have many modulations of voice, as appears by their aptitude to learn human sounds; doves coo in an amorous and mournful manner, and are emblems of despairing lovers; the woodpecker sets up a sort of loud and hearty laugh; the fern-owl, or goat-sucker, from the dusk till daybreak, serenades his mate with the clattering of castanets. All the tuneful *passeres* express their complacency by sweet modulations, and a variety of melody. The swallow, by a shrill alarm, bespeaks the attention of the other *hirundines*, and bids them be aware that the hawk is at hand. Aquatic and gregarious birds, especially the nocturnal, that shift their quarters in the dark, are very noisy and loquacious,—as cranes, wild geese, wild ducks, and the like: their perpetual clamour prevents them from dispersing and losing their companions.—**G. WHITE.**

BIRD'S-NEST.—A

A natural egg cup: a cradle rocked by the wind.—**MRS. BALFOUR.**

BIRTH.—Boasting of

My boast is—not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the
earth;

But higher far my proud pretensions rise,
The son of parents passed into the skies.
COWPER.

BIRTH.—Crying at the

When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools.—**SHAKESPEARE.**

BIRTH.—Nobility of

Nobility of birth does not always insure a corresponding nobility of mind; if it did, it would always act as a stimulus to noble actions; but it sometimes acts as a clog rather than a spur.—**COLTON.**

BIRTH-DAY.—Reflections on a

Each year as it rolls by seems to rivet with more enduring importance a day of anniversary—more especially one of an event which was the ushering into an eternity of either misery or joy a responsible creature. As boys, we have looked forward to them as the occasion of a holiday; as men, we look back on them as so many waymarks on which are noted the sins and mercies of successive years. They were seasons of unmingled pleasure—now of self-reproach and melancholy retrospect. Opportunities irreparably suffered to slip by—years of self-indulgence—friends alienated—others wantonly grieved—in some in-

stances the hour of reconciliation lost for ever, because they have gone to their long home. Two lines in the frontispiece of a little hymn-book, which I have not seen since I was five years old, seem branded in letters of fire on my memory:—

"Oh! if she would but come again,
I think I'd vex her so no more!"

F. W. ROBERTSON.

BISHOP.—The Character of a

Though supposed to sustain a position equal to that of an apostle, he is an embodiment of kindness as well as of learning, if he be a bishop after God's own heart. He rules his diocese—not with a rod of iron, but with the sceptre of love. His whole life, in its multiplied forms, is an emphatic commentary on the thirteenth chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians.—DR. DAVIES.

BISHOP.—The Most Diligent

I would ask a strange question:—Who is the most diligent bishop and prelate in all England, and passeth all the rest in doing his office? I can tell, for I know who he is; I know him well; but now methinks I see you listening and hearkening that I should name him. There is one that passeth all the other, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all England. And will ye know who it is? I will tell you: it is the devil. He is the most diligent preacher of all other; he is never out of his diocese; he is never from his cure; ye shall never find him unoccupied; he is ever in his parish; he keepeth residence at all times; ye shall never find him out of the way, call for him when ye will; he is ever at home; the most diligent preacher in all the realm; he is ever at his plough; he is ever applying to his business; ye shall never find him idle, I warrant you; and his office is to hinder religion, to maintain superstition, to set up idolatry, to devise as many ways as can be to deface and obscure God's glory.—BP. LATIMER.

BLACKSMITH.—The Village

Under a spreading chesnut tree

The village smithy stands;

The smith, a mighty man is he,

With large and sinewy hands;

And the muscles of his brawny arms

Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,

His face is like the tan;

His brow is wet with honest sweat,

He earns whate'er he can,

And looks the whole world in the face,

For he owes not any man.

LONGFELLOW.

BLAME.—Hard to Keep from

In persons of remarkable activity, who are constantly engaged in one duty or another, and who are thereby thrown into situations of difficulty and temptation, how hard it is to keep free from blame! Something is hastily said; something is unwisely done; a reproof is given without due consideration; a reply is too bitter.—BOGUE.

BLEMISHES.—Slight

As in the case of painters, who have undertaken to give us a beautiful and graceful figure, which may have some slight blemishes, we do not wish them to pass over such blemishes altogether, nor yet to mark them too prominently. The one would spoil the beauty, and the other destroy the likeness of the picture.—PLUTARCH.

BLESSED.—The Condition of the

The condition of the blessed in a better world is not likely to be a state of mere repose,—of total inactivity, in which they will be occupied in mere contemplation, without having, properly speaking, anything to do; as if "peace" and "rest" necessarily implied utter indolence. On the contrary, there seems every reason to believe that, though exempted from painful toils and distressing anxieties, as well as from every other kind of suffering,—and though, in that sense, they will "rest from their labours," yet they will still be employed in doing good offices to the children of their Heavenly Father.—ABP. WHATELY.

BLESSEDNESS.—The Discovery of

The furthest that any of the philosophers went in the discovery of blessedness, was to pronounce that no man could be called blessed before his death; not that they had found what kind of better blessedness they went to after death, but that till death they were sure every man was subject to new miseries. The Christian philosophy goes farther; it shows a more perfect blessedness than they conceived for the next life, and it imparts that blessedness to this life also.—DR. DONNE.

BLESSEDNESS.—The Nature of

Blessedness consists in the accomplishments of our desires, and in our having only regular desires.—ST. AUGUSTINE.

BLESSING.—Asking God's

There is nothing which it is right for us to do, but it is also right to ask that God would bless it; and, indeed, there is nothing so little but the frown of God can convert it into the most sad calamity, or His smile

exalt it into a most memorable mercy ; and there is nothing we can do, but its complexion for weal or woe depends entirely on what the Lord will make it. It is said of Matthew Henry, that no journey was undertaken, nor any subject or course of sermons entered upon, no book committed to the press, nor any trouble apprehended or felt, without a particular application to the mercy-seat for direction, assistance, and success. * * * It is recorded of Cornelius Winter, that he seldom opened a book, even on general subjects, without a moment's prayer. The late Bishop Heber, on each new incident of his history, or on the eve of any undertaking, used to compose a brief Latin prayer, imploring special help and guidance. * * * A late physician, of great celebrity, used to ascribe much of his success to three maxims of his father's, the last and best of which was—"Always pray for your patients."—DR. J. HAMILTON.

BLESSING AND A CURSE.—A

A blessing stars forth for ever, but a curse Is like a cloud—it passes.—P. J. BAILEY.

BLESSINGS—must be Apprehended and Appropriated.

The richest, most variegated, and beautiful landscape in nature—the most majestic and sublime operations of the divine hand in heaven or earth, afford no pleasure to the eye unless viewed and contemplated by that organ. The most rapturous harmonies and melodies of nature or of art, afford no pleasure unless listened to and heard. In vain the aromatic shrubs and fragrant flowers of the garden pour their delicious odours into the bosom of gentle zephyrs, to be wafted to our nostrils, if we inhale them not. So the rich provisions of Almighty love, displayed to man in a thousand ways, but consummated beyond our powers of thought and utterance in the gift of eternal youth, beauty, and loveliness to fallen man, through the incarnation of the Everlasting Word—the sufferings unto death of His only begotten and infinitely beloved Son—and through the sanctification of His Holy Spirit,—unless apprehended and appropriated by faith, can neither fill the soul with heavenly peace, and joy, and love, nor give to man the victory over death, the grave, and Satan.—A. CAMPBELL.

BLESSINGS—Mistaken.

We mistake the gratuitous blessings of Heaven for the fruits of our own industry.—L'ESTRANGE.

BLESSINGS—Prized when Lost.

It so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the
worth
Whiles we enjoy it ; but being lack'd and
lost,
Why, then we rack the value ; then we
find
The virtue that possession would not show
us
Whiles it was ours.—SHAKESPEARE.

BLIND.—Cheerfulness of the

These eyes, though clear
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot ;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the
year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a
jot
Of heart or hope ; but still bear up and
steer
Right onward.—MILTON.

BLIND.—Contentment when

"I never saw till I was blind," said a blind man to me ; "nor did I ever know contentment when I had my eyesight, as I do now that I have lost it. I can truly affirm, though few know how to credit me, that I would on no account change my present situation and circumstances with any that I ever enjoyed before I was blind."—SIMEON.

BLIND.—The Fear of Becoming

I turn from a view of the vernal beauties that are spreading all around me, with sad emotion, to think that probably in a little while all the creation will be to me shrouded in a night which nothing will irradiate but *the sun of another world*.—FOSTER.

BLIND.—The Lamentation of the

O misery and mourning ! I have felt—
Yes, I have felt like some deserted world
That God had done with, and had cast
aside
To rock and stagger through the gulfs of
space,
He never looking on it any more—
Untilled, no use, no pleasure, not desired,
Nor lighted on by angels in their flight
From heaven to happier planets, and the
race
That once had dwelt on it withdrawn or
dead :
Could such a world have hope that some
blest day
God would remember her, and fashion her
Anew?—INGELOW.

BLIND.—Nature Recompenseth the

This fellow must have a rare understanding ;
 For Nature recompenseth the defects
 Of one part with redundance in another :
 Blind men have excellent memories ; and
 the tongue
 was indisposed, there's treasure in the
 intellect.—SHIRLEY.

Mr. Henry Moyes, though blind from his infancy, by the ardour and assiduity of his application, and by the force of a genius to which nothing is impenetrable, had not only made incredible advances in mechanical operations, in music, and in the languages, but was likewise profoundly skilled in geometry, in optics, in algebra, in astronomy, in chemistry, and in all the other branches of natural philosophy, as taught by Newton, and received by an admiring world. Blacklock, who is said to have seen the light only for five months, besides having made himself master of Greek, Latin, Italian, and French, was also a great poet. Dr. Nicholas Saunderson, born in 1682, may be considered as a prodigy for his application and success in mathematical literature, though he lost his sight before he was a year old. When young, he could make long and difficult calculations, without having any sensible marks to assist his memory. At eighteen he was taught the principles of algebra and geometry. He went to Christ College, Cambridge, at twenty-five. His reputation was soon spread through the University, and numbers attended to hear his mathematical lectures. He made such proficiency, that he was afterwards elected Lucasian Professor of Mathematics in 1711, and in 1736 he was admitted Member of the Royal Society. He invented, for his own use, a Palpable Arithmetic : that is, a method of performing operations in arithmetic solely by the sense of touch. His sense of touch was so perfect, that he could discover, with the greatest exactness, the slightest inequalities of surface, and could distinguish in the most finished works the smallest oversight in the polish.—BUCK.

BLIND.—The Patience of the

When I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days in this dark world and
 wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul
 more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest He returning chide :—
 "Doth God exact day-labour, light
 denied ?"
 I fondly ask : but Patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies—"God doth
 not need
 Either man's works or His own gifts ;
 who best
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him
 best : His state
 Is kingly ; thousands at His bidding speed
 And post o'er land and ocean without
 rest ;
 They also serve who only stand and wait."
 MILTON.

BLISS.—The Gift and Enjoyment of

As bliss is happiness in the highest
 degree, it can be given only by a God, and
 enjoyed only by a saint.—E. DAVIES.

BLISS.—Man's Tie of Earthly

The spider's most attenuated web
 Is cord—is cable, to man's tender tie
 Of earthly bliss ; it breaks at every breeze.
 DR. E. YOUNG.

BLISS.—Mutual

In distant souls congenial passions glow,
 And mutual feelings mutual bliss bestow.
 FALCONER.

BLOCKHEAD.—The Bookful

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
 With loads of learned lumber in his head.
 POPE.

BLOCKHEAD.—The Failings of a

He can neither sit nor stand, think or
 speak, as one possessing the faculty of
 reason.—HALLIWELL.

BLOOD.—One

From Peter the Hermit's time to Bonaparte's, and from his to the earliest despot after, the human race, in concert with every fiendish spirit that hated God and man, have waged a perpetual crusade against that great truth which Paul uttered on Mar's-hill. But did they succeed ? Did the dark passions of their alienated hearts, or all their crimson issues, put out that light ? Nations fell in the struggle ; crowns fell like stars in the Apocalypse ; but did the angel flying through the midst of heaven, with the everlasting gospel, did he suspend his flight and rest upon his folded wings ? No ! had we but ears to hear anything but the din of this noisy world, we might even now catch the sound of his trumpet, proclaiming as he flies—"God hath made of one blood all nations of men !"—BURRITT.

BLOOD.—The Patriot's

From your blood the olive blooms, and
 the precious seed springs lustily.—SCHILLER.

BLOOD.—The Service of

As fall the dews on quenchless sands,
Blood only serves to wash Ambition's hands.

BYRON.

BLOOD-FRENZY.—The

There were some amongst our men, and even amongst our officers, who performed hideous wonders in the way of slaughter; for the Russians were under such cogent obligation to save their Czar's cherished ordnance from capture, and were, many of them, so brave and obstinate, that even the sense of being altogether unequal to strive against an onslaught of English cavalry did not suffice to make them yield. There was one of our officers who became afflicted, if so one may speak, with what has been called the blood-frenzy. Much gore besmeared him, and the result of the contest was such as might seem confirmatory of the vulgar belief as to the maddening power of human blood. This officer, whilst under the frenzy, raged wildly against human life, cutting down, it was said, very many of the obstinate Russians with his own reeking hand. I have heard that, after the battle, when this officer had calmed down, there was so great re-action in his nervous system, that he burst into tears and cried like a little child. Other officers of a different temperament made use of their revolvers with a terrible diligence.—KINGLAKE.

BLOSSOMS.—Infant

Infant blossoms their chaste odours pay,
And blush their fragrant lives away.

GARTH.

BLOSSOMS.—A Lesson from the

The blossoms of Spring are as brief as they are beautiful. For a short time they embellish the country, throwing, as it were, a bridal veil over every tree and hedge. It seems, indeed, as if Nature had given them existence only to show their worth, and then to destroy them. Yet they are "fair pledges of a fruitful tree," and teach us the solemn lesson—that everything lovely on earth is destined soon to perish, and like them to glide into the grave.—E. M. DAVIES.

BLOT.—No Wish one Line to

Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which, dying, he could wish to blot.—LYTTLETON.

BLOW.—The Be-All of a

Well struck; there was blow for blow,
That but this blow might be the be-all and the end-all here.—SHAKESPEARE.

BLUE-STOCKINGS.

This term is derived from the name given to certain meetings held by ladies, in the days of Dr. Johnson, for conversation with distinguished literary men. One of the most eminent members was a Mr. Stillingfleet, who always wore blue stockings, and who was so much distinguished for his conversational powers that his absence at any time was felt to be a great loss, so that the remark became common—"We can do nothing without the blue stockings." Hence these meetings were sportively called blue-stockings clubs, and the ladies who attended them, blue-stockings.—BOSWELL.

BLUSH.—Ashamed to

In the presence of the shameless and the unblushing, the young offender is ashamed to blush.—BUCKMINSTER.

BLUSH.—The Beauty of a

The blush is beautiful, but it is sometimes inconvenient.—GOLDONI.

BLUSH.—The Character of a

The ambiguous livery worn alike by modesty and shame.—MRS. BALFOUR.

BLUSH.—The Sign of a

A blush is the sign which Nature hangs out to show where chastity and honour dwell.—SCRIVER.

BLUSHES.—Glowing with

She, proudly eminent above the rest,
With blushes glow'd; such blushes as adorn

The ruddy welkin or the purple morn.

OVID.

BLUSHES.—Rising

The rising blushes, which her cheeks o'er-spread,
Are opening roses in the lily's bed.—GAY.

BLUSTERER.—The Tools of a

A noisy tongue, a boasting spirit, a confused manner, and a swaggering gait.—HALLIWELL.

BOASTER.—The Weapon of a

With all his tumid boasts, he's like the sword-fish,
Who only wears his weapon in his mouth.

MADDEN.

BOASTERS.—The Character of

Impatient of labour and of danger, more ready to boast of their valour than to display it.—SALLUST.

BOASTERS.—The Greatest

Usually, the greatest boasters are the smallest workers. The deep rivers pay a larger tribute to the sea than shallow brooks, and yet empty themselves with noise.—W. SECKER.

BOASTING AND DIGNITY.

Where boasting ends, there dignity begins.
DR. E. YOUNG.

BOATMAN—A Description of a

There is a certain expression about his loose hands, when they are not in his pockets, as if he were carrying a considerable lump of iron in each, without any inconvenience, which suggests strength, but he never seems to use it. He has the appearance of perpetually strolling—running is too inappropriate a word to be thought of—to seed. The only subject on which he appears to feel any approach to enthusiasm is pitch. He pitches everything he can lay hold of—the pier, the palings, his boat, his house. When there is nothing else left he turns to and even pitches his hat, or his rough-weather clothing.—DICKENS.

BOATMAN.—A Rough

A surly boatman, rough as seas and winds.
PRIOR.

BODIES.—Blemished

We often see blemished bodies rare in mental excellencies; which is an admirable instinct of Nature, that being conscious of her own defects, and not able to absterge them, she uses diversion, and draws the consideration of the beholders to those parts wherein she is more confident of her qualifications.—FELTHAM.

BODIES.—Politie

Politie bodies have no natural affections; they are guided by particular interest; and beyond that are not to be trusted.—RUDYARD.

BODY.—The Gracefulness of the

The body is the least graceful when the limbs are making their last efforts and hastening to their just proportion.—BP. HURD.

BODY.—The Management of the

I have nothing new to say upon the management which the body requires. The common rules are the best:—exercise without fatigue; generous living without excess; early rising, and moderation in sleeping. These are the apothegms of old women; but if they are not attended to, happiness becomes so extremely difficult that very few persons can attain to it. In

this point of view, the care of the body becomes a subject of elevation and importance. A walk in the fields, an hour's less sleep, may remove all those bodily vexations and disquietudes which are such formidable enemies to virtue; and may enable the mind to pursue its own resolves without that constant train of temptations to resist, and obstacles to overcome, which it always experiences from the bad organization of its companion.—S. SMITH.

BODY.—The Matchless Mechanism of the

We undertake to prove that the foundation of the Eddystone lighthouse—the perfection of engineering skill, is not formed on principles so correct as those which have directed the arrangement of the bones of the foot;—that the most perfect pillar of king-post is not adjusted with the accuracy of the hollow bones which support our weight;—that the insertion of a ship's mast into the hull is a clumsy contrivance compared with the connexions of the human spine and pelvis;—and that the tendons are composed in a manner superior to the last patent cables of Huddart, or the yet more recently improved chain cables of Bloxam.—SIR C. BELL.

BODY.—Over-Attention to the

A heavenly mind
May be indifferent to her house of clay,
And slight the hovel, as beneath her care;
But how a body so fantastic, trim,
And quaint in its deportment and attire,
Can lodge a heavenly mind, demands a
doubt.—COWPER.

BODY.—The Resurrection of the

I have stood in a smith's forge, and seen him put a rusty, cold, dull piece of iron into the fire, and, after a while, he hath taken the very same numerical individual piece of iron out of the fire, but bright, sparkling. And thus it is with our bodies: they are laid down in the grave, dead, heavy, earthly; but, at that general conflagration, this dead, heavy, earthly body shall arise living, lightsome, glorious.—DR. FULLER.

BODY.—A Strong and Clean

Only in a strong and clean body can the soul do its message fitly. The praises of cold water seem to me an excellent sign of the age. They denote a tendency to the true life. We are now to have as a remedy for ills, not opium, or opium, or any quack medicine, but plenty of air and water, with due attention to warmth and freedom in dress, and simplicity of diet. Every day we observe signs that the natural feel-

ings on these subjects are about to be re-instated, and the body to claim care as the abode and organ of the soul, not as the tool of servile labour, or the object of voluptuous indulgence.—M. FULLER.

BODY.—The Voice of the

The passions are the voice of the body.
—ROUSSEAU.

BOLDNESS—is ever Blind.

It deserves to be considered that boldness is ever blind, for it sees not dangers and inconveniences: whence 'tis bad in council though good in execution. The right use of bold persons, therefore, is that they never command in chief, but serve as seconds, under the direction of others; for in council 'tis good to see dangers, and in execution not to see them unless they are very great.—LORD BACON.

BOLDNESS.—The Danger of

Some, in foul seasons, perish through despair;
But more, through boldness, when the days are fair.—J. BEAUMONT.

BOLDNESS.—A Decent

Fear not, but be bold:
A decent boldness ever meets with friends,
Succeeds, and ev'n a stranger recommends.
POPE.

BOLDNESS.—Great and Wicked

It was bold to violate so openly and so scornfully all acts and constitutions of a nation, and afterwards of his own making;—it was bold to trample upon the patience of his own, and provoke that of all neighbouring countries; it was bold, I say, above all boldness, to usurp this tyranny to himself; and impudent above all impudences to endeavour to transmit it to his posterity. But all this boldness is so far from being a sign of manly courage—which dares not transgress the rules of any other virtue—that it is only a demonstration of brutish madness or diabolical possession. There is no man ever succeeds in one wickedness, but it gives him the boldness to attempt a greater. It was boldly done of Nero to kill his mother and all the chief nobility of the empire; it was boldly done to set the metropolis of the whole world on fire, and undauntedly to play upon his harp while he saw it burning. I could reckon up five hundred boldnesses of that great person, who wanted, when he was to die, that courage which could hardly have failed any woman in the like necessity.—H. COWLEY.

BONDS.—Conscientious

The knot that binds me by the law of courtesy, pinches me more than that of legal constraint, and I am much more at ease when bound by a scrivener than by myself. Is it not reason that my conscience should be much more engaged when men simply rely upon it? In a bond my faith owes nothing, because it has nothing lent it. Let them trust to the security they have taken without me; I had much rather break the walls of a prison, and the laws themselves, than my own word.—MONTAIGNE.

BONDS.—Equal

The iron chain and the silken cord, both equally are bonds.—SCHILLER.

BOOK.—Answering a

In answering a book, 'tis best to be short, otherwise he that I write against will suspect I intend to weary him, not to satisfy him. Besides, in being long, I shall give my adversary a huge advantage; somehow or other he will pick a hole.—SELDEN.

BOOK.—The Borrower of a

The borrower of a book incurs two obligations: the first is—to read it immediately; the second is—to return it as soon as read.—MURPHY.

BOOK.—The Company of a

A book is good company. It is full of conversation without loquacity. It comes to your longing with full instruction, but pursues you never. It is not offended at your absent-mindedness, nor jealous if you turn to other pleasures. It silently serves the soul without recompense, not even for the hire of love. And yet more noble,—it seems to pass from itself, and to enter the memory, and to hover in a silvery transfiguration there, until the outward book is but a body, and its soul and spirit are flown to you, and possess your memory like a spirit.—H. W. BEECHER.

BOOK.—The End of a

As pilgrims rejoice, beholding their native land, so are transcribers made glad, beholding the end of a book.—MONTFAUCON.

BOOK.—The Importance of a

Among the varied external influences amidst which the human race is developed, a book is incomparably the most important, and the only one that is absolutely essential. Upon the collective education of the race depends. It is the sole instrument of registering, perpetuating, transmitting thought.—PROF. ROGERS.

BOOK.—The Luxury of a New

If you love books immensely, and having little to spend, can but seldom afford the luxury of a new inmate of your shelves, what a treat it is to devote, with clear conscience, some extra pound to the procuring a new delicious volume!—the consideration as to which, out of a long list of wants, shall pass over into the list of possessions; the pleasure of the mere act of buying (the schoolboy all over again); then the bringing the new treasure home; the gratification of unwrapping it, and of showing it to your wife; the calm enjoyment of cutting it; the excitement of the re-arrangement of the shelves; the satisfied contemplation of its back when it is finally settled, also on coming down next morning; the side-glance of pleased remembrance of it for some days after. And now see how all this pleasure fleets when for your few carefully collected and much-prized drops is substituted a whole river, into which you may dip a bucket if you please. How much enjoyment you would miss, you see, if you have but to write to the bookseller's and order down a porter's load of quartos and duodecimos. No, it may doubtless be urged that for use the affluence may have advantages, but for enjoyment I back the rare volume and the rarer set of volumes that belonged to the curate state of slender store.—BAYNES.

BOOK.—Maxims respecting a

My maxims are—never to begin a book without finishing it; never to consider it finished without knowing it; and to study with a whole mind.—BUXTON.

BOOK.—Reproof from a

We can take reproof patiently from a book, but not from a tongue. The book hurts not our pride, the living reprover does.—T. ADAMS.

BOOK.—The Use to be Made of a

We should make the same use of a book that the bee does of a flower; she steals sweets from it, but does not injure it.—COLTON.

BOOKS.—The Advantages of

The student is now taught by the same instructors who formed a Xenophon and a Scipio, and can hold converse, in the retirements of his chamber, with the celebrated sages of antiquity, with nearly the same advantages as if he actually sat with Socrates beneath the shade of the plane tree, walked with Plato in the Lyceum, or accompanied Cicero to his Tusculan villa.—DR. KNOX.

BOOKS.—Costly, yet Useless

How foolish is the man who sets up a number of costly volumes, like superfluous furniture, for mere ornament, and is far more careful to keep them from contracting a single spot of ink, than to use them as the means of instructing his ignorance, and correcting his faults! Better a man without books, than books without a man.—SCRIVER.

BOOKS—for the Fire-Side.

Books that you may carry to the fire, and hold readily in your hand, are the most useful after all. A man will often look at them, and be tempted to go on, when he would have been frightened at books of a larger size and of a more erudite appearance.—DR. JOHNSON.

BOOKS.—The Immortality of

Have not books become
Our silent prophets, intellectual kings,
And hierarchs of human thought
To vice or virtue? Are they not like
shrines
For truth?—Cathedrals, where a chaste'n'd
heart
Can worship, or in tranquil hours retreat
To meet the Spirit of the olden time?
For there, the drama of the world abides
Yet in full play, immortally perform'd!
R. MONTGOMERY.

BOOKS.—Reading

Few are sufficiently sensible of the importance of that economy in reading which selects, almost exclusively, the very first order of books. Why, except for some special reason, read an inferior book at the very time you might be reading one of the highest order?—FOSTER.

BOOKS.—The Secret History of

If the secret history of books could be written, and the author's private thoughts and meanings noted down alongside of his story, how many insipid volumes would become interesting, and dull tales excite the reader!—THACKERAY.

BOOKS.—Significant of Refinement.

The plainest row of books that cloth or paper ever covered is more significant of refinement than the most elaborately carved *étagère* or sideboard.—H. W. BEECHER.

BOOKS.—A Study without

A study without books is like a druggist's shop, in which the unstopped phials and empty boxes can furnish no medicine for the cure of disease.—SCRIVER.

BOOKS.—The Titles of

Next in importance to the matter of the books themselves are the titles with which they are ushered into the reading world. These should be so attractive, and yet so expressive of the contents within, that every student should know at once what to expect in the volumes before him.—DAVIES.

BORN—to Please.

A hidden grace
At every movement seemed to flow from
her,
As wind from a waved fan. Form, look,
and speech
Had their own charm. And if her heart
hid guile,
She show'd it not ; she seemed one born to
please.—CALDWELL.

BORROW.—To

To borrow is not much better than to
beg.—PROF. LESSING.

BORROWING.—The Effect of

He that goes a borrowing goes a sorrow-
ing.—DR. FRANKLIN.

BORROWING AND LENDING.

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be ;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
SHAKESPEARE.

BOTANY.—The Advantages of

These are manifold ; for not only is the study of botany conducive to the health of the body, but it is also enriching to the mind, which comes into immediate contact with those beautiful, fragrant things which manifest and glorify the wisdom and goodness of their great and powerful Creator.—DR. DAVIES.

BOUNDS.—Keeping within

The greatness of the human soul is shown by knowing how to keep within proper bounds. So far from greatness consisting in going beyond its limits, it really consists in keeping within it.—PASCAL.

BOUNTY.—A Small

A small bounty, well bestow'd,
May perfect Heaven's high plan.
DRENNAN.

BOUNTY.—Unseemly

He that spends to his proportion, is as brave as a prince ; and a prince exceeding that, is a prodigal : there is no gallantry beyond what is fit and decent. A comely beauty is better than a painted one. Un-

seemly bounty is waste both of wealth and wit.—FELTHAM.

BOUQUET.—A Fragrant

It is sweet,
A thousand different odours meet,
And mingle in its rare perfume,
Such as the winds of summer waft
At open windows through a room !
LONGFELLOW.

BOWER.—A Lovely

Small thickets, with the scented laurels gay,
Cedar and orange, full of fruit and flower,
Myrtle and palm, with interwoven spray,
Pleach'd in mix'd modes, all lovely, form
a bower ;
And, breaking with their shade the scorch-
ing ray,
Make a cool shelter from the noontide
hour,
And nightingales among these branches
wing
Their flight, and safely amorous descants
sing.—ARIOSTO.

BOWER.—A Shady

In shadier bower
More sacred and sequestered, though but
feigned,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept.—MILTON.

BOY.—The Farmer's

Meek, fatherless, and poor,
Labour his portion, but he felt no more ;
No stripes, no tyranny his steps pursued,
His life was constant cheerful servitude ;
Strange to the world, he wore a bashful
look,
The field his study, Nature was his book ;
And as revolving seasons changed the scene
From heat to cold,—tempestuous to
serene,—
Through every change still varied his
employ,
Yet each new duty brought its share of joy.
BLOOMFIELD.

BOY.—Our Rosy

A cherub might mistake our rosy boy
For a reposing mate !—COXE.

BOY.—The Village

Free from the cottage corner, see how
wild
The village boy along the pasture hies,
With every smell, and sound, and sight
beguiled,
That round the prospect meets his wonder-
ing eyes ;
Now, stooping, eager for the cowslip
peeps,
As though he'd get them all,—now, tired
of these,

Across the flaggy brook he eager leaps
For some new flower his happy rapture
sees,—

Now, leering 'mid the bushes on his
knees

On woodland banks, for blue-bell flowers
he creeps,—

And now, while looking up among the
trees,

He spies a nest, and down he throws his
flowers,

And up he climbs with new-fed ecstasies ;
The happiest object in the summer hours.

CLARE.

BOYHOOD.—Forgetting the Interests of
our

Men forget what they were in their youth,
or, at best, only partially remember it : it
is hard even for those whose memories are
strongest and liveliest to put themselves
exactly into the same position in which they
stood as boys ; they can scarcely fancy that
there was once a time when they cared so
much for pleasures and troubles which now
seem so trifling. And it may be, that if
we rise hereafter to angels' stature ;—if
wisdom be ours such as we dream not of ;—
if, being counted worthy to know God as
He is, the poorness of all created pleasures
shall be revealed to us, flashing upon our
uncreated spirits like light ;—it may be that
we shall then feel it as hard to fancy how
we could have cared for what we now deem
most important to seem of any importance
to beings born for immortality. It is quite
reasonable to suppose that the interests of
manhood will hereafter appear to us just as
insignificant,—I ought rather to say ten
thousand times more so,—than the interests
of our boyish years seem to us now.—DR.
ARNOLD.

BOYHOOD—Returned.

I am a boy again ! the days come back
When smallest things made wealth of
happiness,

And ever were at hand ! when I did watch
With panting heart the striking of the
clock,

Which hardly sounded ere the book was
shut :

Then for the race—the leap—the game—

The vigour and endurance of such joy !

Is't e'er to come again ? and care so light,

That, looking back, you smile you thought
it care,

And call it part of pleasure.

J. S. KNOWLES.

BOYS.—The Training of

Put a hundred boys together, and the
fear of being laughed at will always be a
strong influencing motive with every indi-

vidual among them. If a master can turn
this principle to his own use, and get boys
to laugh at vice, instead of the old plan of
laughing at virtue, is he not doing a very
new, a very difficult, and a very laudable
thing?—S. SMITH.

Bragging.—The Silliness of

It is silly to brag loudly of one's own
doings, and to imitate the braggadocio-
soldier in the play—telling falsehoods to
the great amusement of the company.—
CICERO.

BRAIN.—A Busy

My brain, methinks, is like an hour-glass,
Wherein my imaginations run like sands,
Filling up time.—JONSON.

BRAIN.—The Improvement of the

It is good to rub and polish our brain
against that of others.—MONTAIGNE.

BRAINS—Well Prepared.

Brains well prepared are the monuments
where human knowledge is most surely
engraved.—ROUSSEAU.

BRASS—an Emblem.

Brass is an emblem of duration ; and
when it is skilfully burnished, will cast re-
flections from its own superficies, without
any assistance of a mercury from behind.—
DEAN SWIFT.

BRAVE.—Mercy Loved by the

Cowards are cruel, but the brave
Love mercy, and delight to save.—GAY.

BRAVE.—An Ode to the

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest !
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there !

COLLINS.

BRAVE.—Truly

To slight a life in misery
Is nothing ; but he that can be
Contentedly distressed is truly brave.

MARTIAL.

BRAVERY.—The Beginning of

Brave men are brave from the very first.
—CORNEILLE.

BRAVERY.—True

True bravery is shown by performing without witnesses what one might be capable of doing before all the world.—**LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.**

BREAD.—The Obtainment of

Water, which is one of the great necessities of life, may in general be gratuitously procured; but it has been well observed, that if bread, the other great necessary of human life, could be procured on terms equally cheap and easy, there would be much more reason to fear that men would become brutes for the want of something to do, rather than philosophers from the possession of leisure.—**COLTON.**

BREAST.—No Windows in the

Nature has made man's breast no windows
To publish what he does within doors,
Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,
Unless his own rash folly blab it.

S. BUTLER.

BREEDING.—Good

Good breeding consists in having no particular mark of any profession, but a general elegance of manners.—**DR. JOHNSON.**

BREEDING.—Ill

There are two sorts of ill breeding: the one a sleepish bashfulness, the other a misbecoming negligence and disrespect in our carriage, both which are avoided by duly observing this one rule—Not to think meanly of ourselves and not to think meanly of others. Cultivate a disposition of mind not to offend, and the most agreeable way of expressing that disposition.—**LOCKE.**

BREEZE.—The Song of the

I've swept o'er the mountain, the forest,
and fell;
I've play'd on the rock, where the wild
chamois dwell;
I have track'd the desert, so dreary and
rude,
Through the pathless depths of its soli-
tude;
Through the ocean caves of the stormy sea
My spirit has wander'd in the midnight
free;
I have slept in the lily's fragrant bell,
I have moan'd on the ear through the rosy
shell;
I have roam'd along by the gurgling stream,
I have danced at eve with the pale moon-
beam;

I have kissed the rose in its blushing pride,
Till my breath the dew from its lips has
dried;

I have stolen away, on my silken wing,
The violet's scent in the early spring;
I have hung over groves where the citron
grows,

And the clust'ring bloom the orange
blows;

I have sped the dove on its errand home,
O'er mountain and river, and sun-gilt
dome;

I have hush'd the babe in its cradled rest
With my song, to sleep on its mother's
breast.—**DICKENSON.**

BREEZES.—Sea and Land

The sole cause of the sea and land breezes is the difference of the sea and land temperature. Seas are warmer than the shores at night, and then the land air, being the colder and denser, flows towards the sea, and creates a land-breeze. In the morning the rays of the rising sun heat the land faster than the sea, and consequently the sea-air, being cooler and denser, presses inland, creating a sea-breeze, or breeze from the sea.—**DR. BREWSTER.**

BREVITY.—Defined.

Brevity is the soul of wit.—**SHAKESPEARE.**

BREVITY.—an Excellency.

I saw one excellency was within my reach—it was brevity, and I determined to obtain it.—**JAY.**

BREVITY.—A Reason for

Be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn.—**DR. SOUTHEY.**

BRIBERY.—The Evils of

Of all social or political evils, bribery stands in the fore-rank. It has often induced a man to vote against both conscience and principle, and even judges and senates have been overcome by its influence. Alas for them! a curse of no ordinary magnitude has ever followed the guilty compromise.—**E. DAVIES.**

BRIBERY.—The Influence of

The Spartans were the only people that for a while seemed to disdain the love of money; but the contagion still spreading, even they at last yielded to its allurements, and every man sought private emoluments without attending to the good of his country. "That which has been is that which shall be!"—**BP. HORNE.**

BRIDE.—The Behaviour of the

Clad in a robe of pure and spotless white,
The youthful bride with timid steps comes forth

To greet the hand to which she plights
her troth,

Her soft eyes radiant with a strange delight.
The snowy veil which circles her around,

Shades the sweet face from every gazer's
eye,

And thus enwrapt she passes calmly by—
Nor casts a look but on the unconscious
ground.

So should the Church, the bride-elect of
Heaven,—

Remembering whom she goeth forth to
meet,

And with a truth that cannot brook
deceit,

Holding the faith which unto her is given,—

Pass through this world, which claims
her for awhile,

Nor cast about her longing look nor
smile.—J. NEAL.

BRIDE.—The Smiles and Tears of the

Amid the smiles of the happy bride are
seen falling the tears of the loving child,
like dew-drops sparkling in sunbeams.
This is one of nature's loveliest sights;
filial piety blends its lustre with conjugal
affection, and invests even nuptial charms
with new and captivating beauty.—J. A.
JAMES.

BRITAIN—Eulogized.

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred
isle,

This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,

This other Eden, demi-paradise,

This fortress, built by Nature for herself,

Against infection, and the hand of war ;

This happy breed of men, this little world,

This precious stone set in the silver sea,

Which serves it in the office of a wall,

Or as a moat defensive to a house,

Against the envy of less happier lands.

SHAKSPEARE.

BRITAIN.—The Name—

Britain was the name given to England,
Scotland, and Wales united. It was pre-
viously called Albion, from the whiteness
of its rocks towards the Continent, or the
coast of France; or, as some authors think,
from the word *Olbian*, which means rich
or happy, in regard to its situation and
fertility. It was subsequently named Britain,
from *pyrd* and *cain*, two words implying
beauty and white.—LOARING.

BRITAIN—Owes her All to Religion.

Religion is the root of honour ; piety the
only true foundation of patriotism ; and the

best defence of a country—a people nursed
up in godliness,—of such virtue, energy,
and high *morale*, that, animated with a
courage which raises them above the fear
of death, they may be exterminated, but
cannot be subdued. It is not as some
allege, our blood, with its happy mixture
of Celtic, Saxon, and Scandinavian ele-
ments, but the religion of our island—our
Bibles, our schools, our Sabbaths, our
churches, and our Christian homes—which,
more than any and all things else, has
formed the character of its inhabitants;
and to *that*, more than to the genius of
its statesmen, or to its fleets and armies,
Britain owes her unexampled prosperity,
and the peace that has brooded for a
hundred years unbroken on her sea-girt
shores.—DR. GUTHRIE.

BRITONS.—The Ancient

They lived here before the Advent of
our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and
sprang from a tribe descended from Gomer,
the son of Japhet, the son of Noah. They
were called Gomerians or Kimmerians, and
settled in some parts of Spain, and France,
and Britain, probably more than six hundred
years before the birth of Christ. The
Prophet Ezekiel speaks of merchants of
Tyre bringing home from Tarshish—a town
on the borders of Spain and Portugal—the
tin and lead which they had procured.
And it is well known that they got these
in after years from Cornwall, and probably
did so from the beginning of this trading.
It is worth while to notice that "*Chapter
of the Nations*,"—Gen. x., especially the
first five verses; and also Ezek. xxvii. 3,
12, 13. We call these "the original in-
habitants," though it is, of course, possible
that other tribes had passed over to Great
Britain even before them.—VENABLES.

BRITONS.—The Festivals of the

They had four great festivals in the year.
On May-day, for prayer for a blessing on
the seed which had been sown; at Mid-
summer, for the blessing on the harvest
about to be gathered in; at the beginning
of November, for thanksgiving after the
harvest was complete; and on New Year's
Day (about the 10th of March at that time),
when they sought for mistletoe growing on
oak-trees, a shrub of very rare occurrence,
and held in great veneration, because be-
lieved to possess great powers of healing.
When found on an oak-tree it was cut with
a gold knife, by an Arch-Druid, with great
solemnity.

On these festive occasions, especially on
May-day and at the beginning and ending
of the husbandman's labours, large fires

were kindled on all the cairns throughout the country, which were so placed that a fire on one of them might be seen at the station of others around, and so all might be kindled at the same hour. Not a few of these cairns remain in different parts of Great Britain. Their grand cathedral appears to have been the marvellous pile of stones on Salisbury Plain, where two stones of gigantic size being fixed upright, a third huge stone is laid across them, and by a repetition of these a large outer circle was formed, with a smaller circle inside of it. At one end still lies the altar-stone. Two other single stones are placed at a considerable distance from it and from one another; but they are so placed that at the Equinox (March 21st, September 21st), the rising sun sends his first beams of light in a straight line with these stones; and it appears very probable that at this moment one of their most important sacrifices (almost certainly a human being) took place.—VENABLES.

BRITONS.—The Religion of the

Their religion was not the religion of the Bible. It was called Druidism. Druidism had three orders of ministers; viz.—the Voids, the Bards, and the Druids. The Voids were physicians and divines; they studied natural philosophy—nature, indeed, in all its forms—and they also knew something of the arts and sciences; they wore green robes, as a symbol of nature. The Bards kept the historical records of the country, concerning which they composed and sang national songs, and in this manner they preserved the traditions of their nation and of their religion. They wore blue robes, emblematical of peace; and it is said that when they appeared thus clad, even amongst contending armies, the combatants immediately laid down their arms. The Druids devoted themselves to religious duties; they clothed themselves in long white robes, as an emblem of purity, and they kept their hair short, but wore long, flowing beards. The doctrines and discipline of Druidism, and the observances of sacrifices, were handed down from one generation to the other by the traditions of their ministers, who could thus make additions and alterations if they desired it, and this was a source of some profit and power to them.—VENABLES.

BRITONS.—The Teaching of the

The Druids taught the people to worship one only God, whom they believed to be Creator and Governor of all things. They taught also the immortality of the soul, and the necessity of a good life in order

to the attainment of future happiness. It was a principle with them—that “men are bound to search diligently for truth on all occasions; and, when they have found it, to uphold and vindicate it with all their power.”—VENABLES.

BROOK.—The Flowing

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,
And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,
And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers,
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.
I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.
I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;
And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever.—TENNYSON.

BROOK.—The Sea's Reception of the

The brook, that can scarcely maintain its course, is received into the bosom of the deep: nor is it scorned by the sea; for its humble stream is taken into its embrace as kindly as those proud waters whose torrent has made whole provinces to mourn.—METASTASIO.

BROTHERHOOD.—A Natural

There is a brotherhood between us and flowers and trees, between the green things that wither, and the bright and beautiful ones that die. The dead violet is the fragrant memorial of the infant that drooped and died—the still unscattered dust of the flower that fades in June brings to our remembrance the fair form that was suddenly breathed on by some mysterious emissary, and passed away in her noon. Another falls from the tree of life like that sere leaf. In the woods in winter we cannot be long alone; visions and associations will gather around us—departed forms, and almost forgotten faces will rise like their shadows from the grave, and almost for-

gotten faces will come forth from the past, and bear witness to the words which, like monumental inscriptions on the pavement, the feet of traffic are continually defacing, but which the sweep of years renders again clear and legible:—"All flesh is as grass; the grass withereth, and the flower fadeth."—CUMMING.

BROTHERS.—The

In the same hour the breath of life receiving,
They came together and were beautiful;
But, as they slumbered in their mother's lap,
How mournful was their beauty! She would sit,
And look and weep, and look and weep again;
For Nature had but half her work achieved,
Denying, like a step-dame, to the babes
Her noblest gifts; denying speech to one,
And to the other—reason.

But at length

Seven years gone by, seven melancholy years)
Another came, as fair, and fairer still;
And then, how anxiously the mother watched
Till reason dawned and speech declared itself!
Reason and speech were his: and down she knelt,
Clasping her hands in silent ecstasy.

S. ROGERS.

BRUTES.—The Instinct of

Moved by instinct, brutes look only to the present and what is before them, paying but little or no attention to the past or to the future.—CICERO.

BRUTES.—The Soul of

To talk of God being the soul of brutes, is the worst and most profane degradation of divine power. To suppose that He who regulates the rolling of the planets, and the return of seasons, by general laws, interferes, by a special act of His power, to make a bird fly, and an insect flutter,—to suppose that a gaudy moth cannot expand its wings to the breeze, or a lark unfold its plumage to the sun, without the special mandate of that God who fixes incipient passions in the human heart, and leaves them to produce a Borgia to scourge mankind, or a Newton to instruct them,—is not piety, or science, but a most pernicious substitution of degrading conjectures, from an ignorant apprehension of the consequences of admitting plain facts.—S. SMITH.

BUFFOONERY.—Defined.

Buffoonery is voluntary incongruity.—S. SMITH.

BUGBEAR.—A Great

To the world no bugbear is so great
As want of figure and a small estate.—POPE.

BUILDINGS.—The Majesty of

The majesty of buildings depends more on the weight and vigour of their masses than on any other attribute of their design: mass of everything—of bulk, of light, of darkness, of colour,—not mere sum of any of these, but breadth of them; not broken light, nor scattered darkness, nor divided weight, but solid stone, broad sunshine, starless shade.—RUSKIN.

BUILDINGS.—The Preservation of

The reason why we preserve from destruction human buildings, or even single chambers, is—because some one great event happened within their walls, or some solitary noble of our race dwelt in them. John Knox read his Bible in such a room; Martin Luther threw his inkstand at an evil spirit in such another; Mary Queen of Scots wept over her breviary in a third; Galileo was tortured in a fourth; Isaac Newton tracked the stars from a fifth; and Shakspeare laid him down to die in a sixth; and therefore we preserve them,—and how justly!—and go long journeys to visit places so sacred.—PROF. G. WILSON.

BULL.—The Relationship of a

A bull is exactly the counterpart of a witticism; for as wit discovers real relations that are not apparent, bulls admit apparent relations that are not real.—S. SMITH.

BURDEN.—Lightening Each Other's

We strive,
In offices of love, how we may lighten
Each other's burden, in our share of woe.
MILTON.

BURDEN.—Patience Lightens every

Patience possesses a wondrous power in making a heavy burden light; nay, it seems to cut it in half, and so to make it tolerable.—DR. DAVIES.

BURIAL.—Grounds for

The custom of burying the dead in enclosed grounds set apart for that purpose, was established about the year 200. Before that time people were interred in caves, under trees, and in the highways. Ancient

tombs still exist by roads near Rome, from which the words so often seen in modern epitaphs are derived—namely—“*Siste, viator,*”—Stop, traveller.—LOARING.

BURIAL-FIELD.—A Spacious

What is this world?
What but a spacious burial-field unwall'd :
The very turf on which we tread once lived.
R. BLAIR.

BURIAL-RITE.—The Celebration of the

Come ! let the burial-rite be read—the
funeral song be sung !
An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever
died so young—
A dirge for her the doubly dead in that she
died so young.—POE.

BURLESQUE.—Dull

The dull burlesque appeared with impu-
dence
And pleased by novelty in spite of sense.
DRYDEN.

BUSINESS.—A Capacity for

Not because of any extraordinary talents
did he succeed, but because he had a
capacity on a level for business, and not
above it.—TACITUS.

BUSINESS.—Despatch in

There be three parts of business :—the
preparation ; the debate or examination ;
and the perfection ; whereof, if you look for
despatch, let the middle only be the work
of many, and the first and last the work of
few.—LORD BACON.

BUSINESS.—Men of

Certainly as the world is more beholden
to men of business than to men of pleasure,
so the men of pleasure must be content to
be governed by those of employment.
However they are contemned by the vanity
of those that look after nothing but jollity,
yet the affairs of the world are in their
hands, and they are the men that give laws
to the sensual and voluptuous. Therefore
that man is but of the lower part of the
world that is not brought up to business and
affairs. And though there be that may
think it a little too serious for the capering
blood and sprightly vigour of youth, yet
upon experience, they shall find it a more
contentive life than idleness or perpetual
joviality.—FELTHAM.

BUSINESS.—Religion in

The earnest spirit of business (and men
must be earnest or they will do nothing),
the earnest spirit of business must be met
and controlled—must be suffused and sanc-
tified by a still more earnest spirit of re-

ligion. A hollow and heartless piety can
never guide such a business spirit as Hale
possessed, and such as, in these days
especially, all successful must possess.
Strength must be combined with strength ;
earnestness must control earnestness. Zeal
must pierce into, and exalt and purify
zeal. Faith in eternal truth in the soul,
in God, in Christ, in the Spirit, in heaven,
must be clear, eagle-eyed, seeing at a dis-
tance, looking through clouds and storms.
Love to God must be a blazing fire, like
that on Elijah's altar, which licked up the
water, dust, and stones that filled the
trenches.

Say not such mighty faith, such fervent
love, are impossible in this world of bustle,
toil, and care. For Hale has demonstrated
that the thing was practicable ; and so has
William Wilberforce ; and so has Mr.
Hardcastle, the merchant ; and so has
Thomas Fowell Buxton, the brewer ; and
so has Joseph John Gurney, the banker,
and many more. Amidst the heats of
secular employments they cooled their
burning brows by opening windows that
looked into eternity, and let in breezes
that came blowing from the land where
angels dwell. And when their souls'
chariot-wheels were ready to catch fire by
the friction of their secular activity, faith
in other things, and love to other things,
was like cold water dropping down to pre-
vent the flames. The world did not carry
them away—did not overpower, and con-
quer, and burn them up. They remained,
after all, masters of the world and of them-
selves, through the constant faith they had
that they were the servants of God and of
Christ.—STOUGHTON.

BUSY-BODY.—A Description of the

He is a treacherous supplanter and under-
miner of the peace of all families and
societies.—DR. SOUTH.

BUSY-BODY.—The Tongue of a

His tongue, like the tail of Samson's
foxes, carries firebrands, and is enough to
set the whole field of the world on a flame.
—BP. HALL.

BUT.—Various Uses of the Word—

“I am strong and vigorous,” says one ;
“I have health of body and activity of
mind, *but*, I am doomed to chill penury !”
“I have wealth,” says another ; “my cup
is full, kind fortune has smiled upon me ;
but, I am condemned to drag about with
me a suffering frame ; my golden treasures
are often a mockery to me, for I cannot
enjoy them !” “I have both health and
wealth,” says another ; “*but*, yonder grave
has plundered me of what wealth and health

never can purchase back. Mine is the saddest of all 'althoughs'; mine the bitterest 'crook' in the lot; wealth may come back again; health may again smile upon me; *but* my children! my children! These treasured barks in the sea of life that have gone down, no power can raise them up again, or bring them to my side!"—MACDUFF.

BUTTERFLY.—An Address to a

Lovely, light, airy thing, thou butterfly! which hoverest over flowers, only livest on dews and blossoms, a blossom thyself, a flying leaf, purpled with a rose's finger.—HERDER.

BUTTERFLY.—The Flight of a

A bit bonny butterfly is resting, wi' faulded wings, on a gowan, no a yard frae your cheek, and noo, waukening out o' a simmer dream, floats awa in its waver-ing beauty, but as if unwilling to leave its place of mid-day sleep, comin back and back, and roun' and roun', on this side and that side, settling, in its capricious hap-piness, to fasten again on some brighter floweret, till the same breath o' wund that lifts up your hair sae refreshingly catches the airy voyager, and wafts her away into some other nook of her ephemeral paradise.—PROF. WILSON.

BUYING AND SELLING.

In little trades more cheats and lying
Are used in selling than in buying;
But in the great, unjust dealing
Is used in buying than in selling.

S. BUTLER.

BY-GONES.—Advice on

Let by-gones be by-gones; let the past be forgotten.—DR. WEBSTER.

C.

CABAL.—A Coincidence respecting a

It so happened, by a whimsical coinci-dence, that in 1671 the cabinet consisted of five persons, the initial letter of whose names made up the word cabal:—Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley, and Lauderdale.—MACAULAY.

CÆSAR.—The Ambition of

He with empire fired, and vast desires,
To all, and nothing less than all, aspires;
He reckons not the past while ought re-main'd

Great to be done, or mighty to be gain'd.

LUCAN.

CÆSAR.—The Greatness of

Why, man! he doth bestride the narrow world

Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

SHAKSPEARE.

CALAMITIES.—The Effect of

Some spirits are naturally so joyous and elastic, that those calamities which over-whelm and crush stronger natures, affect them but slightly and transiently. They are like the willow which bends gracefully and readily to the storm, while the giant oak is prostrated by its fury.—DR. DAVIES.

CALAMITIES.—The Heritage of

Calamities are, more or less, the sure heritage of our common humanity.—WHEELWRIGHT.

CALAMITIES.—Oppress the Greatest.

When hard times come on,
The greatest calamities oppress
The greatest still, and spare the less.

S. BUTLER.

CALAMITY.—The Deliberations of

The deliberations of calamity are rarely wise.—BURKE.

CALAMITY.—Strokes of

There are some strokes of calamity that scathe and scorch the soul.—W. IRVING.

CALAMITY.—Times of

Times of general calamity have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt is elicited from the darkest storm.—COLTON.

CALCULATION.—Helps to

The reference of Prof. De Morgan to the employment of the fingers for purposes of notation induces me to speak of the very ingenious application, in China, of this living abacus to arithmetical calculations; of the facility it gives for the settlement of accounts and the easy solution of all sums, whether of addition, subtraction, multipli-cation or division, from one up to a hundred thousand. Every finger on the left hand represents nine figures; the little finger the units, the ring finger the tens, the middle finger the hundreds, the forefinger the thousands, the thumb the tens of thousands. The three inner joints represent from 1 to 3, the three outer 4 to 6, the right side 7 to 9. The forefinger of the right hand is employed for pointing to the figure to be

called into use : thus 1,234 would at once be denoted by just touching the inside of the upper joint of the forefinger, representing 1,000 ; then the inside of the second, or middle, joint of the middle finger, representing 200 ; thirdly, the inside of the lower joint of the ring finger, representing 30 ; and, lastly, the upper joint of the little finger touched on the outside, representing 4. Or again, 99,999 would be represented by touching the side of the lower joint of the thumb (90,000) and the lower side of the joint of the fore, middle, ring, and little fingers, representing respectively 9,000, 900, 90, and 9. The universal correctness of the accountancy of China when there is no purpose of fraud, and the rapidity with which all trading and commercial accounts are calculated, are facts of notoriety to all who have any acquaintance with purchases or sales made in that country. Independently of the well-known mechanical instrument (the abacus, which, by the way, ought to be introduced into all the elementary schools in Europe, as is the practice in Russia, where it is seen everywhere in the shops and markets), the ten figures are an omnipresent *vade-mecum*—an easy detector of roguery, or intentional false reckoning. Before the introduction of the decimal system in the Spanish colonies the natives were constantly cheated, from the impossibility of correcting their accounts, made up by the ancient, inconvenient, and perplexing divisions of the dollar. I have seen an Indian hold up his fingers, since the dollar has been divided into cents, and boast that he could not be imposed on *now*.—BOWRING.

CALLING.—Honour Due to every

Honour is due to every honest or useful calling in which men employ the talents which God has given them to His glory and the good of their fellow-creatures ; but in proportion as its end is more important, and its usefulness greater, so much the more honourable does any calling become.—B.P. TROWER.

CALLINGS.—Mistakes in

One man, perhaps, proves miserable in the study of the law, who might have flourished in that of physics or divinity. Another runs his head against the pulpit, who might have been very serviceable to his country at the plough. And a third proves a very dull and heavy philosopher, who possibly would have made a good mechanic, and have done well enough at the useful philosophy of the spade or the anvil.—DR. SOUTH.

CALM.—A

The winds are out of breath.—DRYDEN.

CALM.—A Dead

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,

'Twas sad as sad could be ;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink ;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot : O Christ !
That ever this should be !
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

CALM.—A Sweet

How calm, how beautiful, comes on
The stilly hour when storms are gone !
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds beneath the glancing ray
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity,—
Fresh as if day again were born,
Again upon the lap of morn !
When the bright blossoms, rudely torn
And scatter'd at the whirlwind's will,
Hang fleeting in the pure air still,
Filling it all with precious balm
In gratitude for this sweet calm ;—
And every drop the thunder-showers
Have left upon the grass and flowers
Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning-gem,
Whose liquid flame is born of them.
T. MOORE.

CALMNESS—under Contradiction.

Calmness under contradiction is demonstrative of great stupidity or strong intellect.—ZIMMERMAN.

CALMNESS.—Power the Cause of

His calmness was the repose of conscious power.—EVERETT.

CALUMNIES.—The Triumphs of

There are calumnies against which even innocence loses courage.—NAPOLEON I.

CALUMNY.—Delight in

Like the tiger that seldom desists from pursuing man after having once preyed upon human flesh, the person who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes ever after the most agreeable feast on murdered reputation.—GOLDSMITH.

CALUMNY.—Neglected

Neglected calumny soon expires ; show that you are hurt, and you give it the appearance of truth.—TACITUS.

CALUMNY.—Non-Exemption from

No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape ; back-wounding
calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so
strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous
tongue?—SHAKESPEARE.

CALUMNY.—The Spread of

Calumny crosses oceans, scales mountains, and traverses deserts with greater ease than the Scythian Abaris, and, like him, rides upon a poisoned arrow.—COLTON.

CALVARY.—Mount

Mount Calvary is lord of the Sacred Mountains, and by its baptism of blood and agony, its moral grandeur, and the intense glory that beams from its summit, is worthy to crown the immortal group. Its moral height no man can measure, for though its base is on the earth, its top is lost in the heaven of heavens. The angels hover around the dazzling summit, struggling in vain to scale its highest point, which has never yet been fanned by even an immortal wing. The divine eye alone embraces its length and breadth; and depth and height. Oh, what associations cluster around it ! what mysteries hover there ! and what revelations it makes to the awe-struck beholder ! Mount Calvary ! at the mention of that name the universe thrills with a new emotion, and heaven trembles with a new anthem, in which pity and exultation mingle in strange yet sweet accord !—HEADLEY.

CAMP.—Armies in

From camp to camp, through the foul
womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch ;
Fire answers fire, and through their paly
flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face ;
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful
neighs,
Piercing the night's dull ear, and from the
tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
SHAKESPEARE.

CAMP.—Morn at the

Scarce did the breezy messenger arise
To announce the coming of the Queen of
Morn,
The while, with roses pluck'd in Paradise,
She stayed her golden tresses to adorn ;
When from the camp that now to arms did
rise
A murmur loud and sonorous was borne
Waking before the trumpets, then all round
These too gave forth their glad and tuneful
sound.—TASSO.

CANDLE.—The Figurative Light of a

How far that little candle throws its beams !
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
SHAKESPEARE.

CANDOUR.—Defined.

It is frank and ingenuous ; and leads its possessor, free from prejudice and disguise, to treat all subjects, especially those distinguished for morality and religion, with the utmost fairness.—DR. WEBSTER.

CANDOUR.—no Respector of Persons.

Candour, like Deity, is no respector of persons. It treats the beggar as if he were the king, and the king as if he were the beggar.—E. DAVIES.

CANNONS AND FIRE-ARMS.

Cannons and fire-arms are cruel and damnable machines : I believe them to have been the direct suggestion of the devil. Against the flying ball no valour avails ; the soldier is dead ere he sees the means of his destruction. If Adam had seen in a vision the horrible instruments his children were to invent, he would have died of grief.—LUTHER.

CANT.—Defined.

This is an affected, uncouth garb of speech, or vulgar jargon, employed sometimes by professional men, by gipsies and beggars, and by religious hypocrites.—SANDERSON.

CANT.—The Evil of

It destroys the credit of him who unhappily employs it, while it utterly deceives him who unfortunately listens to it.—DR. DAVIES.

CAPABILITY.—Will Involves

Even in the petty segment of this life
Our will involves our capability.
P. J. BAILEY.

CAPACITY.—General

Society is a more level surface than we imagine. Wise men or absolute fools are hard to meet with, as there are few giants

or dwarfs. The heaviest charge we can bring against the general texture of society is, that it is common-place; and many of those who are singular had better be common-place. Our fancied superiority to others is in some one thing, which we think most of, because we excel in it, or have paid most attention to it; whilst we overlook their superiority to us in something else, which they set equal and exclusive store by. This is fortunate for all parties. I never felt myself superior to any one who did not go out of his way to affect qualities which he had not. In his own individual character and line of pursuit, every one has knowledge, experience, and skill:—and who shall say which pursuit requires most, thereby proving his own narrowness and incompetence to decide? Particular talent or genius does not imply general capacity. Those who are most versatile are seldom great in any one department; and the stupidest people can generally do something. The highest pre-eminence in any one study commonly arises from the concentration of the attention and faculties on that one study. He who expects from a great name in politics, in philosophy, in art, equal greatness in other things, is little versed in human nature. Our strength lies in our weakness. The learned in books is ignorant of the world. He who is ignorant of books is often well acquainted with other things; for life is of the same length in the learned and the unlearned: the mind cannot be idle; if it is not taken up with one thing it attends to another through choice or necessity; and the degree of previous capacity in one class or another is a mere lottery. —HAZLITT.

CAPITAL—Defined.

Capital! What is capital? Is it what a man owns? Is it counted by pounds and shillings, and shares, by houses and pence, still capital is not what a man owns. No, a man *is*. Character is *his*, but what is capital.—MACDUFF.
capital; honour is *his* Man's

CAPITAL.—The Working Man's Capital is health and

The working man's capital consist in landed not wealth. It does not consist in muscle, and property, but in sinew and intoxicating if he persist in the use of strong liquors, they will strike at the root of his capital—a sound physical constitution. After this is lost, he becomes unfit for the workshop, for no master will employ a man who wants capital. He then goes to the poorhouse or the infirmary.—HUNTER.

CAPITAL AND LABOUR.

All capital is accumulated labour.—LORD STANLEY.

CARBONIC-ACID.—The Diffusion of

The carbonic-acid with which our breathing fills the air, to-morrow will be speeding north and south, and striving to make the tour of the world. The date-trees that grow round the fountains of the Nile will drink it in by their leaves; the cedars of Lebanon will take of it to add to their stature; the cocoa-nuts of Tahiti will grow riper upon it; and the palms and bananas of Japan change it into flowers.—PROF. G. WILSON.

CARDS.—No Blessing on

The Rev. Mr. Dod, an eminent minister, being solicited to play at cards, arose from his seat, and uncovered his head. The company asked him what he was going to do. He replied—"To crave God's blessing." They immediately exclaimed—"We never ask a blessing on such an occasion." "Then," said he, "I never engage in anything but on what I can beg of God to give his blessing."—BUCK.

CARDS.—The Charms of

Is it not a little surprising that these painted papers should possess such charms as to be able to captivate all hearts in civilized society? Is there some magical influence resident in the paper or colouring, which is elicited by the dexterous motions of the players? Or are we to attribute the power which they possess over the minds of men to some extraneous cause connected with their movements?—SAVAGE.

CARDS.—Time Wasted on

I think it very wonderful to see persons of the best sense passing away a dozen hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation but what is made up of a few game phrases, and no other ideas but those of black or red spots ranged together in different figures! Would not a man laugh to hear any one of this species complaining that life is short?—ADDISON.

CARE—Everywhere.

Look into the country fields, there you see toiling at the plough and scythe; look into the waters, there you see tugging at oars and cables; look into the city, there you see a throng of cares, and hear sorrowful complaints of bad times and the decay of trade; look into studies, and there you see paleness and infirmities, and fixed eyes; look into the court, and there are defeated hopes, envyings, underminings, and tedious attendance: all things are full of labour,

and labour is full of sorrow ; and these two are inseparably joined with the miserable life of man.—T. ROGERS.

CARE.—A Want of

A want of care does more damage than a want of knowledge.—DR. FRANKLIN.

CARE—a Watcher.

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie.
SHAKESPEARE.

CARE.—The Yoke of

The yoke of care is worse than the yoke of men ; yet he who hath shaken off the one, bears the other patiently.—PETRARCH.

CARE AND LAUGHTER.

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt ;
And every laugh, so merry, draws one out.
WOLCOTT.

CARELESSNESS.—A Caution against

Beware of carelessness ; no fortune will stand it long : you are on the high road to ruin the moment you think yourself rich enough to be careless.—S. SMITH.

CARELESSNESS—Defined.

What is carelessness but rebellion?—J. H. EVANS.

CARES—Fashion the Man.

A man in old age is like a sword in a shop window. Men that look upon the perfect blade do not imagine the process by which it was completed. Man is a sword. Daily life is the workshop, and God is the artificer, and those cares which beat upon the anvil, and file the edge, and eat in, acid-like, the inscription upon his hilt—these are the very things that fashion the man.—H. W. BEECHER.

CARICATURE.—The Evil of

By indulging the practice of caricature one not only belies the actual, but he loses all enjoyment for the beautiful. Nor this only, he gives way to evil passion, as did Hogarth when he caricatured Churchill.—WALPOLE.

CARMEL.—Mount

Mount Carmel is in Palestine, and forms the southern promontory of the bay of Acre. Acre lies on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean, and Carmel is one of a range of hills which extends north-west from the plain of Esdraelon. The scenery on this mountain seems to have been very picturesque. In his description of the spouse, Solomon says—"Thine head upon

thee is like Carmel ;" alluding to the fine symmetry and beauty of its summit. Isaiah sings of "the excellency of Carmel," as descriptive of the solitary places and the desert in the times of the Gospel ; and there are allusions to its rich pasturage by the prophets Jeremiah and Amos. Modern travellers tell us that it fully merits these praises, and that the meaning of the word Carmel, which is "the country of vineyards and gardens," is sustained by its beauty and fertility. But that which has rendered this mountain immortal is—it is associated with one of the most impressive scenes recorded in the Old Testament. Upon one of its sides the prophet Elijah and the prophets of Baal met to try the grand question as to whether Jehovah or Baal was God. The experiment has succeeded : Jehovah's solitary prophet has triumphed ; and the cry of the people assembled rose up to heaven :—"The Lord, He is the God ; the Lord, He is the God !" —M'FARLANE.

CAROLS.—The History of

These have a remarkable history. At one time they were church hymns, and that only ; at another, although still hymns of religious joy, they were intended rather for domestic than church use ; while in another phase, they were elements in Christmas festivity, neither evincing religious thoughts nor couched in reverent language. As to the word itself, etymologists are not agreed whether it was derived directly from the Latin, or mediately through the French or Italian ; but the meaning has always been accepted as that of a hymn of joy, especially as applied to those intended for Christmas. It has been said that the first carol was the song of the angels mentioned by St. Luke—"Glory to God in the highest," for it was a song of joy in relation to the nativity. It is known that the bishops and clergy, after the apostolic times, were wont to sing carols together in Church on Christmas-Day.—LOARING.

CAST.—Life Set on a

I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of a die.
SHAKESPEARE.

CASTAWAYS.—Voluntary

Some voluntary castaways there will always be, whom no fostering kindness and no parental care can prevent from self-destruction.—DR. SOUTHEY.

CASTLE.—A Man's House his

The house of every man is to him as his castle, as well for his defence against injury and violence as for his repose.—COKE.

CASTLES—in the Air.

We speak of building castles in the air.
The phrase in Charron is—building castles
in Spain.—DR. SOUTHEY.

CASTLES.—The Lofty Position of

They stand, as stands a lofty mind,
Worn, but unstooping to the baser
crowd,
All tenantless save to the crannying
wind,
Or holding dark communion with the
cloud:
There was a day when they were young
and proud,
Banners on high, and battles pass'd
below;
But they who fought are in a bloody
shroud,
And those who waved are shredless dust
ere now,
And the bleak battlements shall bear no
future blow.—BYRON.

**CATHEDRAL.—A Description of the In-
side of a**

The wrought oaken beams,
Pillars, and frieze, and high fantastic roof,
Of those dusk places in times far aloof,
Cathedrals called.—KEATS.

**CATHEDRAL.—A Description of the Out-
side of a**

A wilderness of spires, minarets, arches,
and what not.—MRS. STOWE.

CATHEDRAL.—The Home Aspect of a

A quiet house of devotion and learning,
whose inmates may feed the interior life of
the soul with devout meditation (an exer-
cise which struggles hard for existence
among us in an age of restlessness and pro-
gress), may drink at the fountains of wis-
dom, which are opened up in theological
literature, may forge weapons of defence
for the Church against the sceptic and un-
believer, and give such a perpetual atten-
dant upon the holy and beautiful services
of God's house as shall sanctify these
pursuits; a home with every outward cir-
cumstance in keeping with its great design
—its cloister, a sheltered and architecturally
beautiful retreat, inviting to solemn thought;
its library, a secluded repository of the
wisdom of past ages; its great minster,
overhanging cloister and library, echoing
night and morning with anthems of praise.
—DEAN GOULBURN.

CATHEDRAL.—St. Paul's

The site on which the present cathedral
stood was once occupied by a temple dedicat-

ed to Diana, erected by the Roman officers
of the prætors who hunted in the neigh-
bouring forests; but for thirteen centuries
Christianity had had a temple on this spot,
even at the period when London was only
a thatched city, whose outer walls extended
but half way down Ludgate Hill. The
present fabric is of modern date. The
great fire of London destroyed the old
building, and the present one has scarcely
reached its two hundredth birthday. After
the great fire, London set itself with great
energy to the work of rebuilding this cathed-
ral. It was not the work of the metro-
polis only, but of the whole Church and
country. The means were raised under the
influence of Royal letters patent which set
forth that it was to be rebuilt "to the glory
of God and for the due observance of divine
service." The historical importance of St.
Paul's is inestimable, and beneath our feet
repose the dust of Nelson and Wellington,
besides that of many other illustrious dead.
Amongst the names which stirred great
memories was that of Joseph Butler, whose
voice as Dean of St. Paul's was heard within
its walls for ten years. Butler was greatly
impressed with the incompleteness of the
edifice, and characterized it as an "un-
clothed skeleton." And this was the most
important ecclesiastical building in this
country. I do not say that the architec-
tural beauties of Lincoln, Durham, or
Westminster cannot be compared with St.
Paul's, or even that it can be placed in the
first rank of cathedral buildings, but it is
superior to all the others in the kingdom
as the cathedral church of London, the
mightiest of cities, the heart of England,
and of a vast empire, the capital of the
whole civilized world. Its mighty dome
towers high above all the other edifices
around it, bearing aloft the symbol of the
Church, of which St. Paul himself said—
"I glory only in the cross of the Lord
Jesus Christ"—CANON LIDDON.

CAUSE.—A Desperate

It is a desperate cause that with words
and eloquence may not be smoothed.—BP.
JEWEL.

CAUSE.—Events have a

Some events seem so fortuitous as to have
no cause for their existence; yet it is as
certain as any demonstration in Euclid
that nothing—either grand or insignificant
—happens without a cause.—DR. DAVIES.

CAUSE.—A Good

A good cause receives more injury from
a weak defence than from a frivolous accu-
sation; and the ill that does a man no

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

harm is to be preferred before the good that creates him a prejudice.—MARVELL.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Whatever has, or is imagined to possess, a power to produce changes in other things, or in itself, is called a cause; and the change so produced is called an effect.—I. TAYLOR.

CAUTION—Defined.

It is a careful attention to the probable effects of a measure, and a judicious course of conduct to avoid failure or disaster; or it may be defined as prudence in regard to danger.—DR. WEBSTER.

CAUTION.—The Lesson of

The disasters of the unfortunate should prove the effectual means of teaching the lesson of caution to the fortunate.—E. DAVIES.

CAUTION—Required.

Every step of life shows how much caution is required.—GOETHE.

CAVE.—A Description of a

Deep in a bay an island makes
A haven by its jutting sides :
Whereon each wave from ocean breaks,
And parting into hollows glides.
High o'er the cave vast rocks extend,—
A beetling cliff at either end ;
Beneath their summit, far and wide,
In sheltered silence sleeps the tide ;
While quivering forests crown the scene,
A theatre of glancing green.
In front, retiring from the wave,
Oppes on the view a rock-hung cave,
A home that nymphs might call their own,
Fresh springs and seats of living stone.

VIRGIL.

CAVILLER.—The Reproof of a

A certain man went to a dervise, and proposed three questions :—First, Why do they say that God is omnipresent? I do not see Him in any place; show me where He is. Secondly, Why is man punished for crimes? since whatever he does proceeds from God: man has no free will, for he cannot do anything contrary to the will of God; and if he had power, he would do everything for his own good. Thirdly, how can God punish Satan in hell fire, since he is formed of that element? and what impression can fire make on itself? The dervise took up a large clod of earth, and struck him on the head with it. The man went to the cadi, and said—"I proposed three questions to such a dervise, who flung such a clod of earth at me, and he

CEMETERIES.

made my head ache." The cadi having sent for the dervise, asked—"Why did you throw a clod of earth at his head, instead of answering his questions?" The dervise replied—"The clod of earth was an answer to his speech. He says he has a pain in his head: let him show it me, and I will make God visible to him. And why does he exhibit a complaint to you against me? Whatever I did was the act of God: I did not strike him without the will of God; and what power do I possess?—And as he is compounded of earth, how can he suffer pain from that element?" The man was confounded, and the cadi highly pleased with the dervise's answer.—BUCK.

CEDAR.—The Timber of the

The cedar is most useful when dead. It is the most productive when its place knows it no more. There is no timber like it. Firm in grain, and capable of the finest polish, the tooth of no insect will touch it, and Time himself can hardly destroy it. Diffusing a perpetual fragrance through the chambers which it ceils, the worm will not corrode the book which it protects, nor the moth corrupt the garment which it guards: all but immortal itself, it transfuses its amaranthine qualities to the objects around it.—DR. J. HAMILTON.

CEDARS.—The Magnificent Appearance of

They are the very impersonation of kingly majesty. They are themselves a living epic.—MRS. STOWE.

CELIBACY—Condemned.

God made Adam a companion, and saved him from egotism. Thus was the organization of the family perfected. In modern society celibacy exists; but this exception, if you make it a rule, is against God and against nature. Celibacy is cowardice if it does not glorify marriage. The Apostles have said marriage is honourable, marriage is spotless before God and men.—HYACINTHE.

CEMETERIES.—The History of

Anciently none were buried in churches or churchyards; it was even unlawful to inter in cities, and the cemeteries were without the walls. Among the primitive Christians these were held in great veneration. It even appears from Eusebius and Tertullian, that in the early ages they assembled for divine worship in the cemeteries. Valerian seems to have confiscated the cemeteries and other places of divine worship; but they were restored again by Gallienus. As the martyrs were buried in these places the Christians chose them for building churches.

on, when Constantine established their religion; and hence some derive the rule, which still obtains in the Church of Rome, never to consecrate an altar without putting under it the relics of some saint.—BUCK.

CEMETERY.—The Meaning of the Word—

The English word—cemetery, comes from a Greek word, which means—the sleeping place of the dead.—DEAN ALFORD.

CENSOR.—The Severest

He is always the severest censor on the merits of others who has the least worth of his own.—MAGOON.

CENSORIOUS.—The Glasses of the

The censorious commonly take up magnifying glasses to look at other person's imperfections, and diminishing glasses to look at their own enormities.—W. SECKER.

CENSURES.—The Fear of

I fear men's censures as the charcoal sparks.—WITHER.

CEREMONIES.—The Silliness of

All ceremonies are, in themselves, very silly; but yet a man of the world should know them.—CHESTERFIELD.

CEREMONIES AND POLITENESS.

Ceremonies are different in every country; but true politeness is everywhere the same. Ceremonies which take up so much of our attention, are only artificial helps which ignorance assumes in order to imitate politeness, which is the result of good sense and good nature. A person possessed of those qualities, though he had never seen a court, is truly agreeable; and, if without them, would continue a clown, though he had been all his life a gentleman usher.—GOLD-SMITH.

CEREMONY.—The Advantage of

Ceremony keeps up all things: 'tis like a penny glass to a rich spirit, or some excellent water; without it the water were spilt, the spirit lost.—SELDEN.

CEREMONY.—Questions respecting

What art thou, thou idle ceremony?
What kind of good art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal grief; than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is the soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?

Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing:
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage
sweet,
But poison'd flattery?—SHAKSPEARE.

CHALLENGE.—The Pressing of a

I never in my life
Did hear a challenge press'd more modestly.
SHAKSPEARE.

CHAMBERLAIN.—The Lord

The Lord Chamberlain is the sixth officer of the crown. He waits upon the sovereign on the day of coronation; he has charge of providing all requisites for the palace, and for the House of Lords during the session of parliament, and other matters varying somewhat in different reigns.—DR. WEBSTER.

CHANCE.—The Character and Action of

What an uncommonly strange thing chance is?

What heaps of sin, like charity, it hides,
Or rather, altogether blots them out!
For who's to blame for that he had no hand
in?

Which was not meant—was never once
foreseen—

Which happen'd—some way—as a thing
might drop

Out of the clouds; though, very strange to
say,

It always falls exactly where we'd have it.
Chance is a scapegrace, who, in all his life
Did never do a proper action yet;
He puts his hand to nothing but he
blunders;

Mistakes his neighbour's pocket for his
own;

Ruins good causes without fault in the
pleader;

Gives the wrong medicine and kills the
patient;

And, like an awkward knave, makes poor
young ladies,

The least designing creatures in the world,
Meet the same man, at the same place, and
hour,

Day after day; who never for a moment
Dreamt in their walks to meet with any-
thing

But fields and trees, and charming scenery.
J. S. KNOWLES.

CHANCE.—Defined.

Chance is the providence of adventurers.
—NAPOLEON I.

CHANCE.—A Lucky

A lucky chance oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs.—J. THOMSON.

CHANCERY.—The Court of

A mouse-trap; easy to enter, but not easy to get out of.—MRS. BALFOUR.

CHANGE.—A

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
BYRON.

CHANGE.—The Love of

It will be found that they are the weakest-minded and the hardest-hearted men that most love change; for the weakest-minded are those who both wonder most at things new, and digest worst things old; and the hardest-hearted men are those that least feel the endearing and binding power of custom, and hold on by no cord of affection to any shore, but drive with the waves that cast up mire and dirt.—RUSKIN.

CHANGE.—Perpetual

Everything in this world is a tangled yarn: we taste nothing in its purity; we do not remain two moments in the same state. Our affections, as well as our bodies, are in a perpetual change.—ROUSSEAU.

CHANGE.—of the World.

The great world spins for ever down the ringing grooves of change.—TENNYSON.

CHANGES.—Prepared for

Happy are those,
That knowing, in their births, they are subject to
Uncertain changes, are still prepared and arm'd
For either fortune: a rare principle,
And with much labour learn'd in Wisdom's school.—MASSINGER.

CHAOS.—Described.

A dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth and height,
And time, and place, are lost; where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amid the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
MILTON.

CHARACTER.—Confidence in

That self-made man—Benjamin Franklin, attributed his success as a public man, not to talents or his power of speaking—for these were but moderate—but to his known integrity of character. "Hence it was," he says, "that I had so much weight with my fellow-citizens. I was but a bad speaker, never eloquent, subject to much hesitation in my choice of words, hardly

correct in my language, and yet I generally carried my point." Character creates confidence in men in high stations, as well as in humble life. It was said of the first Emperor Alexander of Russia, that his personal character was equivalent to a constitution. During the wars of the Fronde, Montaigne was the only man among the French gentry who kept his castle gate unbarred; and it is said of him that his personal character was worth more to him than a regiment of horses.—HAYEN.

CHARACTER.—A Contradictory

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit and mirth and spleen about thee,
That there's no living with thee nor without thee.—MARTIAL.

CHARACTER.—A Decisive

I wish a character as decisive as that of a lion or a tiger, and an impetus towards the important objects of my choice as forcible as theirs towards prey and hostility.—FOSTER.

CHARACTER.—The English

I have a boundless confidence in the English character; I believe that they have more real religion, more probity, more knowledge, and more genuine worth, than exists in the whole world besides. They are the guardians of pure Christianity; and from this prostituted nation of merchants (as they are in derision called) I believe more heroes will spring up in the hour of danger than all the military nations of ancient and modern Europe have ever produced.—S. SMITH.

CHARACTER.—The Formation of

It is of great importance to observe that the character of every man is in some degree formed by his profession. A man of sense may only have a cast of countenance that wears off as you trace his individuality; while the weak, common man has scarcely ever any character, but what belongs to the body; at least, all his opinions have been so steeped in the vat consecrated by authority, that the faint spirit which the grape of his own vine yields cannot be distinguished. Society, therefore, as it becomes more enlightened, should be very careful not to establish bodies of men, who must necessarily be made foolish or vicious by the very constitution of their profession.—WOLSTONECRAFT.

CHARACTER.—A Good

A good character is a coat of triple steel, giving security to the wearer, protection to the oppressed, and inspiring the oppressor with awe.—COLTON.

CHARACTER.—Indecision of

It is not easy to determine whether indecision of character brings more unhappiness or contempt on man.—LA BRUYÈRE.

CHARACTER.—One Sort of

It were much to be wished that there were throughout the world but one sort of character for each letter to express it to the eye.—HOLDER.

CHARING-CROSS.—The History of

The beautiful Eleanor, wife of Edward I., died in Nottinghamshire, but was buried in Westminster Abbey. Wherever her remains rested between the former and the latter place, her royal husband ordered a stone cross to be erected thereon to commemorate that sombre fact. The last place was at Charing; hence the designation—Charing-Cross.—E. M. DAVIES.

CHARITIES.—Abundant.

The charities that soothe, and heat, and bless,
Lie scattered at the feet of men like flowers.
W. WORDSWORTH.

CHARITY.—The Best

That is the best charity which, Nilus-like, hath the several streams thereof seen, but the fountain concealed.—GODGE.

CHARITY.—not to be Confined.

Though the sun of charity rise at home; yet it should always set abroad.—W. SECKER.

CHARITY.—Defined.

Charity is a principle of prevailing love to God and good-will to men, which effectually inclines one endued with it to glorify God, and to do good to others.—CRUDEN.

CHARITY.—The Exercise of

The highest exercise of charity is charity toward the uncharitable.—BUCKMINSTER.

CHARITY.—Ingratitude for

Did you ever see the horses taken to water? They rush into some beautiful stream or tranquil lake, and drink of it to their heart's content; after which they turn their backs upon it, or stamp in it with their feet, until the water is polluted. This is the price they pay for their refreshing

draught. "But what, then, does the noble river? It immediately floats away the mud, and continues after, as it was before, full and free of access for the same or other thirsty creatures. And so must you also do. If there be a fountain of genuine charity in your heart, it will constantly and spontaneously overflow, whether those who drink of it are thankful or not. He is a senseless husbandman who expects to reap the produce of his seed before the harvest. This life is the season for sowing and scattering; we shall reap hereafter.—SCRIVER.

CHARITY—and the Owning of Riches.

It is charity only that maketh riches worth the owning.—FELTHAM.

CHARITY.—The Pre-eminence of

It is a most excellent present from heaven, the top and zenith of all virtues, gifts, and favours of God.—IRENÆUS.

CHARITY.—A Reason for

Though the goodness of a man's heart did not incline him to acts of charity, one would think the desire of honour should. For as building fine houses, purchasing fine clothes, pictures, and other such like articles of expense, shows nothing more than an ambition to be respected above other people, would not one great act of charity, one instance of redeeming a poor family from all the miseries of poverty, or restoring an unfortunate tradesman to the means of procuring a livelihood by his industry, acquire him more real respect, and more lasting honour? The former are the works of other people's hands—the latter the acts of his own heart.—FIELDING.

CHARITY.—The Rule for

Of Dr. Samuel Wright it is said that his charity was conducted upon rule; for which purpose he kept a purse, in which was found this memorandum:—"Something from all the money I receive to be put into this purse for charitable uses. From my salary as minister, which is uncertain, a tenth part—from occasional and extraordinary gifts, which are more uncertain, a twentieth part—from copy money of things I print, and interest of my estate, a seventh part."—BUCK.

CHARITY.—True

We read in our chronicles of King Oswald, that, as he sat at table, when a fair silver dish, full of regal delicacies, was set before him, and he ready to fall to, hearing from his almoner that there were great store of poor at his gates, piteously crying out for some relief, he did not fill them

with words, as—"God help them!" "God relieve them!" "God comfort them!" etc., but commanded his steward presently to take the dish off the table and distribute the meat, then beat the dish all in pieces, and cast it among them. This was true charity. Words, be they never so adorned, clothe not the naked; be they never so delicate, feed not the hungry; be they never so zealous, warm not him that is starved with cold; be they never so oily, cure not the wounded; be they never so free, set them not free that are bound, visit not the sick or imprisoned.—HOLDSWORTH.

CHARTERS.—Swords Produced as

King James held a convocation at Perth, and demanded of the Scotch barons that they should produce the charters by which they held their lands; they all, with one simultaneous movement, rose up and drew their swords.—COLTON.

CHASTITY.—The Band of

Chastity is the band that holds together the sheaf of all holy affections and duties.—DR. VINET.

CHASTITY.—Heaven's Estimate of

So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt;
And, in clear dream and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can
hear;

Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turn it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal.—MILTON.

CHASTITY.—Royal

Henry IV., king of England, though unhappy in his family and government, was nevertheless possessed of many virtues. He was so remarkable for his chastity, that before his marriage he would not allow any lady of a suspicious character and unguarded conduct to frequent the court: and having observed one day some ladies with their bosoms uncovered, he turned away his eyes from them, and reprimanded them smartly in the simple dialect of the times:—"Fie, fie," said he, "for shame! forsooth, ye be to blame."—STRETCH.

CHEAT.—A

He is the impersonation of deceit and falsehood.—DR. DAVIES.

CHEATED.—The Way to be

The sure way to be cheated is to fancy ourselves more cunning than others.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

CHEERFULNESS.—Defined.

Cheerfulness is the sunny ray of life.—HUMBOLDT.

CHEERFULNESS.—The Habit of

When Goethe says that in every human condition foes lie in wait for us, "invincible only by cheerfulness and equanimity," he does not mean that we can at all times be really cheerful, or at a moment's notice; but that the endeavour to look at the better side of things will produce the habit; and that this habit is the surest safeguard against the danger of sudden evils.—HUNT.

CHEERFULNESS.—The Means of

Cheerfulness and good spirits depend in a great degree upon bodily causes, but much may be done for the promotion of this turn of mind. Persons subject to low spirits should make the rooms in which they live as cheerful as possible; taking care that the paper with which the wall is covered should be of a brilliant, lively colour, hanging up pictures or prints, and covering the chimney-piece with beautiful china. A bay-window looking upon pleasant objects, and, above all, a large fire whenever the weather will permit, are favourable to good spirits, and the tables near should be strewed with books and pamphlets. To this must be added as much eating and drinking as is consistent with health; and some manual employment.—S. SMITH.

CHEERFULNESS.—The Strength of

Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness; altogether past calculation its power of endurance.—CARLYLE.

CHEMISTRY.—A Divine

There is a divine chemistry which can extract the purest spirits out of the grossest matter.—W. SECKER.

CHEMISTRY.—The Perfection attained by

Chemistry has attained to such a degree of perfection that the analyst can now determine the composition of the various vegetable, animal, and mineral substances which he meets, with an extreme degree of accuracy.—PROF. HITCHCOCK.

CHESS—an Interesting Game.

The players of chess never think of gain as an inducement to engage in it: it is so

pleasant and engrossing that the exercise itself is ample recompense.—E. DAVIES.

CHESS.—Life a Kind of

Life is a kind of chess, in which we have points to gain, and adversaries to contend with, and in which there is a great variety of good and ill events that are, in some degree, the effects of prudence and the want of it.—DR. FRANKLIN.

CHILD.—A Blushing

A full-blown rose besprinkled with the purest dew, is not so beautiful as a child blushing beneath her parents' displeasure, and shedding tears of sorrow for her fault.—SCRIVER.

CHILD.—A Depraved

I never saw so much essence of devil put in so small a vessel.—FOSTER.

CHILD.—The Dew-Drops and the

"O father, dear father! why pass they away,
The dew-drops that sparkled at dawning of day—

That glitter'd like stars by the light of the moon,

Oh! why are those dew-drops dissolving so soon?

Does the sun, in his wrath, chase their brightness away

As though nothing that's lovely might live for a day?

The moonlight has faded—the flowers still remain,

But the dew has dried out of their petals again."

"My child," said the father, "look up to the skies,

Behold you bright rainbow, those beautiful dyes,

There—there are the dew-drops in glory reset,

'Mid the jewels of heaven they are glittering yet.

Then are we not taught by each beautiful ray,

To mourn not for beauty though fleeting away,

For though youth of its brightness and beauty be riven,

All that withers on earth blooms more brightly in heaven."

Alas! for the father—how little knew he,
The words he had spoken prophetic could be;

That the beautiful child—the bright star of his day,

Was e'en then, like the dew-drops, dissolving away:

Oh! sad was the father, when, lo! in the skies

The rainbow again spread its beauteous dyes;

And then he remember'd the maxims he'd given,

And thought of his child and the dew-drops—in heaven.—CARPENTER.

CHILD.—The Eyes of a

A child's eyes! those clear wells of undefiled thought!—what on earth can be more beautiful? Full of hope, love, and curiosity, they meet your own. In prayer, how earnest! in joy, how sparkling! in sympathy, how tender!—NORTON.

CHILD.—The Happiness of a

He is purely happy, because he knows no evil, nor hath made means, by sin, to be acquainted with misery.—BP. EARLE.

CHILD.—Indulging a

Indulging a child is like exposing a cask to the sun or hot air: it shrinks, and if it do not fall to pieces, at least becomes incapable of holding liquid. In the same way parental affection, when carried to excess and unrestrained by reason and piety, is the ruin of children, and renders them unfit for all doctrine and virtue.—SCRIVER.

CHILD.—The Laugh of a

I love it—I love it—the laugh of a child,
Now rippling and gentle, now merry and wild;

Ringling out on the air with its innocent gush,

Like the trill of a bird in the twilight's soft hush;

Floating up on the breeze like the tones of a bell,

Or the music that dwells in the heart of a shell:

Oh, the laugh of a child, so wild and so free,

Is the merriest sound in the world for me!

ATHELWOOD.

CHILD.—A Lovely

A lovely being, scarcely formed or moulded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet to ded.—BYRON.

CHILD.—The Purity of a

His soul is yet a white paper unscribbled with observations of the world, wherewith, at length, it becomes a blurred note-book.—BP. EARLE.

CHILD.—A Sleeping

How happy are thy days! how sweet thy repose! how calm thy rest! Thou slum-

berest upon the earth more soundly than many a miser and worldling upon his bed of down. And the reason is—that thou hast a gracious God and an easy conscience. A stranger to all care, thou awakest only to resume thy play, or ask for food to satisfy thy hunger.—SCRIVER.

CHILD.—The Sports of a

We laugh at his foolish sports ; but his games are our earnest, and his drums, rattles, and hobby-horses but the emblems and mockings of man's business. His father hath writ him as his own little story, wherein he reads those days of his life that he cannot remember, and sighs to see what innocence he hath outlived. The older he grows, he is a stair lower from God.—BR. EARLE.

CHILD.—A Thankless

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child.—SHAKSPEARE.

CHILD.—The Truthfulness of a

It is related of a Persian mother, on giving her son forty pieces of silver as his portion, she made him swear never to tell a lie, and said :—"Go, my son ; I consign thee to God ! and we shall not meet here again till the day of judgment." The youth went away, and the party he travelled with were assaulted by robbers. One fellow asked the boy what he had, and he answered :—"Forty dinars are sewed up in my garments." The robber laughed, thinking that the boy jested. Another asked the same question, and received the same answer. At last the chief called him, and asked what he had. The boy replied :—"I have told two of your people already that I had forty dinars sewed up in my clothes." The chief ordered his clothes to be ripped open, and the money was found. "And how came you to tell this ?" "Because," replied the boy, "I would not be false to my mother, to whom I promised never to tell a lie." "Child," said the robber, "art thou so mindful of thy duty to thy mother, and I am insensible at my age of the duty I owe to God ? Give me thy hand, that I may swear repentance on it." He did so, and his followers were struck with the scene. "You have been our leader in guilt," they said to the chief—"be the same in the path of virtue ;" and taking the boy's hand, they took the oath of repentance on it.—HAVEN.

CHILD.—The Value Set upon a

Call not that man wretched, who, whatever else he suffers as to pain inflicted, pleasure denied, has a child for whom he hopes, and on whom he dotes. Poverty

may grind him to the dust, obscurity may cast its darkest mantle over him, the song of the gay may be far from his own dwelling, his face may be unknown to his neighbours, and his voice may be unheeded by those among whom he dwells—even pain may rack his joints, and sleep flee from his pillow : but he has a gem with which he would not part for wealth defying computation, for fame filling a world's ear, for the luxury of the highest health, or for the sweetest sleep that ever sat upon a mortal's eye.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

CHILD.—The Way to Train up a

Train him up in energy and self-reliance, grappling with difficulties, and learning independence by doing things for himself. Train him up in manly frankness, that with open face he may meet each friendly overture,—in modesty withal, lest a precocious arrogance repel the wise, lest his own mental growth be stunted by a supercilious priggishness. Train him up in the way of universal goodwill and general helpfulness, so that wherever there is a burden to be borne he may lend a hand, that gratitude, affection, and the blessing of them that were ready to perish, may surround his goings, and then embalm his memory.—DR. J. HAMILTON.

CHILD.—The Wish to be a

How oft, heart-sick and sore,
I've wished I were once more
A little child !—MRS. SOUTHEY.

CHILD.—A Workhouse

And he was bound a helpless slave,
With no one near to love—to save,
In all the world of men :
A friendless, famished, workhouse child,
Morn, noon, and night he toiled and toiled,
Yet he was happy then.—TUPPER.

CHILDHOOD.—The Study of

How do I study now, and scan
Thee more than ere I studied man,
And only see through a long night
Thy edges and thy bordering light !
Oh for thy centre and midday !
For sure that is the narrow way !
H. VAUGHAN.

CHILDHOOD.—The Tear of

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows
Is like the dew-drop on the rose ;
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.
SIR W. SCOTT.

CHILDREN.—The Anger of

See yonder, a little fellow in an angry fit.
He has shaken his long curls over his deep-

blue eyes ; the fair brow is bent in a frown, the rose-leaf lip is pursed up in defiance, and the white shoulder thrust angrily forward. Can any but a child look so pretty, even in its naughtiness? Then comes the instant change—the flashing smiles and tears, as the good comes back all in a rush, and you are overwhelmed with protestations, promises, and kisses!—MRS. STOWE.

CHILDREN.—The Care of

It is as great a folly to lay up estates for children, and to take no care of themselves who must enjoy them, as to be curious for a handsome shoe, and then to put it upon a gouty foot.—BP. REYNOLDS.

CHILDREN.—The Correction of

Correction, in itself, is not cruel; children, being not reasonable, can be governed only by fear. To impress this fear, is therefore one of the first duties of those who have the care of children. It is the duty of a parent, and has never been thought inconsistent with parental tenderness. It is the duty of a master, who is in his highest exaltation when he is *loco parentis*. Yet, as good things become evil by excess, correction, by being immoderate, may become cruel. But when is correction immoderate? When it is more frequent or more severe than is required *ad monendum et docendum*, for reformation and instruction. No severity is cruel which obstinacy makes necessary; for the greatest cruelty would be to desist, and leave the scholar too careless for instruction, and too much hardened for reproof. The degrees of obstinacy in young minds are very different: as different must be the degrees of persevering severity.—DR. JOHNSON.

CHILDREN.—The Death of

It is universally admitted that there is something very touching and affecting in the death of young children. We know that they cannot have committed actual sin, forasmuch as they have not reached the age at which rational beings can be considered accountable for their conduct. We have, therefore, no other way for explaining the phenomenon of their death, no other reason to give why there should be the consequence where there has not been the commission of sin, except what we draw from the apostacy of Adam. We are bound to conclude that the children transgressed in the persons of our first parents, so that there is hereditary guiltiness where there cannot be actual. Thus the doctrine of original sin is eloquently taught, and powerfully confirmed, when an infant sickens and dies. We may scatter flowers over its grave, as emblems

of its sweetness and innocence; but itself blighted flower, is of all proofs the strongest that it sprang from a blighted stock.—CANON MELVILL.

CHILDREN.—The Education of

The general mistake among us in educating our children, is—that in our daughters we take care of their persons and neglect their minds, in our sons we are so intent upon adorning their minds that we wholly neglect their bodies.—ADDISON.

CHILDREN.—Firmness Necessary with

With children we must mix gentleness with firmness; they must not always have their own way, but they must not always be thwarted. If we never have headache through rebuking them, we shall have plenty of heartaches when they grow up. Be obeyed at all costs. If you yield up your authority once, you will hardly ever get it again.—SPURGEON.

CHILDREN.—The Imagination of

Although—like ants which throw off their wings in becoming workers—most grown people have discarded their imagination before entering on actual life, the little ones still have it; and if there are no flowers, they will quickly make them. If the surrounding atmosphere be warm and genial, wakeful life will be a ceaseless joy; invention will never be exhausted, and the materials of pastime will never be far to seek: a few corks will improvise a navy and sticks and stones a palace.—DR. J. HAMILTON.

CHILDREN.—The Influence of

Little children are the most lovely flowers this side Eden: they bring with them into this hapless world the aroma and joy of that forfeited and blissful region. By their angel-like presence they purify human nature, and enrich it with those sympathies and sensibilities which make parents more virtuous and God-like. The heart's frozen affections are melted by the warmth of their innocent and sunny smiles and its dormant faculties awoke up to a new life by their early and strange prattle. They clothe it with those kindly attributes and charitable excellencies, which are the best and brightest adornments of humanity. And what a cheerful and merry home they make! The horny-handed mechanic feels himself more than repaid for his sweating toil to procure for them "the bread that perisheth," when he returns at even-tide and is greeted by their smiles and gladness. And even the poor slave, who has laboured like a horse for his inhuman master, and met with nothing but barbarous

treatment and low curses all the day, forgives and forgets all when he reaches his humble cabin, and associates again with the dear objects of conjugal love. The unrestrained laughter which rings in the happy dwelling—the revel-rout of young voices which bound over the homestead, is the sweetest music which can greet the human ear, or thrill the human heart. They are God-sent boons whose mission is to chase away “dull care,”—little angels who shake from off their golden wings the light and joy of Paradise!—DR. DAVIES.

CHILDREN—bring Love.

Children, ay, forsooth,
They bring their own love with them when
they come;
But if they come not there is peace and
rest.—INGELOW.

CHILDREN.—The Memories of

There are events so striking in themselves or from their accompaniments, that they powerfully impress the memories of children but little removed from infancy, and are retained by them in a sort of troubled recollection ever after, however extended their term of life. Samuel Johnson was only two and a half years old when, in accordance with the belief of the time, he was touched by Queen Anne for a sore affliction; but more than seventy years after he could call up in memory a dream-like recollection of the lady dressed in a black hood, and glittering with diamonds, into whose awful presence he had been ushered on that occasion, and who had done for the cure of his complaint all that legitimate royalty could do.—II. MILLER.

CHILDREN.—The Mischievous Acts of

They pull away the scholar's pen, tumble about his paper, make somersets over his books; and what can he do? They tear up newspapers, litter the carpets, break, pull, and upset, and then jabber unheard of English in self-defence; and what can you do for yourself? “If I had a child,” says the precise man, “you should see.” He does have a child, and his child tears up his paper, and tumbles over his things, like all other children; and what has the precise man to say for himself? Nothing; he is like everybody else; “a little child shall lead him.”—MRS. STOWE.

CHILDREN.—A Warrior Playing with his

The warlike Agesilaus was, within the walls of his own house, one of the most tender and playful of men. He used to join with his children in all their innocent gambols, and was once discovered by a

friend showing them how to ride upon a hobby-horse. When his friend expressed some surprise at beholding the great Agesilaus so employed, “Wait,” said the hero, “till you are yourself a father, and if you then blame me, I give you liberty to proclaim this act of mine to all the world.”—ARVINE.

CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS.—Kindly Feeling towards

I have a kindly yearning towards these dim specks—poor blots—innocent blacknesses. I reverence these young Africans of our own growth—these almost clergy imps, who sport their cloth without assumption; and from their little pulpits (the tops of chimneys), in the nipping air of December morning, preach a lesson of patience to mankind.—LAMB.

CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS.—The Teeth of

I confess, that from the mouth of a true sweep a display—even to ostentation—of those white and shining ossifications, strikes me as an agreeable anomaly in manners, and an allowable piece of foppery. It is as when

“A sable cloud
Turns forth her silver lining on the night.”

It is like some remnant of gentry not quite extinct; a badge of better days; a hint of nobility:—and doubtless, under the obscuring darkness and double night of their forlorn disguisement, oftentimes lurketh good blood, and gentle conditions, derived from lost ancestry, and a lapsed pedigree.—LAMB.

CHIVALRY.—The Evils of

Chivalry, or feudality, is incompatible with the highest virtue of which man is capable, and the last at which he arrives—a sense of justice. It sets up the personal allegiance to the chief above allegiance to God and law.—DR. ARNOLD.

CHLOROFORM.—The Effect of

A person under the influence of chloroform, ether, or spirituous liquors, remembers nothing which has occurred; hence the two former fluids are frequently used during the performance of surgical operations. A leg may now be removed, or any tedious operation may be performed, without the patient being in the least degree cognisant of the process. Surgeons now constantly employ these remedies. When chloroform is used in sufficient quantity, it induces a state of perfect insensibility. During this state the surgeon performs the operation; and the patient neither winces nor shows the slightest sign of pain, but

remains with a placid countenance, as though he were thrown into a gentle sleep. After a short time he suddenly wakes up, rubs his eyes, and stares around him. The interval is a blank in his existence. When all was over, I frequently heard the patient ask when the surgeon will begin; and he is delighted when he is told that the whole has been completed without his knowledge. The memory of the event is lost from the action of the ether or chloroform on the blood preventing it from acting properly on the brain.—TIMBS.

CHRIST.—The Birth of

The death of Christ is a great mystery; but his birth is even a greater. That He should live a human life at all, is stranger than that, so living, He should die a human death. I can scarce get past His cradle in my wondering, to wonder at His cross. The infant Jesus is, in some views, a greater marvel than Jesus with the purple robe and the crown of thorns.—CRICHTON.

CHRIST.—The Childhood of

Christ became a child that He might sanctify childhood in all its developments.—E. DAVIES.

CHRIST.—The Conversation of

His conversation was full of lowliness and condescension, of meekness and sweetness, of openness and candid simplicity; apt to invite and allure all men to approach toward it, and with satisfaction to enjoy it.—DR. BARROW.

CHRIST.—Creation the Work of

The stupendous fabric of creation, yon starry vault, this magnificent world, were the work of the hands by which, in love of you, He hung a mangled form on the cross of Calvary.—DR. GUTHRIE.

CHRIST.—The Death of

There is one particular event in the history of Christ which is the consummation, and as it were the concentration of His whole life, when both His doing and His suffering reached their highest culmination,—we mean His death. The Apostles have accordingly recognized the death upon the cross to have been the one only true and eternal sacrifice of propitiation. His death they have regarded as comprising and exhibiting all that Christ was,—as the all-sufficient medium of divine grace,—as the Reconciler and Redeemer of men.—ULLMANN.

CHRIST.—The Devotions of

His devotions, though exceedingly sprightly and fervent, were not usually

extended to a tedious and exhausting duration, nor strained into ecstatic transports, charming the natural senses, and overpowering the reason; but calm, steady, and regular, such as persons of honest intention and hearty desire, though not endued with high fancy, or stirring passion, might readily imitate.—DR. BARROW.

CHRIST.—The Divinity of

"In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." The Godhead, the fulness of the Godhead, and all the fulness of the Godhead. How dwelleth it in him? Bodily, really, substantially, not typically, as in the temple and sanctuary. The fulness of the Godhead did not only thus dwell in Christ when He was on earth, but it dwelleth in Him still and for ever. Where then can a man find God, but in this man Jesus Christ?—TRAILL.

CHRIST.—in Heaven.

In that unknown world in which our thoughts become instantly lost, still there is one object on which our thoughts and imaginations may fasten, no less than our affections;—that amidst the light, dark from excess of brilliance, which surrounds the throne of God, we may yet discern the gracious form of the Son of Man.—DR. ARNOLD.

CHRIST.—The Incarnation of

In the creation, man was made in God's image; in the incarnation, God was made in man's image.—T. WATSON.

CHRIST.—The Intercession of

The intercession of Christ is grounded upon merit, and therefore must prevail in points of justice.—CLARKSON.

CHRIST.—The Love of

Oh the transcendent love of Christ! heaven and earth are astonished at it! What tongue can express it? what heart can conceive it? All the creation is non-plussed: our thoughts are swallowed up in this depth, and there must lie till glory elevate them!—CLARKSON.

CHRIST.—The Miracles of

We distinguish a two-fold object of His miracles, the first a *material* one—the meeting of some immediate emergency, of some want of man's earthly life which His love urged Him to satisfy; the other and higher one—to point Himself out to the persons whose earthly necessities were thus relieved, as the *One* alone capable of satisfying their higher and essential spiritual wants; to raise them from this single exhibition of His glory in the individual miracle to a vivid appre-

hension of the glory of His entire nature. Nay, it was to be a *sign* to all others that they might believe in Him as the Son of God.—NEANDER.

CHRIST.—The Parables of

His parables were the framework of spiritual and heavenly meanings, the network of silver, containing apples of gold; the elaborately chased basket, replenished with the bread of everlasting life.—CUMMING.

CHRIST.—The Patience of

The two divers qualities of patience—the active and the passive—are joined in One, and only One of woman-born, in perfection. One in whom there met all that was manliest and all that was most womanly. His endurance of pain and grief was that of the woman rather than the man. A tender spirit dissolving into tears, meeting the dark hour, not with the stern defiance of the man and the stoic, but with gentleness, and trust, and love, and shrinking, like a woman. But when it comes to the question in Pilate's judgment-hall, or the mockeries of Herod's men of war, or the discussion with the Pharisees, or the exposure of the hollow falsehoods by which social, domestic, and religious life was snapped, the woman has disappeared, and the hardy resolution of the man, with more than manly daring, is found in her stead.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

CHRIST.—The Resurrection of

The resurrection of Christ is the most important fact of the Gospel, and the demonstration of all the rest. It is not only a most pregnant proof of the all-sufficiency of His satisfaction to Deity, but it confirms the faith of all Christians in His person, and assures them that it is the pattern and argument of their own resurrection.—CRUDEN.

CHRIST.—The Smile of

A Man on earth He wandered once,
All meek and undefiled;
And those who loved Him said—"He wept,"
None ever said He smiled;
Yet there might have been a smile unseen,
When He bowed His holy face I ween,
To bless that happy child.

MRS. BROWNING.

CHRIST.—The Sympathy of

His sympathy is as powerful as omnipotence, as tender as love, and so minute—that it embraces the lightest as well as the

heaviest sorrow that falls on the human heart.—E. DAVIES.

CHRIST—the Teacher.

Is Christ the abler teacher, or the schools? If Christ, then why resort, at every turn, To Athens, or to Rome, for wisdom short Of man's occasions, when in Him reside Grace, knowledge, comfort, an unfathomed store.—COWPER.

CHRIST.—The Transfiguration of

It was seemingly on the Sabbath-day ("after six days") that this grand exception to the tenor of Christ's earthly history was manifested. It was a rehearsal of His ascension. His form, which had been bent under a load of sorrow—a bend more glorious than the bend of the rainbow—now erected itself, like the palm-tree from pressure, and He became like unto "a pillar in the temple of His God." His brow expanded; its wrinkles of care fled, and the sweat-drops of his climbing toil were transmuted into sparks of glory. His eye flashed forth like the sun from behind a cloud; nay, His whole frame became transparent, as if it were one eye. The light which had long lain in it concealed, was now unveiled in full effulgence: "His face did shine as the sun." His very raiment was caught in a shower of radiance, and became "white as no fuller on earth could whiten it." And who shall describe the lustre of his streaming hair, or the eloquent silence of that smile which sate upon His lips?

"Light o'erflow'd Him like a sea, and raised
His shining brow,
And the voice came forth, which bade all
worlds the Son of God avow."

G. GILFILLAN.

CHRISTIAN.—The Best

He that avoids iniquity is the best Christian.—CALAMY.

CHRISTIAN.—The Death of the

Go, child of darkness! see a Christian die!

No horror pales his lips, or dims his eye;
No fiend-shaped phantoms of destruction start

The hope Religion pillows on his heart:
When, with a faltering hand, he waves adieu

To all who love so well, and weep so true;

Meek as an infant to the mother's breast
Turns, fondly longing for its wonted rest,
He pants for where congenial spirits stray,
Turns to his God, and sighs his soul away!

R. MONTGOMERY.

CHRISTIAN.—The Greatness of the

The Christian is the greatest man on earth. He looks with equal calm to the past and to the future ; he stands in equally happy relations to both. He is a true hero ; for while gratefully enjoying the pleasures of life, his spirit dwells in anticipation in the realms of eternity. He is above every accident ; for none can take him by surprise ; he is greater than any fate that may befall him ; for, trusting in God, his spirit soars above all sublunary things.—ZSCHOKKE.

CHRISTIAN.—A Happy

Were I to adopt the figurative language of Bunyan. I

To mutual, fervent, warm, and true;
 Power laid his rod of rule aside,
 And Ceremony dulled his pride:
 The heir, with roses in his shoes,
 That night, his father's partner chose;
 And all the world, in one great pair,
 Shared his delight,
 His happy night,
 His crown,
 His down.
 —SIR W. SCOTT.

W. SCOTT.

...of
...first—Time
...Time
...order
...may be
...Time,

Since there are
no more to linger now at home,
The wide fields and the wide hills to

... in the temple of the air ;
... and headless of the lone address,
... back to meet my blades on the
... .

Book I His presence in each corner
Of his own temple; that He dwells
In them;
There still He dwells, and that is
delight — **BE. MANT.**

CHURCH.—An *Establishment*

I was a sincere Churchman, but my experience had convinced me that uniformity

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in all the blossom of unprecedented loveliness—in all the beauty and fertility of great and good fruit—in the midst of the surrounding blighted and moral desert. It came into the world amid the gloom of human apostacy, like the sun bursting upon the darkness of midnight. It presented itself in all the majesty of perfect manhood. —CUMMING.

CHRISTIANITY—a Life.

Our claim for Christianity is this—that Christ our Lord and Master founded on earth a kingdom within which is to be found a life that is—

parents, and their country (hence our parish schools), and particularly to initiate children in the first principles of religion and morality, and to cause them to "communicate," that is, by an outward mark to become members of the Church of Christ.—CORBETT.

CHURCH.—The First English

The first English Church was erected at Glastonbury in Somersetshire, very early in the second century, and was formed of wicker-work: the first built of stone was at St. Piran, Cornwall.—E. DAVIS.

CHURCH.—Forms in the

They are valuable in their own place, and for their own purposes; frames, as they are, to set pictures in; caskets for their jewels; boxes, without doubt, yet useful to support the very beautiful and valuable objects which are placed within with grace and taste, and to hold flowers, &c. &c.

CBU

1. *Phragmites australis* (Cav.) Trin. ex Steud.

and most illiterate of a barbarous people
were made choice of for the instruments of
God's last great revelation to mankind,
armed with no other power but of intellect,
and with no other aid but of truth.
St. Paul, who was the first to preach the
gospel of Christ to the Gentiles, was a
man of letters, and a man of power.

exposed to ridicule, but to honour them
fully, and to congratulate each upon
their joint conviction, that the Word of God
the Word of God. These are the
the Word of God. These are the
the Word of God. These are the

sanction, her
scene, and her priests the
ministers of the grossest debaucheries.—
CANON LIDDON.

CHURCH.—The Roman Catholic
He may still exist in undiminished
when some traveller from New
land shall, in the midst of a vast soli-
tude, take his stand on a broken arch of
London bridge, to sketch the ruins of St.
Paul's.—MACAULAY.

CHURCH.—The Spire of a
Thy best type, desire
Of the sad heart,—the heaven-ascending
spire!—LYTTON.

CHURCH.—The Sun Shining into the
The solemn scene
The sun, through storied panes, surveys
with awe,
And bashfully withholds each bolder beam.
SMART.

CHURCH.—The True
Church is a union of men arising
from a fellowship of religious life; a
union of men, independent of, and differ-
ent from all other forms of human associa-
tion.
To view the
Church, he viewed in its
and ornamentation,
its worship, or in
its festivals, but in the
which it con-
sists, it is in this
P. TAIT.

mobility on
JEUNE.

CHURCH-YARD.—The School-Boy in the
Oft in the lone church-yard at night I've
seen,
By glimpse of moonshine, chequ'ring
through the trees,
The school-boy, with his satchel in his
hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat
stones
That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
R. BLAIR,

CHURL.—The Courtesy of a
His courtesy rarely comes, but either for
gain or falsehood.—SIR P. SIDNEY.

CHURL.—A Female
A female churl is a kind of monstrosity,
from which we turn with insufferable dis-
gust.—J. A. JAMES.

CIPHERS.—No
According to the philosophy of the
Great Teacher—"He that is not with Me
is against Me"—there are no ciphers in
the world. A man is either a saint or a
sinner—a divine freeman or a vassal of
Satan.—E. DAVIES.

CIRCLE.—The Spread of a
As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
The sinking stone at first a circle makes;
The trembling surface by the motion
stirr'd,
Spreads in a second circle, then a third;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings
advance,
Fill all the watery plain, and to the margin
dance.—POPE.

CIRCUMSPECTION.—a Duty.
In a world like ours, crowded with evils
which imperil the body, the mind, and the
soul—the position, the character, and the
peace of all, circumspection is a duty alike
emphatic and universal.—DR. DAVIES.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—Man the Creature of
To deny that man is, in a sense, the
creature of circumstances, is equal to the
denial that two and two make four; and to
deny that man cannot escape circumstances

CHRISTIAN.—The Greatness of the

The Christian is the greatest man on earth. He looks with equal calm to the past and to the future; he stands in equally happy relations to both. He is a true hero; for while gratefully enjoying the pleasures of life, his spirit dwells in anticipation in the realms of eternity. He is above every accident; for none can take him by surprise; he is greater than any fate that may befall him; for, trusting in God, his spirit soars above all sublunary things.—ZSCHOKKE.

CHRISTIAN.—A Happy

Were I to adopt the figurative language of Bunyan, I might date this from the Land of Beulah, of which I have been for some weeks a happy inhabitant. The celestial city is full in my view. Its glories have been upon me; its breezes fan me; its odours are wafted to me; its sounds strike upon my ears; and its spirit is breathed into my heart. Nothing separates me from it but the river of death, which now appears but as an insignificant rill, that may be crossed at a single step, whenever God shall give permission. The Sun of Righteousness has been gradually drawing nearer and nearer, appearing larger and brighter as He approached; and now He fills the whole hemisphere, pouring forth a flood of glory, in which I seem to float like an insect in the beams of the sun; quivering, yet almost trembling, while I gaze on this excessive brightness; and wondering with unutterable wonder, why God should deign thus to shine upon a sinful worm.—PAYSON.

CHRISTIAN.—The Life of a

The moral intensity of the life of a sincere Christian is a more signal illustration of the reality of the reign of Christ, than is the territorial range of the Christian empire.—CANON LIDDON.

CHRISTIAN.—The Safety of the

Christian enjoyment is a very desirable experience; but Christian safety is infinitely preferable. Indeed our enjoyment is very questionable in its nature, if it does not rest upon the personal consciousness of our safety in Christ.—DR. DAVIES.

CHRISTIAN.—A Sincere

A sincere Christian is like a massive vessel of gold, that keeps its own shape and figure at all times, in all places, and in all companies.—T. BROOKS.

CHRISTIANITY.—The Advent of

It was not a gradual introduction, progressively ripened; but it shot up at once

in all the blossom of unprecedented loveliness—in all the beauty and fertility of great and good fruit—in the midst of the surrounding blighted and moral desert. It came into the world amid the gloom of human apostacy, like the sun bursting upon the darkness of midnight. It presented itself in all the majesty of perfect manhood.—CUMMING.

CHRISTIANITY.—a Life.

Our claim for Christianity is this—that Christ our Lord and Master founded on earth a kingdom within which is to be found a life that is not to be found beyond its limits: a kingdom which is not “in words but in power,”—that is to say, is not produced by any words or ideas alone, however true or however beautiful, but by a power, a vital force peculiar to itself; and that this force is the indwelling life of Jesus Christ—God and Man. In a word, we claim for Christianity that it is not a code of morals merely, nor a philosophy, nor a creed, nor a system of religious discipline; but over and above all these it is a life, a new and real vital force in the world; a life with its own conditions of existence, its own laws of development, its own peculiar phenomena, as real and as distinct as those of any other form of life which science investigates and classifies, and that this life is in Christ; for “this is our record, that God has given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son.”—BP. MAGEE.

CHRISTIANITY.—The Opponents of

Formerly, all persons who rejected, or sought to invalidate, the statements of our Sacred Writers, used to profess themselves opponents of Christianity; but in these days, the same arguments—such as they are—are brought forward by persons professing themselves Christians, and proclaiming their high veneration for the Gospel. It is as if the assailants of some fortress should assume the garb of its defenders, and thus obtain admission within its walls, that they might batter them more easily than from without.—ABP. WHATELY.

CHRISTIANITY.—The Propagators of

The propagators of Christianity had no need to be endowed with worldly authority or learning; for here was no body of men to be conducted, no civil government to be erected or administered. Had Jesus, on the contrary, made choice of the great and learned, it might be then objected that the Gospel had made its way by the aid of human power or sophistry. To preserve, therefore, its evidence unsullied, the meanest

and most illiterate of a barbarous people were made choice of for the instruments of God's last great revelation to mankind, armed with no other power but of miracles, and with no other wisdom but of truth. St. Paul, who had fathomed the mysterious depths of divine wisdom, was so penetrated with the view of this last dispensation, that he breaks out into this triumphant exclamation:—"Where is the wise? where is the scribe? where is the disputer of this world? Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?"—BP. WARBURTON.

CHRISTIANITY.—Proved.

All the consideration of my own mind, —all the analysis I can make of it, proves the truth of Christianity. It so provides for all the wants of my soul!—DR. CUDWORTH.

CHRISTIANITY.—The Subsistence of

The greatest miracle in the world is the subsistence of Christianity, and its continued preservation as a religion.—BOLINGBROKE.

CHRISTIANITY.—The Superiority of

There is between Christianity and all other religions whatsoever, the distance of infinity.—NAPOLEON I.

CHRISTIANITY.—The Triumph of

Few events tend more powerfully to impress the mind, as to the overwhelming power of the evidence attending true Christianity, than the fact, that many who have sat down to read the Sacred Volume with the view of opposing it, have been compelled, by the force of conviction, cordially to embrace its truths. From many instances of this kind we select the following:—The effect which was wrought on the mind of the celebrated Gilbert West, by that particular evidence of our Lord's resurrection which was afforded to His apostles, was very remarkable. He and his friend Lord Lyttleton, both men of acknowledged talents, had imbibed the principles of infidelity from a superficial view of the Scriptures. Fully persuaded that the Bible was an imposture, they were determined to expose the cheat. Mr. West chose the resurrection of Christ, and Lord Lyttleton the conversion of St. Paul, for the subject of hostile criticism. Both sat down to their respective tasks, full of prejudice, and in contempt for Christianity. The result of their separate attempts was truly extraordinary. They were both converted by their endeavours to overthrow the truth of Christianity. They came together, not, as they expected, to exult over an imposture

exposed to ridicule, but to lament their own folly, and to congratulate each other on their joint conviction, that the Bible was the Word of God. Their able inquiries have furnished two most valuable treatises in favour of revelation; one entitled "Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul;" and the other, "Observations on the Resurrection of Christ."—BIDDULPH.

CHRISTMAS.—Joy at

This is the time when the grey old man
Leaps back to the days of youth;
When brows and eyes wear no disguise,
But flush and gleam with truth:
Oh, then is the time when the soul exults,
And seems right heavenward turning;
When we love and bless the hands we press,
When the Christmas log is burning!
COOK.

CHRISTMAS.—Re-Unions at

How many families whose members have been dispersed and scattered, far and wide, in the restless struggles of life, are then re-united, and meet once again in that happy state of companionship and mutual good-will which is a source of such pure and unalloyed delight, and one so incompatible with the cares and sorrows of the world, that the religious belief of the most civilized nations, and the rude traditions of the roughest savages, alike number it among the first joys of a future condition of existence provided for the blest and happy! How many old recollections, and how many dormant sympathies, does Christmas time awaken!—DICKENS.

CHRISTMAS.—Sayings about

Some say—that ever 'gainst that season
comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrate,
The bird of dawning singeth all night
long;
And then, they say—no spirit walks
abroad;—
The nights are wholesome; then no planets
strike;
No fairy tales, no witch hath power to
charm;
So hallowed and so gracious is the time!
SHAKESPEARE.

CHRISTMAS-BOXES.—The Origin of

It was anciently a custom to carry a box from door to door, for the collection of little presents at Christmas. In an old work entitled "The Athenian Oracle," it is stated that, formerly, it was a custom for the monks to offer masses for the safety of all ships that went on long voyages, to each of which a little box was affixed (under the custody of the priest), into which the sailors

CHRISTIAN.—The Greatness of the

The Christian is the greatest man on earth. He looks with equal calm to the past and to the future; he stands in equally happy relations to both. He is a true hero; for while gratefully enjoying the pleasures of life, his spirit dwells in anticipation in the realms of eternity. He is above every accident; for none can take him by surprise; he is greater than any fate that may befall him; for, trusting in God, his spirit soars above all sublunary things.—ZSCHOKKE.

CHRISTIAN.—A Happy

Were I to adopt the figurative language of Bunyan, I might date this from the Land of Beulah, of which I have been for some weeks a happy inhabitant. The celestial city is full in my view. Its glories have been upon me; its breezes fan me; its odours are wafted to me; its sounds strike upon my ears; and its spirit is breathed into my heart. Nothing separates me from it but the river of death, which now appears but as an insignificant rill, that may be crossed at a single step, whenever God shall give permission. The Sun of Righteousness has been gradually drawing nearer and nearer, appearing larger and brighter as He approached; and now He fills the whole hemisphere, pouring forth a flood of glory, in which I seem to float like an insect in the beams of the sun; melting, yet almost trembling, while I gaze on this excessive brightness; and wondering with unutterable wonder, why God should deign thus to shine upon a sinful worm.—PAYSON.

CHRISTIAN.—The Life of a

The moral intensity of the life of a sincere Christian is a more signal illustration of the reality of the reign of Christ, than is the territorial range of the Christian empire.—CANON LIDDON.

CHRISTIAN.—The Safety of the

Christian enjoyment is a very desirable experience; but Christian safety is infinitely preferable. Indeed our enjoyment is very questionable in its nature, if it does not rest upon the personal consciousness of our safety in Christ.—DR. DAVIES.

CHRISTIAN.—A Sincere

A sincere Christian is like a massive vessel of gold, that keeps its own shape and figure at all times, in all places, and in all companies.—T. BROOKS.

CHRISTIANITY.—The Advent of

It was not a gradual introduction, progressively ripened; but it shot up at once

in all the blossom of unprecedented loveliness—in all the beauty and fertility of great and good fruit—in the midst of the surrounding blighted and moral desert. It came into the world amid the gloom of human apostacy, like the sun bursting upon the darkness of midnight. It presented itself in all the majesty of perfect manhood.—CUMMING.

CHRISTIANITY.—a Life.

Our claim for Christianity is this—that Christ our Lord and Master founded on earth a kingdom within which is to be found a life that is not to be found beyond its limits: a kingdom which is not “in words but in power,”—that is to say, is not produced by any words or ideas alone, however true or however beautiful, but by a power, a vital force peculiar to itself; and that this force is the indwelling life of Jesus Christ—God and Man. In a word, we claim for Christianity that it is not a code of morals merely, nor a philosophy, nor a creed, nor a system of religious discipline; but over and above all these it is a life, a new and real vital force in the world; a life with its own conditions of existence, its own laws of development, its own peculiar phenomena, as real and as distinct as those of any other form of life which science investigates and classifies, and that this life is in Christ; for “this is our record, that God has given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son.”—BP. MAGEE.

CHRISTIANITY.—The Opponents of

Formerly, all persons who rejected, or sought to invalidate, the statements of our Sacred Writers, used to profess themselves opponents of Christianity; but in these days, the same arguments—such as they are—are brought forward by persons professing themselves Christians, and proclaiming their high veneration for the Gospel. It is as if the assailants of some fortress should assume the garb of its defenders, and thus obtain admission within its walls, that they might batter them more easily than from without.—ABP. WHATELY.

CHRISTIANITY.—The Propagators of

The propagators of Christianity had no need to be endowed with worldly authority or learning; for here was no body of men to be conducted, no civil government to be erected or administered. Had Jesus, on the contrary, made choice of the great and learned, it might be then objected that the Gospel had made its way by the aid of human power or sophistry. To preserve, therefore, its evidence unsullied, the meanest

and most illiterate of a barbarous people were made choice of for the instruments of God's last great revelation to mankind, armed with no other power but of miracles, and with no other wisdom but of truth. St. Paul, who had fathomed the mysterious depths of divine wisdom, was so penetrated with the view of this last dispensation, that he breaks out into this triumphant exclamation:—"Where is the wise? where is the scribe? where is the disputer of this world? Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?"—**BR. WARBURTON.**

CHRISTIANITY.—Proved.

All the consideration of my own mind, —all the analysis I can make of it, proves the truth of Christianity. It so provides for all the wants of my soul!—**DR. CHADON.**

CHRISTIANITY.—The Subsistence of

The greatest miracle in the world is the subsistence of Christianity, and its continued preservation as a religion.—**BOLINGBROKE.**

CHRISTIANITY.—The Superiority of

There is between Christianity and all other religions whatsoever, the distance of infinity.—**NAPOLEON I.**

CHRISTIANITY.—The Triumph of

Few events tend more powerfully to impress the mind, as to the overwhelming power of the evidence attending true Christianity, than the fact, that many who have sat down to read the Sacred Volume with the view of opposing it, have been compelled, by the force of conviction, cordially to embrace its truths. From many instances of this kind we select the following:—The effect which was wrought on the mind of the celebrated Gilbert West, by that particular evidence of our Lord's resurrection which was afforded to His apostles, was very remarkable. He and his friend Lord Lyttleton, both men of acknowledged talents, had imbibed the principles of infidelity from a superficial view of the Scriptures. Fully persuaded that the Bible was an imposture, they were determined to expose the cheat. Mr. West chose the resurrection of Christ, and Lord Lyttleton the conversion of St. Paul, for the subject of hostile criticism. Both sat down to their respective tasks, full of prejudice, and a contempt for Christianity. The result of their separate attempts was truly extraordinary. They were both converted by their endeavours to overthrow the truth of Christianity. They came together, not, as they expected, to exult over an imposture

exposed to ridicule, but to lament their own folly, and to congratulate each other on their joint conviction, that the Bible was the Word of God. Their able inquiries have furnished two most valuable treatises in favour of revelation; one entitled "Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul;" and the other, "Observations on the Resurrection of Christ."—**BIDDULPH.**

CHRISTMAS.—Joy at

This is the time when the grey old man
Leaps back to the days of youth;
When brows and eyes wear no disguise,
But flush and gleam with truth:
Oh, then is the time when the soul exults,
And seems right heavenward turning;
When we love and bless the hands we press,
When the Christmas log is burning!
COOK.

CHRISTMAS.—Re-Unions at

How many families whose members have been dispersed and scattered, far and wide, in the restless struggles of life, are then re-united, and meet once again in that happy state of companionship and mutual good-will which is a source of such pure and unalloyed delight, and one so incompatible with the cares and sorrows of the world, that the religious belief of the most civilized nations, and the rude traditions of the roughest savages, alike number it among the first joys of a future condition of existence provided for the blest and happy! How many old recollections, and how many dormant sympathies, does Christmas time awaken!—**DICKENS.**

CHRISTMAS.—Sayings about

Some say—that ever 'gainst that season
comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrate,
The bird of dawning singeth all night
long;
And then, they say—no spirit walks
abroad;—
The nights are wholesome; then no planets
strike;
No fairy tales, no witch hath power to
charm;
So hallowed and so gracious is the time!
SHAKESPEARE.

CHRISTMAS-BOXES.—The Origin of

It was anciently a custom to carry a box from door to door, for the collection of little presents at Christmas. In an old work entitled "*The Athenian Oracle*," it is stated that, formerly, it was a custom for the monks to offer masses for the safety of all ships that went on long voyages, to each of which a little box was affixed (under the custody of the priest), into which the sailors

put money or other valuables, in order to secure the prayers of the Church. At Christmas these boxes were opened, and were thence called "Christmas-boxes." In order that no person, however indigent, should omit these presents, the poor were encouraged to beg "box-money" of their richer neighbours, to enable them to add to the priest's perquisites. The custom of "boxing" has been observed throughout England to the present day.—**LOARING.**

CHRISTMAS-EVE.—Festivity on

On Christmas-eve the bells were rung ;
On Christmas-eve the mass was sung ;
That only night, in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear ;
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen ;
The hall was dressed with holly green ;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all ;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doffed his pride :
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose ;
The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of "post and pair."
All hailed, with uncontrolled delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

SIR W. SCOTT.

CHRONOLOGY.—Two Kinds of

Chronology is of two kinds : first—Time measurable by years ; and, secondly, Time measurable only by an ascertained order or succession of events. The one may be called—Time, absolute ; the other—Time, relative.—**ARGYLL.**

CHURCH.—Attendance at

Some there are
Who hold it meet to linger now at home,
And some o'er fields and the wide hills to
roam,
And worship in the temple of the air ;
For me, not heedless of the lone address,
Nor slack to meet my Maker on the
height,
By wood or living stream ; yet not the
less
Seek I His presence in each social rite
Of His own temple : *that* He deigns to
bless ;
There still He dwells, and that is His
delight —**BP. MANT.**

CHURCH.—An Established

I was a sincere Churchman, because experience had convinced me that uniformity

in the religion of my country was a most desirable thing, because it was reasonable and just, that those who had neither house nor land, and who were the millions of a country, and performed all its useful labours, should have a Church, a church-yard, a minister of religion, and all religious services performed for them at the expense of those who did possess the houses and land. In a word, in the Church and its possessions I saw the patrimony of the working people, who had neither house nor land of their own private property. An Established Church—a Church Establishment on Christian principles—is this:—it provides an edifice sufficiently spacious for the assembling of the people of each parish ; it provides a spot for the interment of the dead ; it provides a teacher of religion to officiate in the sacred edifice, to go to the houses of the inhabitants to administer comfort to the distressed, to counsel the wayward, to self ; children their duty towards God, the life of parents, and their country (hence our parish schools), and particularly to initiate children in the first principles of religion and morality, and to cause them to "communicate," that is, by an outward mark to become members of the Church of Christ.—**COBBETT.**

CHURCH.—The First English

The first English Church was erected at Glastonbury in Somersetshire, very early in the second century, and was formed of wicker-work : the first built of stone was at St. Piran, Cornwall.—**E. DAVIES.**

CHURCH.—Forms in the

They are valuable in their own place, and for their own purposes ; frames, as they are, to set the picture in ; caskets for truth's jewels ; dead poles, no doubt, yet useful to support living plants, and very beautiful when the bare stem is festooned with green leaves, and crowned with a head of flowers.—**DR. GUTHRIE.**

CHURCH.—A Magnificent

How very grand it is, and wonderful,
Never have I beheld a Church so splendid !
Such columns, and such arches, and such
windows,
So many tombs and statues in the chapel !
LONGFELLOW.

CHURCH.—Morals Upheld by the

The Church is the sanctuary where the great principles of Christian morals, which elevate man above material interests, are upheld intact.—**NAPOLEON III.**

CHURCH.—Music in the

If music is to be heard in one place more than another, it should certainly be in the temple consecrated to praise and prayer. But the music, while it moves, and thrills, and elevates, must be grave and seraphic—"fit for a martyr to play, and an angel to hear."—**DR. DAVIES.**

CHURCH.—The Pagan

Her mysteries were the sanction, her temples the scene, and her priests the ministers of the grossest debaucheries.—**CANON LIDDON.**

CHURCH.—The Roman Catholic

She may still exist in undiminished power, when some traveller from New England shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of an old bridge, to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.—**MACAULAY.**

CHURCH.—The Spire of a

Thy best type, desire
Of the sad heart,—the heaven-ascending
spire!—**LYTTON.**

CHURCH.—The Sun Shining into the

The solemn scene
The sun, through storied panes, surveys
with awe,
And bashfully withholds each bolder beam.
SMART.

CHURCH.—The True

The Church is a union of men arising from the fellowship of religious life; a union essentially independent of, and differing from, all other forms of human association.—**NEANDER.**

CHURCH.—The Way to View the

The Church is not to be viewed in its appreciation of finery and ornamentation, in the magnificence of its worship, or in the gorgeousness of its priests, but in the faithful fulfilment of the task which it considers has been committed to it in this anxious age of the world.—**ABP. TAIT.**

CHURCH.—Worship in the

Oh, prayer is good when many pour
Their voices in one solemn tone;
Conning their sacred lessons o'er,
Or yielding thanks for mercies shown!
'Tis good to see the quiet train
Forget their worldly joy or care,
While loud response and choral strain
Re-echo in the house of prayer.—**COOK.**

CHURCH AND STATE.

The union of Church and State is not to make the Church political, but the State religious.—**ELDON.**

CHURCHES.—Episcopalian

They are badges of ancient nobility on the nation's breast.—**BP. JÉUNE.**

CHURCH-YARD.—The School-Boy in the

Oft in the lone church-yard at night I've
seen,
By glimpse of moonshine, chequ'ring
through the trees,
The school-boy, with his satchel in his
hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat
stones
That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
R. BLAIR,

CHURL.—The Courtesy of a

His courtesy rarely comes, but either for gain or falsehood.—**SIR P. SIDNEY.**

CHURL.—A Female

A female churl is a kind of monstrosity, from which we turn with insufferable disgust.—**J. A. JAMES.**

CIPHERS.—No

According to the philosophy of the Great Teacher—"He that is not with Me is against Me"—there are no ciphers in the world. A man is either a saint or a sinner—a divine freeman or a vassal of Satan.—**E. DAVIES.**

CIRCLE.—The Spread of a

As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
The sinking stone at first a circle makes;
The trembling surface by the motion
stirr'd,
Spreads in a second circle, then a third;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings
advance,
Fill all the watery plain, and to the margin
dance.—**POPE.**

CIRCUMSPECTION—a Duty.

In a world like ours, crowded with evils which imperil the body, the mind, and the soul—the position, the character, and the peace of all, circumspection is a duty alike emphatic and universal.—**DR. DAVIES.**

CIRCUMSTANCES.—Man the Creature of

To deny that man is, in a sense, the creature of circumstances, is equal to the denial that two and two make four: and to deny that man cannot *make* circumstances

is equal to affirming that two and two make five.—J. JOHNSON.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—The Will Framed to

If you cannot frame your circumstances in accordance with your wishes, frame your will into harmony with your circumstances.—EPICTETUS.

CITIZENS.—The Ignorance of

In cities, people are brought up in total ignorance of, and blameable indifference for, country affairs; they can scarce distinguish flax from hemp, wheat from rye, and neither from barley: eating, drinking, and dressing, are their qualifications; pastures, copses, after-grass, inning harvest, are Gothic words to them. If to some of them you talk of weights, scales, measures, interest, and books of rates; to others of appeals, petitions, decrees, and injunctions, they will prick up their ears. They pretend to know the world, and, though it is more safe and commendable, are ignorant of Nature, her beginnings, growths, gitts, and bounties. This ignorance is often voluntary, and founded on the conceit they have of their own callings and professions.—LA BRUYÈRE.

CITY.—The Beauty of an Old

A brilliant morning shines on the old city. Its antiquities and ruins are surpassingly beautiful, with the lusty ivy gleaming in the sun, and the rich trees waving in the balmy air. Changes of glorious light from moving boughs, songs of birds, scents from gardens, woods, and fields—or, rather, from the one great garden of the whole cultivated island in its yielding time—penetrate into the cathedral, subdue its earthy odour, and preach the Resurrection and the Life. The cold stone tombs of centuries ago grow warm; and flecks of brightness dart into the sternest marble corners of the building, fluttering there like wings.—DICKENS.

CITY.—The Celestial

When you survey the spacious firmament, and behold it hung with such resplendent bodies, think—if the suburbs be so beautiful, what must the city be! What is the footstool He makes to the throne whereon He sits!—W. SECKER.

CITY.—Life in a

The city lies,
And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise,
Whose state and wealth, the business, and
the crowd,
Seems at this distance but a darker cloud;

And is, to him who rightly things esteems,
No other in effect than what it seems;
Where, with like haste, through several
ways they run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone;
While luxury and wealth, like war and
peace,
Are each the other's ruin, and increase;
As rivers lost in seas, some secret vein
Thence re-conveys, there to be lost again.

DENHAM.

CITY.—Morning in the

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass
by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
The city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and
temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless
air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or
hill,
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still.

W. WORDSWORTH.

CITY.—The Narrow Ways of a

That constant pacing to and fro, that never-ending restlessness, that incessant tread of feet wearing the rough stones smooth and glassy—is it not a wonder how the dwellers in narrow ways can bear to hear it! Think of a sick man, in such a place, listening to the footsteps, and, in the midst of pain and weariness, obliged, despite himself—as though it were a task he must perform—to detect the child's step from the man's, the slipshod beggar from the booted exquisite, the lounging from the busy, the dull heel of the sauntering outcast from the quick tread of an expectant pleasure-seeker—think of the hum and noise being always present to his senses, and of the stream of life that will not stop, pouring on, on, on, through all his restless dreams, as if he were condemned to lie, dead, but conscious, in a noisy church-yard, and had no hope of rest for centuries to come!—DICKENS.

CITY.—The Wonders of a

You call it life's weary common,
At the best but an idle fair,
The market of man and woman,—
But the choice of the race are there.

The wonders of life and gladness,
 All the wonders of hope and fear ;
 The wonders of death and sadness,
 All the wonders of time are there.
 BONAR.

CIVILITY.—Benefit Derived from

When Zachariah Fox, the great merchant of Liverpool, was asked by what means he contrived to realize so large a fortune as he possessed, his reply was—"Friend, by one article alone, in which thou may'st deal too if thou pleasest—civility."—ARVINE.

CIVILITY.—Insolent

The insolent civility of a proud man is, if possible, more shocking than his rudeness could be.—CHESTERFIELD.

CIVILITY.—Sanctified

Sanctified civility is a great ornament to Christianity.—BUCK.

CIVILIZATION.—The Advance of

Civilization, like an immense stream, is carrying in its current—science, power, and wealth, and any effort to oppose it must be utterly defeated.—CHEVALIER.

CIVILIZATION.—Defined.

Mankind's struggle upwards, in which millions are trampled to death, that thousands may mount on their bodies.—MRS. BALFOUR.

CIVILIZATION.—Dependent upon Principles.

Our manners, our civilization, and all the good things connected with manners and civilization, have, in this world of ours, depended for ages upon two principles—I mean the spirit of a gentleman, and the spirit of religion.—BURKE.

CLASSES.—The Higher

These look like the workmanship of Heaven ;
 This is the porcelain clay of human kind,
 And therefore cast into these noble moulds.
 DRYDEN.

CLASSES.—The Lower

They that struggle with their wants,
 Short of the means of life, are clamorous,
 rude,
 To envy much addicted, 'gainst the rich
 Aiming their bitter shafts, and led away
 By the false glosses of their silly leaders.
 EURIPIDES.

CLASSES.—The Middle

In the middle classes there is a measure of judgment fully equal to any demands we

can make upon it,—a judgment not too fastidious from vanity, nor too insensible from ignorance ; and he that can balance the centre, may not be fearful as to the two extremes.—COLTON.

CLASSICS.—The Advantages of the

These studies afford nourishment to our youth, delight our old age, adorn prosperity, supply a refuge in adversity, are a constant source of pleasure at home, and accompany us in our travels and retirements.—CICERO.

CLASSICS.—The Superiority of the

The two ancient languages are as mere inventions—as pieces of mechanism, incomparably more beautiful than any of the modern languages of Europe : their mode of signifying time and case, by terminations, instead of auxiliary verbs and particles, would of itself stamp their superiority. Add to this, the copiousness of the Greek language, with the fancy, majesty, and harmony of its compounds ; and there are quite sufficient reasons why the classics should be studied for the beauties of language. Compared to them, merely as vehicles of thought and passion, all modern languages are dull, ill-contrived, and barbarous.—S. SMITH.

CLASSICS.—A Taste for the

The parent who is able to place his son above dependence, contributes more to his real happiness when he gives him a taste for the classics, and for studies which will exalt his nature, than when, by making him a trader without a gentleman's education, he affords him an opportunity of hereafter shining in the mean magnificence of wealth, unaccompanied with elegance and liberality. To possess a just taste for Virgil, and for the other fine writers whom the world has long admired ; to be capable of feeling their beauties, with only the common comforts and conveniences of life, will confer an elegance and dignity of mind, and will cause a finer pleasure than was ever known to a Crassus or a Clive.—DR. KNOX.

CLEANLINESS.—The Agreeableness of

Cleanliness is the first mark of politeness ; it is agreeable to others, and is a very pleasant sensation to ourselves.—TODD.

CLEANLINESS.—Humanizing Influence of

I have more than once expressed my conviction—that the humanizing influence of habits of cleanliness has never been sufficiently acted on. A clean, fresh, and well-

ordered house exercises over its inmates a moral no less than a physical influence, and has a direct tendency to make the members of a family sober, peaceable, and considerate of the feelings and happiness of each other; nor is it difficult to trace a connection between habitual feelings of this sort and the formation of habits of respect for property, for the laws in general, and even for those higher duties and obligations the observance of which no laws can enforce.—**DR. S. SMITH.**

CLEMENCY—Defined.

A magnificent pardon.—**MRS. BALFOUR.**

CLEMENCY.—Royal

Clemency is one of the brightest diamonds in the crown of majesty.—**W. SECKER.**

CLERGYMAN.—The Country

A man he was to all the country dear;
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
GOLDSMITH.

CLERGYMAN.—The Hospitable Home of the

His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;—
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

GOLDSMITH.

CLERGYMAN.—The Influence of a

At Church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray:
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal each honest rustic ran;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.—**GOLDSMITH.**

CLERGYMAN.—The Life of a

The life of a conscientious clergyman is not easy. I have always considered a clergyman as the father of a larger family than he is able to maintain. I would rather have Chancery suits upon my hands than the cure of souls. I do not envy a clergyman's life as an easy life, nor do I envy the clergyman who makes it an easy life.—**DR. JOHNSON.**

CLERGYMEN.—in Relation to this World.

Clergymen consider this world only as a diligence in which they can travel to another.—**NAPOLEON I.**

CLEVERNESS.—The Concealment of

It is great cleverness to know how to conceal our cleverness.—**LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.**

CLIFF.—A Tall

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
GOLDSMITH.

CLIMATE.—The Change of

Since the flood, or for the last two thousand years, the change of climate has been imperceptible.—**DR. BREWER.**

CLIMATE.—The Effect of

Men are very much in disposition and feelings according to the nature of the country which they inhabit.—**POLYBIUS.**

CLIMB.—The Fear to

Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall.
SIR W. RALEIGH.
If thy mind fail thee, do not climb at all.
QUEEN ELIZABETH.

CLIMBING.—The End of

That bold youth who climbed up the Natural Bridge in Virginia, and carved his name higher than any other, found, when he had done so, that it was impossible for him to descend, and that his only alternative was to go on and scale the height, and find safety at the top. Thus it is with all climbing in this life. There is no going down. It is climbing or falling. Every upward step makes another needful; and so we must go on until we reach heaven, the summit of the aspirations of time.—**H. W. BEECHER.**

CLOCK.—The Old Hall

Somewhat back from the village street
 Stands the old-fashioned country-seat,
 Across its antique portico
 Tall poplar trees their shadows throw,
 And from its station in the hall
 An ancient timepiece says to all—

"Forever—never !
 Never—forever !"

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
 And points and beckons with its hands
 From its case of massive oak,
 Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
 Crosses himself, and sighs alas !
 With sorrowful voice to all who pass—

"Forever—never !
 Never—forever !" —LONGFELLOW.

CLOCK.—The Striking of the Church

The iron tongue of midnight hath told
 twelve :

Lovers to bed ; 'tis almost fairy time.

SHAKESPEARE.

CLOCK-MAKING.—The History of

Various machines were doubtless employed, at a very remote date, for the purpose of measuring time, but the most ancient clock made upon principles similar to the clocks of the present day, was constructed by Henry de Wyck, a German artist, in 1364, and placed by him in the tower of the palace of Charles V., of France. It struck the hours, but did not record so small a portion of time as minutes. Clock-makers were first introduced into England in 1368, when Edward III. granted a license to three of these artists to come over from Delft, in Holland, and practise their occupation in this country. The earliest portable clock of which any account has been given, is one dated 1525, made by Jacob Lech, of Prague. The oldest English clock extant is said to be one in a turret of Hampton Court Palace, constructed in the year 1540, by a maker whose initials are N. O.—LOARING.

CLOTHES.—The Consequence of

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do
 appear :

Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate
 sin with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless
 breaks ;

Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce
 it.—SHAKESPEARE.

CLOTHES.—Necessity for

Clothes are for necessity : warm clothes,
 for health ; cleanly, for decency ; lasting,
 for thrift ; and rich, for magnificence.—
 DR. FULLER.

CLOUD.—A Solitary

Lone as a solitary cloud,—

A single cloud on a sunny day,

While all the rest of heaven is clear,

A frown upon the atmosphere,

That hath no business to appear,

When skies are blue and earth is gay.

BYRON.

CLOUDLET.—The Sailing of a

A cloudlet—like a silver swan it sailed
 The deeps of air.—P. J. BAILEY.

CLOUDLETS.—The Semblance of

The beauteous semblance of a flock at rest.
 BLOOMFIELD.

CLOUDS.—The Appearances of the

Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish,
 A vapour, something like a bear or lion,
 A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
 A forked mountain, or blue promontory
 With trees upon it that nod unto the world,
 And mock our eyes with air.

SHAKESPEARE.

CLOUDS.—The Formation of the

The clouds are, for the most part, produced by certain volumes of the air charged with invisible vapour, coming in contact with a current colder than themselves, whereby their vapour is condensed into visible cloud.—DR. BREWER.

CLOUDS.—The Use of the

The clouds are of themselves of essential use both to animal and vegetable life. They moderate the heat of the sun, and check the escape of heat from the surface of the earth.—DR. BREWER.

CLOWN.—A Description of the

The clown, the child of nature, without
 guile,

Blest with an infant's ignorance of all

But his own simple pleasures.—COWPER.

CLOWN.—Laughter provoked by a

The clown shall make those laugh whose
 lungs are tickled o' the sere.—SHAKESPEARE.

COACH.—The Old Stage

It was a charming evening ; mild and
 bright. The four greys skimmed along as
 if they liked it quite as well as the traveller
 did ; the bugle was in as high spirits as
 the greys ; the coachman chimed in some-
 times with his voice ; the wheels hummed
 cheerfully in unison ; the brass work on the
 harness was an orchestra of little bells ; and
 thus as they went clinking, jingling,
 rattling smoothly on, the whole concern,

from the buckles of the leaders' coupling-reins to the handle of the hind boot, was one great instrument of music!—DICKENS.

COACHMAN AND GUARD.—The

Of all the drivers that ever flourished a whip professionally, that coachman might have been elected emperor. He didn't handle his gloves like another man, but put them on—even when he was standing on the pavement, quite detached from the coach—as if the four greys were, somehow or other, at the end of the fingers. It was the same with his hat. He did things with his hat which nothing but an unlimited knowledge of horses and the wildest freedom of the road could ever have made him perfect in. Valuable little parcels were brought to him with particular instructions; and he pitched them into his hat, and stuck it on again, as if the laws of gravity did not admit of such an event as its being knocked off or blown off, and nothing like an accident could befall it. The guard too! Seventy breezy miles a day were written in his very whiskers. His manners were a canter; his conversation a round trot. He was a fast coach upon a down-hill turnpike-road; he was all pace. A waggon couldn't have moved slowly with that guard and his key-bugle on the top of it.—DICKENS.

COAL.—Abundantly Distributed.

Happily for mankind this most useful mineral is very abundantly distributed over the world, though limited in its occurrence to those regions where the limestone of the (thence called) carboniferous series and their associated beds crop out to the surface or underlie other superficial beds at accessible depths. Coal is generally deposited in "coal basins," or great concave depressions of the strata, partly owing, no doubt, to the general curve of the ocean-beds in which the deposit was formed, but much more to their being broken up and dislocated by lateral upheavals, so that the parts no longer correspond—a circumstance extremely favourable to their working, since the great inclination which the beds assume would otherwise carry them down beyond the reach of the miner, were it not that their broken edges are thus brought up again and made to out-crop on the surface.—HERSCHEL.

COAL.—The Origin and Formation of

Coal is nothing else than ferns, mosses, and sea-weeds, petrified beneath the surface of water in the absence of air. There are no less than eight hundred and fifty different species of plants petrified into coal, of which two hundred and fifty at least are gigantic ferns.—DR. BREWER.

COAL.—The Power of

Every basket is power and civilization. For coal is a portable climate. It carries the heat of the tropics to Labrador and the polar circle; and it is the means of transporting itself whithersoever it is wanted. Watt and Stephenson whispered in the ear of mankind their secret, that a *half ounce of coal will draw two tons a mile*, and coal carries coal, by rail and by boat, to make Canada as warm as Calcutta, and with its comforts bring its industrial power.—EMERSON.

COALS.—Described.

Dark things brought to light.—MRS. BALFOUR.

Black diamonds.—EMERSON.

COAST-GUARDS.—Described.

A steady, trusty, well-conditioned, well-conducted set of men, with no misgiving about looking you full in the face, and with a quiet, thorough-going way of passing along to their duty at night, carrying huge sou'-wester clothing in reserve, that is fraught with all good prepossession.—DICKENS.

COCK.—The Crowing of the

The cock, that is the trumpet of the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding
throat

Awake the god of day.—SHAKSPEARE.

COCK.—The Salutation of the

The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn.—
SHAKSPEARE.

COFFEE.—The Introduction of

While the honour of introducing tea may be disputed between the English and the Dutch, that of coffee remains between the English and the French; yet an Italian intended to have occupied the place of honour. That admirable traveller, Pietro della Valle, writing from Constantinople in 1615, to a Roman, his fellow-countryman, informs him that he should teach Europe in what manner the Turks took what he called "Cahué," or, as the word is written in an Arabic and English pamphlet, printed at Oxford in 1659, "On the nature of the drink *Kauhi* or coffee." As this celebrated traveller lived in 1652, it may excite surprise that the first cup of coffee was not drank at Rome. Our own Purchas, at the time that Valle wrote, was also a "Pilgrim," and well knew what was "coffee," which "they drank as hot as they can endure it; it is as black as soot, and not much unlike

it; good, they say, for digestion and mirth."
—I. DISRAELI.

COLD.—Bitingly

The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold;
It is a nipping and an eager air.
SHAKSPEARE.

COLLEGE.—Success at

I was very anxious as to my place in the list, and, at the same time, rather confident. Perhaps my confidence bordered on presumption; if so, it was deservedly punished. As soon as I caught sight of the list hanging in the Senate house, I raised my eyes to the topmost name. That name was not mine. I confess that I felt the chill of disappointment. The second name was not my name, nor yet the third, nor yet the fourth. My disappointment was great, when I read the fifth name, I said—"I am sure I beat that man." I again looked at the top of the list; the nail had been driven through my name, and I was "Senior Wrangler."—POLLOCK.

COLLEGES.—The Endowments of

All our magnificent endowments of colleges are erroneous; and, at best, more frequently enrich the prudent than reward the ingenious.—GOLDSMITH.

COMBAT.—Rash

Rash combat often immortalizes man; if he should fall, he is renowned in song.—GOETHE.

COMBATANT.—A Brave

It is the part of a brave combatant to be wounded, and yet to overcome.—IGNATIUS.

COMBATIVENESS.—Aroused.

There is something of combativeness in me which prevents the whole vigour being drawn out, except when I have an antagonist to deal with, a falsehood to quell, or a wrong to avenge. Never till then does my mind feel quite alive. Could I have chosen my own period of the world to have lived in, and my own type of life, it should be the feudal ages, and the life of a Cid—the redresser of wrongs.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

COMET.—The Character of a

A comet is a bastard among planets,—a haughty and proud star, engrossing the whole element, and carrying itself as if it were there alone.—LUTHER.

COMET.—Tidings Brought by a

As when a comet far and wide descried,
In scorn of Phœbus 'midst bright heaven
doth shine,
And tidings sad of death and mischief
brings
To mighty lords, to monarchs and to kings.
TASSO.

COMETS.—The Matter of

So attenuated is the matter of comets, that, if condensed into a solid body, the largest might probably be packed into a ship's hold.—LEITCH.

COMETS.—The Speed of

Comets rush forth from the starting-post of the sun with the speed of lightning; but they soon slacken their pace as if to feel their way; and, by the time they reach the end of their journey, a child trundling a hoop would be more than a match for them in speed.—LEITCH.

COMFORT—before Grandeur.

For the enjoyment of real personal comfort, I would rather, infinitely rather, be the occupant of the poorest hut, with its homeliest fare, in the coldest and bleakest cleft that flanks the sides of the Shihallion or Ben Nevis, than be the possessor of the stateliest palace, with its royal appurtenances, in the plains of Bengal.—DR. DUFF.

COMFORT.—The Influence of

Comfort, like the golden sun,
Dispels the sullen shade with her sweet influence,
And cheers the melancholy house of care.
ROWE.

COMFORT—too Late.

That comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution.
SHAKSPEARE.

COMFORT.—The Scholar's

I have taken much pains to know everything that was esteemed worth knowing amongst men; but with all my disquisitions and reading, nothing now remains with me to comfort me, at the close of life, but this passage of St. Paul—"It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners:" to this I cleave, and herein I find rest.—SELDEN.

COMFORTS.—Creature

Creature comforts are like the soft morning dews which, while they water the branches of the tree, leave the roots dry.—W. SECKER.

COMMANDER.—A Brave

His creed is that no man should attempt to enter the army who is not ready at any moment to die for the throne of his sovereign and the weal of his country. His conditions are—victory and peace, or a warrior's death. With such principles as these, no marvel that he wins the hardy hearts of his soldiers, nor that they are ready and eager to follow him either to victory or to death.—**DR. DAVIES.**

COMMANDER.—The End of a

When peace folds him up, his silver head should lean near the golden sceptre, and he should die in the prince's bosom.—**OVERBURY.**

COMMANDING.—The Right of

The right of commanding is no longer an advantage transmitted by nature like an inheritance; it is the fruit of labours, the price of courage.—**VOLTAIRE.**

COMMENTARIES.—The Failure of

Rica, having been to visit the library of a French convent, writes thus to his friend in Persia, concerning what had passed:—"Father," said I to the librarian, "what are these huge volumes which fill the whole side of the library?" "These," said he, "are the interpreters of the Scriptures." "There is a prodigious number of them," replied I; "the Scriptures must have been very dark formerly, and be very clear at present. Do there remain still any doubts? Are there now any points contested?" "Are there!" answered he with surprise, "are there! There are almost as many as there are lines." "You astonish me," said I; "what then have all these authors being doing?" "These authors," returned he, "never searched the Scriptures for what ought to be believed, but for what they did believe themselves. They did not consider them as a book wherein were contained the doctrines which they ought to receive, but as a work which might be made to authorize their own ideas."—**ARVINE.**

COMMENTATOR.—The Object of a

The commentator's professed object is to explain, to illustrate, to enforce the doctrines claimed as true.—**PROF. WHEWELL.**

COMMERCE.—Looks to Agriculture.

She may well be termed the younger sister, for, in all emergencies, she looks to agriculture both for defence and for supply.—**COLTON.**

COMMERCE.—The Origin of

The origin of commerce must have been nearly coeval with the world. As pasturage

and agricultural were the only employments of the first inhabitants, so cattle, flocks, and the fruits of the earth were the only objects of the first commerce, or that species of it called barter.—**KITTO.**

COMMERCE.—Pleasure Derived from

It is a mistaken notion, that a vast deal of money is brought into a nation by trade. It is not so. Commodities come from commodities; but trade produces no capital accession of wealth. However, though there should be little profit in money, there is a considerable profit in pleasure, as it gives to one nation the productions of another; as we have wines and fruits, and many other foreign articles, brought to us.—**DR. JOHNSON.**

COMMERCE.—The Precariousness of

Commerce flourishes by circumstances, precarious, contingent, transitory, almost as liable to change as the winds and waves that waft it to our shores.—**COLTON.**

COMMERCE.—The Triumph of

Commerce defies every wind, outrides every tempest, and invades every zone.—**BANCROFT.**

COMMISERATION.—The Objects of

We should commiserate those who groan beneath the weight of age, disease or want.—**DENHAM.**

COMMONALTY.—The Degrees and Morality of the

The commonalty, like the nobility, are divided into several degrees. When they are virtuous and loyal, religion and the state are alike in peace; but when depraved, they are the teeming source of all moral and political disorder.—**BLACKSTONE.**

COMMONPLACE.—The Advantage of being

Be commonplace and creeping, and everything is within your reach.—**BEAUMARCHAIS.**

COMMONS.—The Inactivity of the

The Commons, faithful to their system, remained in a wise and masterly inactivity.—**MACKINTOSH.**

COMMONWEALTH.—The Best

That is the best Commonwealth which shows the way to a most virtuous and happy life.—**ARISTOTLE.**

COMMONWEALTH.—The Happiness of a

This is the true happiness of a Commonwealth—to love God, and be beloved of

God ;—to acknowledge Him their King and themselves His people.—**ST. AUGUSTINE.**

COMMOTION.—Popular

Popular commotion is always to be dreaded, because bad men always arise to mislead its efforts. How desirable it is that it may be prevented, by conciliatory measures, by timely concession of rights, by redress of grievances, by reformation of abuses, by convincing mankind that government have no other object than faithfully to promote the comfort and security of individuals, without sacrificing the solid happiness of living men to national glory, or royal magnificence !—**DR. KNOX.**

COMMUNICATIONS.—The Way to have

We should have all our communications with men as in the presence of God, and with God as in the presence of men.—**COLTON.**

COMMUNION.—The Impotency of

Bare communion with a good Church can never alone make a good man.—**DR. SOUTH.**

COMMUNION.—Sacramental

Especially in acts of sacramental communion with his Lord does the Christian gather up and consecrate the powers of his life-long communion with Heaven. Then it is that he has most vivid impressions of the nearness of God to his soul, a most comfortable assurance of strength for his need.—**BP. MACKARNES.**

COMPANION.—A Wise, Communicative

In his company you learn how trees have tongues, sermons are found in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in everything. To him a blade of grass is a volume—a handful of simple flowers a library. A wise, communicative companion is a priceless treasure, not to be compared with rubies, precious stones, or indeed anything that this world has to offer.—**J. JOHNSON.**

COMPANION.—The Worth of a

A companion that is cheerful, and free from swearing or scurrilous discourse, is worth gold. 'Tis the company, and not the charge, that makes the feast.—**WALTON.**

COMPANIONS—for Conversation.

If I were to choose the people with whom I would spend my hours of conversation, they should be certainly such as laboured no farther than to make themselves readily and clearly apprehended, and would have patience and curiosity to understand me.

To have good sense, and ability to express it, are the most essential and necessary qualities in companions. When thoughts rise in us fit to utter among familiar friends, there needs but very little care in clothing them.—**STEELE.**

COMPANY.—Bad

If thou art cast into bad company, like Hercules thou must sleep with thy club in thine hand, and stand on thy guard. Though with them, be not of them.—**DR. FULLER.**

COMPANY.—Circumspect in the Choice of

Be very circumspect in the choice of thy company. In the society of thine equals thou shalt enjoy more pleasure ; in the society of thy superiors thou shalt find more profit. To be the best in the company is the way to grow worse ; the best means to grow better is to be the worst there.—**J. QUARLES.**

COMPANY.—The Contagious Influence of

It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another ; therefore, let men take heed of their company.—**SHAKESPEARE.**

COMPANY.—Good

That is good company where wisdom, and truth, and love prevail.—**E. DAVIES.**

COMPANY.—The Love of

The love of company and of social pleasures is indeed quite natural, and is attended with some of the sweetest satisfactions of human life ; but, like every other love, when it proceeds beyond the limits of moderation, it ceases to produce its natural effect, and terminates in disgustful satiety.—**DR. KNOX.**

COMPARISON.—Good and Evil Estimated by

If we rightly estimate what we call good and evil, we shall find it lies much in comparison.—**LOCKE.**

COMPARISONS.—The Nature of

All comparisons are odious.—**CERVANTES.**

COMPASS.—The Discovery of the

He that first discovered the use of the compass, did more for the supplying and increase of useful commodities than those who built workhouses.—**LOCKE.**

COMPASSION.—Defined.

Compassion, among men, is that mechanical emotion which is produced in

them by the sight of distressed objects.—
SAURIN.

COMPASSION.—The Dew of

The dew of compassion is a tear.

BYRON.

COMPENSATION.—The Principle of

The principle of compensation runs through the works of God. In the physical and intellectual world this is observable; and so also in morals: the stronger virtues are seldom found without an alloy of austerity, and the softer are nearly allied to weakness.—BOWDLER.

COMPETENCY—Defined.

It is "the golden mean" between positive want and needless abundance.—DR. DAVIES.

COMPETENCY.—Need respecting

That which is competency for one man is not enough for another, no more than that which will keep one man warm will keep another man warm. One man can go in doublet and hose, when another man cannot be without a cloak, and yet have no more clothes than is necessary for him.—SELDEN.

COMPLAINING.—The Foolishness of

We do not wisely when we vent complaint and censure. Human nature is more sensible of smart in suffering than of pleasure in rejoicing, and the present endurances easily take up our thoughts. We cry out for a little pain, when we do but smile for a great deal of contentment.—FELTHAM.

COMPLAINT.—Needless

If thou dost complain that there shall be a time in which thou shalt not be, why dost thou not also grieve that there was a time in which thou wast not, and so that thou are not as old as that enlivening planet of time? For not to have been a thousand years before this moment, is as much to be deplored as not to live a thousand after it, the effect of them both being one. That will be after us which, long, long before we were, was. Our children's children have that same reason to murmur that they were not young men in our days, which we have to complain that we shall not be old in theirs. The violets have their time, though they impurple not the winter, and the roses keep their season, though they disclose not their beauty in the spring.—W. DRUMMOND.

COMPLAINTS.—Heartless

These end in nothing, and are among our greatest sins.—J. H. EVANS.

COMPLAISANCE.—Advantages Derived from

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable. It smooths distinctions, sweetens conversation, and makes every one in the company pleased with himself. It produces good nature and mutual benevolence, encourages the timorous, soothes the turbulent, humanizes the fierce, and distinguishes a society of civilized persons from a confusion of savages.—ADDISON.

COMPLIMENT.—The Definition of a

A compliment is praise delivered in some unexpected and beautiful form. It may be mere intimation, a graceful comparison, an illusion, or an inference made or implied. It is praise crystallized.—H. W. BEECHER.

COMPLIMENTARY.—To be

To be complimentary is to be more than polite.—FRISWELL.

COMPLIMENTS—of Civility.

Nothing costs less nor is cheaper than compliments of civility.—CERVANTES.

COMPLIMENTS.—No Dependence on

Nobody depends on them; so there is no hurt in them; you return them in the same manner you receive them; yet it is best to make as few as one can.—GETHIN.

COMPORTMENT.—Advice respecting

Be wondrous wary of your comportment. Get a good name, and be very tender of it afterward; for 'tis like the Venice-glass, quickly cracked, never to be mended, though patched it might be.—HOWELL.

COMPOSITION.—The Right Method of

Never be in haste in writing: Let that thou utterest be of nature's flow, Not art's; a fountain's, not a pump's. But once Begun, work thou all things into thy work; And set thyself about it, as the sea About earth, lashing it day and night: And leave the stamp of thine own soul in it As thorough as the fossil flower in clay: The theme shall start and struggle in thy breast, Like to a spirit in its tomb at rising, Rending the stones, and crying—Resurrection.—P. J. BAILEY.

COMPOSITION.—Simplicity in Style of

Food that gives the liveliest pleasure on the first taste, frequently disgusts on repetition; and those things which please the palate without satiety, are such as agitate

but moderately, and perhaps originally caused a disagreeable sensation. Mental food is also found by experience to nourish most, and delight the longest, when it is not lusciously sweet. Profuse ornament and unnecessary graces, though they may transport the reader on a first perusal, commonly occasion a kind of intellectual surfeit which prevents a second.—DR. KNOX.

COMPOSITIONS.—Laboured

They smell of the oil and lamp.—MON-
TAIGNE.

COMPULSION.—No Reason given on

If reasons were as plentiful as black-berries, I would give no man a reason on compulsion.—SHAKESPEARE.

COMPULSION.—Religion Contrary to

Religion is inconsistent with all compul-
sion.—ABP. SHARP.

CONCEALMENT.—The Effect of

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek.

SHAKESPEARE.

CONCEIT.—Natural.

Conceit is just as natural a thing to human minds as a centre is to a circle.—
W. HOLMES.

CONCEIT.—Needless and Detrimental.

An assumption, which is to nature what paint is to beauty, not only needless, but a detriment to that which is meant to im-
prove.—POPE.

CONCEIT.—A Specimen of

One who entertains a high opinion of his own abilities.—DR. WEBSTER.

CONCEPTION.—The Business of

The business of conception is to present us with an exact transcript of what we have felt or perceived.—DR. STEWART.

CONCEPTION.—Vivid

The power of vivid conception is important to the poet; for the mind works from the stock of its conceptions, not from its immediate perceptions:—but it is still more important to the painter, who can only become a mere copyist, if his conceptions are faint or confused. Propriety of description, and appropriateness and copiousness in the use of language, depend, in great measure, upon the vigour of the faculty of conception.—I. TAYLOR.

CONCILIATION.—The Wisdom of

When it is impossible to subdue an antago-
nist by force of reason, the only alternative

is—to have recourse to conciliation. This is the highest wisdom; for by kindness and accommodation many a foe has been alto-
gether conquered, and many a bitter enemy transformed into a real friend.—E. DAVIES.

CONDEMNATION.—An Unjust

An unjust condemnation makes a murder of the execution.—BP. BROUGH.

CONDEMNED.—All must not be

And shall we all condemn, and all distrust,
Because some men are false, and some
unjust?—NORTON.

CONDESCENSION.—Betraying into Absurdity.

There is nothing more likely to betray a man into absurdity than condescension, when he seems to suppose his understand-
ing too powerful for his company.—DR. JOHNSON.

CONDESCENSION.—Defined.

Condescension is that species of benevo-
lence which designedly waves the supposed advantages of birth, title, or station, in order to accommodate ourselves to the state of an inferior, and diminish that restraint which the apparent distance is calculated to produce in him.—BUCK.

CONDITION.—Absoluteness of

There is nothing that can raise a man to that generous absoluteness of condition as neither to cringe, to fawn, or to depend meanly, but that which gives him that happiness within himself for which men depend upon others.—DR. SOUTH.

CONDITION.—A Middle

I have discovered a middle condition between being and not being, namely, becoming. I am becoming what I am not; and when I shall cease to be, then I shall be.—BUCHOLTZER.

CONDUCT.—Exemplary and Indispens- able.

My extreme youth when I took command of the army of Italy, made it necessary for me to evince great reserve of manners, and the utmost severity of morals. This was indispensable to enable me to sustain authority over men so greatly superior in age and experience. I pursued a line of conduct in the highest degree irreproachable and exemplary. In spotless morality I was a Cato, and must have appeared as such. I was a philosopher and a sage. My supremacy could be retained only by proving myself a better man than any

other man in the army. Had I yielded to human weaknesses I should have lost my power.—NAPOLÉON I.

CONDUCT.—Fiendish

There is nothing in this world so fiendish as the conduct of a mean man when he has the power to revenge himself upon a noble one in adversity.—H. W. BEECHER.

CONDUCT.—Public

There is only one principle of public conduct—*Do what you think right, and take place and power as an accident.* Upon any other plan, office is shabbiness, labour, and sorrow.—S. SMITH.

CONFESSION.—A Humbling

I die before my time; and my body will be given back to the earth, to become the food of worms. Such is the fate which so soon awaits the great Napoleon!—NAPOLÉON I.

CONFESSION.—The Result of

It is related of St. John the Evangelist, that he was once set upon by a company of thieves, amongst whom was a young man, their captain. To him St. John applied himself by way of counsel and advice, which took so good effect, that he was converted, and went to all his fellow thieves, and besought them in the name of Jesus Christ, to walk no longer in their wicked ways. He told them that he was troubled in conscience for his former wicked life, and earnestly entreated them, as they valued the welfare of their own souls, to leave off their old courses. The counsel was good and well taken, so that many of them became converts. Thus one sinner's confession of his faults proved the conversion of the others.—BOGATZKY.

CONFIDENCE.—A Divinely-Begotten

Let one but have this confidence, and then he will not put on the strong armour of Saul, nor be afraid of the flashing spear of Goliath; he needs only the sling and the stone.—DR. DAVIES.

CONFIDENCE.—Inspiration Imparted by

Confidence imparts a wondrous inspiration to its possessor. It bears him on in security, either to meet no danger, or to find matter of glorious trial.—MILTON.

CONFIDENCE.—Pleasure Given by

Confidence always gives pleasure to the man in whom it is placed. LA ROCHE-FOUCAULD.

CONFIDENCE.—Trust Building on

Society is built upon trust, and trust upon confidence of one another's integrity.—DR. SOUTH.

CONFIRMATION.—The Rite of

Those who are confirmed do not undertake any new engagements, but ratify and adopt and take upon themselves, by an act of deliberate choice and open profession, after mature reflection and instruction, their baptismal responsibilities, attaching, as it were, a seal to them, and acknowledging them to be their own act and deed, and confessing themselves to have been already bound to believe and to do all those things which their godfathers and godmothers undertook for them when they, by reason of their tender age, could not enter into any covenant engagement for themselves—"to renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanity of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh, to believe all the Articles of the Christian faith, and to keep God's holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of their life." Confirmation is not like Baptism and the Lord's Supper, a sacrament, as it was not instituted by Christ Himself. It is simply a sacred ceremonial ordinance, not of express or directly recorded apostolical injunction or precept, but appointed by the authority of the Church, as the spiritual mother of all those who have been baptized, in imitation of the practice of the Apostles, of whom we read in Acts viii. 14-17, and xix. 5, 6, that they laid their hands on those who had been previously baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus.—DEAN BAGOT.

CONFUSED.—Greatly

I am so confused by all this, as if a mill-wheel were turning round in my head.—GOETHE.

CONFUSION.—Defined.

Confusion is the earnest of hell!—POWERSCOURT.

CONFUSION.—General

A universal hubbub wild
Of stunning sounds and voices all confusion.
MILTON.

CONGRATULATIONS.—The Character of

Congratulations necessarily and exclusively refer to matters of the most pleasant kind. Hence they are always well-received and generally believed; and should therefore be sincere and emphatic.—E. DAVIES

CONJECTURE.—Good and Idle

Conjecture, as to things useful, is good ; but conjecture as to what it would be useless to know, is very idle.—DR. JOHNSON.

CONJECTURE.—The Uncertainty of

It is evidently in the nature of conjecture to be uncertain.—CHALMERS.

CONQUER.—Determined to

Is there one whom difficulties dishearten—who bends to the storm? He will do little. Is there one who *will* conquer? That kind of man never fails.—HUNTER.

CONQUER.—Two Ways to

To conquer by the moral manifestation of the will, is to conquer like a God. To conquer by the manifestation of brute force, is to conquer like a beast.—BURRITT.

CONQUEROR.—The Work of a

Nothing in this world is created in vain : lions, tigers, conquerors, have their use. Ambitious monarchs, who are the curse of civilized nations, are the civilizers of savage people. With a number of little independent hordes, civilization is impossible. They must have a common interest before there can be peace ; and be directed by one will before there can be order. When mankind are prevented from daily quarrelling and fighting, they first begin to improve ; and all this, we are afraid, is only to be accomplished, in the first instance, by some great conqueror.—S. SMITH.

CONQUEST.—The Advantages of

To military men we have been, and must be, indebted for our first acquaintance with the interior of many countries. Conquest has explored more than curiosity has ever done ; and the path for science has been commonly opened by the sword.—S. SMITH.

CONQUEST.—The Joy of

The joy of conquest is richer than the joy of heritage.—PUNSHON.

CONSCIENCE.—An Address to

Conscience, thou hast commission to go into princes' chambers and council tables ; be a faithful man of their counsel. Oh that they would in all courts of Christendom set policy beneath thee, and make thee president of their councils, and hear thy voice, and not croaking Jesuits, sycophants, and liars. Thou mayest speak to them, and subjects must pray for them, and be subject for thy sake to honour and obey them in the Lord. Charge the

courtiers not to trust in uncertain favours of princes, but to be trusty and faithful, as Nehemiah, Daniel, and Joseph ; whose histories pray them to read, imitate, and believe above Machiavelli's oracles. Tell the foxes and politicians, that make the *main* the *by* and the *by* the *main*, that an ill conscience hanged Abithophel, overthrew Haman, Shebna, etc. Tell them it is the best policy, and Solomon's, who knew the best, to get and keep thy favour ; to exalt thee, and thou shalt exalt them ; be a shield to them, and make them bold as a lion in the day of trouble, not fearing the envy of all the beasts of the forest, no, nor the roaring of the lion, in righteous causes.—S. WARD.

CONSCIENCE.—an Asylum.

The conscience is the inviolable asylum of the liberty of man.—NAPOLEON I.

CONSCIENCE.—The Court of

The most miserable pettifogging in the world is that of a man in the court of his own conscience.—H. W. BEECHER.

CONSCIENCE.—Defined.

Conscience is that secret voice—that moral principle that urges us to act in conformity with our conviction, and condemns us whenever we act in opposition to it ; it is, so to speak, the main-spring of morality.—DR. VINET.

CONSCIENCE.—A Good

A good conscience is more to be desired than all the riches of the East. How sweet are the slumbers of him who can lie down on his pillow, and review the transactions of every day without condemning himself ! A good conscience is the finest opiate. *Nemo malus felix.*—DR. KNOX.

CONSCIENCE.—in Health.

The fool and the slave gather wealth ;
But if I add nought to my store,
Yet while I keep conscience in health,
I've a mine that will never grow poor.
BLOOMFIELD.

CONSCIENCE.—in the Hour of Death.

How awful is that hour when conscience
stings
The hoary wretch, who on his death-bed
hears,
Deep in his soul, the thundering voice that
rings,
In one dark, damning moment, crimes of
years,
And, screaming like a vulture in his ears,

Tells, one by one, his thoughts and deeds
of shame !

How wild the fury of his soul careers !
His swart eye flashes with intensest
flame,
And like the tortures rack the wrestling
of his frame !—PERCIVAL.

CONSCIENCE—like a Judge.

Remember this plain distinction—a mis-
take in which has ruined thousands—that
your conscience is not a law. No : God
and reason made the law and placed con-
science within you to determine—not like
an Asiatic Cadi according to the ebbs and
flows of his own passions, but like a British
judge in this land of liberty, who makes no
new law, but faithfully declares that glo-
rious law which he finds already written.—
STERNE.

CONSCIENCE.—Liberty of

Liberty of conscience is the free right of
adopting and enjoying opinions on religious
subjects, and of being allowed to worship
the Supreme Being according to the dictates
of conscience, unfettered by external con-
trol.—MAUNDER.

CONSCIENCE.—The Loss of

He that loses his conscience has nothing
left that is worth keeping.—WALTON.

CONSCIENCE.—The Offices of

Divine authority within man's breast
Brings every thought, word, action, to the
test ;
Warns him or prompts, approves him or
restrains,
As reason or as passion takes the reins :
Heaven from above, and conscience from
within,
Cries in his startled ear—" Abstain from
sin !"—COWPER.

CONSCIENCE.—The Power of

One day I was at an atheistical meeting
at a person's of quality : I undertook to
manage the cause, and was the principal
disputant against God and piety, and for
my performance received the applause of
the whole company ; upon which my mind
was terribly struck, and I immediately
replied thus to myself—" Good God ! that
a man that walks upright, that sees the
wonderful works of God, and has the
use of his senses and reason, should use
them to the defying of his Creator !"—
ROCHESTER.

CONSCIENCE.—A Scrupulous

He that hath a scrupulous conscience is
like a horse that is not well wayed ; he

starts at every bird that flies out of the
hedge.—SELDEN.

CONSCIENCE.—The Star of

There is one star, and one alone,
That tells the future. It's interpreter
Is in man's heart, and is called—Conscience.
G. P. R. JAMES.

CONSCIENCE.—A Tender

A tender conscience is as sensitive to evil
as the apple of the eye is to dust.—DR.
DAVIES.

CONSCIENCE.—a Tribunal.

A man's own conscience is his sole
tribunal ; and he should care no more for
that phantom "opinion" than he should
fear meeting a ghost if he cross the church-
yard at dark.—LYTTON.

CONSCIENCE.—A Troubled

As the stag, which the huntsman has hit,
flies through brush and brake, over stock
and stone, and thereby exhausts its strength,
but does not expel the deadly bullet from
its body ; so does experience show that they
who have a troubled conscience run from
place to place, but wherever they go, bear
with them their dangerous wounds. In
such case, the true remedy is patience.—
SCRIVER.

CONSCIENCE.—Varieties of

There is not on earth a more capricious
accommodating, or abused thing than
CONSCIENCE. It would be very possible
to exhibit a curious classification of con-
sciences in genera and species. What
copious matter for speculation among the
varieties of—lawyer's conscience—cleric
conscience—lay conscience—lord's con-
science—peasant's conscience—hermit's
conscience—tradesman's conscience—phi-
losopher's conscience—Christian's con-
science—conscience of reason—conscience
of faith—healthy man's conscience—sick
man's conscience—ingenious conscience—
simple conscience, etc.—FOSTER.

CONSCIENCE.—The Wound of

The wound of conscience is no scar, and
Time cools it not with his wing, but merely
keeps it open with his scythe.—RICHTER.

CONSECRATION.—of the Person.

Consecration is not wrapping one's self
in a holy web in the sanctuary, and then
coming forth after prayer and twilight medi-
tation, and saying—" There, I am con-
secrated." Consecration is going out into
the world where God Almighty is, and
using every power for His Glory. It is

taking all advantages as trust funds—as confidential debts owed to God. It is simply dedicating one's life, in its whole flow, to God's service.—H. W. BEECHER.

CONSECRATION—of a Place.

Consecration makes not a place sacred, but only solemnly declares it so.—DR. SOUTH.

CONSEQUENCE.—Necessary

Link follows link by necessary consequence.
S. T. COLERIDGE.

CONSEQUENCES.—Solicitous about

Though you have acted with integrity and circumspection, yet be solicitous about consequences.—ZIMMERMAN.

CONSIDERATION—Defined.

It is the sworn enemy of levity, and the fruitful parent of high purposes in the soul.—PUNSHON.

CONSIDERATION.—The Office of

Consideration like an angel came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him.—SHAKESPEARE.

CONSISTENCY.—The Natural Action of

Consistency inflexibly pursues those measures which appear most just.—ADDISON.

CONSISTENCY.—The Rarity of

Show me one that has it in his power
To act consistent with himself an hour.
POPE.

CONSOLATION—must Correspond with Circumstances.

If I am in God's hands, then, whatever the process,—whatever the end, all must be well. But if I am expected, when all life is a blank, to see it instantly re-peopled with objects of interest and satisfaction; if I am expected, when calamity is so real, and so strong, and so grinding in its pressure, to say all at once that it is a dream and a phantom; if I am expected, when I am enveloped in the thick darkness, not only to say that I doubt not that God is in the midst of it, but that I actually see Him there, and can rejoice in His light; then I say—you are building me up before I am taken down—you are seeking to confound the night of sorrow and the morning of joy.—DR. VAUGHAN.

CONSOLATION—Defined.

It is the relief of mind under any trouble or pain; or the presence and enjoyment of a good which is able to prevent altogether, or else carry away and bear down before it,

as in a full tide or flowing stream, all evil felt or feared.—DR. BEAUMONT.

CONSORT.—The World without a

The world would be a desert without a consort.—W. SECKER.

CONSPIRACIES.—The Execution of

Conspiracies no sooner should be formed Than executed.—ADDISON.

CONSPIRACY.—The Evil Nature of

Conspiracy is unmitigated evil. No beam irradiates its Egyptian darkness: no single lights up its masked and monstrous visage. It is the practice of demons—sometimes, alas! in human shape, and the scorn of all honest and loving natures!—DR. DAVIES.

CONSTABLE.—The Dignity of a

A constable is a viceroi in the street, and no man stands no more upon't that he is the King's officer. * * * He is never so much in his majesty as in his night-watch, where he sits in his chair of state; but if he stay up after midnight you shall take him napping.—BP. EARLE.

CONSTABLE.—The High

The office of Constable of England *Comes Stabuli*, Great Master of the Horse, such being then the principal military force), was an office of the highest dignity in early times; the holder during war being next in rank to the king. He was the king's lieutenant, and commanded in his absence. He inspected and certified the military contingents furnished by the barons and knights, etc., such being the only national force in those days. He was in close attendance on the king in time of peace also; he and the king's "justiciar" alone witnessing the king's writs; and he had the power of arresting the sheriffs of counties for the neglect of their duties, etc. The last High Constable of England was Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, beheaded in the reign of Henry VIII., who abolished the office through jealousy of its high privileges. The *baton* of the duke has, however, been carefully preserved by his descendants, and is now in possession of Lord Stafford. Baker, in his "Chronicle," says, "that it was the greatest place, next the high steward, in the kingdom; and that the power of the High Constable tended to restrain some actions of the king. No wonder that the jealous tyrant (Henry VIII.) declared that the office was too great for a subject, and that in future he would hold it himself."—LOARING.

CONSTANCY.—An Example of

When one of the kings of France solicited M. Bouquier, who was a Protestant, to conform to the Roman Catholic religion, promising him in return a commission, or a government, "Sire!" replied he, "if I could be persuaded to betray my God for a marshal's staff, I might be induced to betray my king for a bribe of much less value."—BUCK.

CONSTANCY—not always Good.

Constancy without knowledge cannot be always good. In things ill, it is not a virtue, but an absolute vice.—FELTHAM.

CONSTITUTION.—Allowance for

We must make great allowance for constitution. I could name a man, who, though a good man, is more unguarded in his tongue than many immoral persons. Shall I condemn him? He breaks down here, and almost here only. On the other hand, many are so mild and gentle, as to make one wonder how such a character could be formed without true grace entering into its composition.—R. CECIL.

CONSTITUTION.—The English

The brief description of the characteristic merit of the English Constitution is—that its dignified parts are very complicated and somewhat imposing, very old and rather venerable; while its efficient part, at least when in great and critical action, is decidedly simple and rather modern. We have made, or rather stumbled on, a constitution which—though full of every species of incidental defect—though of the worst *workmanship* in all out-of-the-way matters, of any constitution in the world—yet has two capital merits; it contains a simple efficient part which, on occasion, and when wanted, can work more simply, and easily, and better than any instrument of government that has yet been tried; and it contains likewise historical, complex, august, theatrical parts which it has inherited from a long past—which *take* the multitude, which guide by an insensible but omnipotent influence the associations of its subjects. Its essence is strong with the strength of modern simplicity; its exterior is august with the Gothic grandeur of a more imposing age.—BAGEHOT.

CONSTITUTION.—A Free

To call upon a nation, on a sudden, totally destitute of such knowledge and experience, to perform all the manifold functions of a free constitution, is to entrust valuable, delicate, and abstruse mechanism, to the rudest skill and the grossest ignorance.—S. SMITH.

CONSTITUTION.—Inquiry into the

Everything that is really excellent will bear examination, it will even invite it, and the more narrowly it is surveyed, to the more advantage it will appear. Is our constitution a good one? it will gain in our esteem by the severest inquiry. Is it bad? then its imperfections should be laid open and exposed. Is it, as is generally confessed, of a mixed nature, excellent in theory, but defective in its practice? freedom of discussion will be still requisite to point out the nature and source of its corruptions, and apply suitable remedies. If our constitution be that perfect model of excellence it is represented, it may boldly appeal to the *reason* of an enlightened age, and need not rest on the support of an implicit faith.—R. HALL.

CONSUMMATION.—A Wished-for

'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished.—SHAKESPEARE.

CONSUMPTION.—An Address to

Gently, most gently, on thy victim's head,
Consumption, lay thine hand!—let me decay,
Like the expiring lamp, unseen, away,
And softly go to slumber with the dead:
And if 'tis true what holy men have said—
That strains angelic oft foretell the day
Of death, to those good men who fall thy prey,
O let the ærial music round my bed,
Dissolving sad in dying symphony,
Whisper the solemn warning in mine ear;
That I may bid my weeping friends goodbye,
Ere I depart upon my journey drear;
And smiling faintly on the painful past,
Compose my decent head and breathe my last.—H. K. WHITE.

CONTEMPLATION.—Defined.

Contemplation is keeping the idea which is brought into the mind for some time actually in view.—LOCKE.

CONTEMPLATION.—Objects for

Every object of creation
Can furnish hints to contemplation;
And from the most minute and mean,
A virtuous mind can morals glean.—GAY.

CONTEMPLATION.—The Pleasure of

Man is formed for contemplation. Hence he has been dowered with faculties of thought and power akin to those possessed by angelic creatures; and when he puts them into exercise he realizes a pleasure which the language of earth utterly fails to describe.—E. DAVIES.

CONTEMPORARIES.—Illustrious

Illustrious contemporaries may be likened to the greater stars, towards which, so long only as they remain above the horizon, our eye is turned, and feels strengthened and cultivated, if it is allowed to take such perfections into itself.—**GOETHE.**

CONTEMPT.—Hard to be Borne.

Many a spirit, through all life's track,
Has trials with patience borne,
Yet, like to the sensitive plant; shrinks
back

At the slightest touch of scorn :
It may be 'tis weakness, but who does not
know

That contempt is more hard to be borne
than woe?—**F. M. SCOTT.**

CONTEMPT.—The Odiousness of

There is not in human nature a more odious disposition than a proneness to contempt, which is a mixture of pride and ill-nature. Nor is there any which more certainly denotes a bad mind; for in a good and benign temper there can be no room for this sensation. That which constitutes an object of contempt to the malevolent, becomes the object of other passions to a worthy and good-natured man; for in such a person, wickedness and vice must raise hatred and abhorrence, and weakness and folly will be sure to excite compassion; so that he will find no object of his contempt in all the actions of men.—**FIELDING.**

CONTEMPT.—No Submission to

No sacred fane requires us to submit to contempt.—**GOETHE.**

CONTEMPTIBLE.—The Most

The basest and meanest of all human beings are generally the most forward to despise others; so that the most contemptible are generally the most contemptuous.—**FIELDING.**

CONTENT.—The Dwelling-Place of

I knew a man that had health and riches, and several houses, all beautiful and well-furnished, and would be often troubling himself and his family to remove from one of them to another. On being asked by a friend, why he removed so often from one house to another, he replied—"It was in order to find content in some of them." But his friend, knowing his temper, told him, if he would find content in any one of them he must leave himself behind, for content can never dwell but with a meek and quiet soul.—**WALTON.**

CONTENT—with Everything.

Take well whate'er shall chance, though
bad it be,
Take it for good, and 't will be good to
thee.—**RANDOLPH.**

CONTENT.—The Good Profit by

Content is a good thing; a thing
The good alone can profit by.
J. S. KNOWLES.

CONTENT.—The Power of

Like the law of gravitation, that is so gentle and yet so powerful in its action that nothing can resist it, content exerts its pregnant influence over the human mind and transforms a barren wilderness into little Eden.—**E. DAVIES.**

CONTENT.—The Value of

There is a jewel which no Indian mine can
buy,
No chemic art can counterfeit;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to
gold,
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain
Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent,
That much in little—all in nought—**Content.**—**WILBYE.**

CONTENTION.—The Associate of

Contention bold, with iron lungs,
And Slander with her hundred tongues,
Are leagued together.—**E. MOORE.**

CONTENTION.—Difficulty amid

It is as hard a thing to maintain a sound understanding, a tender conscience, a lively, gracious, heavenly frame of spirit, and an upright life, amid contention, as to keep your candle lighted in the greatest storm.—**BAXTER.**

CONTENTIONS.—The Cause of

Contentions fierce
Ardent, and dire, spring from no pet
cause.—**SIR W. SCOTT.**

CONTENTMENT.—The Advantages of

By the art of navigation, with great pain and industry, men can fetch in the silks of Persia, the spices of Egypt, the gold of Ophir, the treasures of the East and West Indies. Oh, but by the art of contentment a man may stay at home and fetch in the comfort of any condition whatsoever; thus, he may have that comfort by contentment that he should have if he had the very things themselves!—**BURROUGHS.**

CONTENTMENT.—The Bliss of

We have polenta, we have water ; let us challenge Jupiter himself to a comparison of bliss !—SENECA.

CONTENTMENT.—A Cottager's

As for my part, I am but very poorly in body, and cannot perform the business of my flock without help. As to the things of this world, I have but little share; having my little cot to pray and praise God in, and a bed to rest on; so I have just as much of this world as I desire. But my garment is worn out, and some of my Christian friends think they must put their mites together and buy me one, or else I shall not be able to endure the cold in the winter: so I can say—Good is the Lord! He is still fulfilling His promise—"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."—SAUNDERS.

CONTENTMENT.—Depends upon Desire.

Contentment does not depend so much upon what we *really possess*, as it does upon what we *desire to possess*. While a tub was large enough for Diogenes, a world was too little for Alexander; hence, when he had conquered the world, he sat down and wept that there were no other worlds to conquer.—DR. DAVIES.

CONTENTMENT.—Food and Medicine.

Contentment is the best food to preserve a sound man, and the best medicine to restore a sick man.—W. SECKER.

CONTENTMENT.—Plebeian

I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my own harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.—SHAKESPEARE.

CONTENTMENT.—The Result of

Contentment will make a cottage look as fair as a palace.—W. SECKER.

CONTENTMENT.—Seekers after

Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state to meet thee there,
Increasing avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrined:
The bold adventurer ploughs his way
Through rocks amid the foaming sea,
To gain thy love.—PARNELL.

CONTINGENCY.—The Popular Idea of

In popular language, whatever event takes place of which we do not discern the cause, why it should have happened in this man-

ner, or at this moment, rather than another is called a contingency, or an event without a cause: as for example, the falling of a leaf on a particular spot, or the turning up of a certain number when dice are thrown.—I. TAYLOR.

CONTRADICTION.—Taken or Resisted.

A man takes contradiction much more easily than people think, only he will not bear it when violently given, even though it be well-founded. Hearts are flowers; they remain open to the softly-falling dew, but shut up in the violent down-pour of rain.—RICHTER.

CONTRASTS.—Past and Present

What different events have transpired on the same spot! Where the smoke of the Indian's wigwam arose, and the stealthy tread of the wolf and panther was heard over the autumn leaves at twilight, the population of New York now surges along. Where once Tyre the queen of the sea stood, fishermen are spreading their nets on the desolate rocks, and the bright waves are rolling over its marble columns. In the empty apartments of Edom the fox makes his den, and the dust of the desert is sitting over the forsaken ruins of Palmyra. The owl hoots in the ancient halls of kings, and the wind of a summer night makes sad music through the rents of once gorgeous palaces. The Arab spurs his steed along the streets of ancient Jerusalem, or scornfully stands and curls his lip at the pilgrim passing wearily to the sepulchre of the Saviour. The Muezzin's voice rings over the bones of the prophets, and the desert wind heaps the dust above the foundation of the seven churches of Asia. Oh, how good and evil, light and darkness, chase each other over the world!—HEADLEY.

CONTROL.—of Self.

He who cannot control himself, allows himself to be blinded by success, loses his balance, and acts in defiance of the eternal laws of right and justice, must be overthrown.—QUEEN LOUISA.

CONTROVERSIES.—The Evil of

Many controversies grow up about religion, as suckers from the root and limbs of a fruit tree, which spend the vital sap that should make it fruitful.—FLAVEL.

CONTROVERSY.—Failure in

With zeal we watch
And weigh the doctrine, while the spirit escapes;
And, in the carving of our cummi-
seeds,—

Our metaphysical hair-splittings, fail
To note the orbit of that star of love
Which never sets.—SIGOURNEY.

CONTROVERSY—Protracted.

When Eudamides heard old Xenocrates
disputing so long about wisdom, he inquired
very gravely but archly—“If the old man
be yet disputing and inquiring concerning
wisdom, what time will he have left to use
it?”—ARVINE.

CONTUMACY.—Acts of

Such acts

Of contumacy will provoke the Highest
To make death in us live.—MILTON.

CONTUMELY.—The Evil Influence of

Nothing aggravates tyranny so much as
contumely.—BURKE.

CONVENTS—not to be Encouraged.

If convents should be allowed at all, they
should only be retreats for persons unable
to serve the public, or who have served it.
It is our first duty to serve society ; and,
after we have done that, we may attend
wholly to the salvation of our own souls.
A youthful passion for abstracted devotion
should not be encouraged.—DR. JOHNSON.

CONVERSATION.—The Benefits of

There is, perhaps no method of improv-
ing the mind more efficacious, and certainly
none more agreeable, than a mutual inter-
change of sentiments in an elegant and
animated conversation with the serious, the
judicious, the learned, and the communica-
tive. Light and heat are elicited by the
collision of minds. Truths which appeared
dull in the solitude of the study, are no
sooner agitated in conversation, than they
affect the mind with the liveliest impressions.
—DR. KNOX.

CONVERSATION.—Boldness in

In conversation boldness now bears sway,
But know that nothing can so foolish be
As empty boldness ; therefore first assay
To stuff thy mind with solid bravery ;
Then march on gallant : get substantial
worth :
Boldness gilds finely, and will set it forth.
G. HERBERT.

CONVERSATION.—The Essentials of

There must, in the first place, be know-
ledge, there must be materials ; in the
second place there must be a command of
words ; in the third place, there must be
imagination, to place things in such views
as they are not commonly seen in ; and in
the fourth place, there must be presence of

mind, and a resolution that it is not to be
overcome by failures. This last is an
essential requisite ; for want of it many
people do not excel in conversation.—DR.
JOHNSON.

CONVERSATION—Eulogized.

Your reasons at dinner have been sharp
and sententious ; pleasant without scurrility,
witty without affection, audacious without
impudency, learned without opinion, and
strange without heresy.—SHAKSPEARE.

CONVERSATION.—Intelligible

Some people tell you that they let them-
selves down to the capacity of their hearers.
I never do that. I speak uniformly in as
intelligible a manner as I can.—DR.
JOHNSON.

CONVERSATION.—Misfortune regarding

It is a great misfortune not to have mind
enough to talk well, nor judgment enough
to be silent.—LA BRUYERE.

CONVERSATION.—Prudence in

Aye free, aff-han' your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony ;
But still keep something to yoursel'
Ye scarcely tell to any ;
Conceal yoursel', as weel's ye can,
Frae critical dissection ;
But keek through every other man
Wi' sharpen'd sly inspection.

R. BURNS.

CONVERSATION.—Restraint in

He that cannot refrain from much speak-
ing is like a city without walls, and less
pains in the world a man cannot take, than
to hold his tongue : therefore if thou observ-
est this rule in all assemblies, thou shalt
seldom err : restrain thy choler, hearken
much, and speak little ; for the tongue is
the instrument of the greatest good and
greatest evil that is done in the world.—SIR
W. RALEIGH.

CONVERSATION.—The True Taste of

They who have the true taste of conver-
sation, enjoy themselves in a communication
of each other's excellences, and not in a
triumph over their imperfections.—ADDI-
SON.

CONVERSATION —Vanity in

The reason why few persons are agreeable
in conversation is because each thinks more
of what he intends to say than of what
others are saying, and seldom listens but
when he desires to speak.—LA ROCHE-
FOUCAULD.

CONVERSION—*a Change.*

Conversion is a change which consists in the renovation of the heart and life, or a turning from Satan unto God.—BUCK.

CONVERSION.—*The Joy of*

Unless the Almighty had been under me I think I should have been overwhelmed with joy. My eyes filled with tears, and my voice choked with transport. I could only look up to heaven in silent fear, overwhelmed with love and wonder.—COWPER.

CONVICTION—*Defined.*

Conviction in general is the assurance of the truth of any proposition.—BUCK.

CONVICTION.—*Natural*

This arises spontaneously from the deeps of conscience, from the force of moral suasion, from alarming impressions made by providential events, and from the dread of present or future punishment.—DR. DAVIES.

CONVICTION.—*Religious*

It is the first degree of repentance, and implies an affecting sense that we are guilty before God, and that sin is the greatest of evils.—BUCK.

CONVICTION.—*Saving*

This is solely the work of the Divine Spirit, who employs conscience, the Bible, afflictive providences, religious ordinances, and other means, to effectuate it.—E. DAVIES.

COOLNESS.—*A Reason for*

When Dean Swift was arguing one day with great coolness, with a gentleman who had become exceedingly warm in the dispute, one of the company asked him how he could keep his temper so well. "The reason is," replied the dean, "I have truth on my side."—ARVINE.

CO-OPERATION.—*Made for*

We are made for co-operation, like feet, like hands, like eyelids, like the rows of the upper and lower teeth. To act against one another, then, is contrary to nature; and it is acting against one another to be vexed and to turn away.—ANTONINUS.

COPIES.—*Good*

The only good copies are those which exhibit the defects of bad originals.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

COPYISTS.—*The Death of*

These have died, are dying, and shall die; Yea, copyists shall die, spark out and out.

P. J. BAILEY.

COQUETTE.—*A Description of the*

A vain trifling female, who endeavours to attract admiration and gain matrimonial offers, from a desire to gratify vanity, and with the intention to reject her suitor.—DR. WEBSTER.

COQUETTE.—*The Heartlessness of the*

Ah! the slight coquette, she cannot love,
And if you kiss'd her feet a thousand years,
She still would take the praise, and care
no more.—TENNYSON.

CORAL-REEF.—*The Beautiful Appearance of a*

In the afternoon I went upon the reef with a party of gentlemen; and the water being very clear round the edges, a new creation, as it were to us but imitative of the old, was there presented to our view. We had wheat-sheaves, mushrooms, stags' horns, cabbages, leaves, and a variety of other forms, glowing under water with vivid tints of every shade betwixt green, purple, brown and white, equalling in beauty and excelling in grandeur the most favourite parterre of the curious florist. There were different species of coral and fungus, growing as it were, out of the solid rock, and each had its peculiar form and shade of colouring; but whilst contemplating the richness of the scene, we could not long forget with what destruction it was pregnant.—FLINDERS.

CORAL-REEF.—*The Formation of a*

It seems to me, that when the animalcules which form the corals at the bottom of the ocean cease to live, their structures adhere to each other, by virtue either of the glutinous remains within, or of some property in salt water; and the interstices being gradually filled up with sand and broken pieces of coral washed by the sea, which also adhere, a mass of rock is at length formed. Future races of these animalcules erect their habitations upon the rising bank, and die in their turn to increase, but principally to elevate, this monument of their wonderful labours.—FLINDERS.

CORAL-REEF.—*Possession Taken of a*

The new bank is not long in being visited by sea-birds; salt-plants take root upon it, and a soil begins to be formed; a cocoa-nut, or the drupe of a pandanus is thrown on shore; land-birds visit it and deposit the seeds of shrubs and trees; every high tide, and still more every gale, adds something to the bank; the form of an island is gradually assumed; and last of all comes man to take possession.—FLINDERS.

CORINTH.—The City of

Many a vanished year and age,
And tempest's breath, and battle's rage,
Have swept o'er Corinth; yet she stands
A fortress formed to Freedom's hands;
The whirlwind's wrath, the earthquake's
shock,

Have left untouched her hoary rock,
The keystone of a land which still,
Though fall'n, looks proudly on that hill—
The landmark to the double tide
That purpling rolls on either side,
As if their waters chafed to meet,
Yet pause and crouch beneath her feet.

BYRON.

CORONER.—Origin of the Name—

I take that this name cometh, because
that the death of every subject by violence
is accounted to touch the crown of the
prince, and to be a detriment unto it.—
W. SMITH.

**CORRESPONDENCE.—The Way to
Break off a**

At first one omits writing for a little
while; and then one stays a little while
longer to consider of excuses; and at last
it grows desperate, and one does not write
at all. In this manner I have served others,
and have been served myself.—DEAN
SWIFT.

CORRUPTION.—The Influence of

Corruption is like a ball of snow, when
once set a rolling it must increase. It
gives momentum to the activity of the
knave, but it chills the honest man, and
makes him almost weary of his calling;
and all that corruption attracts, it also
retains; for it is easier not to fall than only
to fall once, and not to yield a single inch
than having yielded to regain it.—COLTON.

CORRUPTION.—The Strength of

Human corruption proves always too
hard for human eloquence; it is ever found
to have strong enough footing in the heart
to stand it out against all the golden sayings
of the tongue.—MACLAURIN.

CORRUPTIONS.—Betray Themselves.

As poison works more furiously in wine
than in water, so corruptions betray them-
selves more in a state of plenty than they
do in a state of poverty.—W. SECKER.

COSTLINESS.—Excessive.

Excessive costliness argues and feeds the
pride of the heart, and defrauds, if not
others of their dues, yet the poor of their
charity.—ABP. LEIGHTON.

COTTAGE.—Love Gilds the

When hearts are join'd
In virtuous union, love's impartial beams
Gild the low cottage of the faithful swain
With equal warmth, as when he darts his
fires
On canopies of state.—FENTON.

COTTAGE.—Joy in a

Amid the poverty and privations of a
cottage, joy is often to be found, which is
more to be desired than all the wealth and
splendour of a palace.—E. DAVIES.

COTTON.—The History of

The cotton plant was anciently to be
found only in Egypt. Certainly, the raw
material was introduced into Europe long
before the discovery of the passage to India
by the Cape of Good Hope; and it appears
that this country was supplied with it,
from the Levant, by the Genoese vessels
in 1430. The first certain information
respecting the cotton manufacturers of
England is contained in Lewis Roberts'
"Treasures of Traffic," published in 1641,
in which he states that "the people of
Manchester buy cotton wool that comes
from Cyprus and Smyrna, and work the
same into fustians, vermilions, and dimities,
which are sent to London and sold or
exported."—LOARING.

COUCH.—The

The couch! From the day that the
bride sanctifies it to the day when the
aged mother is borne from it, it stands
clothed with loveliness and dignity.—H.
W. BEECHER.

COUNSEL.—The Difficulty of Imparting

Men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that
grief
Which they themselves not feel, but tasting
it
Their counsel turns to passion, which be-
fore
Would give perceptual medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm a cle with air, and agony with
words:
No, no! 'tis all men's office to speak
patience
To those that wring under the load of
sorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself: therefore give me no
counsel:
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.
Therein do men from children nothing
differ.—SHAKESPEARE.

COUNSEL.—Good

Let Reason lead thee; let Authority move thee; let Truth enforce thee.—**BP. JEWEL.**

COUNSEL.—Profitless

I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve.—**SHAKESPEARE.**

COUNSELLOR.—A Flattering, Dissembling

There is not a more dangerous evil than a flattering, dissembling counsellor. While he talks, his advice has hands and feet; but when it should be put in practice, it stands like a mule, which will not be spurred forward.—**LUTHER.**

COUNTENANCE.—The Characteristic Expressions of the

The countenance is the window of the soul. It bears on it the stamp of divinity; and is often lit up with the smile of an angel! But sympathy and grief almost as often cloud it with seven-fold darkness.—**DR. DAVIES.**

COUNTENANCE.—A Pleasing

A pleasing countenance is a silent commendation.—**DUPORT.**

COUNTENANCE.—Power over the

Such was his power over his countenance, that he could, in an instant, shake off from it the sternness of winter, and robe it in the brightest smiles of spring.—**WIRT.**

COUNTENANCE.—Thought Betrayed in the

There is no strong inward thought that does not betray itself in the countenance.—**SENECA.**

COUNTRY.—The Beauty of the

The beauty of the country surpasses all the grandeur of the city. In the city there are gardens cultivated with floral skill; but they are not half so lovely even as the fields whose swelling grain waves, and nods, and trembles to the whisking wind. In the city, there is, at night-time, the splendour of lamps; but in the country, the moon gives forth its soft and cloudless beams, and bathes every scene in nature in silver glory. In the city, there are sounds of melody and gaiety, such as art contrives and the heart craves for; but in the country, the thrush and the nightingale "discourse music" never yet heard in saloon or palace, but which delights the heart of all privileged to listen to it. In fine, just as sunlight exceeds starlight, so the country, for

true and lasting beauty, exceeds the city.—**DR. DAVIES.**

COUNTRY.—Enjoyment in the

To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament;
Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,
Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
And gentle tale of love and languishment?
Returning home at evening, with an ear
Catching the notes of Philomel,—an eye
Watching the sailing cloudlets' bright career,
He mourns that day so soon has glided by,
E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
That falls through the clear ether silently.
KEATS.

COUNTRY.—Health in the

Seldom shall we see in cities, courts, and rich families, where men live plentifully, and eat and drink freely, that perfect health, that athletic soundness and vigour of constitution, which is commonly seen in the country, in poor houses and cottages, where nature is their cook, and necessity their caterer, and where they have no other doctor but the sun and fresh air, and that such a one as never sends them to the apothecary.—**DR. SOUTH.**

COUNTRY.—The Impression of a

The character of a man's native country is as strongly impressed on his mind as its accent is on his tongue.—**LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.**

COUNTRY.—Love for

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven, o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth;
The wand'ring mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth, supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,

Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
 His sword and sceptre, pageantry and
 pride,
 While in his soften'd looks benignly blend
 The sire, the son, the husband, brother,
 friend :
 Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter,
 wife,
 Strews with fresh flowers the narrow path
 of life ;
 In the clear heaven of her delightful eye
 An angel-guard of loves and graces lie ;
 Around her knees domestic duties meet,
 And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
 Where shall that land, that spot of earth,
 be found ?
 Art thou a man ? a patriot ? look around ;
 Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps
 roam,
 That land thy country, and that spot thy
 home !—J. MONTGOMERY.

COUNTRY.—A Noble and Rich Man in the

The most beautiful possession which a country can have—is a noble and rich man, who loves virtue and knowledge ;—who, without being feeble or fanatical, is pious, and who, without being factious, is firm and independent ;—who, in his political life, is an equitable mediator between king and people, and, in his civil life, a firm promoter of all which can shed a lustre upon his country, or promote the peace and order of the world.—S. SMITH.

COUNTRY.—A Walk in the

To walk with the breeze upon one's brow, to trample the level grass exuberant with freshness, to climb upon the mountain ; to follow through the meadows some thread of water gliding under rushes and water-plants,—I give you my word for it, there is happiness in this. At this contact with healthy and natural things, the follies of the world drop off as drop the dead leaves when the spring sap rises, and the young leaves put forth. The pangs of the heart lose their vehemence. The great blue sky which reflects itself in the soul gives it its own peace. The divine goodness, pity, and power wrap us round ; it is a halt, as it were, upon the threshold of paradise.—GASPARIN.

COUPLE.—A Contented, yet Useless

While rolling threescore years and one
 Did round the globe their courses run,—
 If human things went ill or well,—
 If changing empires rose or fell,—
 The morning past, the evening came,
 And found this couple just the same,
 Nor sister either had nor brother ;
 They seemed just tallied for each other :

Their moral and economy
 Most perfectly they made agree ;
 Each virtue kept its proper bound,
 Nor trespassed on the other's ground :
 Nor fame nor censure they regarded ;
 They neither punished nor rewarded :
 Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
 They led—a kind of—as it were ;
 Nor wished, nor cared, nor laughed, nor
 cried :
 And so they lived, and so they died.

PRIOR.

COUPLE.—A Happy

I think you the happiest couple in the world ; for you are not only happy in one another, but happy in yourselves, and by yourselves.—CONGREVE.

COURAGE.—Constitutional and Obligatory

Courage, that grows from constitution, often forsakes the man when he has occasion for it ; courage, which arises from a sense of duty, acts in a uniform manner.—ADDISON.

COURAGE—the Highest Generosity.

Courage is generosity of the highest order, for the brave are prodigal of the most precious things.—COLTON.

COURAGE.—Impudent

That courage which the vain for valour take,
 Who proudly danger seek for glory's sake,
 Is impudence ; and what they rashly do
 Has no excuse, but that 'tis madness too.
 DAVENANT.

COURAGE.—Manly

Knowing the right and true,
 Let the world say to you
 Worse than it can :
 Answer despite the blame,
 Answer despite the shame,
 I'll not belie my name—
 I'll be a man !—CARY.

COURAGE.—Moral

Moral courage arises from a sense of duty, and from a fear of offending Him who made us. It always acts in a uniform manner, and according to the dictates of right reason.—ADDISON.

COURAGE.—Natural

This is chiefly a constitutional endowment, though it may be cultivated by judicious training. It renders an individual superior to a feeling of personal danger ; and peculiarly befits the soldier and the seaman, and all who are called upon to

exercise cool judgment in situations of peril.—S. G. GOODRICH.

COURAGE—Necessary to Talent.

A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of courage.—S. SMITH.

COURAGE.—Royal

One arm of the Danube separates the city of Vienna from a suburban part called Leopold-stadt. A thaw inundated this part, and the ice carried away the bridge of communication with the capital. The population of Leopold-stadt began to be in the greatest distress for want of provisions. A number of boats were collected and loaded with bread; but no one felt hardy enough to risk the passage, which was rendered extremely dangerous by large bodies of ice. Francis II., who was then emperor, stood at the water's edge; he begged, exhorted, threatened, and promised the highest recompenses, but all in vain; whilst, on the other shore, his subjects, famishing with hunger, stretched forth their hands, and supplicated relief. The monarch immediately leaped singly into a boat loaded with bread, and applied himself to the oars, exclaiming—"Never shall it be said that I saw those perish, without an effort to save them, who would risk their all for me!" The example of the sovereign, sudden as electricity, enflamed the spectators, who threw themselves in crowds into the boats. They encountered the sea with success, and gained the suburbs just as their intrepid monarch, with the tear of pity in his eye, held out the bread he had conveyed across the water at the risk of his life.—ARVINE.

COURAGE.—Undaunted

I have determined—the Almighty God being my help and my shield—yet to suffer, if frail life might continue so long, even until the moss shall grow over my eyebrows, rather than violate my faith and my principles.—BUNYAN.

COURT.—The Hardness and Polish of the

The court is like a palace built of marble; I mean that it is made up of very hard and very polished people.—LA BRUYERE.

COURT.—The King makes a

The residence of the king's person and his presence makes the court anywhere; because it is supposed that the king can be nowhere without the exercise of his kingly power, and without his insignia of majesty.—CLARENDON.

COURT.—The Non-Payment of

To pay court to no one, and to expect it from no one, pleasant situation, golden age, the most natural state of man!—LA BRUYERE.

COURT.—The Tongue of People of

With the people of court the tongue is the artery of their withered life, the spiral-spring and flag-feather of their souls.—RICHTER.

COURT.—The Virtues of

Court-virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,
Born where heaven's influence scarce can penetrate:
In life's low vale, the sort the virtues like,
They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
Though the same sun, with all-diffusive rays,
Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,
We prize the effort of the stronger pow'r
And justly set the gem above the flow'r.
POPE.

COURTESY—Defined.

The law of social life.—JERVIS.

COURTESY—the Exercise of Virtue.

Courtesy is one of the cheapest exercises of virtue; it costs us even less than rudeness.—J. A. JAMES.

COURTESY—a Necessary Study.

I have seen some people rude by being over-civil and troublesome in their courtesy; though, these excesses excepted, the knowledge of courtesy and good manners is a very necessary study. It is, like grace and beauty, that which begets liking and an inclination to love one another at first sight, and in the beginning of an acquaintance a familiarity; and consequently, that which first opens the door, and introduces us to better ourselves by the examples of others, if there be anything in the society worth taking notice of.—MONTAIGNE.

COURTESY—must be Personal and Loving.

Nothing is a courtesy unless it be meant us, and that friendly and lovingly. We owe no thanks to rivers, that they carry our boats; or winds, that they be favouring, and fill our sails; or meats, that they be nourishing; for these are what they are necessarily. Horses carry us; trees shade us; but they know it not.—JONSON.

COURTESY.—The Pink of
Thou hast most kindly hit it :
A most courteous exposition ;
Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy ;—
Pink for flower.—SHAKSPEARE.

COURTIER.—A Description of the
A bit of clay, with a ribbon tied round
it.—R. CECIL.

COURTIER.—The Fate of a
When I see a gallant ship well rigged,
trimmed, tackled, mann'd, and munitioned,
with her top and top-gallant, and her spread
sayles proudly swelling with a full gale in
faire weather, putting out of the haven into
the smooth maine, and drawing the spec-
tators' eyes with a well-wishing admiration ;
and shortly heare of the same ship splitted
against some dangerous rock, or wrecked
by some disasterous tempest, or sunk by
some leake sprung in her by some accident ;
it seemeth I see the case of some court
favourite, who to-day, like Sejanus, dazzleth
all men's eyes with the splendour of his
glory, and with proud and potent beake of
his powerful prosperity cutteth the waves
and ploweth through the prease of the
vulgar, and scorneth to fear aught at his
keele below, or any cross winds from above,
and yet to-morrow, on some storms of un-
expected disfavour, springs a leake in his
honour, and sinks on the Syrtes of disgrace,
or dashed against the rocks of displeasure,
is splitted and wrack'd in the Caribdis of
infamy, and so concludes his voyage in
misery and misfortune.—EARL WARWICK.

COURTIERS.—The Humility of
There is nothing that humbles certain
courtiers so much as the presence of the
prince : scarcely can I recognize them as
the same men, their features are so changed,
and they are so chop-fallen. The proud
and arrogant are the most abashed, for
they lose most.—LA BRUYERE.

COURTSHIP.—The Picasantness of
The pleasantest part of a man's life is
generally that which passes in courtship,
provided his passion be sincere, and the
party beloved kind with discretion.—ADDI-
SON.

COURTSHIP.—The Use of
By courtship both sides are prepared for
all the matrimonial adventures that are to
follow.—GOLDSMITH.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.
"Their courtship was carried on in
poetry." Alas ! many an enamoured pair

have *courted in poetry*, and after marriage
lived in prose.—FOSTER.

COVETOUSNESS.—The Character of
The character of covetousness is what a
man generally acquires more through some
niggardness or ill grace, in little and incon-
siderable things, than in expenses of any
consequence.—POPE.

COVETOUSNESS.—The Earthliness of
A young man once picked up a sovereign
lying in the road. Ever afterward, in walk-
ing along, he kept his eye fixed steadily upon
the ground in hopes to find another. And
in the course of a long life he did pick up,
at different times, a goodly number of coins,
gold and silver. But all these years, while
he was looking for them, he saw not that
the heavens were bright above him, and
nature beautiful around. He never once
allowed his eyes to look up from the mud
and filth in which he sought his treasure ;
and when he died—a rich old man—he
only knew this fair earth as a dirty road to
pick up money as you walk along.—DR.
JEFFREY.

COVETOUSNESS.—The Evil of
Covetousness debaseth a man's spirit.—
ABP. TILLOTSON.

COVETOUSNESS.—Greediness of
Covetousness is so greedy a passion, that
it not only attracts to itself its proper ob-
jects, but swallows up almost every other
affection.—DR. KNOX.

COVETOUSNESS.—The Loss Sustained
by
Covetousness, by a greediness of getting
more, deprives itself of the true end of
getting it : it loses the enjoyment of what
it has got.—SPRAT.

COVETOUSNESS.—The Sin of
Desire of having is the sin of covetousness.
SHAKSPEARE.

COWARD.—The Fear of the
His hand did quake
And tremble like a leaf of aspen green,
And troubled blood through his pale face
was seen
To come and go, with tidings from his
heart,
As it a running messenger had been.
SPENSER.

COWARD.—Scorn for the
The coward, of whatever description, is
an object of scorn ; whereas, there is a
kind of reverence for bravery, even when

men are inclined to wish it a better cause.
—CANON MELVILL.

COWARD.—Truly a

No man is so truly a coward as he that
acts the brave against Heaven.—PASCAL.

COWARDICE.—The Effect of

Cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.
SHAKESPEARE.

COWARDS.—Two

All mankind is one of these two cowards—
Either to wish to die when he should live,
Or live when he should die.

SIR. R. HOWARD.

COWARDS.—The Courage of

Cowards, 'tis said, in certain situations
Derive a sort of courage from despair,
And then perform, from downright des-
peration,
Much more than many a bolder man
would dare.—BARRIAM.

COWPER.—The Poet

There was one
Whose name stands high upon his country's
roll
Of poets, who, amidst a faithless age,
Stood forward for the honour of his God.
Fresh be his memory to the ends of time,
The Pensive Bard of Olney! From the
depths
Of an unknown despair he could proclaim
The heavenly hope to which the angels
tuned
Their harps at Bethlchem, and, in the woe
Which crushed his gentle spirit, he could
taste
An angel's joy to see each wanderer
Returning to that Father's House, whose
gates
He deemed were closed on him. To him
the sight
Of wood and sky and mountain minister'd
Pure and perpetual gladness. Yet, through
all
Her voices manifold, he only heard
The voice of God: on all her fair domain,
In radiant signature and imaginary,
He saw the golden letters of His Name—
The Name of Love. The common earth
to him
Was holy ground, once trodden by the feet
Of One who stooped in human flesh to die,
A Man, for man's redemption. In his song
Glowed inspiration as of altar-fire;
His foot had stood on Sacred Olivet,
And on his low-bent head the cleansing
dews
Of Jordan had been sprinkled. Nature's
voice

To him was not all gladness; he had been
Within the shrine. His ear had caught
the sound

Of that mysterious sympathy which breathes
Out of Creation's heart to mortal woe,
The undertone in that undying wail
Wherewith the human generations mourn
Beneath the weight of evil. He had heard
The deepest notes which from the seven-
fold pipe
Of Pan came to the spiritual ear;
The creature groaning, travailing in pain,
As subject unto change until the day
Of its redemption from the curse of sin.

J. D. BURNS.

COWSLIPS.—An Address to

Bowing adorers of the gale,
Ye cowslips delicately pale,
Upraise your loaded stems:
Unfold your cups of splendour, speak!
Who deck'd you with that ruddy streak,
And gilt your golden gems?

Ye lovely flowers of lowly birth,
Embroiderers of the carpet earth,
That stud the velvet sod;
Open to Spring's refreshing air,
In sweetest smiling bloom declare
Your Maker and your God.—CLARE.

COXCOMB.—The Affectation of a

A coxcomb is ugly all over with the
affectation of a fine gentleman.—DR.
JOHNSON.

COXCOMB.—Belief Respecting a

A coxcomb is one whom simpletons
believe to be a man of merit.—LA
BRUYÈRE.

CRADLE.—A Mother by a

A babe is a mother's anchor. She cannot
swing far from her moorings. And yet a
true mother never lives so little in the pre-
sent as when by the side of the cradle.
Her thoughts follow the imagined future of
her child. That babe is the boldest of
pilots, and guides her fearless thoughts
down through scenes of coming years.
The old ark never made such voyage as
the cradle daily makes!—H. W. BEECHER.

CRADLES.—Men and Things and their

Great ideas, great men, and great events,
cannot be measured by the magnitude of
their cradles.—GUIZOT.

CRAFT.—A Lawful

There is a lawful craft of coining our
money over again, and adding the image
and superscription of God to that which is
Cæsar's. It is said of the philosopher's

stone that it turns whatsoever it touches into gold.—W. SECKER.

CRAFT—Over-Reached by Simplicity.

Hard things are compass'd oft by easy means ;
And judgment, being a gift derived from Heaven,
Though sometimes lodged in the hearts of worldly men
That ne'er consider from whom they receive it,
Forsakes such as abuse the Giver of it :
Which is the reason that the politic
And cunning statesman, that believes he fathoms
The counsels of all kingdoms on the earth,
Is by simplicity oft over-reached.

MASSINGER.

CREATION.—The Extent of

The boundless extent of creation is so large, that it can look at a world, or a galaxy of worlds, in the same way as we compare a flower or insect with the world around us.—KANT.

CREATION—Musical.

All creation is musical, from the harmonious motions of particles of matter up to those of vast assemblages of worlds or nebulae. This magnificent and, to us, boundless universe, exhibiting concord in all its parts and precision in every movement—must be, of necessity, regulated by one Master-mind, the Infinite and Eternal.—FLAMANK.

CREATION.—The Order of

Firstly—the existence of matter, “without form, and void ;” secondly—the light, the glorious symbol of Deity ; thirdly—the grass, the herb, and the tree, each “after his kind ;” fourthly—“every living thing that moveth ;” and, lastly—man,—the noblest of all creatures. Light was necessarily the second act of creation ; for without it the plant could not exist. The plant was necessarily the third act ; for without it the animal would die. The animal was necessarily the fourth act ; for it was indispensable to man. And man—doubly endowed man—was necessarily the last and crowning act ; for he, of all created things, was chiefly designed to show forth the glory of God. Hence he was fashioned in the divine image, after the divine likeness.—DR. DAVIES.

CREATION.—The Perpetual Work of

My heart is awed within me, when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on
In silence round me—the perpetual work
Of Thy creation, finished, yet renewed
For ever.—BRYANT.

CREATION—of the Worlds.

Confusion heard His voice, and wild uproar
Stood ruled, stood vast infinitude confined ;
Till, at His second bidding, darkness fled,
Light shone, and order from disorder
 sprung :
Swift to their several quarters hasted then
The cumbrous elements—earth, flood, air,
 fire ;
And this ethereal quintessence of heaven
Flew upward, spirited with various forms
That rolled orbicular, and turned to stars
Numberless, as thou see'st, and how they
 move :
Each had his place appointed, each his
 course ;
The rest in circuit walk this universe.

MILTON.

CREATURES.—Dependence amongst all

Such is the dependence amongst all the orders of creatures ;—the inanimate, the sensitive, the rational, the natural, the artificial ;—that the apprehension of one of them is a good step towards the understanding of the rest. And this is the highest pitch of human reason—to follow all the links of this chain till all their secrets are open to our minds, and their works advanced or imitated by our hands. This is truly to command the world ; to rank all the varieties and degrees of things so orderly, one upon another, that standing on the top of them we may perfectly behold all that are below, and make them all serviceable to man's life. And to this happiness there can be nothing else added, but that we make a second advantage of this rising ground, thereby to look the nearer into heaven, an ambition which, though it was punished in the old world by a universal confusion, when it was managed with impiety and insolence, yet, when it is carried on by that humility and innocence which can never be separated from true knowledge, when it is designed not to brave the Creator of all things, but to admire Him the more, must needs be the utmost perfection of human nature.—SPRAT.

CREATURES.—Instruction from the

To man the voice of Nature spake—
“Go, from the creatures thy instructions
 take :
Learn from the birds what food the thickets
 yield ;
Learn from the beast the physic of the
 field :
Thy arts of building from the bee receive ;
Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to
 weave ;

Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving
gale.

Here too all forms of social union find,
And hence let reason, late, instruct man-
kind :

Here subterranean works and cities see ;
There towns aerial on the waving tree ;
Learn each small people's genius, policies,
The ants' republic, and the realm of bees ;
How those in common all their wealth
bestow,

And anarchy without confusion know ;
And these for ever, though a monarch
reign,

Their separate cells and properties main-
tain."—POPE.

CREATURES.—The Lord of the

God made man the lord of His creatures,
not the tyrant.—BR. HALL.

CREDENTIAL.—The Best

Reason our best credential doth appear.
BUCKINGHAM.

CREDIBLE.—Things Made

Things are made credible either by the
known condition and quality of the utterer,
or by the manifest likelihood of truth in
themselves.—HOOKER.

CREDITOR.—The Privilege of a

A creditor whose appearance gladdens
the heart of a debtor, may hold his head
in sunbeams and his foot on storms.—
LAVATER.

CREDULOUS.—The Condition of the

The credulous have, by the long in-
dulgence of their credulity, enfeebled their
understandings, and have become actually
incapable of perceiving the force of argu-
ment : at the same time, the fruitless effort
which they may make in a single instance
to do so, chills and confounds the mind,
and dispels those lively feelings of con-
fidence with which they are wont to
entertain other convictions. They can be-
lieve only by impulse, not by reason.—I.
TAYLOR.

CREDULITY—the Error of Weak Minds.

Credulity is the error of sanguine, ima-
ginative, and weak minds, which, in their
eagerness to receive and hold whatever
dazzles the fancy, or moves the sensibilities,
or awakens pleasing emotions of wonder
and admiration, believe whatever of this
sort may be presented to them, without
inquiring upon what evidence it rests, or
perhaps rejecting contrary testimony.—I.
TAYLOR.

CREED.—A Poor Selfish

Surely it is a poor creed that will only
allow us to trust in God for ourselves—a
very selfish creed. I should say that the
man who can only trust God for himself is
not half a Christian. Either he is so selfish
that *that* satisfies him, or he has such a
poor notion of God that he cannot trust
Him with what most concerns him.—DR.
MACDONALD.

CRICKET.—The

Little inmate, full of mirth,
Chirping on my kitchen hearth,
Whereso'er he thine abode,
Always harbinger of good :
Pay me for thy warm retreat
With a song more soft and sweet,
In return thou shalt receive
Such a strain as I can give.

Neither night nor dawn of day
Puts a period to thy play :
Sing then—and extend thy span
Far beyond the date of man :
Wretched man, whose years are spent
In repining discontent,
Lives not, aged though he be,
Half a span, compared with thee.

COWPER.

CRIME—Avenged.

Crime has often been clad in royal
purple, and has often trampled on inno-
cence with impunity ; but the purple has
mouldered away, the crime remained a
crime, and from the blood of persecuted
innocence has arisen a triumphant avenger.
In vain vice sharpened its murderous axe,
and doomed virtue to die in the flames ;
though trembling cowards burnt incense
before the ruthless tyrant, the sinner's
pride was soon laid low, and the funeral
pile of slandered innocence was changed
into a throne of glory ! —ZSCHOKKE.

CRIME—has its Degrees.

Crime, like virtue, has its degrees ; and
never have we seen timid innocence pass sud-
denly to extreme licentiousness.—RACINE.

CRIMES.—The Evil Consequences of

The evil consequences of our crimes,
long survive their commission, and like the
ghosts of the murdered, for ever haunt the
steps of the malefactor.—SIR W. SCOTT.

CRIMES.—The Parents of

If poverty is the mother of crimes, want
of sense is the father of them.—LA
BRUYERE.

CRITIC.—A Definition of the

He is a discoverer and collector of
writers' faults.—DEAN SWIFT.

CRITIC.—An Incompetent

A man unimpressible and incapable of moods and tenses, is, for that reason, an incompetent critic.—MRS. STOWE.

CRITIC.—Severe Nicety of the

Nature in him was lost in art.—COLLINS.

CRITICISM.—The Evil of

Criticism often takes from the tree caterpillars and blossoms together.—RICHTER.

CRITICISM.—Pleasure in

Men have commonly more pleasure in the criticism which hurts, than in that which is innocuous; and are more tolerant of the severity which breaks hearts and ruins fortunes, than of that which falls impotently on the grave.—RUSKIN.

CRITICISM.—Sound and Legitimate

In the whole range of literature nothing is more entertaining and instructive than sound and legitimate criticism,—the disinterested conviction of a man of sensibility, who enters rather into the spirit than the letter of his author, who can follow him to the height of his compass, and, while he sympathises with every brilliant power and genuine passion of the poet, is not so far carried out of himself as to indulge his admiration at the expense of his judgment.—COLTON.

CRITICS.—Ready-Made.

A man must serve his time to every trade
Save censure—critics all are ready-made.
BYRON.

CRITICS.—Slanderers.

There is a light in which many modern critics may with great justice and propriety be seen, and this is that of a common slanderer. If a person who pries into the characters of others with no other design but to discover their faults, and to publish them to the world, deserves the title of a *slanderer of the reputation of men*, why should not a critic, who reads with the same malevolent view, be as properly styled the *slanderer of the reputation of books*?—FIELDING.

CROCUS.—The

Lowly, sprightly little flower!
Herald of a brighter bloom,
Bursting in a sunny hour
From thy winter tomb.

As you bring, bright, gay, and tender,
As if never to decay;
Meeting in their varied splendour—
Soon, alas! it fades away.

Thus the hopes I long had cherish'd,
Thus the friends I long had known,
One by one, like you have perish'd,
Blighted I must fade alone.

M. PATTERSON

CROMWELL.—Oliver

An immortal rebel.—BYRON.

CROSS.—Bliss found at the

The cross! O ravishment and bliss—
How grateful e'en its anguish is;
Its bitterness how sweet!
There every sense, and all the mind,
In all her faculties refined,
Tastes happiness complete.—GUYON.

CROSS.—Leaning upon the

Often does the wanderer, 'mid American forests, lay his head upon a rude log, while above it is the abyss of stars: so the weary, heavy-laden, dying Christian leans upon the rugged and narrow cross, but looks up the while to the beaming canopy of immortal life—to "those things which are above."—G. GILFILLAN.

CROSS.—The Light of the

How justly it is called mavelous light!
It gives eyes to the blind to look to itself;
and not only to the blind, but to the dead.
It is the light of life, a powerful light; its energy is beyond the force of thunder, yet it is more mild than the dew on the tender grass.—MACLAURIN.

CROSS.—The Might of the

The cross was two pieces of dead wood;
and a helpless, unresisting Man was nailed to it; yet it was mightier than the world, and triumphed, and will ever triumph over it.—ADN. HARE.

CROSS.—The Satisfaction of the

The cross has so amply and lastingly satisfied the claims of inexorable justice, that all divine action now leans on the side of infinite clemency.—DR. DAVIES.

CROSS.—Sin's Burden Lost at the

Thus far did I come, laden with my sin,
Nor could aught ease the grief that I was in,
Till I came hither:—What a place is this!
Must here be the beginning of my bliss?
Must here the burden fall from off my back?
Must here the strings that bound it to me crack?
Blest cross! blest sepulchre! blest rather be
The Man that there was put to shame for me.—BUNYAN.

CROSS.—The Weight of a

There is not a cross, a feather cross, but is a mountain to us if we take it up in our own strength.—J. H. EVANS.

CROWD.—The Sight of a

There is something inexpressibly animating and yet awful about a crowd. Some unusual attraction has brought the vast assembly together from all points of the compass, and so long as discretion and order prevail, the sight is exceedingly pleasant and inspiring. But let passion and disorder gain the ascendancy, and nothing appears so awful and distressing. Yet the Maker of human hearts can still them in a moment, as the God-Man did the turbulent waves of Galilee. "He stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people."—E. DAVIES.

CROWN.—A Jewelled

A crown of the brightest jewels is often a crown of thorns.—BRIDGES.

CROWN.—Putting off the

At the coronation of his Majesty George III., after the anointing was over in the Abbey, and the crown put upon his head with great shouting, the two archbishops came to hand him down from the throne to receive the sacrament. His Majesty told them he would not go to the Lord's Supper, and partake of that ordinance, with the crown upon his head; for he looked upon himself, when appearing before the King of Kings, in no other character than in that of a humble Christian. The bishops replied, that although there was no precedent for this, it should be complied with. Immediately he put off his crown, and laid it aside: he then desired that the same should be done with respect to the queen. It was answered, that her crown was pinned on her head, that it could not be easily taken off; to which the king replied—"Well, let it be reckoned a part of her dress, and in no other light."—ARVINE.

CROWNS.—Attachments to

Cares, heavy and lasting, are bound to crowns.—W. SECKER.

CRUELTY.—The Contrariness of

Nothing can be more contrary to nature, to reason, to religion, than cruelty. Hence an inhuman man is generally considered as a monster. Such monsters, however, have existed; and the heart almost bleeds at the recital of the cruel acts such have been guilty of. It teaches us, however, what human nature is when left to itself; not only

treacherous above all things, but *desperately* wicked.—BUCK.

CRUELTY.—the Highest Scandal.

Cruelty is one of the highest scandals to piety; for instead of turning lions into lambs, it turns lambs into lions.—W. SECKER.

CRUELTY.—The Justification of

Cruelty can only be justified by necessity.—NAPOLEON I.

CUCKOO.—A Welcome to the

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
Nor winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make with joyful wing
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring!—LOGAN.

CULTIVATION.—Defined.

Cultivation is the economy of force.—LIEBIG.

CULTIVATION.—Intellectual

The highest purpose of intellectual cultivation is to give a man a perfect knowledge and mastery of his own inner self; to render our consciousness its own light and its own mirror. Hence there is the less reason to be surprised at our inability to enter fully into the feelings and characters of others. No one who has not a complete knowledge of himself, will ever have a true understanding of another.—NOVALIS.

CULTURE.—The Advantages of

Culture! that is the talismanic word. See what it did with the country-lad who brought milk into Sheffield every morning,—it found him "whittling sticks," it converted him into Sir Francis Chantrey, the most eminent of English sculptors. Culture!—it is your true philosopher's stone. Its magic influence will cause the clownish clod-hopper to cast his ill manners and stultified notions as the caterpillar casts its skin, and walk forth erect in all the manly

consciousness of possessed intelligence and refined amiabilities.—J. JOHNSON.

CUNNING—the Mimic of Discretion.

Cunning is only the mimic of discretion, and may pass upon weak men in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom.—ADDISON.

CUNNING—Practically Illustrated.

Pope Sixtus, when cardinal, counterfeited sickness and all the infirmities of age so well as to deceive the whole conclave. His name was Montalto; both parties supposed that he would not live a year, and on a division for the vacant apostolic chair, he was elected. The moment he had won the desired power, he threw away his crutches, and began to sing the *Te Deum* with a much stronger voice than his electors had bargained for; and instead of walking with a tottering step, he marched in their presence with a firm gait and perfectly upright. On some one commenting on his sudden change, he replied—"While I was looking for the keys of St. Peter, it was necessary to stoop, but having found them, the case is altered."—MAGOON.

CUNNING—The Selfish Aims of

Cunning has only private selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed.—ADDISON.

CUNNING—The Signification of

Cunning signifies especially a habit or gift of over-reaching, accompanied with enjoyment and a sense of superiority. It is associated with small and dull conceit, and with an absolute want of sympathy or affection. It is the intensest rendering of vulgarity, absolute and utter.—RUSKIN.

CURIOSITY—Defined.

Curiosity is a desire to know why and how; such as is in no living creature but man: so that man is distinguished, not only by his reason, but also by this singular passion, from other animals; in whom the appetite of food, and other pleasures of sense, by predominance, take away the care of knowing causes; which is a lust of the mind, that, by a perseverance of delight in the continual and indefatigable generation of knowledge, exceedeth the short vehemence of any carnal pleasure.—HOBBS.

CURIOSITY—The Punishment of

A person who is too nice an observer of the business of the crowd, like one who is too curious in observing the labour of the

bees, will often be stung for his curiosity.—POPE.

CURIOSITY—Two Kinds of

There are two kinds of curiosity: one arises from interest, which makes us desire to learn what will be useful to us; the other from pride, which makes us desirous to know what others are ignorant of.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

CURIOSITY—Vain and Useless

It is an evil incident to man,
And of the worst that, unexplored, he
leaves
Truths useful and attainable with ease,
To search forbidden deeps, where mystery
lies
Not to be solved, and useless if it might:
Mysteries are food for angels; they digest
With ease, and find them nutriment; but
man,
While yet he dwells below, must stoop to
glean
His manna from the ground, or starve and
die.—COWPER.

CURSE—The Causeless

He that is cursed without a cause, whether by furious imprecations or solemn anathemas, the curse will do him no more harm than the sparrow that flies over his head. It will fly away like the sparrow or the wild swallow, which go nobody knows where, until they return to their proper place, as the curse will return to him that uttered it.—M. HENRY.

CURSES—Divine

They are not merely imprecations, impotent and fruitless desires; they carry their effects with them, and are attended with all the miseries denounced by God.—CRUDEN.

CURSES—Human

These are hurled at us, either because we have done the right thing, or they are uttered without reason or feeling. There are men who are so in the habit of using profane language, that it almost flows from their lips without malice or meaning; and there are those who regard profane language as an indication of manly courage and gentlemanly bearing. Human curses are oftentimes more an honour than a disgrace. The greatest souls have always lived under the ban of their age.—DR. THOMAS.

CUSTOM—Conquers Nature.

Nature is often eclipsed, sometimes conquered, but seldom extinguished. Force makes her more violent in the recoil.

Doctrine and precept check the natural affections, but custom alone is that which perfectly subdues and conquers Nature.—
LORD BACON.

CUSTOM—Honoured in the Breach.

It is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the
observance.—SHAKSPEARE.

CUSTOM.—Leaping over

He ought to be very well mounted who
is for leaping the hedge of custom.—A.
HILL.

CUSTOM.—Men Dupes of

Such dupes are men to custom, and so
prone
To reverence what is ancient, and can plead
A course of long observance for its use,
That even servitude, the worst of ills,
Because deliver'd down from sire to son,
Is kept and guarded as a sacred thing.
COWPER.

CUSTOM—a Series of Collective Guilt.

Away with custom ! 'tis the plea of fools
Where crimes enormous, that debase the
man,
Rise in their own defence ; the long-drawn
roll
Where the ascent and fall of states or men
Stand variously portrayed, what is it else
Than a sad series of collective guilt,
Whence custom for each wantonness of ill
May draw the shameful precedent?
LAYARD.

CUSTOM.—Yielding to

Man yields to custom as he bows to fate,
In all things ruled—mind, body, and es-
tate ;
In pain, in sickness, we for cure apply
To them we know not, and we know not
why.—CRABBE.

CYNIC.—Necessary Qualifications of a

In person he should be strong, and robust,
and hale, and, in spite of his indigence,
always clean and attractive. Tact, and in-
telligence, and a power of swift repartee,
are necessary to him. His conscience must
be clear as the sun. He must sleep purely,
and wake still more purely. To abuse and
insult he must be as insensible as a stone ;
and he must place all fears and desires
beneath his feet.—EPICTETUS.

CYNIC.—The Opinion of the

His opinion is acidulated with scorn.—
MACAULAY.

D.

DAFFODILLS.—The Advent of the
They come before the swallow dares, and
take
The winds of March with beauty.
SHAKSPEARE.

DAFFODILLS.—A Crowd of

I wander'd lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodills,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze :
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance ;
The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee :
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company !
W. WORDSWORTH.

DAISY.—The Destruction of the

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower !
Thou'st met me in an evil hour ;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem ;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem !

Alas ! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet !
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weat
Wi' speckled breast,
When upward springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east.

Could blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth ;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm ;
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun
shield,
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawy bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head ;
In humble guise ;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies.—R. BURNS.

DAISY.—The Name of the

The name of that much-loved flower—
the daisy, signifies literally—Day's Eye :

the flower which opens its eye to the day,
or when the day dawns ; opens its widest
when the sun is at its height, and shuts
it altogether when the sun goes down.—
PROF. G. WILSON.

DAME.—A Modest, Pious

Her house
Was ordered well, her children taught the
way
Of life, who, rising up in honour, called
Her blest. Best pleased to be admired at
home,
And hear, reflected from her husband's
praise,
Her own, she sought no gaze of foreign
eye ;
His praise alone, and faithful love, and
trust
Reposed, was happiness enough for her :
Yet who, that saw her pass, and heard the
poor
With earnest benedictions on her steps
Attend, could from obeisance keep his eye,
Or tongue from due applause ! In virtue
fair,
Adorned with modesty, and matron grace
Unspeakable, and love, her face was like
The light, most welcome to the eye of man ;
Refreshing most, most honoured, most
desired,
Of all he saw in the dim world below :
As Morning when she shed her golden
locks,
And on the dewy top of Hermon walked,
Or Zion hill ; so glorious was her path.
Old men beheld, and did her reverence,
And bade their daughters look, and take
from her
Example of their future life ; the young
Admired, and new resolve of virtue made.
R. POLLOK.

DANCE.—The Children's

All day the earthen floors have felt their feet
Twinkling quick measures to the liquid
sound
Of their own small-piped voices, shrilly
sweet—
As hand in hand they wheel'd their giddy
round.—J. WILSON.

DANCE.—Engaged in the

Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet ;
To brisk notes, in cadence meeting,
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
GOOD.

DANCE.—An Invitation to

Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe.—MILTON.

DANCING.—General Love for

Though my harsh touch, falt'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's
skill ;
Yet would the village praise my wondrous
power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
Alike all ages : dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirth-
ful maze ;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of three-
score.—GOLDSMITH.

DANCING.—The History of

Dancing is very nearly as old as the
world. The Hebrews danced when they
emerged from the Red Sea, and about the
golden calf, which was not their maiden
effort. The young maidens of Silo were
enjoying the dance in the field, when they
were surprised by the youths of the tribe
of Benjamin, and carried off by force,
according to the counsel of the ancients of
Israel ; David danced before the ark ;
Socrates learned dancing from Aspasia ; the
soldiers of Crete and of Sparta went
dancing into an assault, etc. But we leave
this point of animated archaeology to be
resolved by others. Dancing probably origi-
nated in certain gestures which indicated
contentment, pain, joy—just as music was
born of certain analogous sounds. Plato,
Socrates, Lycurgus, and others, held dan-
cing in great veneration. We are further
informed that in old Chinese books dancing
and music are described as the two most
important departments of public affairs.
Under the Romans, however, dancing had
degenerated ; and we are reminded that
Cicero addressed a grave reproach to the
Consul Gabinus for having danced.—
HELPS.

DANCING.—A Lady

Her pretty feet
Like snails did creep
A little out, and then,
As if they play'd at bo-peep.
Did soon draw in again.—HERRICK.

DANDY.—The Description of a

A dandy is a clothes-wearing man,—a
man whose trade, office, and existence con-
sist in the wearing of clothes. Every
faculty of his soul, spirit, person, and
purse, is heroically consecrated to this one
object—the wearing of clothes wisely and
well ; so that, as others dress to live, he
lives to dress. He is inspired with cloth,
a poet of cloth.—CARLYLE.

DANGER.—Courage in

It is in great danger that we see great courage.—**REGNIER.**

DANGER.—Fearless of

She feared no danger, for she knew no sin.
DRYDEN.

DANGER.—Past.

How much would the gods be enriched by danger, if we remembered the vows which it makes us offer! But, the danger once past, we no longer remember our promise.—**FONTAINE.**

DANGER.—The Way to Meet

It is better to meet danger than to wait for it. He that is on a lee shore, and foresees a hurricane, stands out to sea, and encounters a storm to avoid a shipwreck.—**COLTON.**

DANIEL.—The Prophet

We rank Daniel with the prophets, though at first he seems to belong to a different order of men, being a chief counsellor in a great empire. The prophets appear to have been poor, solitary, and wandering men, despised and rejected; Daniel was the favourite of monarchs. Their predictions exposed them to danger and shame; his "dreams" drew him aloft to riches and honour. They were admitted now and then among princes, because they were prophets; but his power of prophecy made him a prince. Their predictions came generally naked to their waking eyes—they were day-dreams; but his were often softened and shaded by the mist of sleep. His pillow was at times a throne—the throne of his genius, the throne of empires, and of all future ages. His imagination, fettered during the day by cares of state, launched out at night into the sea of futurity, and brought home, from its remotest shores, spoils of which we are only yet learning the value and the meaning. And as for his character, he was certainly one of the most admirable of Scripture worthies. Formed in youth, it was retained in defiance of the seductions and of the terrors of a court. His genius, furnished with every advantage of education and every variety of Pagan learning, was consecrated to God; the window of his prophecy, like that of his chamber, stood open toward Jerusalem. Over his death there hangs a cloud of darkness.—**G. GILFILLAN.**

DARING.—Manly

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

SHAKESPEARE.

DARKNESS—the Almighty's Pavilion.

Though light and glory be the Almighty's throne,
Darkness is His pavilion.—**J. NORRIS.**

DARKNESS.—A Dream of

I had a dream which was not all a dream:
The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars

Did wander darkling, in the eternal space,
Rayless and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moon-
less air.

* * * * *

The world was void,
The populous and the powerful was a
lump—
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, life-
less—

A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay!
And rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,
And nothing stirr'd within their silent
depths;

Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as
they dropp'd,

They slept on the abyss without a surge—
The waves were dead; the tides were in
their grave,

The moon, their mistress, had expired
before;

The winds were wither'd in the stagnant
air,

And the clouds perished! Darkness had
no need

Of aid from them: She was the Universe!
BYRON.

DAUGHTER.—The Conduct of a

When a young woman behaves to her parents in a manner particularly tender and respectful, I mean from principle as well as nature, there is nothing good and gentle that may not be expected from her in whatever condition she is placed. Of this I am so thoroughly persuaded, that, were I to advise any friend of mine as to his choice of a wife, I know not whether my very first counsel would not be—"Look out for one distinguished by her attention and sweetness to her parents." The fund of worth and affection, indicated by such a behaviour, joined to the habits of duty and consideration thereby contracted, being transferred to the married state, will not fail to render her a mild and obliging companion.—**FORDYCE.**

DAUGHTER.—A Father's Love for his

To a father waxing old
Nothing is dearer than a daughter; sons
Have spirits of higher pitch, but less inclined
To sweet endearing fondness.—**EURIPIDES.**

DAVID.—King

Never, among the mere sons of men, has there appeared on so prominent a stage, a character with so rich and varied gifts. Like the single heir of a number of wealthy families, he seemed to unite in himself the moral wealth of nearly all that had gone before him :—the heavenly conversation of Enoch, the triumphant faith of Abraham, the meditative thoughtfulness of Isaac, the wrestling boldness of Jacob, the patient and holy endurance of Joseph—no less than his talent for administering a kingdom, the lofty patriotism of Moses—as well as his brilliant fancy, the war-like skill and energy of Joshua, the daring courage of Gibeon, the holy fervour of Samuel—all met in a measure in the character of David. A great King—a great warrior—and a great religious reformer—he held at once the great sceptres that ruled the hearts of men. But there was still higher work in reserve for him. He was the great hymn-writer of the Church, the framer of that grand liturgy in which the godly of all nations, and of all generations, were to pour out the feelings of their hearts to God. Yet higher still, he was a type of Christ.—**BLAIR.**

DAWN.—The Effect of the

Its brightness, mighty divinity ! has a fleeting empire over the day—giving gladness to the fields, colour to the flowers, the season of the loves, harmonious hour of wakening birds.—**CALDERON.**

DAWN.—A High and a Low

A "high dawn" is when the first indications of daylight are seen above a bank of clouds. A "low dawn" is when the day breaks on or near the horizon, the first streaks of light being very low down.—**FITZROY.**

DAY.—The Close of the

The day is done ; and slowly from the scene
The stooping sun upgathers his spent shafts,
And puts them back into his golden quiver !
LONGFELLOW.

DAY.—A Fine

A fine day seems but a small thing, but what eloquence these tender mercies of the sky have for my heart !—**GASPARIN.**

DAY.—A Sultry

It was a sultry day of summer-time :
The sun pour'd down upon the ripen'd grain
With quivering heat, and the suspended leaves

Hung motionless. The cattle on the hills
Stood still, and the divided flocks were all
Laying their nostrils to the cooling roots ;
And the sky look'd like silver, and it seem'd

As if the air had fainted, and the pulse
Of Nature had run down and ceased to beat.—**N. P. WILLIS.**

DAY.—A Winter

A winter day ! the feather-silent snow
Thickens the air with strange delight, and lays

A fairy carpet on the barren lea.
No sun ; yet all around that inward light
Which is in purity—a soft moonshine,
The silvery dimness of a happy dream.
How beautiful ! afar on moorland ways,
Bosomed by mountains, darkened by huge
glens

(Where the lone altar raised by Druid
hands

Stands like a mournful phantom), hidden
clouds

Let fall soft beauty, till each green fir-
branch

Is plumed and tassel'd, till each heather-
stalk

Is delicately fringed. The sycamores,
Thro' all their mystical entanglement
Of boughs, are draped with silver. All
the green

Of sweet leaves playing with the subtle
air

In dainty murmuring ; the obstinate drone
Of limber bees that in the monkshood-
bells

House diligent ; the imperishable glow
Of summer sunshine never more confessed
The harmony of nature, the divine
Diffusive spirit of the beautiful.

D. GRAY.

DAYS.—The Remembrance of Departed

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy
feign'd

On lips that are for others ; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret ;
O Death in Life, the days that are no
more !—**TENNYSON.**

DEAD.—The

The dead,
The only beautiful, who change no more ;
The only blest ; the dwellers on the shore
Of Spring fulfilled. The dead !—whom
call we so ?

They that breathe purer air, that feel, that
know,

Things wrapt from us.—**HEMANS.**

DEAD.—The Heavenly State of the

I know thou hast gone where thy forehead
is starr'd

With the beauty that dwelt in thy soul,
Where the light of thy loveliness cannot
be marr'd,

Nor the heart be thrown back from its
goal :

I know thou hast drunk of the Lethe that
flows

Through a land where they do not forget,
That sheds over memory only repose,

And takes from it only regret !

T. K. HERVEY.

DEAD.—Praising the

Vain empty words

Of honour, glory, and immortal fame,

Can these recall the spirit from its place,

Or re-inspire the breathless clay with life ?

What though your fame, with all its thou-
sand trumpets,

Sound o'er the sepulchres, will that awake
The sleeping dead ?—G. SEWELL.

DEAD.—The Region of the

It was the land of shadows ; yea, the land
Itself was but a shadow ; and the race

Which seemed therein were voices, forms
of forms,

And echoes of themselves.—P. J. BAILEY.

DEAD.—Respect for the

Our respect for the dead, when they are
just dead, is something wonderful, and the
way we show it more wonderful still.
We show it with black feathers and black
horses ; we show it with black dresses and
black heraldries ; we show it with costly
obelisks and sculptures of sorrow, which
spoil half of our beautiful cathedrals. We
show it with frightful gratings and vaults,
and lids of dismal stone, in the midst of
the quiet grass ; and last, and not least, we
show it by permitting ourselves to tell any
number of falsehoods we think amiable or
credible in the epitaph.—RUSKIN.

DEAD.—The Souls of the

I cannot get over the feeling—that the
souls of the dead do somehow connect them-
selves with the places of their former habi-
tation, and that the hush and thrill of spirit
which we feel in them may be owing to
the overshadowing presence of the invisible.
—MRS. STOWE.

DEAD.—Speaking of the

In speaking of the dead, so fold up your
discourse that their virtues may be out-
wardly shown, while their vices are wrapped
up in silence.—PUCKLE.

DEAD.—Weep not for the

Oh, weep not for the dead !

Rather, oh rather give the tear

To those that darkly linger

When all besides are fled !

Weep for the spirit withering

In its cold, cheerless sorrowing ;

Weep for the young and lovely one

That ruin darkly revels on ;

But never be a tear-drop shed

For them—the pure, enfranchised dead.

MRS. BROOKS.

DEATH.—The Advantages of

Death is the crown of life :

Were death denied, poor man would live
in vain ;

Were death denied, to live would not be
life ;

Were death denied, e'en fools would wish
to die :

Death wounds to cure, we fall, we rise, we
reign !

Spring from our fetters, fasten in the skies,
Where blooming Eden withers in our
sight :

Death gives us more than was in Eden lost ;
This King of Terrors is the Prince of
Peace.—DR. E. YOUNG.

Death joins us to the great majority :

'Tis to be borne to Platos and to Cæsars ;

'Tis to be great for ever ;

'Tis pleasure, 'tis ambition, then, to die.

DR. E. YOUNG.

DEATH.—Afraid of and Wishing for

To be afraid to die, or wish for death,

Are words and passions of despairing
breath :

Who doth the first, the day doth faintly
yield ;

And who the second, basely flies the field.

F. QUARLES.

DEATH.—The Angel of

The Angel of Death spread his wings on
the blast,

And breath'd on the face of the foe as he
pass'd ;

And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly
and chill,

And their hearts but once heaved, and for
ever grew still.—BYRON.

DEATH.—The Change Made by

It is a mighty change that is made by
the death of every person, and it is visible
to us who are alive. Reckon but from the
sprightliness of youth, and the fair cheeks
and full eyes of childhood—from the vigor-
ousness and strong flexures of the joints of
five-and-twenty, to the hollowness and dead

paleness—to the loathsomeness and horror of a three days' burial, and we shall perceive the distance to be very great and very strange. But so have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fresh as the morning, and full of the dews of heaven as a lamb's fleece; but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness, and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head and broke the stalk, and at night, having lost some of its leaves, and all its beauty, fell into the portion of weeds and worn-out faces.—BP. TAYLOR.

DEATH—The Coming of.

Come he slow, or come he fast,
It is but Death who comes at last.

SIR W. SCOTT.

DEATH—Defined.

What is death? To go out like a light, and in a sweet trance to forget ourselves and all the passing phenomena of the day, as we forget the phantoms of a fleeting dream;—to form, as in a dream, new connexions with God's world;—to enter into a more exalted sphere, and to make a new step up man's graduated ascent of creation.—ZSCHOKKE.

DEATH.—Early

Heaven gives its favourites early death.
BYRON.

DEATH.—The Effect of an Interrogation on

A young man, whom he had known as a boy, came to an aged Professor of a distinguished continental University, with a face beaming with delight, and informed him that the long and fondly-cherished desire of his heart was at length fulfilled,—his parents having given their consent to his studying the profession of the law. When he paused, the old man, who had been listening to him with great patience and kindness, gently said—"Well! and when you have finished your career of study, what do you mean to do then?" "Then I shall take my degree," answered the young man. "And then?" asked his venerable friend. "And then," continued the youth, "I shall have a number of difficult and knotty cases to manage; shall attract notice by my eloquence, and wit, and acuteness, and win a great reputation." "And then?" repeated the holy man. "And then!" replied the youth, "why then there cannot be a question I shall be promoted to some high office in the state, and shall become rich, and live comfortably and honourably,

and look forward to a quiet and happy old age." "And then?" repeated the old man. "And then," said the youth, "and then—and then—and then I shall die." Here his venerable listener lifted up his voice, and again asked with solemnity and emphasis—"And then?" This last "*And then?*" pierced the heart of the aspiring student like a sword—darted like a flash of lightning into his soul, and he could not dislodge the impression. The result was the entire change of his mind and life. Abandoning the study of the law, he entered upon that of divinity, and expended the remainder of his days in the labours of a minister of Christ.—DR. O. WINSLOW.

DEATH.—The Fear of

The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.—SHAKESPEARE.

DEATH.—Fearless of

There is nothing terrible in death; he
has been my pillow for the last three weeks,
and now he is about to take me away for
ever.—NAPOLEON I.

DEATH—A Gate.

Death is a gate, that opens differently,
Two folding doors, which lead contrary
ways;
Thro' this the good man finds felicity,
The bad thro' that to endless ruin strays:
Herein they both the self-same rule retain,
Who enters once, must ne'er return again.
H. BAKER.

DEATH—A Haven.

What is death
To him who meets it with an upright heart?
A quiet haven, where his shattered bark
Harbours secure, till the rough storm is past.
Perhaps a passage overhung with clouds,
But at its entrance; a few leagues beyond
Opening to kinder skies and milder suns,
And seas pacific as the soul that seeks them.
HURDIS.

DEATH—in every Home.

There is no flock, however watched and
tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoever defended,
But has one vacant chair!

LONGFELLOW.

DEATH—Inexorable.

It is not overcome by pride, soothed by
flattery, tamed by entreaties, bribed by
benefits, softened by lamentations, nor
diverted by time.—SIR W. DRUMMOND.

DEATH.—Joy Derived from

My joy is death;—
 Death, at whose name I oft have been
 afraid,
 Because I wished this world's eternity.

SHAKESPEARE.

DEATH—the King of Terrors.

Some have styled him "the King of Terrors," when he might with less inpropriety have been styled the terror of kings.
 —COLTON.

DEATH—a Leveller.

Death levels all things in his march,
 Nought can resist his mighty strength;
 The palace proud,—triumphal arch,
 Shall mete their shadow's length:
 The rich, the poor, one common bed
 Shall find in the unhonour'd grave,
 Where weeds shall crown alike the head
 Of tyrant and of slave.—MARVELL.

DEATH—a Mighty Mediator.

Death is a mighty mediator. There all the flames of rage are extinguished, hatred is appeased, and angelic pity, like a weeping sister, bends with gentle and close embrace over the funeral urn.—SCHILLER.

DEATH.—The Old, Old Fashion—

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion!—The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death! Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet—of Immortality!—DICKENS.

DEATH.—The Presence of

Death, of all estimated evils, is the only one whose presence never incommodes anybody, and which only causes concern during its absence.—ARCESILAUS.

DEATH—cannot Repair Faults.

Death may expiate faults, but it does not repair them.—NAPOLEON I.

DEATH.—The Sense of

The sense of death is most in apprehension;
 And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
 In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
 As when a giant dies.—SHAKESPEARE.

DEATH.—The Sleep of

To die,—to sleep,—
 To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's
 the rub;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may
 come
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil!
 SHAKESPEARE.

DEATH.—The Smile of

No smile is like the smile of death,
 When, all good musings past,
 Rise wafted with the parting breath
 The sweetest thought the last.

KEBLE.

DEATH—Spare the Species.

Death, who would seem a universal destroyer, annihilates no part of that primitive vitality which is common to all organized beings. He attacks individuals, but he spares the species; he crushes the form, but has no influence on the matter. In all the operations of nature, it evidently appears that there reigns a greater predilection for life than for death. An unwearied and incessant production of organized bodies is manifest everywhere. The prime object is the production and preservation of existence in general; all second causes are, by immutable laws, rendered subservient to this purpose. If the species multiply, it is to repair the losses to which their frailty exposes them; if they destroy each other, or if the term of their existence be confined, it is to prevent their increase becoming excessive.—SULLIVAN.

DEATH—Terrible.

That death naturally is terrible and to be abhorred it cannot well and altogether be denied; it being a privation of life, and not a being, and every privation being abhorred of nature and evil in itself, the fear of it, too, being ingenerated universally in all creatures: yet I have often thought that even naturally, to a mind by nature only resolved and prepared, it is more terrible in conceit than in verity; and at the first glance, than when well pried into; and that rather by the weakness of our fantasy, than by what is in it; and that the marble colours of obsequies, weeping, and funeral pomp (which we ourselves paint it with), did add much more ghastliness unto it than otherwise it hath.—SIR W. DRUMMOND.

DEATH—Triumphant, Awful, Splendid.

The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful, that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid, that of the hero in the hour of victory.—DR. SOUTHEY.

DEATH-WATCH.—The

The male spider is supplied with a little bladder, somewhat similar to a drum, and that ticking noise, which has been termed—"the death watch," is nothing more than the sound he makes upon this little apparatus, in order to serenade and allure the female spider.—COLTON.

DEBATE.—The Rupert of

One after one the lords of time advance,
Here Stanley meets—how Stanley scorns
the glance !—

The brilliant chief, irregularly great,
Frank, haughty, rash,—the Rupert of de-
bate.—LYTTON.

DEBAUCHEE.—The Sacrifice of the

The debauchee offers up his body a
“living sacrifice” to sin.—COLTON.

DEBT.—The Evil of

It not only chains and enervates the
mind, but it subjects its victim to all
manner of indignities.—DR. DAVIES.

DEBT—a Preceptor.

Debt, grinding debt, whose iron face the
widow, the orphan, the sons of genius, fear
and hate ;—debt, which consumes so much
time, which so cripples and disheartens a
great spirit with cares that seem so base, is
a preceptor whose lessons cannot be fore-
gone, and is needed most by those who
suffer from it most.—EMERSON.

DEBTOR.—Despairing Lamentation of a

Well did an English author represent a
poor debtor in the Fleet Prison answering
a person who spoke to him of friends :—
“Friends !” exclaimed the man ; “if I lay
dead at the bottom of the deepest mine in
the world, I could not be more forgotten
or unheeded than I am here. I am a dead
man ;—dead to society, without the pity
they bestow on those whose souls have
passed away ! Friends to see *me* ! My
God ! I have shrunk from the prime of
life into old age in this place ; and there
is not one to raise his hand above my bed,
when I lay dead upon it, and say—“It is
a blessing he is gone !”—G. W. MONT-
GOMERY.

DEBTS.—The Payment of all

He that dies, pays all debts.

SHAKSPEARE.

DEBTS.—Small and Great

Small debts are like small shot ; they are
rattling on every side, and can scarcely be
escaped without a wound. Great debts
are like cannon ; of loud noise, but little
danger.—DR. JOHNSON.

DECAY.—The Certainty of

No organized substance, no part of any
plant or animal, after the extinction of the
vital principal, is capable of resisting the
chemical action of air and moisture ; for
all that power of resistance which they
temporarily possessed as the bearers of life,

the media of the vital manifestations
completely ceases with the death of the
organism ; their elements fall again under
the unlimited dominion of the chemical
forces.—LIEBIG.

DECAY.—The Vesture of

Nature stripes her garments gay,
And wears the vesture of decay.—LOGAN

DECALOGUE.—A Paraphrase of the

These ten laws Moses formerly engraved
on tables

Of stone ; but do thou engrave them on
thy heart :

Thou shalt not know another God, since
worship belongs to Me :

Thou shalt not make a vain statue, a lifeless
image :

Thou shalt not call on the great God in
vain :

Keep all sabbaths, the sublime and the
shadowy :

Happy he who renders to his parents due
honour :

Flee the crime of murder, and of a foreign
Bed ; evil-minded theft and witness

False, and the desire of another's, the seed
of death.—BP. GREGORY.

DECALOGUE.—A Reversed

The world is nothing but a reversed
Decalogue, or the Ten Commandment
backwards.—LUTHER.

DECEIT.—The Falsity of

Deceit is the false road to happiness ;
And all the joys we travel to through vice
Like fairy banquets vanish, when we touch
them.—A. HILL.

DECEIT—a Game.

Deceit is only a game played by small
minds.—CORNEILLE.

DECEIT—Injurious to Greatness.

No real greatness can long co-exist with
deceit.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

DECEIVER.—The Treatment of the

It is a double pleasure to deceive the
deceiver.—FONTAINE.

DECEMBER.—The Month of

When dark December glooms the day,
And takes our autumn joys away ;

When short and scant the sunbeam throws
Upon the weary waste of snows,

A cold and profitless regard,
Like patron on a needy bard ;

When sylvan occupation's done,
And o'er the chimney rests the gun,

And hangs, in idle trophy, near,
The game-pouch, fishing-rod, and spear ;

When wiry terrier, rough and grim,
 And greyhound with his length of limb,
 And pointer, now employed no more,
 Cumber our parlour's narrow floor ;
 When in his stall the impatient steed
 Is long condemned to rest and feed ;
 When from our snow-encircled home,
 Scarce cares the hardest step to roam,
 Since path is none, save that to bring
 The needful water from the spring ;
 When wrinkled news-page, thrice conned
 o'er,

Beguilds the dreary hour no more,
 And darkling politician, crossed,
 Inveighs against the lingering post,
 And answering housewife sore complains
 Of carrier's snow-impeded wains :
 When such the country cheer, I come,
 Well pleased to seek our city home ;
 For converse, and for books, to change
 The forest's melancholy range,
 And welcome with renewed delight,
 The busy day, and social night.

SIR W. SCOTT.

DECENT.—The Thing that is

That is decent which is agreeable to our
 state, condition, or circumstances, whether
 it be in behaviour, discourse, or action.—
 DR. WATTS.

DECEPTION.—Liable to

There is no one thing relating to the
 actions or enjoyments of man in which he
 is not liable to deception.—DR. SOUTH.

DECIDING.—The Difficulty of

Who shall decide, when doctor's disagree,
 And soundest casuists doubt, like you and
 me?—POPE.

DECISION.—The Constitution in Relation to

I believe that a majority of the persons
 most remarkable for decisive character,
 have possessed great constitutional firmness.
 I do not mean an exemption from disease
 and pain, nor any certain measure of
 mechanical strength, but a tone of vigour
 the opposite to lassitude, and adapted to
 great exertion and endurance.—FOSTER.

DECISION.—Enjoined.

Deliberate with caution, but act with
 decision ; and yield with graciousness, or
 oppose with firmness.—COLTON.

DECISION.—A Proper

When it is necessary to come to a deci-
 sion, and we have no certain or fixed data
 to go upon, it is necessary, when we have
 weighed the different opposing views, to
 adopt that which is most probable and has

the most powerful conjectures in its favour.
 —GUICCIARDINI.

DECLAMATION.—Danger Arising from

A torrent of declamation, where all is
 sound and verbiage, has often served the
 ends of the oppressor, and proved more
 fatal to the oppressed, than any force of
 argument or reason that could be brought
 against him ; just as an expert swimmer
 is in more danger from the froth and foam
 of the surf, than from the deepest water of
 the ocean ; for although the former has no
 profanity, it has also no buoyancy, neither
 can the voice of distress be heard amidst
 the roar of the breakers.—COLTON.

DECLAMATION.—Fine

Fine declamation does not consist in
 flowery periods, delicate allusions, or
 musical cadences, but in a plain, open,
 loose style, where the periods are long and
 obvious ; where the same thought is often
 exhibited in several points of view.—
 GOLDSMITH.

DECORATION.—External

Any external decoration which occupies
 the mind more than the virtues of the
 heart, and which engrosses the time and
 attention more, we may be certain is wrong.
 —A BARNES.

DECORATION.—The Law of

It is a general law, of singular importance
 in the present day, a law of simple common
 sense, not to decorate things belonging to
 purposes of active and occupied life.
 Wherever you can rest, there decorate ;
 where rest is forbidden, so is beauty. You
 must not mix ornament with business, any
 more than you may mix play. Work first,
 and then rest : work first and then gaze ;
 but do not use golden ploughshares, nor
 bind ledgers in enamel. Do not thresh
 with sculptured flails ; nor put bas-reliefs
 on mill-stones. What ! are we in the
 habit of doing so? Even so ; always and
 everywhere. There is not a tradesman's
 sign, nor shelf, nor counter, in all the
 streets of all our cities, which has not
 upon it ornaments which were invented to
 adorn temples and beautify king's palaces.
 —RUSKIN.

DEED.—A Benevolent

The mild splendours of the rising sun,
 the ruddy glowing tints of evening, the
 moon's calm radiance in a serene night
 —all these swell our bosoms with pleasure ;
 but sweeter, still sweeter, is the recollection
 of a benevolent deed.—GESSNER.

DEED.—The Impossibility of Undoing a

A word that has been said may be unsaid :
It is but air. But when a deed is done,
It cannot be undone, nor can our thoughts
Reach out to all the mischiefs that may
follow.—LONGFELLOW.

DEEDS.—Good

They lie in the memory of age like the
coral islands, green and sunny, amidst
the melancholy wastes of ocean.—DR.
THOMAS.

DEEDS.—Ill

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes deeds ill done !—SHAKSPEARE.

DEEDS.—Legal

Legal deeds were invented to remind
men of their promises or to convict them
of having broken them : a stigma on the
human race.—LA BRUYÈRE.

DEER.—An Address to a Wild

Magnificent creature ! so stately and
bright !
In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy
flight !
Hail, king of the wild, whom nature hath
borne
O'er a hundred hill tops since the mists of
the morn,
The joy of the happy, the strength of the
free,
Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee !
Yes ! fierce looks thy nature, even hush'd
in repose,
In the depth of thy desert regardless of
foes :
Thy bold antlers call on the hunters afar,
With a haughty defiance to come to the war,
Thou ship of the wilderness, pass on the
wind
And leave the dark ocean of mountains
behind !

For, child of the desert, fit quarry art
thou,
See, the hunter is come, with a crown on
his brow,
By princes attended with arrow and spear,
In their white-tented camp, for the warfare
of deer,
On the brink of the rock, lo ! he standeth
at bay,
Like a victor that falls at the close of the day !

Hark ! his last cry of anger comes back
from the skies,
And nature's fierce child in the wilderness
dies !

Wild mirth of the desert ! fit pastime for
kings !
Which still the rude bard in his solitude
sings,
Oh ! reign of magnificence ! vanish'd for
ever,
Like music dried up in the bed of the
river !—J. WILSON.

DEER-STALKING.—The Difficulties of

Without doubt, deer-stalking is one of
the most fatiguing, but it is one of the
most interesting pursuits. There is not a
tree, or a bush, behind which you can hide
yourself. One has, therefore, to be con-
stantly on the alert, in order to circumvent
them ; and to keep under the hill out of
their wind, crawling on hands and knees,
and dressed entirely in grey.—PRINCE
ALBERT.

DEFAMATION.—Speech not Given for

Speech was given us as an instrument of
beneficial commerce and delectable conver-
sation, that with it we might assist and
advise, might cheer and comfort one
another ; we, therefore, in employing it to
the defamation of our neighbour, do foully
abuse it ; and so render ourselves worse
than dumb beasts.—DR. BARROW.

DEFAMATION.—Written and Oral

Written defamation bears the title of
libel, oral defamation that of slander.—
BURRILL.

DEFEAT—a School.

Defeat is a school in which Truth always
grows strong.—H. W. BEECHER.

DEFEATED.—No Disparagement to be

'Tis not the least disparagement
To be defeated by th' event,
Nor to be beaten by main force ;
That does not make a man the worse.
S. BUTLER.

DEFECTS.—The Way to Know

Trust not yourself ; but, your defects to
know,
Make use of every friend and every foe.
POPE.

DEFENDED.—The Evil of being

To be defended is almost as great an
evil as to be attacked ; and the peasant
has often found the shield of a protector
an instrument not less oppressive than the
sword of an invader.—COLTON.

DEFILEMENT.—Outward and Inner

Our nature is so intensely symbolical,
that where the outward sign of defilement

becomes habitual, the inner is too apt to correspond.—MRS. STOWE.

DEFINITION.—The Characteristics of

Definition requires to be clothed in the most sober language. Its parts must be well weighed, and its expressions be sedate and subdued. Here is no room for flights of fancy and speculations of opinion; all should be guarded and measured; the thought explicit, the phrase distinct. The precision cannot be too strict,—the forbearance from all verbal display and mastery too rigid.—DR. R. W. HAMILTON.

DEFINITION.—A Complete

A definition is complete when it has fixed upon the single peculiarity which distinguishes the object from others nearly resembling it.—I. TAYLOR.

DEFORMED.—God the Maker of the

A deformed man is God's workmanship, but not drawn with even lines and lively colours; not for want of skill, but for the pleasure of the Maker.—DR. FULLER.

DEFORMED.—The Lament of One

I am curtailed of man's fair proportion,
Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time
Into this breathing world.—SHAKESPEARE.

DEFORMED.—None may Mock the

Mock not at those who are mis-shapen by nature. He that despiseth them despiseth God that made them.—DR. FULLER.

DEFORMED.—The Soul-Sanctity of the

Many times their souls have been the chapels of sanctity whose bodies have been the spitals of deformity.—DR. FULLER.

DEGRADATION.—Human

Deplorable is the degradation of our nature.—DR. SOUTH.

DEGRADATION.—The Instrument of

The true instrument of man's degradation is his ignorance.—LADY MORGAN.

DEGREES.—The History of

Irnerius, the celebrated jurist, is said to have introduced the degree of Doctor into the universities. The first ceremony of this kind was performed at Bologna, on the person of Bulgarus, in the year 1130, who began to profess the Roman law, and on that occasion was promoted to the doctorate. The custom was soon transferred from the faculty of the law to that of theology; and Peter Lombard is the first doctor in sacred theology upon record in the university of Paris. Ancient English writers hold the venerable Bede to have been

the first doctor of Cambridge, and John de Beverley at Oxford; the latter died in 712. But Spelman thinks there was no title or degree in England till about the year 1207. John Hambois is supposed to be the first musician who was honoured with the title of doctor in England. Holinshed, in his "Chronicles," tells us—"John Hamb was an excellent musician, and for his notable cunning therein he was made a doctor of music.—LOARING.

DEITY.—The World without a

What would the world be without a Deity, without love, justice, freedom, retribution? A gigantic corpse, from which the soul has fled; an unconscious play of things, in which there is no place for the highest and the best,—for virtue, love, perfection, but only for their names. A miserable, unmeaning, unsolvable, never-ending riddle; and the most wretched of beings in it—man, with the claims of his reason and the sentiments of his heart!—ZSCHOKKE.

DEITY.—The World a Temple for the

The heaven, the air, the earth, and boundless sea,

Make but one temple for the Deity.

WALLER.

DELAY.—Unfortunate.

Delay has always been unfortunate to those who are ready.—DANTE.

DELAYS.—Dangerous.

Delays are no more numerous than they are dangerous.—W. SECKER.

DELICACIES.—Nature's

These delicacies

Of taste, sight, smell,—herbs, fruits, and flowers,

Walks and the melody of birds.—MILTON.

DELIGHT.—A Home-Felt

Such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now.—MILTON.

DELIGHT.—Sources of

Abundant and diversified above
All number, were the sources of delight;
As infinite as were the lips that drank;
And to the pure, all innocent and pure;
The simplest still to wisest men the best:
One made acquaintanceship with plants and flowers,
And happy grew in telling all their names;
One classed the quadrupeds, a third, the fowls;
Another found in minerals his joy:
And I have seen a man, a worthy man,

In happy mood, conversing with a fly ;
And as he, through his glass made by himself,
Beheld its wondrous eye and plumage fine,
From leaping scarce he kept, for perfect
joy.—R. POLLOK.

DELIVERANCE.—The Transport of

Open the iron-bound door of the condemned cell, and by the dim light that struggles through its bars read the sovereign's free pardon to the felon, stretched, pale and emaciated, upon his pallet of straw; and the radiance you have kindled in that gloomy dungeon, and the transport you have created in that felon's heart, is a present realization. You have given him back a present life; you have touched a thousand chords in his bosom which awake a present harmony: and where, just previous, reigned sullen, grim despair, now reigns the sunlight joyousness of a present hope.—DR. O. WINSLOW.

DELIVERY.—A Good

If a man is to be a public reader or speaker, his fame, and frequently his fortune, depends much upon a good delivery. As a public speaker, it carries with it its own conviction; and as a private one, every one must allow that an easy and graceful manner of address is very engaging, and a distinguished mark of a liberal education. What manifest advantages, in all concerns of life, has the fluent and ready speaker, who can easily give birth to his sentiments, over him who falters in his utterance, and is not able to express his ideas but with difficulty;—whose thoughts are smothered in the throat and die upon the tongue! It may be asked—How is it possible to put words into that man's mouth who is at a loss for expression? Even this is to be done by practice, where the mind is well-informed and well stored, and where the memory is not defective; which last is, like all other qualities of the mind, strengthened and increased by use. I have experienced this wonderfully myself: having associated, once a week, with a few friends, fond of debate, and having continued it for three or four years, I acquired a facility of expression and a flow of words on all subjects of which I was master, that I conceived, once in my life, I never could have possessed. The chief aids to this faculty are to be well acquainted with the subject-matter, and to deliver our thoughts slowly and deliberately. An evening passed in this manner is not only improving, but entertaining; and far more rational than the common chit-chat of the day, and the eternal noise in a large company, where every man wishes to be the first and the loudest speaker.—TRUSLER.

DELUGE.—A Description of the

And now the thickening sky
Like a dark ceiling stood; down rushed the
rain
Impetuous, and continued till the earth
No more was seen. The floating vessel
swam
Uplifted, and secure with beaked prow,
Rode tilting o'er the waves: all dwelling
else
Flood overwhelmed, and them, with all
their pomp,
Deep under water rolled; sea covered sea,—
Sea without shore: and in their palaces,
Where luxury late reigned, sea monster
whelped
And stabled. Of mankind, so numerous
late,
All left in one small bottom swam embarked
MILTON

DELUSION.—Mountains of

What mountains of delusion men have
reared!
How every age hath bustled on to build
Its shadowy mole—its monumental dream
How faith and fancy, in the mind of man,
Have spuriously mingled!—P. J. BAILEY.

DEMAGOGUE.—An Honest

When Alexander sent Phocion one hundred talents, Phocion asked his messengers why Alexander gave him such a great reward above all the other citizens of Athens? "Because," said they, "he esteemeth thee alone to be a good and honest man." "Let me then," replied Phocion, "be what I seem."—LADY MONTAGU.

DEMAGOGUES.—The Tyranny of

Demagogues, however fond they may affect to be of independence and liberty in their public speeches, are invariably tormented in their private actions, and despots in their own families.—COLTON.

DEMOCRACY.—The Love of

The love of democracy is that of equality.—MONTESQUIEU.

DEMOCRACY.—The Power of

If democracy be not a law to itself, no power can restrain it. Even a slight menace can paralyze government and legislation among us. Even now law is, in our great towns, impotent against terrorism and terrorism can evoke leaders who combine boldness and hypocrisy; and to aid them, relentless executioners, the sympathy of numbers, and the evil eloquence which extenuates or justifies wickedness: in word, it can evoke all the instrumentalities of fierce revolutions.—BP. JEUNE.

DEMONSTRATION.—The Necessity of a

A demonstration of an important truth is absolutely necessary to place it beyond the possibility of doubt or denial.—**DR. WEBSTER.**

DEMONSTRATION—Needless and Absurd.

They who demonstrate plain things, light a candle to see the sun.—**ARISTOTLE.**

DEPENDENCE.—The Bitterness of

Thou shalt know by experience how salt the savour is of other's bread, and how sad a path it is to climb and descend another's stairs.—**DANTE.**

DEPENDENCE.—Mutual

The mutual dependence which obtains among material things is perceived by us on a moment's reflection. Not one atom in creation exists by itself or for itself alone, but, directly or indirectly, influences and is influenced by every other atom. But the unity which exists among intelligent and responsible persons, their mutual dependence and relationship, is just as real as that which obtains among material things, and is far more wonderful, more solemn and important in its nature, causes, and consequences.—**MACLEOD.**

DEPENDENCE—on the Strong.

The beautiful must ever rest in the arms of the sublime. The gentle needs the strong to sustain it, as much as the rock-flowers need rocks to grow on, or the ivy the rugged wall which it embraces.—**MRS. STOWE.**

DEPORTMENT—Enjoined.

Be reserved, but not sour; grave, but not formal; bold, but not rash; humble, but not servile; patient, but not insensible; constant, but not obstinate; cheerful, but not light. Rather be sweet-tempered than familiar; familiar, rather than intimate; and intimate with very few, and with those few upon good grounds.—**PENN.**

DEPORTMENT.—A Suitable

There is a deportment which suits the figure and talents of each person: it is always lost when it is quitted for that of another.—**LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.**

DEPRAVITY—Defined.

It is a change from perfection to imperfection.—**BUCK.**

DEPUTATION.—A

A fount of multitude which signifies many, but does not signify much.—**GLADSTONE.**

DESCENT—Esteemed.

Honourable descent is in all nations greatly esteemed; besides, it is to be expected that the children of men of worth will be like their fathers, for nobility is the virtue of a family.—**ARISTOTLE.**

DESCRIPTION.—A Complete

A description is complete when it has enumerated the most obvious or remarkable peculiarities of an object.—**I. TAYLOR.**

DESCRIPTION AND REALITY.

Gravina, an Italian critic, observes, that every man desires to see that of which he has read; but no man desires to read an account of what he has seen; so much description fall short of reality. Description only excites curiosity: seeing satisfies it.—**DR. JOHNSON.**

DESERT.—A Description of the

I never passed the desert without experiencing very painful emotions. It was the image of immensity to my thoughts. It showed no limits. It had neither beginning nor end. It was an ocean for the foot of man!—**NAPOLÉON I.**

DESERTION.—In the Dark of

Vessels at sea, that are richly fraught with jewels and spices, may be in the dark, and tossed in the storm; so a soul enriched with the treasures of grace, may yet be in the dark of desertion, and so tossed as to think it shall be cast away in the storm.—**T. WATSON.**

DESIGN—Defined.

Design does not take place by accident, nor is it effected simply for its own sake; but it is the fruit of an intelligent purpose to produce a certain effect.—**I. TAYLOR.**

DESIGN.—Secrecy of

Secrecy of design, when combined with rapidity of execution, like the column that guided Israel in the desert, becomes a guardian pillar of light and fire to our friends, a cloud of overwhelming and impenetrable darkness to our enemies.—**COLTON.**

DESIRE.—A Rule for

Before we passionately desire anything which another enjoys, we should examine into the happiness of its possessor.—**LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.**

DESIRE.—The Suppression of

It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.—DR. FRANKLIN.

DESIRE.—The Thirst of

The thirst of desire is never filled, nor fully satisfied.—CICERO.

DESIRE.—the Pulse of the Soul.

Desires are the pulse of the soul ; as physicians judge by appetite, so may you by desires.—MANTON.

DESIRE.—Want of

Want of desires is the greatest riches.—SENECA.

DESPAIR.

Leaden-eyed despair.—KEATS.

DESPAIR.—Absolute

Considering the unforeseen events of this world, we should be taught that no human condition should inspire men with absolute despair.—FIELDING.

DESPAIR—Beguiling Grief.

With woful measures wan Despair—

Low, sullen sounds his grief beguil'd ;

A solemn, strange, and mingled air ;

'Twas sad by fits, by starts was wild.

COLLINS.

DESPAIR—Converted into Resignation.

Religion converts despair, which destroys, into resignation, which submits.—BLESSINGTON.

DESPAIR.—The Courage of

Despair takes heart, when there's no hope to speed ;

The coward then takes arms and does the deed.—HERRICK.

DESPAIR—Defined.

Despair is the thought of the unattainableness of any good, which works differently in men's minds, sometimes producing uneasiness or pain, sometimes rest and indolency.—LOCKE.

DESPAIR.—The Fatality of

Saul owed his defeat more to the malign influence of the witch of Endor than to the arms of the Philistines. When she buried hope in his brave heart she dug his grave ; victory vanished with the mantled phantom ; and when Saul, pale, haggard, his spirits depressed, his courage sunken as his eye, went to fight, he had no chance. The battle of Gilboa was lost before it was

begun. Despair in truth is about as bad a leader as presumption—this is Scylla, that Charybdis ; and both extremes—the rock, horrid with breakers, and the glassy but treacherous whirlpool—are alike fatal.—DR. GUTHRIE.

DESPAIR.—The Gloom of

Mine after-life ! what is mine after-life ?

My day is closed ! the gloom of night is come !

A hopeless darkness settles o'er my fate.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

DESPAIR.—The Result of

He that despairs limits infinite power to finite apprehensions.—DR. SOUTH.

DESPISE.—Counsel not to

Despise not any man, and do not spurn anything ; for there is no man that has not his hour, nor is there anything that has not its place.—AZAI.

DESPISED.—Apprehensive of being

It is only those who feel their own contemptible character that are apprehensive of being despised.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

DESPISED.—The Condition of being

No one *can* be despised by another until he has learnt to despise himself.—SENECA.

DESPONDENCY.—Counsel against

Sink not beneath imaginary sorrows,

Call to your aid your courage and your wisdom ;

Think on the sudden change of human scenes ;

Think on the various accidents of war ;

Think on the mighty power of awful virtue ;

Think on the Providence that guards the good.—DR. JOHNSON.

DESPONDENCY.—The Sadness of

It is sad

To see the light of beauty wane away.

Know eyes are dimming, bosoms shrivelling, feet

Losing their springs, and limbs their lily roundness ;

But it is worse to feel the heart-spring gone,

To lose hope, care not for the coming thing,
And feel all things go to decay within us.

P. J. BAILEY.

DESPONDENCY.—Utterances of

I am feeble, discouraged, solitary, in the midst of eight hundred thousand men. I feel little attachment to existence ; my imagination has taken the colour out of it.

I am satiated of all without having tasted anything. If you only knew how sad I am becoming! I love Sorrow, and live much with her. They speak to me of literary fame and public employment. I have occasionally certain desires that way; but frankly I despise fame, and can scarcely conceive why people should take so much trouble to run after such a little fool. Where is the soul that shall understand mine?—LACORDAIRE.

DESPOTISM.—The Existence of

Despotism can no more exist in a nation, until the liberty of the press be destroyed, than the night can happen before the sun is set.—COLTON.

DESPOTISM.—Kingly

Where kings prevail, all liberty is lost,
And none but he who reigns can freedom
boast;
Some shadow of the bliss thou shalt retain,
Choosing to do what sov'reign powers
ordain.—LUCAN.

DESPOTISM.—Necessary.

So long as it remains true that the greater part of mankind spend their lives rather in the pursuit of sensual pleasures and follies than like rational beings, so long will despotism be necessary.—J. G. FORSTER.

DESPOTISM.—Power cannot Avoid

It is difficult for power to avoid despotism. The possessors of rude health;—the individualities cut out by a few strokes, solid for the very reason that they are all of a piece;—the complete characters whose fibres have never been strained by a doubt;—the minds that no questions disturb, and no aspirations put out of breath;—these, the strong, are also the tyrants.—GASPARIN.

DESTRUCTION.—The Work of

The work of destruction is always easier than the work of reparation. It is an easy matter to swallow a bit of poisoned food; it is not so easy to undo the dire effects of it. It is easy to kindle a great conflagration; it is a work of toil and trouble to subdue the flames. It is an easy thing to sin, but its effects are dreadful!—T. ALEXANDER.

DESTRUCTION.—Universal.

Empires, states, and kingdoms have, by the doom of the Supreme Providence, their fatal periods; great cities lie sadly buried in their dust; arts and sciences have not only their eclipses, but their wanings and deaths. The ghastly wonders of the world, raised by the ambition of ages, are overthrown and trampled. Some lights above, not idly en-

titled stars, are lost, and never more seen of us. The excellent fabric of this universe itself shall one day suffer ruin, or a change like a ruin; and should poor earthlings thus to be handled complain?—SIR W. DRUMMOND.

DESTINY.—Defined.

Destiny, or fate, is the divine law under the divine control.—ZSCHOKKE.

DESTINY.—and an Idle Man.

Hast thou looked on the potter's wheel,—one of the venerablest objects, old as the prophet Ezekiel, and far older? Rude lumps of clay, how they spin themselves up, by mere quick whirling, into beautiful circular dishes! And fancy the most assiduous potter, but without his wheel, reduced to make dishes by mere kneading and baking! Even such a potter were destiny with a human soul that would rest and lie at ease,—that would not work and spin! Of an idle unrevolving man, the kindest destiny can bake and knead nothing other than a botch: let her spend on him what expensive colouring, or gilding and enamelling she will, he is but a botch—a mere enamelled vessel of dishonour!—CARLYLE.

DESTINY.—a Scape-Goat and a Necessity.

The scape-goat which we make responsible for all our crimes and follies; a necessity which we set down for invincible, when we have no wish to strive against it.—MRS. BALFOUR.

DESTINY.—Throwing the Dice of

He who throws the dice of destiny,
Though with a sportive or unthinking hand,
Must bide the issue, be it life or death.

A. SMITH.

DESULTORINESS.—The Causes of

Desultoriness may arise from inaccurate knowledge, discursive reading, want of method, a roving mind, and even a full head.—DR. DAVIES.

DETAIN.—Counsel not to

Never hold any one by the button or the hand, in order to be heard out; for if people are unwilling to hear you, you had better hold your tongue than them.—CHESTERFIELD.

DETERMINATION.—Defined.

The bent of the will to the greatest apparent good.—LOCKE.

DETERMINATION.—A Firm

If I were out of prison to-day, I would preach the Gospel again to-morrow, by the help of God.—BUNYAN.

DETERMINATION.—A Notable Instance of

There is one man known to history, and long illustrious among his fellow-men, who in his own meditations had reached the conviction that there was a new world far across the sea, and no disappointment or vexing delay could expel that conviction from his earnest mind. Neither the frowns nor the neglect of monarchs, neither hope deferred, nor the terrors of the deep, nor mutiny, nor tempest, nor death, could turn Columbus from his resolute purpose. On he pressed in spite of them all—serene amid the tempest—full of hope when all around seemed to tell only of despair; and he stood at last on the shores of a lovely island in the ocean,—the discoverer of lands whose discovery has changed the history of the world!—TWEEDIE.

DETRACTION—a Bold Monster.

Detraction's a bold monster, and fears not
To wound the fame of princes, if it find
But any blemish in their lives to work on.
MASSINGER.

DETRACTION.—A But of

In some unlucky dispositions there is such an envious kind of pride, that they cannot endure that any but themselves should be set forth for excellent; so that when they hear one justly praised, they will either seek to dismount his virtues, or, if they be like a clear light, they will stab him with a *but* of detraction; as if there were something yet so foul as did obnubilate even his brightest glory. When their tongue cannot justly condemn him, they will leave him suspected by their silence.—FELTHAM.

DETRACTIONS.—Mending

Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending.—SHAKESPEARE.

DEVELOPMENT.—The Law of

What could be more trivial than the heaving of the lid of a tea-kettle? Yet, in that motion lay the germ of ocean steamers, railways, and mills. Development dilates the small into the great. By that law sparks flame into conflagrations, fountains flow into streams, and the minute swells into the magnificent. The seeds of many a world-famed change were dropped in silence,—night dews watered them when no eyes looked on; but at length they bore fruit in the hearts of millions; and the harvest of them waved over all the breadth of a continent.—COLFY.

DEVELOPMENT.—A True

That is a true development in which nothing is ever lost at a higher, which has been once really possessed at a lower stage; and simply on the ground that there is nothing which it were needful and good to lose, because at no point is there anything which tends to interfere or thwart the vocation of the being whose development is going forward.—DR. MULLER.

DEVIATION.—A Single

To what gulphs
A single deviation from the track
Of human duties leads!—BYRON.

DEVIL.—The Assaults of the

The devil's first assault is violent; resist that, and his second will be weaker; that being resisted, he proves a coward.—ST. CHRYSOSTOM.

DEVIL.—Holy Witnesses Employed by the

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose :
An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart :
Oh, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !
SHAKESPEARE.

DEVIL.—The Way to Shame the

Tell truth, and shame the devil :
If you have power to raise him, bring him
hither,
And I'll be sworn I have power to shame
him hence :
Oh, while you live, tell truth, and shame
the devil!—SHAKESPEARE.

DEVOTEES.—Religious

For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints whom all men grant
To be the true church militant ;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun ;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery ;
And prove their doctrine orthodox,
By apostolic blows and knocks :
Call fire and sword and desolation
A godly thorough reformation,
Which always must be carry'd on,
And still be doing, never done :
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.
S. BUTLER.

DEVOTION.—Different Styles of

A bishop chanting his psalter under the groined roof of a cathedral, and a covenanter praying in his hill-side cave, are two very different styles of devotion.—WYLIE.

DEVOTION—Lukewarm and Glowing.

Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout ;
But when it glows, its heat is struck to
heaven :

To human hearts her golden harps are
strung ;

High heaven's orchestra chants "Amen"
to man !—DR. E. YOUNG.

DEVOTION.—Private

I love to steal, awhile, away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear ;
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore ;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.—P. BROWN.

DEVOTION.—Self-Sacrificing

When the bishop laid his hand upon me,
I gave myself up to be a martyr for Him
who hung upon the cross for me. Till you
hear of my dying for, or in my work, you
will not be apprised of all the preferment
that is expected by me.—WHITFIELD.

DEW.—Evening

Pleasantly comest thou,
Dew of the evening ! to the crisp'd-up grass ;
And the curl'd corn-blades bow,
And the light breezes pass,
That their parch'd lips may feel thee, and
expand,
Thou sweet reviver of the fever'd land !

So, to the thirsty soul
Cometh the dew of the Almighty's love ;
And to the scathed heart, made whole,
Turneth in joy above,
To where the spirit freely may expand,
And rove, untrammelled, in that "better
land !" —GALLAGHER.

DEW—in Flowers.

And that same dew, which sometimes
withers buds,
Was wont to swell, like round and orient
pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flow'rets' eyes,
Like tears, that did their own disgrace
bewail.—SHAKSPEARE.

DEW.—The Grateful

When the summer's sun has sunk beneath
the horizon, and coolness re-visits the
scorched plant and soil, the grateful dew
descends along with it, and moistens alike

the green leaf and the thirsty land—the
invisible moisture of the air thickens into
hazy mists, and settles in tiny pearls on
every cool thing. How thankful for this
nightly dew has nature everywhere and
always appeared ! and how have poets in
every age sung of its beauty and benefi-
cence !—PROF. JOHNSTON.

DEW.—Tears Compared to

Let me wipe off this honourable dew
That silvery doth progress on thy cheeks.
SHAKSPEARE.

DEW-DROPS—Described.

Earth's liquid jewellery, wrought of air,
Young nature's christening.—P. J. BAILEY.

DIAMOND.—The Property of the

The distinguishing peculiarity and most
valuable characteristic of the diamond is
the power it possesses of refracting and
reflecting the prismatic colours : this pro-
perty it is that gives fire, life, and brilliancy
to it. Other stones reflect the light as they
receive it—bright in proportion to their
own transparency, but always colourless ;
and the ray comes out as it went in.—
COLTON.

DIARY.—Needfulness of a

There is not a period of life, a year, a
single day, so devoid of blessing, so desti-
tute of moral teaching, so trivial and un-
important, that it may be deliberately flung
into oblivion without sin and without loss.
There is a sense in which passages of our
history that we would give worlds to blot
out of existence for ever ought still to be
remembered ; or, at least, should have
mementos lying within reach when seasons
occur suitable for reverting to their humbling
lessons. And if the darkest scenes may be
re-produced upon the mental retina with
safety and advantage, how much more the
brighter—those spots where special altar-
fires were kindled to God—those help-
stones that glitter in the far-seen sunlight
of distant Bethels ! But forgotten to a
great extent they must be, if unrecorded :
for what were the Ebenezer, the monu-
mental pillar, the cromlech, the cairn, but
substitutes for writing ? Are we to hoard
the letters of absent friends, to jot down
favourite readings, to post up carefully our
cash-books and ledgers, and then leave to
treacherous, wayward memory the account
of everlasting thoughts and priceless trea-
sures ?—E. GARBETT.

DIFFICULTIES.—The Sight of

The greatest difficulties lie where we are
not looking for them.—GOETHE.

DIFFICULTIES.—Set off Virtue.

The difficulties with which we are met are the maids of honour which set off virtue.—MOLIÈRE.

DIFFICULTIES.—The Way to Conquer

The wise and prudent conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them. Sloth and
folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and
danger,
And make th' impossibility they fear.

ROWE.

DIFFIDENCE.—Examples of

It is said of the learned Junius that he had such an invincible diffidence, that throughout his life he could scarcely speak upon the most common subjects with strangers without a suffusion in his countenance. Addison was likewise one of the greatest philosophers, as well as one of the most abashed and modest men of his time.—BUCK.

DIGNITIES.—High

To reach high dignities, there is what is called the highway or beaten track ; there is also the by-path, or cross-road, which is the shortest.—LA BRUYÈRE.

DIGNITY.—True

True dignity is never gain'd by place,
And never lost when honours are withdrawn.—MASSINGER.

DILIGENCE.—Incentives to

To be rich, be diligent ; move on
Like heaven's great movers that enrich the
earth ;

Whose moment's sloth would show the
world undone,

And make the spring straight bury all her
birth :

Rich are the diligent who can command
Time—nature's stock.—DAVENANT.

DILIGENCE.—The Necessity for

The rewards of life depend upon diligence ; and the mechanic that would perfect his work, must first sharpen his tools.—CONFUCIUS.

DILIGENCE.—The Reward of

Long ago a little boy was entered at Harrow School. He was put into a class beyond his years, and where all the scholars had the advantage of previous instruction denied to him. His master chid him for his dulness, and all his efforts then could not raise him from the lowest place in the class. But, nothing daunted, he procured the grammars and other elemen-

tary books which his class-fellows had gone through in previous terms. He devoted the hours of play, and not a few of the hours of sleep, to the mastering of these ; till, in a few weeks, he gradually began to rise, and it was not long before he shot ahead of all his companions, and became not only leader of the division, but the pride of Harrow. You may see the statue of that boy, whose career began with this fit of energetic application, in St. Paul's Cathedral ; for he lived to be the greatest oriental scholar in modern Europe—it was Sir William Jones.—DR. J. HAMILTON.

DINNER.—The Effect of a

The least annoyance when I am fasting seizes and overwhelms me ; but when I have enjoyed a dinner, my heart is firm and steadfast.—MOLIÈRE.

DINNER.—An Excellent and Well-Arranged

An excellent and well-arranged dinner is a most pleasing occurrence, and a great triumph of civilized life. It is not only the descending morsel, and the enveloping sauce—but the rank, wealth, wit, and beauty which surround the meats—the learned management of light and heat—the silent and rapid services of the attendants—the smiling and sedulous host, proffering gusts and relishes—the exotic bottles—the embossed plate—the pleasant remarks—the handsome dresses—the cunning artifices in fruit and farina ! The hour of dinner, in short, includes everything of sensual and intellectual gratification which a great nation glories in producing.—S. SMITH.

DINNERS.—Giving Costly

A necessitous man who gives costly dinners, pays large sums to be laughed at.—COLTON.

DISCIPLINE.—Heavenly

It would seem, indeed, to be God's usual method to prepare men for extensive usefulness by the personal discipline of trial. Hence, when we see Bunyan encompassed by terrible temptations, and immured in bondage ; Luther, in the fortress on the Wartburg, pining in sore sickness, and battling, in fancy, with embodied evil ; Wesley wandering to Georgia and back, led through doubt and darkness to the long-deferred moment which ended his "legal years," and then welcomed on his evangelistic journeys with ovations of misrepresentation and mud ;—we remember that this protracted suffering is but the curriculum of heavenly discipline by which, learning of Him who is lowly, they are shriven of self and pride, and which superadds to the fortitude which

bears all, and to the courage which dares all, the meekness and gentleness of Christ.—PUNSHON.

DISCIPLINE.—Military

The leading idea of military discipline is to reduce the common men, in many respects, to the nature of machines; that they may have no volition of their own, but be actuated solely by that of their officers; that they may have such a superlative dread of those officers as annihilates all fear of the enemies; that they may move forwards when ordered without deeper reasoning or more concern than the firelocks they carry along with them.—SIR J. MOORE.

DISCONTENT.—Difficult to be Avoided.

It's hardly in a body's power
To keep, at times, frae being sour;
To see how things are shared;
How best o' chiefs are whyles in want,
While coofs on countless thousands rant,
And ken na how to wair 't.

R. BURNS.

DISCONTENTED.—The Miseries of the

The discontented is ever restless and uneasy, dissatisfied with his station in life, his connexions, and almost every circumstance that happens to him. He is continually peevish and fretful, impatient of every injury he receives, and unduly impressed with every disappointment he suffers. He considers most other persons as happier than himself, and enjoys hardly any of the blessings of Providence with a calm and grateful mind. He forms to himself a thousand distressing fears concerning futurity, and makes his present condition unhappy, by anticipating the misery he may endure in years to come.—STENNETT.

DISCORD—among Families.

Discord turns a house into a little hell, full of the tormenting passions—Sorrow and Anguish, Disdain and Despite, Malice and Envy, that blast the most flourishing families.—DR. BATES.

DISCORD—Personified.

Her by her parti-colour'd vest he knew;
Unequal stripes, and many, formed the gown,
Which opening with her walk, or wind that blew,
Now show'd, now hid her; for they were unsewn.
Her hair appeared to be at strife; in hue
Like silver, and like gold, and black, and brown;
Part in a tress, in riband part comprest,
Some on her shoulders flow'd, some on her breast.—ARIOSTO.

DISCORD.—The Way to Avoid

When two goats meet on a narrow bridge over deep water, how do they behave? Neither of them can turn back again, neither can pass the other, because the bridge is too narrow; if they should thrust one another, they might both fall into the water and be drowned. Nature, then, has taught them that if one lays himself down, and permits the other to go over him, both remain without hurt. Even so, people should rather endure to be trod upon, than to fall into debate and discord one with another.—LUTHER.

DISCOURSE.—Commonplaces of

To have commonplaces of discourse and to want variety is odious to the hearers, and shows a shallowness of thought; 'tis therefore good to vary and suit speeches to the present occasion, as also to hold a moderation in all discourse, especially of religion, the state, great persons, important business, poverty, and anything deserving pity.—LORD BACON.

DISCOURSE.—A Good, but Attenuated

The discourse is good, but attenuated: the preacher has a clue of thread of gold in his hand, and he unwinds for you ell after ell; but give me the man who will throw the clue at me at once, and let me unwind it; and then show in his hand another ready to follow.—FOSTER.

DISCOURSES.—Reading

Pulpit discourses have insensibly dwindled from speaking to reading; a practice, of itself, sufficient to stifle every germ of eloquence. It is only by the fresh feelings of the heart, that mankind can be very powerfully affected. What can be more ludicrous than an orator delivering stale indignation and fervour of a week old; turning over whole pages of violent passions written out in German text; reading the tropes and apostrophes into which he is hurried by the ardour of his mind; and so affected at a preconceived line and page, that he is unable to proceed any further?—S. SMITH.

DISCOURTESY.—The Springs of

Discourtesy does not spring merely from one bad quality, but from several,—from foolish vanity, from ignorance of what is due to others, from indolence, from stupidity, from distraction of thought, from contempt of others, from jealousy.—LA BRUYÈRE.

DISCOVERERS.—III

They are ill discoverers that think there is no land when they can see nothing but sea.—LORD BACON.

DISCOVERIES.—Isolated

Isolated discoveries, born out of date, would positively fall dead upon the world.—LEITCH.

DISCOVERY.—Perseverance in

The enamel which covers the cheapest earthenware was not discovered by Bernard Palissy until after fifteen years of anxious toil. After incredible hardships, he had made a little advance; then he devoted eight months to manufacturing ware upon which to experiment, and many weary days to building with his own hands the furnace in which to bake it. Six days and six nights he stood by the fire to note the experiments and feed the furnace; when, alas! his fuel was exhausted. In his desperation, he thrust into the fire the dresser, stools, tables, and the boarding from his house! He repaid the assistance of a potter with his garments, leaving himself almost naked. Not only had he to bear continuous disappointments in his experiments, which were almost more than mortal could endure, but to submit to the reproaches of his wife and friends, who deemed him a fitting inmate for a lunatic asylum.—J. JOHNSON.

DISCREET.—Counsel to be

Be discreet in all things, and so render it unnecessary to be mysterious about any.—WELLINGTON.

DISCRETION.—Refined.

Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to us in all the duties of life.—ADDISON.

DISCRETION.—The Importance of

Though a man has all other perfections and wants discretion, he will be of no great consequence in the world; but if he has this single talent in perfection, and but a common share of others, he may do what he pleases in his particular station of life.—ADDISON.

DISCRETION AND VALOUR.

Discretion
And hard valour are the twins of honour,
And, nursed together, make a conqueror;
Divided, but a talker.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

DISCUSS.—Compelling One to

It is as unfair to compel a man to discuss with you who cannot play the game, or does not like it, as it would be to compel a person to play at chess with you under similar circumstances: neither is such a sort of exercise of the mind suitable to the

rapidity and equal division of general conversation.—S. SMITH.

DISCUSS.—A Desire to

Come, then! and while the slow icicle hangs
At the stiff thatch, and winter's frosty pangs
Benumme the year, blith (as of old) let us
'Mid noise and war, of peace and mirth discusse.
This portion thou wert born for. Why should we
Vex at the time's ridiculous miserie?
An age that thus hath fooled itself, and will,
(Spite of thy teeth and mine,) persist so still.
Let's sit then at this fire: and, while we steal
A revell in the town, let others seal,
Purchase, or cheat, and who can let them pay,
Till those black deeds bring on the darksome day.
Innocent spenders we! a better use
Shall wear out our short lease, and leave th' obtuse
Rout to their husks. They and their bags at best
Have cares in earnest. We care for a jest.
H. VAUGHAN.

DISCUSSION.—Abused.

It is an exercise grossly abused by those who have recourse to it, and is very apt to degenerate into a habit of perpetual contradiction, which is the most tiresome and most disgusting in all the catalogue of imbecilities.—S. SMITH.

DISCUSSION.—The Benefit of

Unless a variety of opinions are laid before us, we have no opportunity of selection, but are bound of necessity to adopt the particular view which may have been brought forward. The purity of gold cannot be ascertained by a single specimen, but when we have carefully compared it with others, we are able to fix upon the finest ore.—HERODOTUS.

DISEASE.—The Cause of

I tell you honestly what I think is the cause of the complicated maladies of the human race:—it is their gormandizing and stuffing, and stimulating their digestive organs to an excess, thereby producing nervous disorders and irritations. The state of their minds is another grand cause:—the fidgeting and discontenting themselves about what cannot be helped; passions of all kinds—malignant passions

pressing upon the mind, disturb the cerebral action, and do much harm.—DR. ABERNETHY.

DISEASE.—The Growth of

The young disease, that must subdue at length,

Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength.—POPE.

DISGRACE.—Crime the Cause of

Disgrace consists infinitely more in the crime than in the punishment.—LORD BACON.

DISGUISE.—when Needless.

Were we to take as much pains to be what we ought to be, as we do to disguise what we really are, we might appear like ourselves, without being at the trouble of any disguise at all.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

DISH.—The Best

Being one of the company at a banquet, Gotthold proposed, for their diversion, the question—What is the best dish which a host can present to his guests? To this one replied :—The familiar and improving conversation of good friends. Another said :—The best dish seems to me to be the courtesy and tidiness of the lady of the house. Said a third :—It is that which is first offered to a hungry man. In the opinion of the fourth, the best dish was an open and generous heart on the part of the host. Gotthold then took up the word, and added :—There is certainly reason in your answers, but I too will say what I think. The best dish is that which has been earned by fair means and with a good conscience, is enjoyed with gratitude and reverence towards God, and of which the poor beggar at the gate receives his share.—SCRIVER.

DISHONESTY.—The Grasping Nature of

So grasping is dishonesty that it is no respecter of persons : it will cheat friends as well as foes ; and, were it possible, even God Himself !—BANCROFT.

DISHONOUR.—Adding to

Many, though they see plainly enough into what evils they are going to plunge, yet, to avoid the imputation of dishonour, —so powerful is the force of one bewitching sound !—feel themselves obliged to yield to a course of which their better reason may disapprove, and rush wilfully into irremediable calamities, and incur a more shameful weight of dishonour through their own mad obstinacy than Fortune would have awarded them.—THUCYDIDES.

DISINTERESTEDNESS.—An Instance of

Terantius, captain to the Emperor Adrian, presented a petition that the Christians might have a temple by themselves, in which to worship God apart from the Arians. The emperor tore his petition, and threw it away, bidding him ask something for himself, and it should be granted. Terantius modestly gathered up the fragments of his petition, and said, with true nobility of mind—"If I cannot be heard in God's cause, I will never ask anything for myself."—ARVINE.

DISLOYALTY.—The First Symptom of

The first symptom of disloyalty, the first presage of disobedience, is to consult when we already know what we ought to do.—DR. VINET.

DISOBEDIENCE.—Contradicts Love.

We remember the anecdote of the Roman commander who forbade an engagement with the enemy, and the first transgressor against whose prohibition was his son. He accepted the challenge of the leader of the other host, met, slew, spoiled him, and then in triumphant feeling carried the spoils to his father's tent. But the Roman father refused to recognize the instinct which prompted this as deserving of the name of love. Disobedience contradicted it, and deserved death.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

DISOBEDIENCE.—The Evil Nature of

Disobedience is the beginning of evil, and the broad way to ruin.—D. DAVIES.

DISORDER.—The Ruin Caused by

Disorder makes nothing at all, but un-makes everything. Stones in disorder produce ruins ; an ill-ordered social condition is decline, revolution, or anarchy ; ill-ordered ideas are absurdity ; ill-ordered words are neither sense nor grammar ; ill-ordered imaginations and emotions are madness ; ill-ordered facts are chaos.—PROF. BLACKIE.

DISPATCH.—True

True dispatch is a rich thing ; for time is the measure of business, as money is of wares, and business is bought at a dear hand where there is small dispatch.—LORD BACON.

DISPLAY.—Vulgar

If a man have ordinary chairs and tables, no one notices it ; but if he stick vulgar gaudy pictures on his walls, which he need not have at all, every one laughs at him for his folly.—S. SMITH.



COWPER — WORDSWORTH.
BURNS — JOHNSON — SCOTT.
BURKE — GOLDSMITH.

DISPOSITION.—The Changelessness of the

Neither blows of forks nor lash can make a man change his natural disposition.—**FONTAINE.**

DISPOSITION.—A Good

A good disposition is more valuable than gold; for the latter is the gift of fortune, but the former is the dower of nature.—**ADDISON.**

DISPOSITION.—A Phlegmatic

It is the negative happiness of the dullest of quadrupeds doomed to the vilest drudgery.—**DR. KNOX.**

DISPOSITION.—A Tender-Hearted

A tender-hearted and compassionate disposition, which inclines men to pity and feel the misfortunes of others, and which is, even for its own sake, incapable of involving any man in ruin and misery, is of all tempers of mind the most amiable; and though it seldom receives much honour, is worthy of the highest.—**FIELDING.**

DISPUTATION.—The Proper Spirit for

Great care must be taken lest your debates break in upon your passions and awaken them to take part in the controversy. When the opponent pushes hard, and gives just and mortal wounds to our own opinion, our passions are very apt to feel the strokes, and to rise in resentment and defence. *Self* is so mingled with the sentiments which we have chosen, and has such a tender feeling of all the opposition which is made to them, that personal brawls are very ready to come in as seconds to succeed and finish the dispute of opinions. Then noise, and clamour, and folly appear in all their shapes, and chase reason and truth out of sight.—**DR. WATTS.**

**DISPUTATIUNESS—not always Ob-
jected to**

I never object to a certain degree of disputatiousness in a young man, from the age of seventeen to that of four or five and twenty, providing I find him always arguing on one side of the question.—**S. T. COLERIDGE.**

DISPUTES.—A Rule in

It is an excellent rule to be observed in all disputes, that men should give soft words and hard arguments; that they should not so much strive to vex, as to convince an opponent.—**BP. WILKINS.**

DISSEMBLER.—The Acts of a

A dissembler must always be upon his guard, and watch himself carefully that he

do not contradict his own pretensions; for he acts an unnatural part, and therefore must put a continual force and restraint upon himself.—**ABP. TILLOTSON.**

DISSENSION.—The Cause of

Alas! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!—
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;—
That stood the storm when waves were
rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fell off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea
When heaven was all tranquillity!

T. MOORE.

DISSENSION.—The Child of

It were well if the child of dissension were never born, or that it died as soon as born.—**W. SECKER.**

DISSIMULATION—to be Pardoned.

If dissimulation is ever to be pardoned, it is that which men have recourse to in order to obtain situations, which may enlarge their sphere of general usefulness, and afford the power of benefiting their country, to those who must have been otherwise contented only with the will.—**COLTON.**

DISSIMULATION.—The Policy of

Few men dare show their faults of worst or best;
Dissimulation always set apart
A corner for herself; and therefore Fiction
Is that which passes with least contradiction.—**BYRON.**

DISTANCE.—The Effect of

Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape near?—
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

T. CAMPBELL.

DISTANCE.—Keeping one's

If a man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is, he keeps his at the same time.—**DEAN SWIFT.**

DISTINCTION.—The Desire of

There lurks, perhaps, in every human heart a desire of distinction, which inclines every man first to hope, and then to believe, that nature has given him something peculiar to himself. This vanity makes one mind nurse aversion, and another actuate desires, till they rise by art much above their original state of power; and as affectation in time improves to habit, they at last tyrannize over him who at first encouraged them only for show. Every desire is a viper in the

bosom, who, while he was chill, was harmless ; but when warmth gave him strength, exerted it in poison.—**DR. JOHNSON.**

DISTINCTIONS—Accidental.

All our distinctions are accidental ; beauty and deformity, though personal qualities, are neither entitled to praise nor censure ; yet it so happens that they colour our opinion of those qualities to which mankind have attached responsibility.—**ZIMMERMAN.**

DISTRESS.—Reasons for Relieving

Shut not thy purse-strings always against painted distress. Act a charity sometimes. When a poor creature (outwardly and visibly such) comes before thee, do not stay to inquire whether the “seven small children,” in whose name he implores thy assistance, have a veritable existence. Rake not into the bowels of unwelcome truth, to save a halfpenny. It is good to believe him. If he be not all that he pretendeth, give, and under a personate father of a family, think (if thou pleasest) that thou hast relieved an indigent bachelor. When they come with their counterfeit looks, and mumping tones, think them players. You pay your money to see a comedian feign these things, which, concerning these poor people, thou canst not certainly tell whether they are feigned or not.—**LAMB.**

DISTRESS.—A Scene of

The minister of a country village was called upon to baptize an infant just born. The cottage was situated on a lonely common ; and, as it was in mid-winter, and the floods were out, it was absolutely necessary to wade through the lower room to a ladder, which served instead of stairs. The chamber (and it was the only one) was so low that you could not stand upright in it ; there was one window, which admitted air as freely as light ; for the rags which had been stuffed into the broken panes were now taken out to cover the infant. In the dark corner of the room stood a small bedstead, without furniture, and on it lay the mother who had just expired. The father was sitting on a little stool by the fire-place, though there was no fire, and endeavouring to keep the infant warm in his bosom. Five of the seven children, half-naked, were asking him for bread ; while a fine boy, of about three years old, was standing beside his dead mother, and crying, as he was wont to do—“Take me, take me, mother.” “Mother is asleep,” said one of his sisters, with tears standing on her cheeks ; “go play with the baby on father’s knee.” The father took him up, and his grief, which had hitherto kept him dumb and in a state

of temporary insensibility, burst into a flood of tears, and relieved his heart, which seemed ready to break. “Don’t cry, pray don’t cry,” said the eldest boy, “the nurse is coming upstairs with a loaf in her hand, and mother will wake presently, and I will carry her the largest piece.” Upon this, an old woman, crooked with age, and clothed in tatters, came hobbling on her stick into the room, and, after heaving a groan, calmly sat down, dressed the child in its rags, and then divided the loaf as far as it would go.—**DR. KNOX.**

DISTRUST.—The Hurtfulness of

Excessive distrust is as hurtful as towering presumption.—**DEAN SWIFT.**

DIVINE.—The Work of a

He is Truth’s champion, to defend her against all adversaries—atheists, heretics, schismatics, and erroneous persons whatsoever. His sufficiency appears in opposing, answering, moderating, and writing.—**DR. FULLER.**

DIVINITY.—The Pre-eminence of

Divinity should be empress, and philosophy and other arts merely her servants.—**LUTHER.**

DOCTOR.—The Definition of a

A doctor is defined to be—a man whom we hire for the purpose of telling stories in the chamber of a sick person, till nature effects a cure, or his medicine kills the patient.—**SEWARD.**

DOCTOR.—The Fate of a

By medicine life may be prolonged, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.—**SHAKESPEARE.**

DOCTRINE.—The Authority of a

Miserable are those who measure the authority of a doctrine by the numbers receiving it.—**ST. ATHANASIUS.**

DOCTRINE—Defined.

Doctrine is nothing but the skin of Truth set up and stuffed.—**H. W. BEECHER.**

DOCTRINE.—Difference in

All denominations of Christians have really little difference in point of doctrine, though they may differ widely in external forms. There is a prodigious difference between the external form of one of your Presbyterian churches in Scotland and a church in Italy ; yet the doctrine taught is essentially the same.—**DR. JOHNSON.**

DOG.—Faithfulness of the

The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend ;
Whose honest heart is still his master's own ;
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes, for
him alone.—BYRON.

DOG.—The Impression made by a

In the deep silence of a moonlight night, a dog, leaping suddenly from the clothes of his dead master, rushed upon us, and then immediately returned to his hiding-place, howling piteously. He alternately licked his master's hand, and ran towards us; thus at once soliciting and seeking revenge. Whether owing to my own particular turn of mind at the moment, the time, the place, or the action itself, I know not, but certainly no incident on any field of battle ever produced so deep an impression on me: I involuntarily stopped to contemplate the scene. This man, thought I, perhaps has friends in the camp or in his company, and here he lies forsaken by all except his dog! What a lesson Nature here presents through the medium of an animal! What a strange being is man! and how mysterious are his impressions! I had without emotion ordered battles which were to decide the fate of the army; I had beheld with tearless eyes the execution of those operations by which numbers of my countrymen were sacrificed; and here my feelings were roused by the mournful howlings of a dog! Certainly at that moment I could have been moved by a suppliant enemy. I could very well imagine Achilles surrendering up the body of Hector at the sight of Priam's tears.—NAPOLEON I.

DOGMATISM.—The Avoidance of

Maintain a constant watch at all times against a dogmatic spirit: fix not your assent to any proposition in a firm and unalterable manner till you have some firm and unalterable ground for it, and till you have arrived at some clear and sure evidence—till you have turned the proposition on all sides, and searched the matter through and through, so that you cannot be mistaken. And even where you think you have full grounds for assurance, be not too early nor too frequent in expressing this assurance in too peremptory and positive a manner, remembering that human nature is always liable to mistake in this corrupt and feeble state.—DR. WATTS.

DOING—Leads to Saying.

Doing leads more surely to saying than saying to doing.—DR. VINET.

DOMESTICS.—Character comes from

As for that second hand knowledge of men's minds, which is to be had from the

relation of others, it will be sufficient to observe of it—that defects and vices are best learned from enemies—virtues and abilities from friends—manners and times from servants, and opinions and thoughts from intimate acquaintance, for popular fame is light; the judgment of superiors uncertain, before whom men walk more masked and secret. The truest character comes from domestics.—LORD BACON.

DOMESTICS.—The Good of

An enlightened regard for the highest good of our children should make us deeply concerned for that of our domestics; for in contributing to their knowledge of God, we are helping to purify the moral atmosphere in which our whole household shall live and move, and laying down deeper, by every such effort, the foundations of our domestic happiness, and through this, in our share, promoting the true prosperity and stability of the commonwealth.—DR. A. THOMSON.

DOOR.—The Guard at the

God's angels keep guard at the door of every good man's house.—DR. DAVIS.

DOOR.—A Knock at the

Welcome, indeed, is a knock at the door, if it proceed from the hand of a friend, or a postman; but if from the hand of an enemy, or a tax-collector, the sound is most dismal and annoying.—E. M. DAVIES.

DOOR.—The Poor Man's

The poor man's door is ever on the latch: He needs no bolt nor bar to shut out thieves; He fears no enemies, and has no friends Importunate enough to turn the key upon them.—LONGFELLOW.

DOUBT—Described.

Doubt, a blank twilight of the heart, which mares
All sweetest colours in its dimness same;
A soul-mist, through whose rifts familiar stars
Beholding, we misname.
A ripple on the inner sea, which shakes
Those images that on its breast reposed:
A fold upon a wind-swayed flag, that breaks
The motto it disclosed.
O doubt! O doubt! I know my destiny;
I feel the fluttering bird-like in my breast;
I cannot loose, but I will sing to thee,
And flatter thee to rest —INGELOW.

DOUBT.—The Impatience of

A great error is an impatience of doubt, and haste to assertion without due and

mature suspension of judgment.—**LORD BACON.**

DOUBT.—The Misery of

Doubt is hell in the human soul.—**GASPARIN.**

DOUBT—a Vestibule to be Passed.

Doubt is the vestibule which *all* must pass, before they can enter into the temple of wisdom.—**COLTON.**

DOVE.—The

What is that, mother?

The dove, my son—

And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,

Is flowing out from her gentle breast,

Constant and pure by that lonely nest,

As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,

For the distant dear one's quick return.

Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,—

In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

DR. DONNE.

DRAMA AND HISTORY.

The drama presents the images of things as if they were present, while history treats of them as things past.—**LORD BACON.**

DREAM.—A Strange

A most remarkable thing happened to me—so remarkable that I must tell the story from the beginning. After I left the High School I went with G—, my most intimate friend, to attend the classes in the University. There was no divinity class, but we frequently in our walks discussed and speculated upon many grave subjects—among others, on the immortality of the soul, and on a future state. This question, and the possibility, I will not say of ghosts walking, but of the dead appearing to the living, were subjects of much speculation; and we actually committed the folly of drawing up an agreement, written with our blood, to the effect that whichever of us died first should appear to the other, and thus solve any doubts we had entertained of the “life after death.” After we had finished our classes at the college, G— went to India, having got an appointment there in the civil service. He seldom wrote to me, and after the lapse of a few years I had almost forgotten him: moreover, his family having little connection with Edinburgh, I seldom saw or heard anything of them, or of him through them, so that all the old school-boy intimacy had died out, and I had nearly forgotten his existence. I had taken, as I have said, a warm bath; and while lying in it and enjoying the comfort of the heat, after the late freezing I

had undergone, I turned my head round, looking towards the chair on which I had deposited my clothes, as I was about to get out of the bath. On the chair sat G—, looking calmly at me! How I got out of the bath I know not, but on recovering my senses I found myself sprawling on the floor. The apparition, or whatever it was, that had taken the likeness of G—, had disappeared. The vision produced such a shock that I had no inclination to talk about it, or to speak about it even to Stuart; but the impression it made upon me was too vivid to be easily forgotten; and so strongly was I affected by it, that I have here written down the whole history, with the date, 19th of December, and all the particulars, as they are now fresh before me. No doubt I had fallen asleep; and that the appearance presented so distinctly to my eyes was a dream I cannot for a moment doubt; yet for years I had had no communication with G—, nor had there been anything to recall him to my recollection; nothing had taken place during our Swedish travels either connected with G— or with India, or with anything relating to him, or to any member of his family. I recollected quickly enough our old discussion, and the bargain we had made. I could not discharge from my mind the impression that G— must have died, and that his appearance to me was to be received by me as proof of a future state. * * * I have just been copying out from my journal the account of this strange dream:—*Certissima mortis imago!* And now to finish the story, begun about sixty years since—Soon after my return to Edinburgh, there arrived a letter from India announcing G—'s death! and stating that he had died on the 19th of December! —**BROUGHAM.**

DREAMS—Defined.

What are they?

Creations of the mind?—The mind can make

Substance, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and

give
A breath to forms which can outlive all
Flesh.—**BYRON.**

DREAMS—General.

The dead of night: earth seems but
seeming—

The soul seems but a something dreaming.

The bird is dreaming in its nest

Of song, and song, and loved one's breast;

The lap-dog dreams, as round he lies,

In moonshine of 'his mistress' eyes:

The steed is dreaming in his stall,

Of one long breathless leap and fall:

The hawk hath dreamt him thrice of wings
 Wide as the skies he may not cleave ;
 But waking, feels them clipt, and clings
 Mad to the perch 'twere mad to leave :
 The child is dreaming of its toys—
 The murderer of calm home joys ;
 The weak are dreaming endless fears—
 The proud of how their pride appears :
 The poor enthusiast who dies,
 Of his life dreams the sacrifice—
 Sees, as enthusiast only can,
 The truth that made him more than man ;
 And hears once more, in visioned trance,
 That voice commanding to advance,
 Where wealth is gain'd—love, wisdom won,
 Or deeds of anger dared and done :
 The mother dreameth of her child—
 The maid of him who hath beguiled—
 The youth of her he loves too well—
 The good of God—the ill of hell—
 Who live, of death—of life, who die—
 The dead of immortality.—P. J. BAILEY.

DREAMS.—The God of

When the golden sun withdraws his beams,
 And drowsy night invades the weary world,
 Forth flies the god of dreams, fantastic
 Morpheus,
 Ten thousand mimic phantoms fleet around
 him,
 Subtle as air, and various in their natures ;
 Each has ten thousand thousand diff'rent
 forms,
 In which they dance confused before the
 sleeper,
 While the vain god laughs to behold what
 pain
 Imaginary evils give mankind.—ROWE.

DREAMS.—No Sounds Heard in

In dreams we hear no sounds, unless it
 be those of the world without. We carry
 on many conversations, and marvellous
 things are told us ; but these, like our
 waking communings with ourselves, and
 mental hummings of tunes, are uttered by
 voiceless lips in a speechless tongue.
 Dreamland is a silent land, and all the
 dwellers in it are deaf and dumb.—PROF.
 G. WILSON.

DREAMS.—The Sources of

Children of night, of indigestion bred.
 CHURCHILL.

Dreams, in general, take their rise from
 those incidents which have occurred during
 the day.—HERODOTUS.

DREAMS.—The Use of

If any man desire to make a right use of
 dreams, let him consider himself, in his
 dreaming, to what inclination he is mostly
 carried, and so by his thoughts in the night

he shall learn to know himself in the day ;
 for generally men answer to such actually
 waking, as their thoughts do sleeping.—
 N. SHUTE.

DRESS.—Choice of

Persons are oftentimes misled in their
 choice of dress, by attending to the beauty
 of colours, rather than selecting such colours
 as may increase their own beauty.—SILVER-
 STONE.

DRESS.—The Evils of

We sacrifice to dress, till household joys
 And comforts cease. Dress drains our
 cellar dry,
 And keeps our larder lean ; puts out our
 fires,
 And introduces hunger, frost, and woe,
 Where peace and hospitality might reign.
 COWPER.

DRESS.—The Extravagance of

Strangers do take her for the queen :
 She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
 And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
 SHAKESPEARE.

DRESS.—A Loose and Easy

It is well known that a loose and easy
 dress contributes much to give to both sexes
 those fine proportions of body that are
 observable in the Grecian statues, and
 which serve as models to our present artists ;
 —nature being too much disfigured among
 us to afford any such.—ROUSSEAU.

DRESS.—A Love of

A love of dress is not only a foible and a
 fault, but almost a vice, and in innumerable
 cases has led to it.—J. A. JAMES.

DRESS.—Regard for

Be a man ne'er so vile
 In wit, in judgment, manners, or what else ;
 If he can purchase but a silken cover
 He shall not only pass, but pass regarded.
 S. BUTLER.

DRESS.—Regulation of the

When the heart is right,—when there is
 true and supreme love for religion, it is
 usually not difficult to regulate the subject
 of dress.—A. BARNES.

DROWSY.—The Right to be

The right to be drowsy in protracted toil
 has become prescriptive.—DR. MASON.

DRUNKARD.—The Sin of a

The social revel, the wine dinner, the
 saloon, example, custom, temptations, may
 lead a man to indulge in liquor till he
 becomes a drunkard ; but after all, it is

because *he drinks*, knowing the peril to which this exposes him. Hence, however censurable the customs of society, however mischievous the laws that tolerate and shield the agencies of intemperance, however wicked the tempters, the *sin* lies at his own door.—DR. THOMPSON.

DRUNKARDS.—The Delusion of

Just as frogs congregate in the pool and marshes, and seem to imagine that, by their croaking, they emulate the nightingale, so do they who seek their enjoyment in drinking liquor in taverns. In these a loud and mirthful life goes on; and in this wilful and self-produced madness, even called pleasure, men seek their chief happiness.—SCRIVER.

DRUNKENNESS.—Advice respecting

Fly drunkenness, whose vile incontinence Takes away both thy reason and thy sense, Till with Circean cups, thy mind possessest, Leaves to be man, and wholly turns to beast.—RANOLPH.

DRUNKENNESS.—Belongs to Man.

Thirst teaches all animals to drink, but drunkenness belongs only to man.—FIELDING.

DRUNKENNESS.—Deplored.

Oh that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should with joy, pleasure, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!—SHAKESPEARE.

DRUNKENNESS.—The Effects of

Man with raging drink inflam'd,
Is far more savage and untam'd;
Supplies his loss of wit and sense
With barbarousness and insolence;
Believes himself, the less he's able,
The more heroic and formidable;
Lays by his reason in his bowels,
As Turks are said to do their souls,
Until it has so often been
Shut out of its lodging, and let in;
At length it never can attain
To find the right way back again.
S. BUTLER.

DRUNKENNESS.—The Evils of

All the crimes on earth do not destroy so many of the human race, nor alienate so much property, as drunkenness.—LORD BACON.

DRUNKENNESS.—Headache before

If the headache should come before drunkenness, we should have care of drink-

ing too much. But Pleasure, to deceive us, marches before and conceals her brain.—MONTAIGNE.

DRUNKENNESS.—The Progress of

The social glass leads on to the glass suggestive or the glass inspiring, and the glass restorative leads on to the glass strength-giving, and that again to glasses fast and frequent,—glasses care-drowning, conscience-coaxing, grief dispelling,—till, gasping and dying, the hulk is towed ashore and pierced through with many sins, weak, wasted, worthless, the victim gives up the ghost, leaving in the tainted air a disastrous memory.—DR. J. HAMILTON.

DRUNKENNESS.—Set upon

Theotymus on being told by his physician, that except he did abstain from drunkenness and excess, he was like to lose his eyes, his heart was so desperately set upon his sin, that he said—“*Vale lumen amicum*; Farewell sweet light then, I must have my pleasure in that sin; I must drink, though I drink out my eyes; then farewell eyes, and farewell light and all!”—ST. AMBROSE.

DRUNKENNESS.—The Vice of

Drunkenness is the vice of a good constitution, or of a bad memory:—of a constitution so treacherously good, that it never bends until it breaks; or of a memory that recollects the pleasure of getting intoxicated, but forgets the pains of getting sober.—COLTON.

DUELLING.—The History of

This reprehensible mode of settling disputes—now, happily, all but extinct—arose from the impression that, in single combat, Providence would not fail to declare itself in favour of the innocent. This custom is supposed to have been brought into Italy towards the end of the fifth century. In a short time it spread through Europe, and was very generally resorted to as a mode of settling disputes. It was introduced into England by William the Conqueror, and in course of time became regularly recognized by the various governments, and elevated into a species of public trial. “Trial by battle” was legalised till 1817, when the last appeal to arms took place; the law permitting it was abolished in 1819. In 1845 a society was founded to discourage duelling.—LOAKING.

DUELLIST.—The Remorse of a

For many years, there was in the lunatic asylum at Philadelphia, an intelligent and accomplished man, who, through his own

untoward act, had made himself the victim of despair. He had killed his antagonist in a duel; but no sooner did he learn that his shot had taken fatal effect, than he abandoned himself to the horrors of remorse. Most pitiable it was to see him measure off the paces, stand and give the word—"Fire," then ring his hands and shriek—"He is dead! he is dead!" then pace again, and fire, and renew his self-upbraiding. In that fatal moment when his victim fell, conscience took up her iron sceptre, and smote down reason, and hope, and peace. So conscience "doth make cowards of us all."—DR. THOMPSON.

DUELS.—Averse to

If all second's were as averse to duels as their principals, very little blood would be shed in that way.—COLTON.

DUELS.—The Occasions of

Colonel Montgomery was shot in a duel about a dog; Captain Ramsay in one about a servant; Mr. Fetherston in one about a recruit; Sterne's father in one about a goose; and another gentleman in one about "an acre of anchovies." One officer was challenged for merely asking his opponent to enjoy the second goblet; another was compelled to fight about a pinch of snuff. General Barry was challenged by a Captain Smith, for declining a glass of wine with him at a dinner in a steamboat, although the General had pleaded as an excuse that wine invariably made his stomach sick at sea; and Lieut. Crowther lost his life in a duel, because he was refused admittance to a club of pigeon-shooters!—ARVINE.

DUELS—Unpalatable.

No duels are palatable to both parties, except those that are engaged in from motives of revenge.—COLTON.

DULNESS—Apt to Magnify.

As things seem large which we through mist descry,
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.—POPE.

DUNGEON.—The Horrors of a

Thou subterranean sepulchre of peace!
Thou home of horror! hideous nest of crimes!
Guilt's first sad stage to her dark road to hell;
Ye thick-barred sunless passages for air,
To keep alive the wretch that longs to die.
DR. E. YOUNG.

DUPED.—Easily

We are easily duped by those whom we love.—MOLIERE.

DURATION—Defined.

Duration is successive existence.—I. TAYLOR.

DURATION.—Eternal

There is a great difference between the light of a taper, and that of a flambeau; but expose both to the light of the sun, and their difference will be imperceptible. In like manner eternal duration is so great an object, that it causes everything to disappear that can be compared with it.—SAURIN.

DUTIES.—Daily

Your daily duties are a part of your religious life just as much as your devotions are.—H. W. BEECHER.

DUTIES.—Domestic

Seeing that almost the whole of the day is devoted to business abroad, and the remainder of my time to domestic duties, there is none left for myself—that is, for my studies. For, on returning home, I have to talk with my wife, prattle with my children, and converse with my servants. All which things I number among the duties of life: since, if a man would not be a stranger in his own house, he must, by every means in his power, strive to render himself agreeable to those companions of his life whom Nature hath provided, chance thrown in his way, or that he has himself chosen.—SIR J. MOORE.

DUTIES.—The Importance of

Never judge by appearances as to the relative importance of duties. What seems the least important may be all important. Had the widow not given her mite the day she did to the treasury, but delayed it a week, how much would she herself, and the whole Christian Church, have lost by the delay!—MACLEOD.

DUTIES—Willingly Performed.

Good duties must not be pressed nor beaten out of us, as the waters came out of the rock when Moses smote it with his rod; but must freely drop from us, as myrrh from the tree, or honey from the comb. If a willing mind be wanting, there wants that flower which should perform our obedience, and make it a sweet smelling savour to God.—T. WATSON.

DUTY—Defined.

The carrying on the affairs of the day that lies before us.—GOETHE.

DUTY—to be Done by all.

There is little or nothing in this life worth living for, but we can all of us go

straight forward and do our duty.—WELLINGTON.

DUTY.—False to

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.—H. W. BEECHER.

DUTY.—An Injunction respecting

Do your duty, and leave the rest to God.—R. CECIL.

DUTY.—Inspiration Derived from

England not long since lost her greatest hero. Full of years and honours, Wellington went down to his grave. A nation mourned him. They mourned him because he had done so much and done it so bravely and well for his country. He had faced perils by sea and by land. He had borne summer heat, and winter cold. He had stood in the "imminent deadly breach," and lifted up an unshrinking front when the air was blackened with fiery shot and bursting shell. He had trodden down his country's foes, and driven her would-be invader into dreary exile. He had maintained her cause against foreign treachery and domestic anarchy. Well, what was it that upheld this man through his wondrous career? What mighty motive lay at the root of his stern, but unimpeachable fidelity? Why, that same cold and uninviting thing—as you deem it—a sense of duty. Duty was his watchword: duty to a human master—to a king. He never boasted higher motive—perhaps never thought of it.—MERRY.

DUTY.—A Liking for

I like to be at my post, doing my duty; indifferent whether one set or another govern, provided they govern well.—SIR J. MOORE.

DUTY.—The Path of

The path of duty is the way to glory.
* TENNYSON.

DUTY.—In Relation to Suffering.

Duty does not consist in suffering everything, but in suffering everything for duty. Sometimes, indeed, it is our duty not to suffer.—DR. VINET.

DUTY.—The Right to Fulfil a

This is the first of rights, the only absolute right. No right more sacred.—DR. VINET.

DUTY.—A Sense of

A sense of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent like the Deity.—J. WEBSTER.

DYSPEPSIA.—The Office of

Dyspepsia is God's appointed health-officer, stationed at the gateway of excess, to warn off all who approach it, and to punish those who will persist in entering the forbidden ground.—CUYLER.

E.

EAGLE.—The Descent of the

Descending in a whirlwind to the ground,
His pinions like the rush of waters sound.
BARBAULD.

EAGLE.—The Elevation of the

The eagle, his calm wings unfurl'd,
Lone-halting in the solitary air,
Knits to the vault of heaven this ball—the world.—SCHILLER.

EAGLE.—The Intent of the

To behold an eagle
Batting the sunny ceiling of the world
With his dark wings, one well might deem
his heart
On heaven; but, no! it is fixed on flesh
and blood;
And soon his talons tell it.—F. J. BAILEY.

EAGLE.—The Kingdom of the

The royal bird his lonely kingdom forms
Amid the gathering clouds and sullen
storms.—BARBAULD.

EAR.—Descriptions of the

A side intelligencer.—LAMB.

The ear is the road to the heart.
VOLTAIRE.

A wicket of the soul.—SIR J. DAVIES.

EAR.—The Mechanism of the

What in ordinary language we call the ear, is only the outer porch or entrance vestibule of a curious series of intricate, winding passages, which, like the lobbies of a great building, lead from the outer air into the inner chambers. Certain of these passages are full of air; others are full of liquid; and thin membranes are stretched like parchment curtains across the corridors at different places, and can be thrown into vibration, or made to tremble, as the head of a drum or the surface of a tambourine does when struck with a stick or the fingers. Between two of those parchment-like curtains, a chain of very small bones extends,

which serves to tighten or relax these membranes, and to communicate vibrations to them. In the innermost place of all, rows of fine threads, called nerves, stretch like the strings of a piano from the last points to which the tremblings or thrillings reach, and pass inwards to the brain. If these threads or nerves are destroyed, the power of hearing as infallibly departs, as the power to give out sound is lost by a piano or violin when its strings are broken.—PROF. G. WILSON.

EARL.—The Title of

This word—*eorle* in Saxon, *comes* Latin—was a great title among the Saxons, who termed them *ealdermen*—elder men—signifying the same as senior or senator among the Romans; and also *sciremen*, because they had each of them the civil government of a separate division or shire. On the irruption of the Danes, they changed the names to *eorles*, which signified the same in their language. The title of earl is the most ancient of the English peerage, there being no title of honour used by our present nobility that was likewise in use by the Saxons except this, which was usually applied to the first in the royal line; and anciently there was no earl but had a *shire* or county for his earldom.—LOARING.

EARLY.—A Prophecy on being

The famous Apollonius being very early at Vespasian's gate, and finding him stirring, from thence conjectured that he was worthy to govern an empire, and said to his companion—"This man surely will be emperor, he is so early."—CAUSSIN.

EARLY-RISERS.—Celebrated

Napoleon devoted only four hours to sleep; Lord Brougham spent the same time in bed when he was the most celebrated man in England. Cobbett wrote:—"What man ever performed a greater quantity of labour than I have performed? Bishop Burnet commenced his studies every morning at four o'clock: so did Bishop Jewell and Sir Thomas More. Dr. Parkhurst, the philologist, rose at five; Gibbon was in his study every morning, winter and summer, at six o'clock; Paley rose every morning at five; Milton was at his books with as much regularity as a merchant or an attorney: he thus wrote:—"My morning haunts are where they should be—at home; not sleeping, or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast, but up and stirring; in winter, often ere the sound of any bell awakes men to labour or devotion; in summer, as oft with the bird that first rouses, or not much tardier, to read good authors, or cause them to be read, till at-

tention be weary, or memory have its full freight; then with useful and generous labours preserving the body's health and hardiness."—J. JOHNSON.

EARLY-RISING.—The Benefit of

Early-rising not only gives us more life in the same number of our years, but adds likewise to their number; and not only enables us to enjoy more of existence in the same measure of time, but increases also the measure.—COLTON.

EARNESTNESS—an Antique Quality.

Earnestness is a quality as old as the heart of man.—G. GILFILLAN.

EARNESTNESS—in Life.

Earnestness in life, even when carried to an extreme, is something very noble and great.—HUMBOLDT.

EARNESTNESS.—A Specimen of

It is not to be calculated how much a single man may effect who throws his whole powers into a thing. Who, for instance, can estimate the influence of Voltaire? He shed an influence of a peculiar sort over Europe. His powers were those of a gay buffoon—far different from those of Hume, and others of his class—but he threw himself wholly into them.—R. CECIL.

EARNESTNESS—without Truth.

Earnestness without solid truth is but "foam cut off from the water"—brilliant, useless, short-lived, and, on the whole, false.—G. GILFILLAN.

EARTH.—Beauty on the

Beauty still walketh on the earth and air,
Our present sunsets are as rich in gold
As ere the Iliad's music was outrolled:
The roses of the spring are ever fair,
'Mong branches green still ring-doves coo
and pair,
And the deep sea still foams its music old:
So if we are at all divinely soul'd,
This beauty will unloose our bond of care.

A. SMITH.

EARTH.—The Circumference of the

The circumference of the globe is twenty-five thousand and twenty miles. It is not so easy to comprehend so stupendous a circle as to put down its extent in figures. It becomes more palpable, perhaps, by comparison, such as this:—A railway train travelling incessantly, night and day, at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, would require six weeks to go round it. The cubical bulk of the earth is two hundred and sixty thousand millions of cubic miles.—TIMBS.

EARTH.—The Declared Creator of the

The earth, from her deep foundations, unites with the celestial orbs that roll throughout boundless space, to declare the glory and show forth the praise of their common Author and Preserver; and the voice of natural religion accords harmoniously with the testimonies of Revelation, in ascribing the origin of the universe to the will of one eternal and dominant intelligence,—the Almighty Lord and Supreme First Cause of all things that subsist.—BUCKLAND.

EARTH.—The Destiny of the

Earth shall live again, and like her sons
Have resurrection to a brighter being;
And waken like a bride, or like a morning,
With a long blush of love to a new life:
Another race of souls shall rule in her,
Creatures all loving, beautiful, and holy.

P. J. BAILEY.

EARTH.—Full of Heaven.

Earth's cramm'd with heaven,
And every common bush a-fire with God!

LEIGH.

EARTH.—The Glory of the

It was the glory of the earth that Christ trod upon its turf. It was the glory of the ocean that He sailed upon its bosom. It was the glory of the sun that it beamed upon His head. It was the glory of the air that it fanned His brow. It was the glory of the waters that they quenched His thirst. It was the glory of the flowers that they perfumed His path. What planet has been so honoured as this? What world so visited, so distinguished, so blest?—DR. O. WINSLOW.

EARTH.—The Magnitude of the

If the materials which form the globe were built up in the form of a column, having a pedestal of the magnitude of England and Wales, the height of the column would be nearly four-and-a-half millions of millions of miles. A tunnel through the earth from England to New Zealand would be nearly eight thousand miles long.—DR. LARDNER.

EARTH.—The Population of the

This was estimated by Busching in 1787 at 1,000,000,000; by Fabri and Stein in 1800 at 900,000,000; Stein and Horschelmann in 1833 at 872,000,000; by Dietrich in 1858 at 1,288,000,000; and by Kolb in 1865 at 1,220,000,000. Dr. Behm estimates it at 1,350,000,000, thus distributed:—Europe, 285,000,000; Asia, 896,600,000; Australia and Polynesia, 3,850,000; Africa, 188,000,000; and America, 74,500,000. At the same time

he acknowledges that it is impossible to arrive at anything more than an approximate notion of the population in Asia and Africa, there being no means of accurately ascertaining the number of inhabitants in those continents.—TIMBS.

EARTHQUAKE.—The Results of an

Immense

The tumult, and the overthrow, the pangs
And agonies of human and of brute
Multitudes, fugitive on every side,
And fugitive in vain. The sylvan scene
Migrates uplifted, and with all its soil
Alighting in far-distant fields, finds out
A new possessor, and survives the change.
Ocean has caught the frenzy, and, upwrought
To an enormous and o'erbearing height,
Not by a mighty wind, but by that Voice
Which winds and waves obey, invades
The shore resistless.—COWPER.

EARTHQUAKES.—The Force of

There can be no doubt that periods of disturbance and repose have followed each other in succession in every region of the globe; but it may be equally true, that the energy of the subterranean movements has been always uniform as regards the *whole earth*. The force of earthquakes may for a cycle of years have been invariably confined, as it is now, to large but determinate spaces, and may then have gradually shifted its position, so that another region, which had for ages been at rest, became in its turn the grand theatre of action.—LYELL.

EARTHQUAKES.—Necessary.

Earthquakes, dreadful as they are, as local and temporal visitations, are, in fact, unavoidable—I had almost said necessary—incidents in a vast system of action to which we owe the very ground we stand upon,—the very land we inhabit, without which neither man, beast, nor bird, would have a place for their existence, and the world would be the habitation of nothing but fishes.—HERSCHEL.

EASE.—Modest

As lamps burn silent with unconscious light,
So modest ease in beauty shines most
bright.—A. HILL.

EASE.—The Perception of

The perception of ease oftentimes renders old age a condition of great comfort, especially when riding at its anchor after a busy or tempestuous life.—ADN. PALEY.

EASE.—The Repose of

A state of ease is the interval of repose and enjoyment between the hurry and the end of life.—ROUSSEAU.

EAST.—Turning to the

The east, in scriptural language, was symbolically considered the more immediate residence of the Almighty, and has been emphatically alluded to in every age, although turning to the east savours, in some degree, of Catholicism, and even in the present day is one of the rites of that form of religion. The sun rises in the east, and the prophets of old always turned their faces in that direction when engaged in their devotions. A brilliant star appeared in the east at the birth of the Messiah. Balaam, Cyrus, and the Magi came from the east. It may be considered merely a sort of devotional piety, commanded to be observed by the canon law. The Christian Churches were anciently built due east and west; and in the early period of Christianity it was usual in Poland, Lithuania, and many other countries, when the creeds were read, for the nobility to rise up and stand facing the east, with their swords drawn, thereby intimating that they were ready, if necessary, to seal the truth of their belief with their blood and life.—**LOARING.**

EASTER-DAY.

O Day of days! shall hearts set free
No "minstrel rapture" find for thee?
Thou art the Sun of other days,
They shine by giving back thy rays;
Enthroned in thy sovereign sphere,
Thou shedd'st thy light on all the year;
Sundays by thee more glorious break,—
An Easter-day in every week;
And week-days following in their train
The fulness of thy blessing gain,
Till all, both resting and employ,
Be one Lord's day of holy joy.—**KEBLE.**

EAT.—Minding what we

Some people have a foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind, what they eat. For my part, I mind very studiously; for I look upon it, that he who does not mind this, will hardly mind anything else.—**DR. JOHNSON.**

EATING.—Moderation in

Moderation is absolutely required in the lower things of life, especially in that of eating. Health—one of the greatest blessings of life—depends upon it; so also the happy flow of spirits, without which life is at least a perfect blank.—**F. DAVIES.**

ECCENTRICITY—not Connected with Wisdom.

Eccentricity is sometimes found connected with genius, but it does not coalesce with true wisdom. Hence men of the first order of intellect have never betrayed it; and

hence also men of secondary talents drop it as they grow wiser; and are satisfied to found their consequence on real and solid excellency; not on peculiarity and extravagance.—**JAY.**

ECHOES—from Afar.

Have not we too—yes, we have—
Answers, and we know not whence;
Echoes from beyond the grave,
Recognized intelligence!

Such within ourselves we hear
Oftimes, ours though sent from far;
Listen! ponder! hold them dear;
For of God—of God they are!
W. WORDSWORTH.

ECHOES.—The Brevity of

Echoes we: listen!
We cannot stay—
As dewdrops glisten,
Then fade away.—**SHELLEY.**

ECONOMIST.—Counsel to be an

Take care to be an economist in prosperity: there is no fear of your being one in adversity.—**ZIMMERMAN.**

ECONOMY.—The Advantage of

Economy is half the battle of life; it is not so hard to earn money as to spend it well.—**SPURGEON.**

ECONOMY—Defined.

We have warped the word "economy" in our English language into a meaning which it has no business whatever to bear. In our use of it, it constantly signifies merely sparing or saving; economy of money means saving money—economy of time, sparing time, and so on. But this is a wholly barbarous use of the word—barbarous in a double sense, for it is not English, and it is bad Greek. Economy no more means saving money than it means spending money. It means—the administration of a house; its stewardship; spending or saving, that is, whether money or time, or anything else, to the best possible advantage. In the simplest and clearest definition of it, economy, whether public or private, means the wise management of labour; and it means this mainly in three senses:—namely, first, *applying* your labour rationally; secondly, *preserving* its produce carefully; lastly, *distributing* its produce carefully.—**RUSKIN.**

ECONOMY.—Political

The principles which regulate the wages of labour, form, without any exception, the most interesting and the most important

division of political economy. The labouring classes compose the great bulk of every community; and a country is happy or miserable, as they are well or ill supplied with the necessaries, comforts, and enjoyments of life. The study of political economy, if it did not teach the way in which labour may obtain an adequate reward, might serve to gratify a merely speculative curiosity, but could scarcely conduce to any purposes of practical utility. It claims the peculiar attention of the benevolent and good, mainly because it explains the causes which depress and elevate wages, and thereby points out the means by which we may mitigate the distress, and improve the condition, of the great majority of mankind. Political economy is not, as has been erroneously stated, the appropriate science of the statesman and the legislator; it is peculiarly and emphatically—the science of the people.—TORRENS.

ECONOMY.—Regard Shown to

The regard one shows economy is like that we show an old aunt, who is to leave us something at last.—SHENSTONE.

ECONOMY.—The Results of

"I do not know how it has accumulated," said a lady when speaking of it to a friend. "A few cuttings and scraps laid aside whenever I cut out shirts—a few dollars carried to the bank when I went to the city—a little interest added on from time to time—it has grown up, almost without thought or care on my part."—ARTHUR.

EDEN.—The Garden of

On he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure
green, .

As with a rural mound, the champaign head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and
wild,

Access denied; and overhead up-grew
Insurmountable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar and pine, and fir, and branching
palm,

A sylvan scene, and, as the ranks ascend,
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their
tops

The verd'rous wall of Paradise up-sprung;
Which to our general sire gave prospect
large

Into his nether empire neighb'ring round:
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appear'd, with gay enamell'd colours mix'd;

On which the sun more glad impress'd his
beams

Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath shower'd the earth; so
lovely seem'd

That landscape; and of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart in-
spires

Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair; now gentle gales
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they
stole

Those balmy spoils: as when to them who
sail

Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabeian odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest; with such delay
Well pleased they slack their course, and
many a league,

Cheer'd with the grateful smell, old Ocean
smiles.—MILTON.

EDINBURGH.—The Grandeur of

What a poem is that Princes Street!
The puppets of the busy, many-coloured
hour move about on its pavement, while
across the ravine Time has piled up the
Old Town, ridge on ridge, grey as a rocky
coast washed and worn by the foam of
centuries; peaked and jagged by gable and
roof; windowed from basement to cope;
the whole surmounted by St. Giles's airy
crown. The New is there looking at the
Old. Two Times are brought face to face,
and are yet separated by a thousand years.
The Castle, too, looks down upon the city
as if out of another world; stern with all
its peacefulness, its garniture of trees, its
slopes of grass. How deep the shadow
which it throws at noon over the gardens at
its feet where the children play! How grand
when giant bulk and towery crown blacken
against sunset!—A. SMITH.

Even thus, methinks, a city reared should
be—

Yea, an imperial city, that might hold
Five times a hundred noble towns in fee;

And either with the might of Babel old,
Or the rich Roman pomp of empery;

Might stand compare—highest in arts
enrolled,

Highest in arms, brave tenement for the
free!

Thus should her towers be raised, with
vicinage
Of clear bold hills, that curve her very
streets,

As if to vindicate, 'mid choicest seats
Of Art, abiding Nature's majesty!

HALLAM.

EDUCATION.—The Aim of

It seemeth to me that the true idea of education is contained in the word itself, which signifies the act of drawing out, or educating; and being applied in a general sense to man, must signify the drawing forth or bringing out those powers which are implanted in him by the hand of his Maker. This, therefore, we must adopt as the rudimental idea of education:—that it aims to do for man that which the agriculturist does for the fruits of the earth, and the gardener for the more choice and beautiful productions thereof:—what the forester does for the trees of the forest, and the tamer and breaker-in of animals does for the several kinds of wild creatures.—**IRVING.**

EDUCATION.—Benefits Derived from

Education gives fecundity of thought, copiousness of illustration, quickness, vigour, fancy, words, images, and illustrations; it decorates every common thing, and gives the power of trifling without being undignified and absurd.—**S. SMITH.**

EDUCATION.—The Best

That education seems to us to be the best which mingles a domestic with a school life, and which gives to a youth the advantage which is to be derived from the learning of a master, and the emulation which results from the society of other boys, together with the affectionate vigilance which he must experience in the house of his parents.—**S. SMITH.**

EDUCATION.—Christian

The great work of Christian education is not the direct and certain fruit of building schools and engaging schoolmasters, but something far beyond, to be compassed only by the joint efforts of all the whole Church and nation, by the schoolmaster and the parent, by the schoolfellow at school, and by the brothers and sisters at home, by the clergyman in his calling, by the landlord in his calling, by the farmer and the tradesman, by the labourer and the professional man, and the man of independent income, whether large or small, in theirs, by the queen and her ministers, by the great council of the nation in parliament; by each and all of these labouring to remove temptations to evil, to make good easier and more honoured, to confirm faith and holiness in others by their own example; in a word, to make men love and glorify their God and Saviour when they see the blessed fruits of His kingdom even here on earth.—**DR. ARNOLD.**

EDUCATION.—The Course of

First, there must proceed a way how to discern the natural inclinations and capacities of children; secondly, next must ensue the culture and furnishment of the mind; thirdly, the moulding of behaviour and decent forms; fourthly, the tempering of affections; fifthly, the quickening and exciting of observation and practical judgment; sixthly, and the last in order, but the principal in value—being that which must knit and consolidate all the rest—is the timely instilling of conscientious principles and seeds of religion.—**WOTTON.**

EDUCATION.—Develops each Character.

What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, and the hero,—the wise, the good, and the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred and brought to light.—**ADDISON.**

EDUCATION.—Early in Life.

As farmers believe it most advantageous to sow in mist, so the first seeds of education should fall in the first and thickest mist of life.—**RICHTER.**

EDUCATION.—The Effects of

By education a person is exalted to a god; by education he is converted to a devil; by education he is degraded to a brute.—**SAVAGE.**

EDUCATION.—for Eternity.

We have a thorough belief that the great secret of training lies in the always regarding the child as immortal. The moment that this is kept out of sight we scheme and arrange as though the child had to live only upon earth, and then our plans not being commensurate with the vastness of their object will necessarily be inadequate to the securing its good. Educate on the principle that you educate for eternity, otherwise it is impossible to produce a beneficial result.—**CANON MELVILL.**

EDUCATION.—The Failings of Modern

The object which it aims at is not to make us good and wise, but learned; in this it has succeeded. It has not taught us to follow and embrace virtue and prudence, but it has imprinted on our minds the derivation and etymology of these words. We know how to decline virtue; we know not how to love it. If we do not know what prudence is in its real essence, and by experience, we are, at all events, able to spell and pronounce it.—**MONTAIGNE.**

EDUCATION.—A Liberal

He that makes his son worthy of esteem by giving him a liberal education, has a far better title to his obedience and duty than he that gives a large estate without it.—SOCRATES.

EDUCATION.—Man without

Without education, what is man? A splendid slave! a reasoning savage! vacillating between the dignity of an intelligence derived from God and the degradation of passions participated with brutes!—E. PHILLIPS.

EDUCATION.—a Pleasurable Employment.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
J. THOMSON.

EDUCATION.—Popular

We are taught to clothe our minds, as we do our bodies, after the fashion in vogue; and it is accounted fantastical, or something worse, not to do so.—LOCKE.

EDUCATION.—Public or Private

At a great school there is all the splendour and illumination of many minds; the radiance of all is concentrated in each, or at least reflected upon each. But we must own that neither a dull boy, nor an idle boy, will do so well at a great school as at a private one. For, at a great school there are always boys enough to do well easily, who are sufficient to keep up the credit of the school; and the dull or idle boys are left at the end of the class, having the appearance of going through the course, but learning nothing at all. Such boys may do good at a private school, where constant attention is paid to them, and they are watched. So that the question of public or private education is not properly a general one; but whether one or the other is best for *my son*.—DR. JOHNSON.

EDUCATION.—The Purposes of

To cultivate a good heart, and to give the understanding such additional strength and information as may safely direct the heart in the various events of life, and teach the possessor of it to act up to the comparative dignity of human nature.—DR. KNOX.

EDUCATION.—Solicitous for a Right

Some, as corrupt in their morals as vice can make them, have been solicitous to have their children virtuously and piously educated.—DR. SOUTH.

EDUCATION—by the State.

It will be the millennium of education when every state, recognizing the unspeakable importance of mental culture, shall bind themselves by statutes to train up the mind of those who are destined to defend their rights and to advance their interests.—DR. DAVIES.

EFFECT—Defined.

Effect is, in a strict sense, a change produced by power; but, in popular language, whatever event invariably and immediately follows another, in such way that the idea of power may be attributed to the first, is called its effect.—I. TAYLOR.

EFFECTS.—Clamouring for

It is the greatest of all mistakes to do nothing because you can only do little: but there are men who are always clamouring for immediate and stupendous effects, and think that virtue and knowledge are to be increased as a tower or a temple are to be increased, where the growth of its magnitude can be measured from day to day, and you cannot approach it without perceiving a fresh pillar, or admiring an added pinnacle.—S. SMITH.

EFFORT.—A Good

My firm belief in the moral government of the world will not suffer me to think that any good effort is ever entirely lost, or that any strenuous and honest endeavour to improve the condition of man is ultimately made in vain. One effort may seem insulated and inefficacious, one endeavour may appear sterile and fruitless, but many make an aggregate that is always sooner or later productive of a corresponding benefit. The moral and physical world will furnish abundant evidence of this cheering and salutary truth.—FELLOWES.

EFFORT.—The Smallest

The smallest effort is not lost;
Each wavelet on the ocean toss'd
Aids in the ebb-tide or the flow;
Each rain-drop makes some flow'ret blow,
Each struggle lessens human woe.

MACKAY.

EFFORTS.—Great Mental

The soul cannot keep up continuously those great mental efforts which are sometimes reached. It only comes up to them at a bound, not as mounting a permanent throne, but one which it is to occupy merely for a moment.—PASCAL.

EFFORTS—must be Joyous.

Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous,—a spirit all sunshine,

—graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.—CARLYLE.

EFFORTS.—The Praise and Censure of

If men praise your efforts, suspect their judgment ; if they censure them, your own.—COLTON.

EFFRONTERY.—A Hardihood of

There is a hardihood of effrontery, which will, under many circumstances, supply the place of courage, as impudence has sometimes passed current for wit.—COLTON.

EGOTISM.—The Effect of

Egotism may sometimes contribute to happiness, taking the word in its lowest sense ; but egotism is the disposition most likely to cause unhappiness when it is combined with sensibility.—DR. VINET.

EGOTISM.—Excessive

So excessive is the egotism of the egotist that he makes himself the darling theme of contemplation ; he admires and loves himself to that degree that he can talk of nothing else.—ADDISON.

EGOTISM.—General.

Egotism is *something* of which each one of us has *something*.—DR. VINET.

EGYPT.—The Natural Characteristics of

Egypt is the anomaly of the earth's present surface. The adaptations and adjustments of the air and of the solar distance, whereby the energies of vegetable life are called forth in other countries, give place here to another code of natural laws, framed expressly for the valley of the Nile. The atmospheric changes of other lands, whether they be the mild gradations of temperate climates, or the fierce convulsions of the tropics, are alike unknown in Egypt. The intensely vivid blue of the sky of Egypt is scarcely ever over-clouded. From the moment that he surmounts the white and bleached rocks of the eastern desert, to that when he descends behind the parched sands of the Sahara, the sun pours down all his fervours on the land of Egypt, unveiled by cloud, or speck, or stain, and throughout the whole year. Rain is all but unknown in Cairo ; it is a fearful portent, occurring only after intervals of many years, in Upper Egypt.—OSBURN.

EJACULATIONS.—when Dressing.

In your dressing, let there be ejaculations fitted to the several actions of dressing.—BR. TAYLOR.

ELDER.—Emblematic Character of the

This tree has several drawbacks. One is, its strong and baneful odour, which oppresses the head of all who approach it ; and another, its commonness, for it grows beside every wall and hedge, and often where one would least expect it. Accordingly, it is a striking emblem of a man of learning, experience, and ability, but of rude and unpolished manners, who forgets to clean the basket in which he takes his excellent wares to market, or who makes himself too common. Hence the old adage is true—he who gains in learning, but loses in manners, in so far grows a smaller, instead of a greater man.—SCRIVER.

ELECT AND NON-ELECT.—The

The elect are whosoever will, and the non-elect whosoever won't.—H. W. BEECHER.

ELECTION.—The Doctrine of

The doctrine of election is in itself a necessary inference from an undeniable fact ; necessary, at least, for all who hold that the best of men are what they are through the grace of God.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

ELECTION.—Means Included in

Eternal election includeth a subordination of means, without which we are not actually brought to enjoy what God did secretly intend ; and, therefore, to build upon God's election, if we keep not ourselves to the ways which He hath appointed for men to walk in, is but a self-deceiving vanity.—HOOKER.

ELECTIONS.—Political

There is so much corruption in political elections as to prove the great enemy of human freedom.—J. Q. ADAMS.

ELECTRICITY.—The Characteristics of

Electricity is far swifter than sound or light. It is not afraid of the dark ; it is not alarmed at the sea ; and it can travel in all weathers.—PROF. G. WILSON.

ELECTRICITY.—The Source of

Analyse electricity as strictly as you can, the question recurs, it has been said—“What is it? whence comes it?” and the answer must be—“From an inconceivable, illimitable Power behind and within those elements—in one word, from God.”—G. GILFILLAN.

ELEMENTS.—Exhaustion of the

Many philosophers imagine that the elements themselves may be in time exhausted ;

that the sun, by shining long, will effuse all its light; and that, by the continual waste of aqueous particles, the whole earth will at last become a sandy desert. I would not advise my readers to disturb themselves by contriving how they shall live without light and water; for the days of universal thirst and perpetual darkness are at a great distance. The ocean and the sun will last our time, and we may leave posterity to shift for themselves.—DR. JOHNSON.

ELEMENTS.—The Offices of the

As a student of physical geography, I regard the earth, sea, air, and water, as pieces of mechanism not made with hands, but to which, nevertheless, certain offices have been assigned in the terrestrial economy. It is good and profitable to seek to find out these offices, and point them out to our fellows. And when, after patient research, I am led to the discovery of any one of them, I feel with the astronomer of old, as though I had "thought one of God's thoughts," and tremble!—LIEUT. MAURY.

ELEVATION.—Danger Attached to

There is danger attached to all elevation; we must not except even spiritual elevation.—DR. VINET.

ELEVATION.—True

True elevation does not consist in the elevation of nature, in the material or exterior hierarchy of beings. True elevation, an elevation essential and eternal, is one of merit, one of virtue. Birth, fortune, genius, are nothing before God. For what is birth before God who was never born? What is fortune before God who made the world? What is genius before God who is an infinite mind, and from whom we derive that little flame which we honour by so fine a name? Evidently nothing. That which is something before God, which approaches Him, is personal elevation, due to an effort of virtue, which in whatever rank of nature we are placed, re-produces in the soul an actual image of the Deity.—LACORDAIRE.

ELIJAH.—The Prophet

The Power which came upon him cut, by its fierce coming, all the ties which bound him to his kind, tore him from the plough, or from the pastoral solitude, and hurried him to the desert, and thence to the foot of the throne, or to the wheel of the triumphal chariot. And how startling his coming to crowned or conquering guilt! Wild from the wilderness, bearded like its lion-lord; the fury of God glaring in his eye; his

mantle heaving to his heaving breast; his words stern, swelling, tinged on their edges with a terrible poetry; his attitude dignity; his gesture power—how did he burst upon the astonished gaze! how swift and solemn his entrance! how short and spirit-like his stay! how dream-like, yet distinctly-dreadful, the impression made by his words long after they had ceased to tingle on the ears! and how mysterious the solitude into which he seemed to melt away! Poet, nay prophet, were a feeble name for such a being. He was a momentary incarnation—a meteor kindled at the eye, and blown on the breath, of the Eternal. God testified him to be the greatest of the family of the prophets, by raising him to heaven.—G. GILFILLAN.

ELISHA.—Greatness and Goodness of

Elisha was, in the strictest sense, a great and a good man; and in his goodness consisted his greatness. His life is a living sermon. He was to be found in season and out of season,—in every occasion of need. Never do we find him lacking in moral courage. Wherever his word and presence were required to rebuke sin this righteous man was "bold as a lion!" He seems to grudge no time, no labour, if only his great work be advanced. We find him in royal palaces, in martial camps, in weeping households. At one time, hurling the awful malediction over impenitence and wrongdoing; at another mingling his tears over "the loved and lost," and then his songs of joy over the lost, raised to be loved again. Poor and unostentatious in dress, in mien, in dwelling, he had been again and again the saviour of his country, and exercised what was equivalent to regal sway in court and city,—by the throne and by the altar. He had fostered, with loving heart, the schools of the prophets,—training, with holy fidelity, those on whom the mantle of his office and example was afterwards to fall. In fine, he was the John of the prophetic period, the Barnabas of the Old Testament.—MACDUFF.

ELOCUTION—the Precept of Rhetoric.

On being asked what was the first and chiefest among the precepts of rhetoric, Demosthenes answered—"Elocution"; what the second, he answered—"Elocution"; what the third, he answered still—"Elocution."—ST. AUGUSTINE.

ELOCUTION—Subordinate to Philosophy.

The studying of words, and not matter, is so justly contemptible, that, as Hercules, when he saw the image of Adonis, Venus's minion, in a temple, said in disdain, *nil sacri est*; so there are none of Hercules's

followers in learning, that is, in the more severe and laborious toil of inquirers after truth, but will despise those delicacies and affectations as capable of no divineness. Indeed, it seems to me, that Pygmalion's frenzy is a good emblem and portraiture of this vanity; for words are but the images of matter, and except they have the life of reason and invention, to fall in love with them is all one as to fall in love with a picture. But yet, notwithstanding, it is not hastily to be condemned to clothe and adorn the obscurity even of philosophy itself with sensible and plausible elocution.—LORD BACON.

ELOQUENCE.—The Beauties of

Eloquence, like the fair sex, has too prevailing beauties in it to suffer itself ever to be spoken against.—LOCKE.

ELOQUENCE.—The Captivating Power of

Eloquence, when at its highest pitch, leaves little room for reason or reflection, but addresses itself entirely to the fancy or the affections, captivates the willing hearers, and subdues their understanding. Happily, this pitch it seldom attains.—HUME.

ELOQUENCE.—Common

Common eloquence is usually a cheat upon the understanding; it deceives us with appearances instead of things, and makes us think we see reason, whilst it is only tickling our sense.—H. BAKER.

ELOQUENCE.—Fitted to the Multitude.

If our eloquence be directed above the heads of our hearers we shall do no execution. By pointing our arguments low, we stand a chance of hitting their hearts, as well as their heads. In addressing angels, we could hardly raise our eloquence too high; but we must remember that men are not angels. Would we warm them by our eloquence, unlike Mahomet's mountain, it must come down to them, since they cannot raise themselves to it. It must come home to their wants and their wishes, to their hopes and their fears, to their families and their fire-sides. The moon gives a far greater light than all the fixed stars put together, although she is much smaller than any of them; the reason is, that the stars are superior and remote, but the moon is inferior and contiguous.—COLTON.

ELOQUENCE.—a Gift.

Eloquence is not a thing for which one can give a receipt. It is the noble, the harmonious, the passionate expression of truths profoundly realized, or of emotions intensely felt. It is a flame which cannot be kindled by artificial means. Rhetoric

may be taught, if any one thinks it worth learning; but eloquence is a gift as innate as the genius from which it springs.—FARRAR.

ELOQUENCE.—Inspired by the Heart.

It is amazing to what heights eloquence of this kind may reach! This is that eloquence the ancients represented as lightning, bearing down every opposer; this the power which has turned whole assemblies into astonishment, admiration, and awe; that is described by the torrent, the flame, and every other instance of irresistible impetuosity.—GOLDSMITH.

ELOQUENCE.—The Native Soil of

I have always found that all things, moral or physical, grow in the soil best suited for them. Show me a deep and tenacious earth—and I am sure the oak will spring up in it. In a low and damp soil I am equally certain of the alder and the willow. The free parliament of a free people is the native soil of eloquence—and in that soil will it ever flourish and abound—there it will produce those intellectual effects which drive before them whole tribes and nations of the human race, and settle the destinies of man.—S. SMITH.

ELOQUENCE.—The Power of

Pow'r above pow'rs! O heavenly eloquence!

That with the strong rein of commanding words

Dost manage, guide, and master th' eminence

Of men's affections more than all their swords!

Shall we not offer to thy excellence

The richest treasure that our wit affords?
Thou that canst do much more with one pen

Than all the pow'rs of princes can effect;
And draw, divert, dispose, and fashion men,

Better than force or rigour can direct!

Should we this ornament of glory, then,
As th' unmaterial fruits of shades, neglect?

DANIEL.

ELOQUENCE.—Three Kinds of

There are three kinds of eloquence:—the eloquence of passion and sympathy; the eloquence of intellect; and the eloquence of imagination.—G. GILFILLAN.

ELOQUENCE.—The Tide of

Rapt with zeal, pathetic, bold, and strong,
He roll'd the full tide of eloquence along.

FALCONER.

ELYSIUM.—The Happy Condition of

The verdant fields with those of heaven
may vie,
With ether vested, and a purple sky—
The blissful seats of happy souls below.

VIRGIL.

ELYSIUM.—Preferred.

If I were now disengaged from my cum-
brous body, and on my way to Elysium,
and some superior being should meet me
in my flight, and make the offer of return-
ing, and remaining in my body, I should,
without hesitation, reject the offer, so much
should I prefer going to Elysium to be with
Socrates, and Plato, and all the ancient
worthies, and to spend my time in converse
with them.—CICERO.

EMANCIPATION.—Universal

I speak in the spirit of the British law,
which makes liberty commensurate with
and inseparable from British soil ; which
proclaims even to the stranger and so-
journer, the moment he sets his foot upon
British earth, that the ground on which
he treads is holy, and consecrated by the
genius of UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION.
No matter in what language his doom may
have been pronounced ; no matter what
complexion, incompatible with freedom,
an Indian or an African sun may have
burnt upon him ; no matter in what disas-
trous battle his liberty may have been
cloven down ; no matter with what so-
lemnities he may have been devoted upon
the altar of slavery ; the first moment he
touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar
and the god sink together in the dust ; his
soul walks abroad in her own majesty ;
his body swells beyond the measure of his
chains that burst from around him ; and
he stands redeemed, regenerated, disen-
thralled, by the irresistible genius of UNI-
VERSAL EMANCIPATION !—CURRAN.

EMBALMING.—The Practice of

Among the ancient Egyptians it was
believed that as long as the body was kept
from corruption, the soul hovered near it,
and would ultimately re-animate it in its
original form ; but if the deceased were
known to be guilty of any crime, his body
was not allowed to be embalmed or buried.
They also believed that after the lapse of
36,000 years the soul would re-inhabit the
body ; hence their practice of embalming.
One of the substances for embalming was
a sort of wax, which, in the Arabic lan-
guage, is called *mum*, from which is de-
rived the English term—mummy. They
also embalmed the bodies of those animals
they held sacred, such as the monkey, lion,

crocodile, bear, rat, dog, cat, wolf, etc.—
LOARING.

EMIGRANT.—The Dreams of the

Content and placid, to his rest he sank ;
But dreams, those wild magicians, that do
play

Such pranks when reason slumbers, tireless
wrought

Their will with him. Up rose the thronging
mart

Of his own native city—roof and spire,
All glittering bright, in fancy's frost-work
ray :

The steed his boyhood nurtured proudly
neigh'd ;

The favourite dog came frisking round his
feet,

With shrill and joyous bark : familiar doors
Flew open ; greeting hands with his were
link'd

In friendship's grasp ; he heard the keen
debate

From congregated haunts, where mind with
mind

Doth blend and brighten—and, till morning,
roved

'Mid the loved scenery of his native land.

SIGOURNEY.

EMINENCE.—The Road to

I do not hesitate to say that the road to
eminence and power from an obscure con-
dition ought not to be made too easy, nor
a thing too much of course. If rare merit
be the rarest of all things, it ought to pass
through some sort of probation. The
Temple of Honour ought to be seated on
an eminence. If it be open through virtue,
let it be remembered too, that virtue is
never tried but by some difficulty, and some
struggle.—BURKE.

EMOTION.—The Love of

The love of emotion is the foundation of
tragedy.—S. SMITH.

EMOTIONS.—Loving

All loving emotions, like plants, shoot
up most rapidly in the tempestuous atmo-
sphere of life.—RICHTER.

EMOTIONS.—Three Orders of

There are three orders of emotions :—
those of pleasure, which refer to the senses ;
those of harmony, which refer to the mind ;
and those of happiness, which are the
natural result of a union between harmony
and pleasure.—CHIAPONE.

EMPERORS.—Good

Flavius Vopiscus said—"All the names
of the good emperors may be engraven on
a little ring." I will not say that there are

not any good men who are great, but I will say that there are not many great men who are good.—W. SECKER.

EMPIRE.—The True

The true empire is that of thought.—DR. VINET.

EMPIRES.—The Change in

Empires and nations flourish and decay,
By turns command, and in their turns obey.
OVID.

EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYED.

No separate interest can subsist between employer and employed. If you thrive, I thrive: on your well-doing will depend my comfort, my honour, and my character; for I shall stand high or the reverse, as I act justly or unjustly by you.—STAIR.

EMPLOYMENT.—The Advantages of

Whatever busies the mind without corrupting it, has at least this advantage—that it rescues the day from idleness; and he that is never idle will not often be vicious.—DR. JOHNSON.

EMPLOYMENT—Necessary for Man.

With the exception of one extraordinary man, I have never known an individual—least of all, a man of genius—healthy and happy without a profession; that is—some regular employment, which does not depend on the will of the moment, and which can be carried on so far mechanically, that an average quantum only of health, spirits, and intellectual exertion are requisite to its faithful discharge. Three hours of leisure unannoyed by any alien anxiety, and looked forward to with delight as a change and recreation, will suffice to realize, in literature, a larger product of what is truly genial, than weeks of compulsion.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

EMULATION—Defined.

It is a generous ardour kindled by the praiseworthy examples of others. It involves in it admiration of the attainments we desire to imitate or excel, together with a joy springing from the hope of success.—BUCK.

EMULATION—a Spur to Virtue.

Emulation has been termed a spur to virtue, and assumes to be a spur of gold.—COLTON.

END.—Recompense at the

The end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator—Time,
Will one day end it.—SHAKESPEARE.

END.—Wait for the

It is the part of wisdom to wait for the end of things; for God often uproots the prosperous, and overturns those who have reached the highest pinnacle of fame.—DR. DAVIES.

ENDEAVOUR.—The Reward of every

No endeavour is in vain;
Its reward is in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquish'd gain.
LONGFELLOW.

ENDURANCE.—The Sublimity of

I cannot help thinking that the severe and rigid economy of a man in distress has something in it very sublime, especially if it be endured for any length of time serenely and in silence. I remember a very striking instance of it in a young man, since dead; he was the son of a country curate, who had got him a berth on board a man-of-war, as midshipman. The poor curate made a great effort for his son; fitted him out well with clothes, and gave him fifty pounds in money. The first week, the poor boy lost his chest, clothes, money, and everything he had in the world. The ship sailed for a foreign station; and his loss was without remedy. He immediately quitted his mess, ceased to associate with the other midshipmen, who were the sons of gentlemen; and for five years, without mentioning it to his parents—who he knew could not assist him—or without borrowing a farthing from any human being, without a single murmur or complaint, did that poor lad endure the most abject and degrading poverty, at a period of life when the feelings are most alive to ridicule, and the appetites most prone to indulgence. Now, I confess I am a mighty advocate for the sublimity of such long and patient endurance. If you can make the world stare and look on, there, you have vanity, or compassion, to support you; but to bury all your wretchedness in your own mind,—to resolve that you will have no man's pity, while you have one effort left to procure his respect,—to harbour no mean thought in the midst of abject poverty, but, at the very time you are surrounded by circumstances of humility and depression, to found a spirit of modest independence upon the consciousness of having always acted well;—this is a sublime, which, though it is found in the shade and retirement of life, ought to be held up to the praises of men, and to be looked upon as a noble model for imitation.—S. SMITH.

ENEMY.—Benefits Derived from an

An enemy is often like a medicine, which at first sickens and disorders the stomach, but afterwards removes the malady, and restores the health. An enemy teaches us to walk circumspectly, impels us to prayer, exercises us in patience, confirms our faith, tests our charity, implants meekness, crushes pride, weans us from the world, and sweetens to us the prospect of heaven. Unless the fire and hammer do their part, the shapeless lump of gold can never become the goblet which graces a monarch's table.—SCRIVER.

ENEMY.—Confidence in an

To place confidence in an enemy is more dangerous than to play with poisonous vipers.—TIECK.

ENEMY.—A Friend Changed into an

From necessity, oppose or thwart a friend, and, unless his affection be pure as the light, and firm as a rock, he will probably become your bitterest enemy. You may be possessed of many eminent virtues; but these will not avail for you in his estimation. His mind, "set on fire of hell," will think only of that evil, or supposed evil, which you have done him, or of that unfortunate blemish in your character which he has unfortunately witnessed and eagerly published "from Dan to Beersheba." His "tender mercies are very cruel." Nor will his revengefulness subside, until the object of his hate reaches that quiet place "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are for ever at rest."—DR. DAVIES.

ENEMY.—Kindness to an

A slave, who had by the force of his sterling worth risen high in the confidence of his master, saw one day, trembling in the slave-market, a negro, whose grey head and bent form showed him to be in the last weakness of old age. He implored his master to purchase him. He expressed his surprise, but gave his consent. The old man was bought and conveyed to the estate. When there, he who had pleaded for him took him to his own cabin—placed him on his own bed—fed him at his own board—gave him water from his own cup; when he shivered carried him into the sunshine; when he drooped in the heat, bore him softly to the shade. "What is the meaning of all this?" asked a witness. "Is he your father?" "No." "Is he, then, your friend?" "No! he is my enemy. Years ago he stole me from my native village, and sold me for a slave: and the good Lord has said—'If thine enemy hunger, feed

him: if he thirst, give him drink, for in so doing, thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.'"—STANFORD.

ENERGIES—must not Stagnate.

Never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of too many irons in the fire conveys an abominable error. You cannot have too many—poker, tongs, and all: keep them all a-going.—DR. A. CLARKE.

ENERGY.—The Effect of

The longer I live, the more deeply am I convinced that that which makes the difference between one man and another—between the weak and powerful, the great and insignificant—is energy, invincible determination—a purpose once formed, and then death or victory. This quality will do anything that is to be done in the world; and no two-legged creature can become a man without it.—BUXTON.

ENRGY.—Mental

As on the one hand mental energy is stunted and chilled by absolute penury, and the necessity of daily labour for daily bread, so on the other hand it is at least as likely to be repressed and destroyed by too abundant leisure, by the sense of security which belongs to an assured position, and by the thousand opportunities of easy enjoyment which wealth and leisure confer.—LORD STANLEY.

ENERGY.—The Possession of

He alone has energy that cannot be deprived of it.—LAVATER.

ENGAGEMENTS.—Long

Long engagements are like opium-eating; all the raptures are at the beginning, and are dearly purchased by the feverish excitement and startling tremors which assail us as we proceed.—ABDY.

ENGLAND.—The Christianity of

The reason why England is the strongest nation is—because it is the most Christian nation, because it has the most moral power. It has more than we have. We like to talk about ourselves on the fourth of July—we love to fan ourselves with eulogies; but we are not to be compared to-day with Old England. I know her surly faults—I know her stubborn conceit, but taking her up on one side, and down on the other, there is not another nation that represents so much Christianity as England.—H. W. BEECHER.

ENGLAND.—The Church of

It is the glory, if not one of the distinctive principles of the Church of England,

that she is at the same time Protestant and Catholic—Protestant in the attitude of opposition to the innovations of the Church of Rome, and Catholic as a sound and living member of that one Church which is the body of Christ.—BP. JACKSON.

The total number of benefices, or, more properly, separate incumbencies in England, is well-nigh eleven thousand; the number of church places of worship within these districts is considerably greater. In each of these places is heard the sound of the Sabbath-bell, inviting all who hear it to assemble and unite in the services of Christian worship. Can any sensible man question, as it respects the population generally, the mighty effects of these weekly associations, and these regular means of grace? Can it be doubted that a vast influence is thus everywhere at work, operating beneficially upon the moral feelings and character of the people at large?—DEALTRY.

ENGLAND.—The Homes of

The stately homes of England,

How beautiful they stand!

Amidst their tall ancestral trees,

O'er all the pleasant land!

The deer across their greensward bound

Through shade and sunny gleam,

And the swan glides past them with the sound

Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!

Around their hearths by night,

What gladsome looks of household love

Meet in the ruddy light!

There woman's voice flows forth in songs,

Or childhood's tale is told;

Or lips move tunefully along

Some glorious page of old.

The cottage homes of England!

By thousands on her plains

They are smiling o'er the silv'ry brook,

And round the hamlet-fanes;

Through glowing orchards forth they peep,

Each from its nook of leaves:

And fearless there the lowly sleep,

As the bird beneath their eaves.

HEMANS.

ENGLAND.—The Hospitality of

The hospitality of England has become famous in the world; and, I think, not without reason. I doubt not there is just as much hospitable feeling in other countries; but in England the matter of cosiness and home-comfort has been so studied, and matured, and reduced to system, that they really have it in their power to effect more towards making their guests comfortable than perhaps any other people.—MRS. STOWE.

ENGLAND.—The Industry and Commerce of

It must, indeed, be a gratifying sight to any man who is connected with the destinies of this great country to visit the seats of industry and commerce—to witness the wonderful effects of creative genius—of inventive skill, and persevering and successful exertion. There are other parts of the globe which appear to have been more favoured by nature—there are lands in which the natural warmth of the sun suffices for the comforts of mankind—where the teeming soil, either spontaneously or with trifling labour, produces everything which the people require for the satisfaction of their limited wants; but in those regions there is no moral and intellectual improvement, there is no social progress, and the people's minds are lulled asleep by the ease with which their immediate wants are supplied—are dormant, and make no advancement. In these British Islands Nature, at first sight, appears to frown upon us; but if she is perseveringly and without cessation wooed, she relaxes into smiles, and endlessly showers upon us unnumbered blessings. Providence appears, at first sight, to have been less prodigal to these islands in her precious gifts than she has been in other parts of the globe; but it would be a great mistake to believe that it was so. In other countries the treasures of Providence are scattered broadcast over the surface. They have only to be gathered and enjoyed. They are, however, not the less abundant here; they are not the less conducive to all the wants which the minds, and habits, and usages of men may require; but they are locked up in a strong box, the lock of which cannot be picked, and which can only be opened by the forcible application of the crowbar. That application the people of these islands make, and opening that secret chest, they find in it abundance of wealth, by which they are enabled to bring to their shores all that the other portions of the earth produce, and which we may want for our enjoyment.—PALMERSTON.

ENGLAND.—Liberty in

Of all European countries, England is the one where, during the longest period, the government has been most quiescent, and the people most active; where popular freedom has been settled on the widest basis; where each man is most able to say what he thinks, and do what he likes; where everyone can follow his own bent, and propagate his own opinions; where, religious persecution being little known, the play and flow of the human mind may be

clearly seen, unchecked by those restraints to which it is elsewhere subjected ; where the profession of heresy is least dangerous, and the practice of dissent most common ; where hostile creeds flourish side by side, and rise and decay without disturbance, according to the wants of the people ; where all interests, and all classes, both spiritual and temporal, are most left to take care of themselves ; and where, in a word, those dangerous extremes to which interference gives rise, having been avoided, despotism and rebellion are equally rare, and concession being recognized as the groundwork of policy, the national progress has been least disturbed by the power of privileged classes, by the influence of particular sects, or by the violence of arbitrary rulers.—BUCKLE.

ENGLAND.—Love for

I love thee, O my native Isle !
 Dear as my mother's earliest smile,
 Sweet as my father's voice to me
 Is all I hear and all I see.
 When glancing o'er thy beauteous land
 In view thy public virtues stand,
 The guardian angels of thy coast,
 Who watch the dear domestic host
 The heart's affections, pleased to roam
 Around the quiet heaven of home.
 J. MONTGOMERY.

Land of our fathers ! precious unto me,
 Since the first joys of thinking infancy,
 When of thy gallant chivalry I read,
 And hugg'd the volume on my sleepless bed !
 O England ! dearer far than life is dear,
 If I forget thy prowess, never more
 Be thy ungrateful son allowed to hear
 Thy green leaves rustle, or thy torrents roar.
 W. WORDSWORTH.

ENGLAND.—The Nobility of

The nobility of England is the most enlightened, the best educated, the wisest, and bravest in Europe.—ROUSSEAU.

ENGLAND—the Rome of the Waters.

Rome of the waters ! on thy sea-girt rock,
 Far from the battle and the tempest's shock,
 Thou sittest proudly on thine ocean throne,
 A sceptred queen, majestic and alone !
 In fairy state, on emerald couch reclined,
 Rock'd by the waves, and cradled in the
 wind !
 Far o'er the deep thy crimson flag unfurl'd,
 Streams like a meteor to the gazing world.
 With stately necks and bounding motion,
 ride
 Thy gallant barks, like swans upon the
 tide ;
 Lift up their swelling bosoms to the sky,
 And spread their wings, to woo the gales
 from high.—T. K. HERVEY.

ENGLAND.—The Royal Rule of

The peace, the freedom, the happiness, the order which Victoria's rule guarantees, are part of my birthright as an Englishman, and I bless God for my share ! Where else shall I find such liberty of action, thought, speech, or laws which protect me so well !—THACKERAY.

ENGLAND.—The Safety of

Let us be back'd with God and with the
 seas
 Which He hath given for fence impregnable,
 And with their helps only defend our-
 selves ;
 In them and in ourselves our safety lies.
 SHAKESPEARE.

ENGLAND.—The Strength of

England has been destroyed every ten or fifteen years—from the time of the Armada to the present day—in the prophecies of men. Every few years she has been about to be overthrown by sea ; she has been about to be ploughed up by the land ; she has been about to be stripped of her resources in India, and in other parts of the globe. Nations have formed alliances against her ; the armies and fleets of the civilized world have gone about her ; her interests, political and pecuniary, have been repeatedly and violently assailed ; and yet she stood, as she now stands, mistress of the seas, and the strongest power on earth.—H. W. BEECHER.

ENGLAND.—Trees in

Trees here are an order of nobility ; and they wear their crowns right kingly.—MRS. STOWE.

ENGLISH.—The Characteristics of the

We are a mixed race, and our character partakes of the compound nature of our descent. Its excellence consists not in one predominant quality, but in the union of several : we have not the rich humour and glowing imagination of the Spaniards, the insidious refinement of the Italians, nor the delicacy and gaiety of the French ; but we have a sprinkling of all these.—LOFFT.

ENGLISH.—Perseverance of the

If the English were in a paradise of spontaneous productions, they would continue to dig and plough, though they were never a peach nor a pine-apple the better for it.—S. SMITH.

ENGLISHMAN.—The Superiority of an

An Englishman would live twenty years in a house without knowing his neighbours ; a Frenchman would know all of them in

twenty-four hours. Let the sociable Frenchman be planted among the tattooed islanders of the South Seas, and in two years he would be found tattooed; put an Englishman in the same position, and he would be king of the island in the time.—KOSSUTH.

ENJOYMENT.—The Best

Enjoyment is derived, more or less, from physical and mental engagements; but the best, which flows in upon the soul with a never-ending tide, is the pure gift of Heaven.—DR. DAVIES.

ENJOYMENT.—Inexpressible.

I have always felt true enjoyment cannot be expressed in words.—ROUSSEAU.

ENJOYMENTS.—The Uncertainty of

You would think him an absurd man who, when he sees an eagle in his field, would take great care how to fence it in there, whereas no fence can secure it, make it as high as he can. The eagle, when she list, will make use of her wings and fly away; she will do it certainly. Such winged things are the enjoyments of this life. There is nothing so certain as our utter uncertainty of having them or keeping them.—CLARKSON.

ENJOYMENTS.—Worldly

Wordly enjoyments are but like hot waters, which, as some affirm, are soonest congealed in frosty weather.—W. SECKER.

ENMITIES.—The Difficulty of Reconciling

Where enmities are of long standing, and of a serious nature, it is difficult to effect a real reconciliation; for it is prevented either by suspicion, or by the desire of vengeance.—GUICCIARDINI.

ENMITY.—Hated.

'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
SHAKESPEARE.

ENNUI.—The Birth of

Ennui was born one day of uniformity.—MOTTE.

ENNUI.—The Evils Produced by

Ennui perhaps has made more gamblers than avarice, more drunkards than thirst, and perhaps as many suicides as despair.—COLTON.

ENOCH.—The Character of

He "came to God;" "he walked with God;" and "he pleased God."—DR. J. HAMILTON.

ENOCH.—The Character of

He was the most saintly of "the world's grey fathers;" hence "he was not; for God took him."—E. DAVIES.

ENOUGH.—The Happiness of Possessing

Much will always wanting be
To him who much desires. Thrice happy
he
To whom the wise indulgency of Heaven,
With sparing hand, but just enough has
given.—A. COWLEY.

ENTERPRISES.—The Fate of

All enterprises which are begun inconsiderately, are violent at the beginning, but soon languish.—TACITUS.

ENTERTAINMENTS.—Intellectual

Man in his lowest state has no pleasures but those of sense, and no wants but those of appetite; afterwards, when society is divided into different ranks, and some are appointed to labour for the support of others, those whom their superiority sets free from labour begin to look for intellectual entertainments. Thus while the shepherds were attending their flocks, their masters made the first astronomical observations; so music is said to have had its origin from a man at leisure listening to the strokes of a hammer.—SIR J. REYNOLDS.

ENTHUSIASM.—in Adversity.

Enthusiasm is a virtue rarely to be met with in seasons of calm and unruffled prosperity. Enthusiasm flourishes in adversity, kindles in the hour of danger, and awakens to deeds of renown. The terrors of persecution only serve to quicken the energy of its purposes. It swells in proud integrity, and, great in the purity of its cause, it can scatter defiance amidst hosts of enemies!—CHALMERS.

ENTHUSIASM.—Defined.

It is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it.—LYTTON.

ENTHUSIASM.—the Noblest Condition.

Enthusiasm for what is good and great is the noblest condition the heart can know, a disposition in which it were well if it could continually abide.—DR. VINET.

ENVOIOUS.—All are

We are all envious naturally: but, by checking envy, we get the better of it.—DR. JOHNSON.

ENVOIOUS—of Another's State.

The lion craved the fox's art ;
The fox the lion's force and heart ;
The cock implored the pigeon's flight,
Whose wings were rapid, strong, and light ;
The pigeon strength of wing despised,
And the cock's matchless valour prized ;
The fishes wish'd to graze the plain ;
The beasts to skim beneath the main :
Thus, envious of another's state,
Each blamed the partial hand of Fate.

GAY.

ENVOIOUS.—The Praise of the

The praise of the envious is far less creditable than their censure ; they praise only that which they can surpass, but that which surpasses them they censure.—COLTON.

ENVY.—The Attitude of

Envy never walks erect, but, like a serpent, crawls along the ground. Fit attitude for the meanest vice,—the blackest passion of the human heart !—DR. DAVIES.

ENVY.—The Blindness of

Envy is blind, and can do nothing but dispraise virtue.—SOLON.

ENVY.—The Cause of

A man who hath no virtue in himself ever envieth virtue in others ; for men's minds will either feed upon their own good, or upon others' evil ; and who wanteth the one, will prey upon the other.—LORD BACON.

ENVY.—The Cure for

The only cure for envy is to look upon the prosperity of the envied person as belonging to one's self.—DIONYSIUS.

ENVY—Defined.

Envy is an uneasiness of the mind, caused by the consideration of a good we desire, obtained by one we think should not have had it before us.—LOCKE.

ENVY—Described.

Livid and meagre were her looks ; her eye,
In foul, distorted glances turned awry ;
A hoard of gall her inward parts possess'd,
And spread a greenness o'er her canker'd breast ;
Her teeth were brown with rust, and, from her tongue,
In dangling drops, the stringy poison hung.
She never smiles but when the wretched weep,
Nor lulls her malice with a moment's sleep,

Restless in spite ; while, watchful to destroy,
She pines and sickens at another's joy ;
Foe to herself, distressing and distressed,
She bears her own tormentor in her breast.
OVID.

ENVY—Founded in Grief.

Envy, like a corroding plaister, lies gnawing at the heart, and indeed is founded in grief, that being the object of it either in himself or others, through all the conditions that are. Either he grieves in himself when another is happy, or else, if ever he does rejoice, it is certainly because another does suffer ; so calamity seems the centre that he points into.—FELTHAM.

EPICURE.—The

In choice
Of morsels for the body, nice he was,
And scrupulous, and knew all wines by smell
Or taste ; and every composition knew
Of cookery.—R. POLLOK.

EPIGRAMMIST.—The

He is a kind of vagabond writer ; and his works are like a running banquet, that have much variety, but little of a sort.—S. BUTLER.

EPITAPH—on Charles II.

Here lies our sovereign lord the King,
Whose word no man relies on ;
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one.—ROCHESTER.

EPITAPH.—The Writer of an

He should not be considered as saying nothing but what is strictly true. Allowance must be made for some degree of exaggerated praise. In lapidary inscriptions a man is not upon oath.—DR. JOHNSON.

EQUALITY.—Moral

All honest men, whether counts or cobblers, are of the same rank, if classed by moral distinctions.—S. SMITH.

EQUALITY.—Nature has no

Nature has no equality : its sovereign law is subordination and dependence.—VAUVENARGUES.

EQUALITY—The Sole.

The sole equality on earth is death.
P. J. BAILEY.

EQUALITY—Undesirable.

If all people were equal, the world could not go on ; nobody would serve

another, and there would be no peace.—
LUTHER.

EQUANIMITY—often Lost.

A thing often lost, but seldom found.—
MRS. BALFOUR.

EQUANIMITY—Preserved.

The equanimity which a few persons preserve through the diversities of prosperous and adverse life, reminds me of certain aquatic plants which spread their tops on the surface of the water, and with a wonderful elasticity keep the surface still, if the water swells, or if it falls.—FOSTER.

EQUITY—a Refined Science.

Equity has shaped itself into a refined science which no human faculties can master without long and intense application.—MACAULAY.

EQUITY.—The Uncertainty of

Equity is a roguish thing: for law we have a measure, we know what to trust to: equity is according to the conscience of him that is chancellor; and as that is larger or narrower, so is equity. It is all one as if they should make the standard for the measure we call a foot, a chancellor's foot. What an uncertain measure would this be! One chancellor has a long foot, another a short foot, a third an indifferent foot: it is the same thing in the chancellor's conscience.—SELDEN.

EQUIVOCATION.—Counsel against

As you must be careful not to lie, so you must avoid coming near it. You must not equivocate, nor speak anything positively for which you have no authority but report, or conjecture, or opinion.—SIR M. HALE.

EQUIVOCATION.—Guilty of

He who is guilty of equivocation may be fairly suspected of hypocrisy.—MAUNDER.

ERR.—Liability to

To err is human—to forgive divine.
POPE.

ERROR.—The Approach of

Error is insidious in its approaches. It flatters by liberality and betrays by sophism. We are not reconciled to it at once. There are disgusts to be allayed and fears to be vanquished. Little by little we are allured. Of none, perhaps, is the equivocal character more certain than of this. We believe it always originates in an undue conception of sin. This may be greatly modified. It does not "appear sin." Often, we believe, is it strengthened by the forgetfulness that

our facts and faculties are alike limited, and by a pretension to knowledge far beyond our actual attainment. Let us beware of the first wrong direction of thought and feeling, however minute the degree; fearful may be the after deviations.—DR. R. W. HAMILTON.

ERROR.—A Brotherhood of

There is a brotherhood of error as close as the brotherhood of truth.—ARGYLL.

ERROR.—The Defence of

Error cannot be defended but by error.—
BP. JEWEL.

ERROR.—The Duration of

A hundred years, to be sure, is a very little time for the duration of a national error; and it is so far from being reasonable to look for its decay at so short a date, that it can hardly be expected, within such limits, to have displayed the full bloom of its imbecility.—S. SMITH.

ERROR.—Live Down

If we do not live down error, I am sure we shall never dispute it down.—T. ADAMS.

ERROR.—Many Suffer the Mischief of

If those alone who "sowed the wind did reap the whirlwind," it would be well. But the mischief is—that the blindness of bigotry, the madness of ambition, and the miscalculations of diplomacy, seek their victims principally amongst the innocent and the unoffending. The cottage is sure to suffer for every error of the court, the cabinet, or the camp. When error sits in the seat of power and of authority, and is generated in high places, it may be compared to that torrent which originates indeed in the mountain, but commits its devastation in the vale.—COLTON.

ERRORS.—The Universality of

There is no place where weeds do not grow, and there is no heart where errors are not to be found.—J. S. KNOWLES.

ERUDITION.—Compared to a Hawk.

'Tis of great importance to the honour of learning, that men of business should know erudition is not like a lark, which flies high, and delights in nothing but singing; but that 'tis rather like a hawk, which soars aloft indeed, but can stoop when she finds it convenient, and seize her prey.—
LORD BACON.

ESSENCE.—The Change of the Word—

This word scarcely underwent a more complete transformation, when, from being the abstract of the verb "to be," it came

to denote something sufficiently concrete to be inclosed in a glass bottle.—J. S. MILL.

ESTATES.—The Greatness of our

The greatness of our estates is no argument for the goodness of our hearts.—W. SECKER.

ESTEEM—Coveted.

Many covet human esteem, and are determined to secure it, even though they sacrifice virtue and conscience to false greatness and popular glory.—J. WEBSTER.

ESTEEM.—The Worth of

When esteem has been excited by the manifestation of amiable qualities, or by a life spent in usefulness, it is worth more than a flashing diadem.—POPE.

ESTIMATE.—A Wrong Way to

To prize ourselves by what we *have*, and not by what we *are*, is to estimate the value of the jewel by the golden frame which contains it. Grace and gold can live together; but the smallest degree of the former in the heart is preferable to a chain of the latter about the neck.—W. SECKER.

ESTRANGEMENT.—The Bitterness of

To be estranged from one whom we have tenderly and constantly loved is one of the bitterest trials the heart can ever know.—PRYNNE.

ETERNITY.—All must Participate in

Eternity, by all or wished or feared,
Shall be by all or suffered or enjoyed.
W. MASON.

ETERNITY.—Definitions of

Eternity is infinite duration; duration discharged from all limits, without beginning, without succession, and without end. The schoolmen phrase it *punctum stans*, an ever-abiding present.—PROF. HODGE.

The following question was put in writing to a boy in the deaf and dumb school at Paris:—"What is eternity?" He wrote as an answer—"It is the life-time of the Almighty."—ARVINE.

ETERNITY—Differs from Time.

Eternity hath neither beginning nor end. Time hath both. Eternity comprehends in itself all years, all ages, all periods of ages, and differs from time as the sea and the rivers; the sea never changes place, and is always one water, but the rivers glide along and are swallowed up in the sea; so is time by eternity.—CHARNOCK.

ETERNITY—Immeasurable.

The longest time that man may live,
The lapse of generations of his race,
The continent entire of time itself,
Bears not proportion to eternity;
Huge as a fraction of a grain of dew,
Co-measured with the broad unbounded ocean!

There is the life of man—his proper time,
Looking at which this life is but a gust,
A puff of breath that's scarcely felt ere gone.—J. S. KNOWLES.

ETERNITY.—Painting for

Zeuxis being asked why he was so long about a picture, answered—"I paint for eternity."—POWER.

ETERNITY.—Rest in

"We are now old; is it not time we should rest?" "Rest!" exclaimed Arnault, "have we not all eternity to rest in?"—NICOLE.

ETERNITY.—A Sight of

I saw Eternity the other night
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm as it was bright;
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days,
years,
Driv'n by the spheres,
Like a vast shadow moved, in which the world
And all her train were hurl'd.

H. VAUGHAN.

ETERNITY.—The Soul's Share in

O endless, though divine, Eternity!
Th' immortal soul shares but a part of thee!
For thou wert present when our life began,
When the warm dust shot up in breathing man.—GAY.

ETHICS—in Relation to Virtue.

It is a mistake to think that a large system of ethics, dissected according to the nice distinctions of logic, and methodically replenished with definitions, divisions, distinctions, and syllogisms, is requisite or sufficient to make men virtuous. The actual possession of one virtue is preferable to the bare speculative knowledge of all arts and sciences together.—BOYLE.

ETHICS AND LOGIC—Compared.

Ethics makes a man's soul mannerly and wise; but logic is the armoury of reason, furnished with all offensive and defensive weapons.—DR. FULLER.

ETIQUETTE—Defined.

The forms required by good breeding, or prescribed by authority, to be observed in social or official life.—**PRESCOTT.**

ETIQUETTE.—Injury by the Want of

Whoever pays a visit that is not desired, or talks longer than the listener is willing to attend, is guilty of an injury that he cannot repair, and takes away that which he cannot give.—**DR. JOHNSON.**

EVAPORATION.—The Amount of

Nearly one hundred and forty-two thousand millions of tons of water are annually evaporated from the surface of Great Britain alone ; and nearly two millions of tons of water are annually discharged upon each square mile of its surface : a quantity which gives three thousand tons per acre.—**DR. BREWER.**

EVAPORATION.—Consequences of no

If evaporation were to cease, the heavens would drop no rain, the springs would dry up, the rivers be exhausted, vegetation would utterly fail, and the earth become a waste and barren wilderness.—**DR. BREWER.**

EVASIONS—Abhorred.

Evasions are employed either to avoid speaking the truth or performing a good action. Hence a lover of the real and the true, as well as the tender-hearted and benevolent, hold them in direct and unspeakable abhorrence.—**E. DAVIES.**

EVENING.—The Beauties of the

The moon is up, and yet it is not night ;
 Sunset divides the sky with her ; a sea
 Of glory streams along the Alpine height
 Of blue Friuli's mountains : heaven is free
 From clouds, but of all colours seems to be,—
 Melted to one vast Iris of the West,—
 Where the Day joins the past eternity,
 While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
 Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest !

 A single star is at her side, and reigns
 With her o'er half the lovely heaven ;
 but still
 Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
 Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rætian hill

As Day and Night contending were, until
 Nature reclaim'd her order ;—gently flows
 The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues
 instil

The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
 Which streams upon her stream, and glassed
 within it glows.

Fill'd with the face of heaven, which,
 from afar,
 Comes down upon the waters ; all its
 hues,

From the rich sunset to the rising star,
 Their magical variety diffuse ;
 And now they change ; a paler shadow
 strews

Its mantle o'er the mountains ; parting
 day
 Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang
 imbués

With a new colour as it gasps away,
 The last still loveliest,—till—'tis gone,—
 and all is gray.—**BYRON.**

EVENING.—A Calm

An evening
 Calm as the slumber of a lovely girl
 Dreaming of hope !—**HOUSEMAN.**

EVENING—in the East.

The sun at last—
 “ Sinks as a flamingo
 Drops into her nest at nightfall.”

Twilight succeeds, and the crepuscular birds and animals awaken from their mid-day torpor, and prepare to enjoy their nightly revels. The hawk-moths now take the place of the gayer butterflies, which withdraw with the departure of light ; innumerable beetles make short and uncertain flights in the deepening shade, and in pursuit of them and the other insects that frequent the dusk, the night-jar, with expanded jaws, takes low and rapid circles above the plains and pools.

Darkness at last descends, and every object fades in night and gloom ; but still the murmur of innumerable insects arises from the glowing earth. The fruit-eating bats launch themselves from the high branches on which they have hung suspended during the day, and cluster round the mango-trees and tamarinds ; and across the grey sky the owl flits in pursuit of the night-moths, on a wing so soft and downy that the air scarcely betrays its pulsations. The palm-cat now descends from the crest of the cocoa-nut, where she had lurked during the day, and the glossy genetie, emerging from some hollow tree, steals along the branches to surprise the slumbering birds. Meanwhile, among the grass, already damp with dew,

the glow-worm lights her emerald lamp, and from the shrubs and bushes issue showers of fire-flies, whose pale-green flashes sparkle in the midnight darkness, till the day returns, and morning "pales their ineffectual fires."—TENNENT.

EVENING—Likened to a Mother.

How like a tender mother,
With loving thoughts beguiled,
Fond nature seems to lull to rest
Each faint and weary child !
Drawing the curtain tenderly,
Affectionate and mild.

Hark ! to the gentle lullaby,
That through the trees is creeping,
Those sleepy trees that nod their heads,
Ere the moon as yet comes peeping,
Like a tender nurse, to see if all
Her little ones are sleeping.

One little flutt'ring bird,
Like a child in a dream of pain,
Has chirp'd and started up,
Then nestled down again :
Oh ! a child and a bird, as they sink to rest,
Are as like as any twain.—C. YOUNG.

EVENING.—Love for

I have loved thee—Evening ; I have felt
My soul between thy gentle influence melt :
A spirit of sweet melancholy floats
O'er all thy scenes, and thrills in all thy
notes,
Breathes in the fragrant langour of thy sigh,
Weeps in thy dews, and blushes in thy sky.
MACAULAY.

EVENING.—The Stillness of

How still the evening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony !
SHAKESPEARE.

EVENING.—The Tints of

The sun has sunk behind the hill,
But over earth, and sky, and air,
Eve's crimson tints are glowing still,
And tidings from the morrow bear.

Thus hope, when sinks life's happiness,
Upon our night of sorrow glows,
Promising brighter, endless bliss,
After our pilgrimage of woes.
INGELHORN.

EVENING.—A Walk in the

The sun was just hovering over the verge of the western horizon, as I took my solitary walk, to inhale the refreshing breezes. Never did I witness a finer evening, or behold nature arrayed in a more lovely dress. At one extremity of the landscape, the eastern hills, whose summits and slopes

were covered with towers and scattered villages, presented their bold outlines, brilliantly gilded by the farewell beams of the setting sun ; in another direction, the majestic Thames appeared like a sheet of polished silver, with its numerous vessels under sail. The neighbouring fields exhibited every variety of beauty and plentitude ; here rich pastures sprinkled with cattle, and there waving corn ripe for the reaper's sickle. I entered a favourite wood, and found a delicious pleasure in its cool and retired walks. What a diversity of vegetable products, with every elegance of form and colour, attracted the eye ! What a concert of music, from the feathered choristers of the grove, soothed and delighted the ear ! Emerging from this umbrageous retreat, I ascended a rising ground, and beheld the western sky all in a glow, the clouds being tinged with gold, and garnished with stripes of the finest purple. As I stood on the eminence, and glanced my eye to the east, the moon appeared, not, as the poet expresses it—"rising in clouded majesty," but shining with a pure and softened radiance in the crystal vault of heaven. At this moment I could not forbear exclaiming—What a theatre of wonders is the world we inhabit !—EDMESTON.

EVENING.—The Way to Welcome

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.
COWPER.

EVENING—in Winter.

The evening is beautiful, and the heavens are full of stars, mirroring their silvery faces in the snow ; and the still woods are jewelled with ice-diamonds, and waiting waveless the rising moon. And the Northern Lights, like zephyrs zoned with rainbows, are waltzing on the pearly pavements of the polar sky. And the mountains look like waves of a silver sea, rising heavenward to greet the stars ; and the sky like a sea of molten sapphire, with its golden tresses drooping fondly on the brow of the mountains. It is beautiful ; for this firmament above is the great album of the Creator, and the suns are the syllables and the stars are the letters with which He registers His handiworks !—BURRITT.

EVENTS.—Coming

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.—T. CAMPBELL.

EVENTS.—The Contempt of all

There can be no peace in human life without the contempt of all events. He that troubles his head with drawing consequences from mere contingencies, shall never be at rest.—L'ESTRANGE.

EVENTS.—Extraordinary

Man reconciles himself to almost any event, however trying, if it happens in the ordinary course of nature. It is the extraordinary alone that he rebels against. There is a moral idea associated with this feeling ; for the extraordinary appears to be something like an injustice of Heaven.—HUMBOLDT.

EVER.—The Word—

A little word of only two syllables of two letters each, but of mighty and exhaustless import. Like an unfathomable ocean, it cannot be sounded by man or angel!—DR. DAVIES.

EVERMORE.—For

For evermore!—for an existence to which the age of the earth, of the starry heavens, of the whole vast universe, is less than a morning dream ;—for a life which, after the reiteration of millions of centuries, shall begin the endless race with the freshness of infancy, and all the eagerness that welcomes enjoyments ever new!—W. A. BUTLER.

EVIDENCE—Defined.

Evidence is a fact, or a series of facts, adduced for the purpose of proving the truth of some other fact that has been affirmed.—I. TAYLOR.

EVIDENCES.—Books of

Books of evidences, begone ! One sunset, one moonlight hour, one solemn meditation of the night, one conversation at evening with a kindred heart, is worth you all ! Such scenes, such moments, dissolve the most massive doubts easily and speedily as the evening air sucks down the mimic mountains of vapour which lie along the verge of heaven!—G. GILLAN.

EVIL.—The Antagonism of

Evil is in antagonism with the entire creation.—ZSCHOKKE.

EVIL.—The Custom of

The custom of evil makes the heart obdurate against all instructions to the contrary.—HOOKER.

EVIL.—The Death of

No evil dies so soon as that which is patiently sustained.—W. SECKER.

EVIL.—The Dread of

Be lord of thy own mind ;
The dread of evil is the worst of ills :
Half of the ills we hoard within our hearts
Are ills because we hoard them.

B. W. PROCTER.

EVIL.—The Origin of

Many have puzzled themselves about the origin of evil. I observe that there is evil, and that there is a way to escape it ; and with this I begin and end.—J. NEWTON.

EVIL—Outlives Good.

The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

SHAKESPEARE.

EVIL.—The Permission of

Evil is permitted that thereby greater good may be secured to the universe.—PROF. HITCHCOCK.

EVIL.—A Remedy for

In the world there is no evil without a remedy.—SANNAZARO.

EVIL.—The Truest Definition of

It is that which represents sin as something contrary to nature ; it is evil because it is unnatural ;—an unnatural mother, an unnatural son, an unnatural act, are the strongest terms of its condemnation.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

EVILS.—Good in

There is this of good in real evils—they deliver us, while they last, from the petty despotism of all that were imaginary.—COLTON.

EVILS.—Physical

Physical evils destroy themselves, or they destroy us.—ROUSSEAU.

EVILS.—The Removal of

Which is the properest day to do good which is the properest day to remove a nuisance? we answer, the very first day a man can be found to propose the removal of it ; and whoever opposes the removal of it on that day will, if he dare, oppose it on every other. There is in the minds of many feeble friends to virtue and improvement, an imaginary period for the removal of evils, which it would certainly be worth while to wait for, if there was the smallest chance of its ever arriving—a period of unexampled peace and prosperity, when a patriotic king and an enlightened mo-

united their ardent efforts for the amelioration of human affairs; when the oppressor is as delighted to give up the oppression, as the oppressed is to be liberated from it; when the difficulty and the unpopularity would be to continue the evil, not to abolish it! These are the periods when fair-weather philosophers are willing to venture out, and hazard a little for the general good. But the history of human nature is so contrary to all this, that almost all improvements are made after the bitterest resistance, and in the midst of tumults, and civil violence—the worst period at which they can be made, compared to which any period is eligible, and should be seized hold of by the friends of salutary reform.—S. SMITH.

EVIL-HEARING.—Refrain from

When will talkers refrain from evil-speaking? When listeners refrain from evil-hearing. At present there are many so credulous of evil, they will receive suspicions and impressions against persons whom they don't know, from a person whom they do know—an authority to be good for nothing.—ADN. HAKE.

EVIL-SPEAKING.—The Unfairness of

It is not good to speak evil of all whom we know bad; it is worse to judge evil of any who may prove good. To speak ill upon knowledge shows a want of charity; to speak ill upon suspicion shows a want of honesty. I will not speak so bad as I know of many; I will not speak worse than I know of any. To know evil by others and not speak it, is sometimes discretion: to speak evil by others, and not know it, is always dishonesty. He may be evil himself who speaks good of others upon knowledge, but he can never be good himself who speaks evil of others upon suspicion.—EARL WARWICK.

EXACT.—The Difficulty of being

'Tis hard to be
Exact in good, or excellent in ill;
Our will wants power, or our power wants
will.—DENHAM.

EXACTNESS.—Advantages Derived from

What makes the scholar? Exactness. What is most likely to secure success in the learned professions? Exactness. What raises men of various callings to the highest position attainable by persons in their occupations? Exactness. What makes a man's word pass current as gold? His known exactness. What, above all things, is essential in the laboratory? Exactness.—S. MARTIN.

EXAGGERATION.—The Evil of

The noblest thing is often spoiled by a love of exaggeration.—MOLIÈRE.

EXALTATION.—The Danger of

Exaltation even in temporal matters is full of danger. What wonder, then, that in spiritual and holy exercises he should incur the greatest peril who has soared highest and approached nearest to perfection, in so far as that is attainable in this imperfect state. Were it not so, would Paul have needed sore temptations and messengers of Satan to keep him from being exalted above measure, through the abundance of the revelations given him, and the arduous but successful discharge of his apostolic duties? (II. COR. xii. 7.) This is the reason why the royal prophet says—"By humbling me Thou hast made me great." (Ps. xviii. 35, *Luth. vers.*) He intends to tell us that no one can be truly great and exalted and feel secure in the possession of his advantages, unless God exalt and confirm him by humiliation. The first step to perfection is to know ourselves and our nothingness, as the last and highest is unconsciousness of our attainments. He who is high, and is aware of his height, has already begun to totter, and had better never have risen than have risen only to fall.—SCRIVER.

EXAMINATIONS.—Formidable.

Examinations are formidable even to the best prepared, for the greatest fool may ask more than the wisest man can answer.—COLTON.

EXAMPLE.—A Consistent

Sir Thomas Abney was the beloved friend of the celebrated Dr. Watts, who found in his house an asylum for more than thirty-six years. This knight was not more distinguished by his hospitality than his piety. Neither business nor pleasure interrupted his observance of public and domestic worship. Of this a remarkable instance is recorded:—Upon the evening of the day that he entered on his office as lord mayor of London, without any notice, he withdrew from the public assembly at Guildhall, after supper, went to his house, there performed family worship, and then returned to the company.—ARVINE.

EXAMPLE.—Contagious.

Nothing is so contagious as example: never was there any considerable good or ill done that does not produce its like. We imitate good actions through emulation, and bad ones through a malignity in our nature,

which shame conceals, and example sets at liberty.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

EXAMPLE.—Good or Evil done by

Though "the words of the wise be as nails fastened by the masters of the assemblies," yet sure their examples are the hammer to drive them in to take the deeper hold. A father that whipt his son for swearing, and swore himself whilst he whipt him, did more harm by his example than good by his correction.—DR. FULLER.

EXAMPLE.—The Influence of

As the light
Not only serves to show, but render us
Mutually profitable ; so our lives,
In acts exemplary, not only win
Ourselves good names, but do to others
give
Matter for virtuous deeds, by which we
live.—CHAPMAN.

EXAMPLE.—Irresistible.

When Lord Peterborough lodged for a season with Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray, he was so delighted with his piety and virtue, that he exclaimed at parting—"If I stay here any longer, I shall become a Christian in spite of myself!"—ARVINE.

EXCEL.—Naturally Fitted to

Born to excel, and to command ;
As by transcendent beauty to attract
All eyes, so by pre-eminence of soul
To rule all hearts.—CONGREVE.

EXCELLENCE.—The Attainment of

Those who attain any excellence commonly spend life in one pursuit ; for excellence is not often gained upon easier terms.—DR. JOHNSON.

EXCELLENCE.—The Concurrence of

When excellence concurs with high birth and fortune, it passes for a prodigy.—GRATIAN.

EXCELLENCE.—The Production of

Nothing is such an obstacle to the production of excellence as the power of producing what is pretty good with ease and rapidity.—AIKIN.

EXCELLING.—The Passion of

This passion always chooses to move alone in a narrow sphere, where nothing noble or important can be achieved, rather than join with others in moving mighty engines by which much good might be effected. Where did ambition ever glow more intensely than in Cæsar? whose favourite saying, we are told, was, that he

would rather be the first man in a petty village than the second in Rome. Did not Alexander, another madman of the same kind, reprove his tutor—Aristotle—for publishing to the world those discoveries in philosophy he would have reserved for himself alone?—TUCKER.

EXCEPTION.—A Mistake respecting

It is a great mistake to follow the exception instead of the rule. Yet, as there is no doubt but there are exceptions to every rule, we must decide with strictness, though with justice.—PASCAL.

EXCESS.—The Destructiveness of

By certain fixed, settled, and established laws of Him who is the God of Nature, excess of every kind destroys that constitution that temperance would preserve.—COLTON.

EXCESS.—The Evils of

Too much noise deafens us ; too much light blinds us ; too great a distance or too much of proximity equally prevents us from being able to see ; too long and too short a discourse obscures our knowledge of a subject ; too much of truth stuns us.—PASCAL.

EXCESS.—Re-Action Caused by

Excess generally causes re-action, and produces a change in the opposite direction, whether it be in the seasons, or in individuals, or in governments.—PLATO.

EXCITEMENT.—The Love of

This is so engraven on our nature that it may be regarded as an appetite. Like all other appetites, it is not sinful, unless indulged unlawfully, or to excess.—DR. GUTHRIE.

EXCITEMENT.—A Popular

There is always something interesting and beautiful about a universal popular excitement of a generous character, let the object of it be what it may. The great desiring heart of man, surging with one strong, sympathetic swell, even though it be to break on the beach of life and fall backwards, leaving the sands as barren as before, has yet a meaning and a power in its restlessness with which I must deeply sympathize. Nor do I sympathize any the less, when the individual, who calls forth such an outburst, can be seen by the eye of sober sense to be altogether inadequate and disproportioned to it.—MRS. STOWE.

EXCITEMENT.—Violent

Violent excitement exhausts the mind, and leaves it withered and sterile.—FENELON.

EXCLUSIONS.—Religious

The real ground on which these religious exclusions were and always have been defended, is that of terror,—terror lest the inferior sect, by obtaining political power, should after a struggle for equality contend at last for superiority. It is not very creditable to human nature, to observe that when this terror is *really* felt, it operates in a contrary way. In the settlements of religious claims and differences, the inferior sect often gains something from the fears, but never from the generosity of the superior.—PROF. SMYTH.

EXCOMMUNICATION.—A Just

When the court of Rome, under the pontificates of Gregory IX. and Innocent IV., set no bounds to their ambitious projects, they were opposed by the Emperor Frederick; who was, of course, anathematized. A curate of Paris, a humorous fellow, got up in his pulpit with the bull of Innocent in his hand. "You know, my brethren," said he, "that I am ordered to proclaim an excommunication against Frederick. I am ignorant of the motive. All that I know is—that there exist between this Prince and the Roman Pontiff great differences, and an irreconcilable hatred. God only knows which of the two is wrong. Therefore with all my power I excommunicate him who injures the other; and I absolve him who suffers, to the great scandal of all Christianity.—I. DISRAELI.

EXCUSE.—The Heinousness of an

An excuse is worse than a lie; for it is a lie guarded.—POPE.

EXCUSE.—Necessary.

I must excuse what cannot be amended.
SHAKSPEARE.

EXERCISE.—Health the Result of

The first physicians by debauch were made;
Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade:
By chase our long-lived fathers earn'd their food;
Toil strung the nerves, and purified the blood;
But we their sons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten:
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught:
The wise for cure on exercise depend;
God never made His work for man to mend.
DRYDEN.

EXERCISE.—Walking the Best

Dr. Buchan urges walking as the best possible exercise, as it calls more muscles into motion than any other which is not positively painful. The advantages of this mode of exercise are that it is simple. The apparatus is all at hand complete, you need not wait for any importation of machinery. It is in the open air, so that the lungs can at once receive the pure air of heaven, and the eye gaze upon hill and dale, upon trees and flowers, upon objects animate or inanimate. The very objects of sight and sound cheer and enliven the mind, and raise the spirits.—TODD.

EXERTION.—Delightful.

All exertion is in itself delightful, and active amusements seldom tire us. Helvetius owns that he could hardly listen to a concert for two hours, though he could play on an instrument all day long. The chase, we know, has always been the favourite amusement of kings and nobles. Not only fame and fortune, but pleasure is to be earned.—APP. SHARP.

EXERTIONS.—Individual

God has created man imperfect, and left him with many wants, as it were to stimulate each to individual exertion, and to make all feel that it is only by united exertions and combined action that these imperfections can be supplied, and these wants satisfied. This pre-supposes self-reliance and confidence in each other.—PRINCE ALBERT.

EXILE.—The Broken-Hearted

Ah! we but hear
Of the survivors' toil in their new lands,
Their numbers and success; but who can
number
The hearts that broke in silence, of that
malady
Which calls up green and native fields to
view
From the rough deep, with such identity
To the poor exile's fever'd eye, that he
Can scarcely be restrain'd from treading
them?—
That melody, which out of tones and tunes
Collect such pasture for the longing sorrow,
Of the sad mountaineer, when far away
From his snow canopy of cliffs and clouds,
That he feeds on the sweet but poisonous
thought,
And dies!—BYRON.

EXILE.—Comfort in

What though fortune has thrown me
where the most magnificent abode is but a
cottage? the humblest cottage, if it be but

the home of virtue, may be more beautiful than all temples. No place is narrow which can contain the crowd of glorious virtues; no exile severe into which you may go with such a reliance.—SENECA.

EXISTENCE.—Animated

I would rather be a fly than a sublime mountain,—than even *Ætna*.—FOSTER.

EXISTENCE.—The Body and Spirit of

Time is as the body and
Eternity the spirit of existence.
P. J. BAILEY.

EXISTENCE—not to be Measured.

Existence is not to be measured by mere duration. An oak lives for centuries, generation after generation of mortals the meanwhile passing away; but who would exchange for the life of a plant, though protracted for ages, a single day of the existence of a living, conscious, thinking man?—CAIRD.

EXISTENCE.—Pleasure in

To some men the mere fact of existence, the simple walking through the air and light, gives more pleasure than others find in the whole round of so-called pleasures.—H. W. BEECHER.

EXISTENCE.—A Proof of

I think, therefore I am.—DESCARTES.

EXPECTATION.—Patient

Patient expectation is a sign of spiritual vitality. He who knows not how to wait, is not worthy to obtain.—GASPARIN.

EXPECTATIONS.—The Raising of

It may be proper for all to remember that they ought not to raise expectations which it is not in their power to satisfy; and that it is more pleasing to see smoke brightening into flame, than flame sinking into smoke.—DR. JOHNSON.

EXPEDIENT.—The Word—

Tell me whether it is right or wrong; if right, I will do it; if wrong, I will not; but never let me hear the word expedient.—QUEEN VICTORIA.

EXPEDIENTS.—Too Many

Too many may spoil an affair: we lose time in choosing; we try; we wish to do everything. Let us only have one expedient; but let it be good.—FONTAINE.

EXPEDITION—the Result of Deliberation.

Expedition, or promptitude in action, ought generally to be the result of calm

deliberation. Alas! it is frequently the reverse. When the passions are thoroughly roused, the reasoning faculties are usually dormant; and hence it is that "fiery expedition" issues forth with the speed of an eagle; but the result too frequently proves disastrous and disappointing.—DR. DAVIES.

EXPENSE.—Use Sanctifies

'Tis use alone that sanctifies expense,
And splendour borrows all her rays from sense.—POPE.

EXPENSES.—Caution respecting

A man should be very cautious of beginning those expenses which if once begun will continue, but may be more liberal on such occasions as are not likely to return.—LORD BACON.

EXPERIENCE.—A Bitter

I have run the silly rounds of pleasure, and have done with them all. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world; I appraise them at their real worth, which is in truth very low; those who have only seen their outside always over-rate them, but I have been behind the scenes. I have seen all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes which move the gaudy machine, and I have seen and smelt the tallow candles which illuminate the whole decoration, to the astonishment and admiration of the ignorant audience. When I reflect on what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry and bustle of pleasure in the world had any reality; but I look upon all that has passed as one of those romantic dreams which opium commonly occasions, and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose.—CHESTERFIELD.

EXPERIENCE.—The Necessity of

When Lassus, one of the wise men of Greece, was asked what was necessary to render life pleasant and comfortable, he gave this laconic answer—"Experience."—BUCK.

EXPERIENCE.—The Result of

When I was young I was sure of everything; in a few years, having been mistaken a thousand times, I was not half as sure of most things as I was before. At present I am hardly sure of anything but what God has revealed to man.—J. WESLEY.

EXPERIENCE—a Schoolmaster.

Experience is an excellent schoolmaster.—CARLYLE.

EXPERIENCE.—Varieties of Christian

The fears, the hopes, the remembrances, the anticipations, the inward and outward experiences, the belief and the faith of a Christian, form of themselves a philosophy and a sum of knowledge which a life spent in the groves of Academus or the painted Porch could not have attained or collected.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

EXPERIENCE.—The Way to Use

An observant man, in all his intercourse with society and the world, carries a pencil constantly in his hand, and, unperceived, marks on every person and thing the figure expressive of its value, and therefore instantly on meeting that person or thing again, he knows what kind and degree of attention to give it. This is to make something of experience.—FOSTER.

EXPERIMENTS.—Familiar

Experiments familiar and common to the interpretation of nature, do as much, if not more, conduce than experiments of a higher quality. Certainly this may be averred for truth—that they be not the highest instances that give the best and surest information.—LORD BACON.

EXPLANATIONS.—Frank

I am for frank explanations with friends in cases of affronts. They sometimes save a perishing friendship, and even place it on a firmer basis than at first; but secret discontent must always end badly.—S. SMITH.

EXPLANATIONS.—Long

Long explanations are seldom needed; often, indeed, are they injurious, deceiving either the speaker or the listener, sometimes both.—E. DAVIES.

EXPOSTULATION.—Just.

Expostulation is just toward friends who have failed in their duty.—THUCYDIDES.

EXPRESSION.—True

True expression, like the unchanging sun, Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon; It gilds all objects, but it alters none.

POPE.

EXTRACTION.—The Way to Illustrate

He that makes himself famous by his eloquence, justice, or arms, illustrates his extraction, let it be never so mean, and gives inestimable reputation to his parents. We should never have heard of Sophroniscus, but for his son Socrates; nor of Ariosto and Gryllus, if it had not been for Xenophon and Plato.—SENECA.

EXTREMES.—The Danger of

Extremes are dangerous; a middle estate is safest; as a middle temper of the sea, between a still calm and a violent tempest, is most helpful to convey the mariner to his haven.—SWINNOCK.

EXTREMES.—The Meeting of

So near are the boundaries of panegyric and invective, that a worn-out sinner is sometimes found to make the best declaimer against sin. The same high-seasoned description which in his unregenerate state served to inflame his appetites, in his new province of a moralist will serve him (a little turned) to expose the enormity of those appetites in other men.—LAMB.

EXTREMES—in Relation to Man.

Extremes are for us as if they were not, and as if we were not in regard to them; they escape from us, or we from them.—PASCAL.

EYE.—No Adornment for the

Paint decks the wall; the wall-flower needs no dye;

Gems may adorn the neck, but what the eye?—CALDWELL.

EYE.—The Beauty of the

Think how beautiful the human eye is, excelling in beauty the eye of every creature! The eyes of many of the lower animals are doubtless very beautiful. You must have admired the bold, fierce, bright eye of the eagle, the large, gentle, brown eye of the ox, the treacherous green eye of the cat, waxing and waning like the moon, as the sun shines upon or deserts it;—the pert eye of the sparrow, the sly eye of the fox, the peering little bead of black enamel in the mouse's head, the gem-like eye which redeems the toad from ugliness;—and the intelligent, affectionate expression, which looks out from the human-like eye of the horse and dog. There are these and the eyes of many other animals full of beauty; there are none, indeed, which are not beautiful; but there is a glory which excelleth in the eye of man. We realize this fully only when we gaze into the faces of those we love. It is their eyes we look at when we are near them, and re-call when we are far away. The face is a blank without the eye; and the eye seems to concentrate every feature in itself. It is the eye that smiles, not the lips; it is the eye that listens, not the ear; it that frowns, not the brow; it that mourns, not the voice. Every sense and every faculty seems to flow toward it, and find expression through it, nay, to be lost in it; for

all must have felt at times as if the eye of another was not his, but *he*;—as if it had not merely a life, but also a personality of its own;—as if it was not only a living thing, but also a thinking being.—PROF. G. WILSON.

EYE.—The Education of the

The eye was intended by its Maker to be educated, and to be educated *slowly*; but if educated fully, its powers are almost boundless. It is assuredly then a thing to be profoundly regretted—that not one man in a thousand develops the hidden capacities of his organ of vision, either as regards its utilitarian or its æsthetic applications. The great majority of mankind do not and cannot see one fraction of what they were intended to see. The proverb that—“None are so blind as those who will not see,” is as true of physical as of moral vision. By neglect and carelessness we have made ourselves unable to discern hundreds of things which are before us to be seen. Thomas Carlyle has summed this up in one pregnant sentence—“The eye sees what it brings the power to see.” How true this is! The sailor on the lookout can see a ship where the landsman sees nothing; the Esquimaux can discover a white fox amid the white snow; the American backwoodsman will fire a rifle-ball so as to strike a nut out of the mouth of a squirrel without hurting it; the Red Indian boys hold their hands up as marks to each other, certain that the unerring arrow will be shot between the spread-out fingers; the astronomer can see a star in the sky, where to others the blue expanse is unbroken; the shepherd can distinguish the face of every sheep in the flock; the mosaic worker can detect distinctions of colour, where others see none; and multitudes of additional examples might be given of what education does for the eye. It is not to be denied—that some eyes can be educated to a much greater extent than others; that, however, can be no excuse for neglecting to educate the eye. The worse it is, the more it needs education, the better it is, the more it will repay it.—PROF. G. WILSON.

EYE-CHAMBER.—The

The eye-chamber is small; but it is large enough. A single tent sufficed to lodge Napoleon; and Nelson guided the fleets of England from one little cabin. And so it is with the eye; it is set apart for the reception of one guest, whose name is Light, but also Legion; and as the privileged entrant counsels, the great arms and limbs of the body are set in motion.—PROF. G. WILSON.

EYELID.—The Winking

The object of winking is a very important one. An outside window soon gets soiled and dirty, and a careful shopkeeper cleans his windows every morning. But our eye-windows must never have so much as a speck or spot upon them; and the winking eyelid is the busy apprentice who, not once a day, but all the day, keeps the living glass clean; so that, after all, we are little worse off than the fishes, who bathe their eyes and wash their faces every moment.—PROF. G. WILSON.

EYES.—The Beams of the

After, her looks grew cheerful, and I saw
A smile shoot graceful upward from her
eyes,
As if they gain'd a victory o'er grief;
And with it many beams twisted themselves
Upon whose golden threads the angels walk
To and again from heaven.—SHIRLEY.

EYES.—An Infant's

How large and round they are! how pure and pearly the white is, with but one blue vein or two marbling its surface! how beautiful the rainbow ring opening its mottled circle wide to the light! How sharply defined the pupil,—so black and yet so clear, that you look into it as into some deep dark well, and see a little face look back at you, which you forget is your own, while you rejoice that the days are not yet come for those infant eyes, when “they that look out of the windows shall be darkened!” And then, the soft pink curtains which we call eyelids, with their long silken fringes of eye-lashes, and the unshed tears bathing and brightening all! How exquisite the whole! How precious in the sight of God must those little orbs be, when He has bestowed upon them so much beauty!—PROF. G. WILSON.

EYES.—The Power of the

Eyes
Of microscopic power, that could discern
The population of a dew-drop!
J. MONTGOMERY.

EYES.—The Use of the

These are the windows which God hath placed in the top of the building, that man from thence may contemplate God's works and take a prospect of heaven, the place of our eternal residence.—MANTON.

EYES.—Women's

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:—
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;

They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world;
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent.

SHAKSPEARE.

EZEKIEL.—The Prophet

Ezekiel was a priest as well as a prophet, and alludes more frequently than any of the prophets to the ceremonial institutes of the temple. He was every inch a Jew; and none of the prophets possessed more attachment to their country, more zeal for their law, and more hatred to its foes. We know little of his history; but we cannot check our fancy, as she seeks to represent to us the face and figure of this our favourite prophet. We see him young, slender, long-locked, stooping, as if under the burden of the Lord—with a visible fire in his eye and cheek, and an invisible fire about his motions and gestures, earnest purpose pursuing him like a ghost, a wild beauty hanging around him, like the silver on the blue cones of the pine, and the air of early death adding a supernatural age and dignity to his youthful aspect. We see him as he moved through the land, followed by looks of admiration, wonder, and fear; and, like the hero of "Excelsior," untouched by the love of maidens, unterrified by the counsel of elders, undismayed by danger or by death, climbing straight to his object. Such a being was Ezekiel—among men, but not of them—detained in the company of flesh, his feet on earth, his soul floating amid the cherubim.—G. GILFILLAN.

F.

FABLE.—The Oldest

Jotham's fable of the trees is the oldest extant, and as beautiful as any made since.—ADDISON.

FABLE.—The Subjects of a

Men are the subjects of it. Human actions, projects, thoughts, follies, and virtues, are delineated under the veil and emblems of animals endowed with the faculties of speech and reason. Thus human motives are dissected, human infirmities exposed, and human conduct described, in a method recommending itself to the conscience more forcibly than would the adoption of any definite reproof or any

direct condemnation, and thereby saving the self-love of those to whom the counsel conveyed is applicable.—G. H. TOWNSHEND.

FACE.—The Beauties of the

The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold:
So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

S. WESLEY.

FACE.—The Index of the

The face is the index of the mind.

CRABBE.

FACE.—The Soul seeks the

The human soul seeks the face for sympathy, as if constituted for sociality only through that medium—the living telegraph of all that is felt within.—DR. G. MOORE.

FACE.—A Wrinkled

Her face all bowsy,
Comely crinkled,

Wondrously wrinkled.—SKELTON.

FACES.—The Difference of

It is the common wonder of all men, how among so many millions of faces there should be few alike: now, on the contrary, we wonder as much how there should be any. He who shall consider how many thousand different words have been carelessly, and without study, composed out of twenty-four letters; withal, how many hundred lines there are to be drawn in the fabric of one man—shall easily find that this variety is necessary, and that it will rarely happen that one portrait shall be found to be like another. Let a painter carelessly line out a million faces, and you shall find them all different; yea, let him have but one copy before him, yet, after all his art, there will remain a sensible distinction; for the pattern or example of everything is the most perfect in that kind whereof we still come short, though we transcend or go beyond it; because herein it is wide, and agrees not in all points unto its copy.—MRS. BALFOUR.

FACES.—The Old Familiar

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood;
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother !
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling ?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces :—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me ; all are departed ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces !

LAMB.

FACETIOUSNESS—not Unseemly.

Facetiousness is not unseemly when it serves the purposes of wholesome diversion or pleasant conversation ; nor is it contrary to the spirit and genius of Christianity, if it be kept within the bounds of prudence and charity.—PROF. WILSON.

FACT.—Foundation of

There should always be some foundation of fact for the most airy fabric, and pure invention is but the talent of a deceiver.—BYRON.

FACT.—The Garbled Statement of a

Every day of my life makes me feel more and more how seldom a fact is accurately stated ; how almost invariably when a story has passed through the mind of a third person it becomes, so far as regards the impression that it makes in further repetitions, little better than a falsehood ; and this, too, though the narrator be the most truth-seeking person in existence.—HAWTHORNE.

FACT.—The Union of Thought with

All the past of time reveals
A bridal dawn of thunder peals,
When thought leaps forth to wed with fact.

TENNYSON.

FACTION—Non-Existent.

When the state of society becomes perfectly virtuous, there will be no such thing as faction.—BP. BUTLER.

FACTION.—The Spirit of

It is the demon of discord armed with the power to do endless mischief, and intent alone on destroying whatever opposes its progress.—CRABBE.

FACTIONS.—A Cause of

A feeble government produces more factions than an oppressive one.—AMES.

FACULTIES.—The Derangement of the

If imagination be allowed to predominate in man's faculties, it will produce hypo-

chondriasis ; and if reason be allowed to predominate, it will produce excessive suspicion, doubt, perplexity, difficulty ; indeed, if the exquisite harmony that subsists in the mind of man is interfered with or disturbed, madness in some or other of its most hideous shapes is the natural and necessary result.—CUMMING.

FACULTIES.—Divers Sorts of

The naturalists observe that to uphold and accommodate bodily life, there are divers sorts of faculties communicated, and these among the rest :—First, an attractive faculty, to assume and draw in the food ; secondly, a retentive faculty, to retain it when taken in ; thirdly, an assimilating faculty, to concoct the nourishment ; fourthly, an augmenting faculty, for drawing to perfection.—RANREW.

FADE.—All Things

What does not fade ? The tower that long had stood
The crush of thunder, and the warring winds,
Shook by the slow but sure destroyer—
Time,

Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base ;
And flinty pyramids and walls of brass
Descend ; the Babylonian spires are sunk ;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down ;
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
And tottering empires rush by their own weight ;

This huge rotundity we tread grows old,
And all those worlds that roll around the sun.—AKENSIDE.

FAIL.—Determined not to

We fail ?

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail !—SHAKESPEARE.

FAIL.—Only One Way to

Oh ! the brave and good who serve
A worthy cause, can only one way fail—
By perishing therein.—P. J. BAILEY.

FAILURE.—Benefits Derived from

Albeit failure in any cause produces a correspondent misery in the soul, yet it is, in a sense, the highway to success, inasmuch as every discovery of what is false leads us to seek earnestly after what is true, and every fresh experience points out some form of error which we shall afterward carefully eschew.—KEATS.

FAIR.—Passing

What is so fair—so exquisitely good ?
Is she not more than painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy ?—Rowe.

FAIR.—An Unhappiness to be

There is a kind of continual combat between virtue and proportion's pleasingness. Though it be not a curse, yet it is many times an unhappiness to be fair.—FELTHAM.

FAIRIES.—Belief in

In some parts of Great Britain and of Ireland, *fairies* are believed in and venerated. In Scotland, besides these, we hear of *bogles*, *brownies*, and *kelpies*, as names of certain superhuman beings dreaded by the superstitious. In Denmark and Iceland we hear of *trolls*; in Germany of *nixes*, and many other such beings, who are supposed to have power in human affairs. In Norway the country-people are said to make an offering of a cake once a year to a demon which they dread, and also of the first cheese that is made each spring. In some parts of our own country, a cottier's wife will not venture to bake bread, or churn butter, without offering a portion to the fairies. And several other such acts of superstitious devotion are practised in various parts of Europe.—ARP. WHATELY.

FAIRIES.—The Dance of the

By every rill in every glen
Merry elves their morrice tracing,
To ærial minstrelsy;
Emerald rings in brown heath tracing,
Trip it deft and merrily.

SIR W. SCOTT.

FAIRIES.—The Peasant and the

Of faery elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest-side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while over head the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course; they, on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.—MILTON.

FAITH.—The Beauty of

As evening's pale and solitary star
But brightens while the darkness gathers round,
So faith, unmoved amid surrounding storms,
Is fairest seen in darkness most profound.—C. FRY.

FAITH.—The Bridge of

Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death,
To break the shock blind nature cannot shun,
And lands thought smoothly on the further shore.—DR. E. YOUNG.

FAITH.—The Cabinet of

If faith be a precious pearl, a good conscience is the cabinet that contains it. This heavenly manna must be laid up in a golden pot.—W. SECKER.

FAITH.—A Cheerful

Nought shall prevail against me, or disturb
My cheerful faith, that all which I behold
Is full of blessings.—W. WORDSWORTH.

FAITH.—Definitions of

The assent of the mind to the truth of what is declared by another, resting solely and implicitly on his authority and veracity.—DR. WEBSTER.

Divine faith is that which is given to truth divinely revealed.—ARMINIUS.

Faith is taking God at His word.—J. H. EVANS.

FAITH.—A Determination respecting

I will not pin my faith upon any man's sleeve, because I know not whither he will carry it.—SIR J. MOORE.

FAITH—to Each Other.

Oh, it is a faith
Taught by no priest, but by their beating hearts;
Faith to each other; the fidelity
Of fellow-wanderers in a desert place,
Who share the same dire thirst, and therefore share
The scanty water; the fidelity
Of men whose pulses leap with kindred fire,
Who, in the flash of eyes, the clasp of hands,
The speech that even in lying tells the truth
Of heritage inevitable as past deeds,
Nay, in the silent bodily presence feel
The mystic stirring of a common life
Which makes the many one.—M. C. EVANS.

FAITH.—Evangelical

The faith of the Gospel is that emotion of the mind which is called trust or confidence, exercised toward the moral character of God, and particularly of the Saviour.—DR. DWIGHT.

FAITH—in God.

Faith in God has a living power to maintain the sinking heart amid the direst calamities and in the face of the darkest terrors.—C. MARSH.

FAITH.—Good

Good faith is the richest exchequer of princes; for the more it is drawn upon the

firmer it is, and its resources increase with its payments.—COLTON.

FAITH.—The Increase of

As a man beginning life without sixpence has made a fortune of tens of thousands, so he who at first has little faith may become like Abraham, or the woman of Canaan. Coal beds may be exhausted; gold and silver mines abandoned as not worth working any longer; but faith is a mine that cannot be exhausted.—GRIFFITH,

FAITH.—Invoking

Oh thou that rearest with celestial aim
The future seraph in my mortal frame,
Thrice holy Faith! whatever thorns I meet
As on I totter with unpractised feet,
Still let me stretch my arms and cling to thee,
Meek muse of souls, through thy long infancy.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

FAITH.—The Life of

The life of faith is a life of regularity and wisdom.—BP. MASSILON.

FAITH.—Modes of

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.—POPE.

FAITH.—The Power of

It can give courage to a coward, can tame a lion, can draw a man from his strongest attachments, can lead him to see sin where he had no conception of its existence.—J. H. EVANS.

Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries—"It shall be done!"
C. WESLEY.

FAITH.—Superior to Reason.

True faith and reason are the soul's two eyes:
Faith evermore looks upward, and describes
Objects remote; but reason can discover
Things only near,—sees nothing that's above her:
They are not matches,—often disagree,
And sometimes both are closed, and neither see.
Faith views the sun, and reason but the shade;
One courts the mistress, the other woos the maid;
That sees the fire, this only but the flint;
The true-bred Christian always looks
asquint.—F. QUARLES.

FAITH—Triumphs over Learning.

All the scholastic scaffolding falls, as a ruined edifice, before one single word—*faith*.—NAPOLEON I.

FAITH.—The Value of

A grain of living faith, though small as a mustard-seed, is worth a thousand worlds.—J. NEWTON.

FAITH.—Weak

Faith, though it may be weak, is nevertheless faith. It is not always a glowing torch, but sometimes a glimmering taper; yet it gives light as well as the torch, but not so brightly.—DR. MÜLLER.

FAITH—will Work.

If there be life in the body the pulse will beat; and if there be faith in the heart it will work. An idle faith is an evil faith; for the faith which works not—saves not.—W. SECKER.

FAITH AND JUSTICE.

O Faith! O Justice! I conjure you by your sacred names to depart for a moment from this place, though it be your peculiar residence; nor hear your names profaned by such a sacrilegious combination, as that which I am now compelled to repeat!—where all the fair forms of nature and art, truth and peace, policy and honour, shrunk back aghast from the deleterious shade!—where all existences, nefarious and vile, had sway!—where, amidst the black agents on one side and Middleton with Impey on the other, the toughest head, the most unfeeling heart! the great figure of the piece, characteristic in his place, stood aloof and independent from the puny profligacy in his train!—but, far from idle and inactive—turning a malignant eye on all mischief that awaited him!—the multiplied apparatus of temporising expedients and intimidating instruments! now cringing on his prey, and fawning on his vengeance!—now quickening the limping pace of craft, and forcing every stand that retiring nature can make in the heart! violating the attachments and the decorums of life! sacrificing every emotion of tenderness and honour! and flagitiously levelling all the distinctions of national characteristics! with a long catalogue of crimes and aggravations, beyond the reach of thought, for human malignity to perpetuate, or human vengeance to punish!—SHERIDAN.

FALCON.—The

The falcon is a noble bird,
And when his heart of hearts is stirr'd
He'll seek the eagle, though he run
Into his chamber near the sun:

Never was there brute or bird,
Which the woods or mountains heard,
That could force a fear or care
From him,—the Arab of the air !

To-day he sits upon a wrist,
Whose blue veins a queen has kiss'd,
And on him falls a sterner eye
Than he can face where'er he fly,
Though he scale the summit cold
Of the Grimsel, vast and old,—
Though he search yon sunless stream,
That threads the forest like a dream.

Ah, noble soldier ! noble bird !
Will your names be ever heard,—
Ever seen in future story,
Crowning it with deathless glory ?
Peace, ho ! the master's eye is drawn
Away unto the bursting dawn !
Arise, thou bird of birds, arise,
And seek thy quarry in the skies !
W. B. PROCTER.

FALL.—The Primal

Poor race of men ! said the pitying Spirit,
Dearly ye pay for your primal fall ;
Some flowerets of Eden ye still inherit,
But the trail of the serpent is over them
all !—T. MOORE.

FALL.—Rising from a

He is not dead that sometime had a fall :
The sun returns, that hid was under cloud ;
And when dame Fortune hath spit all her
gall,
I trust good luck to me shall be allow'd :
For I have seen a ship in haven fall,
After the storm had broke both mast and
shroud.
The willow eke, that stoopeth with the
wind,
Doth rise again, and greater wood doth
bind.—WYATT.

FALL.—The Supreme

The supreme fall of falls is this—the
first doubt of one's self.—GASPARIN.

FALLACIES.—The Currency of

There are a vast number of absurd and
mischievous fallacies, which pass readily in
the world for sense and virtue, while in
truth they tend only to fortify error and
encourage crime.—S. SMITH.

FALSE.—Found

There is no vice that doth so cover a
man with shame, as to be found false and
perfidious.—LORD BACON.

FALSEHOOD.—Condemned.

Let falsehood be a stranger to thy lips ;
Shame on the policy that first began
To tamper with the heart to hide its
thoughts !

And doubly shame on that unrighteous
tongue
That sold its honesty and told a lie.
HAYARD.

FALSEHOOD—like a Drawing.

Falsehood, like a drawing in perspective,
will not bear to be examined in every point
of view, because it is a good imitation of
truth, as a perspective is of the reality.—
COLTON.

FALSEHOOD.—The Reason for

It is more from carelessness about the
truth, than from intentional lying, that
there is so much falsehood in the world.
—DR. JOHNSON.

FALSEHOOD—from a Writer.

A falsehood once received from a famed
writer becomes traditional to posterity.—
DRYDEN.

FALSEHOOD AND FRAUD—Universal.

Falsehood and fraud shoot up in every soil,
The product of all climes.—ADDISON.

FAME.—The Attainment of

Fame cannot
Better be attained than by a place
Below the first.—SHAKESPEARE.

FAME.—Bad Men Fond of

Men the most infamous are fond of fame ;
And those who fear not guilt, yet start at
shame.—CHURCHILL.

FAME—a Bubble.

Where is the fame
Which the vain-glorious mighty of the
earth
Seek to eternise ? Oh ! the faintest sound
From time's light footfall, the minutest
wave
That swells the flood of ages, whelms in
nothing
The unsubstantial bubble. Aye, to-day
Stern is the tyrant's mandate, red the gaze
That flashes desolation, strong the arm
That scatters multitudes. To-morrow
comes !
That mandate is a thunder-peal that died
In ages past ; that gaze, a transient flash
On which the midnight closed, and on that
arm
The worm has made his meal.—SHELLEY.

FAME.—Courtied.

I courted fame, but as a spur to brave
And honest deeds, and who despises fame,
Will soon renounce the virtues that deserve
it.—MALLET.

FAME.—Definitions of

The breath of popular applause.
HERRICK.

Fame ! What is that, if courted for herself ?

Less than a vision ; a mere sound, an echo,
That calls with mimic voice, through woods
and labyrinths,

Her cheated lovers ; lost and heard by fits,
But never fix'd : a seeming nymph, yet
nothing.—J. HUGHES.

FAME—not Depended upon.

Fame, as a river, is narrowest where it is
bred, and broadest afar off ; so exemplary
writers depend not upon the gratitude of
the world.—DAVENANT.

FAME.—The End of

'Tis but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper.
BYRON.

FAME.—Honest

Unblemished let me live, or die unknown ;
Oh ! grant me honest fame, or grant me
none.—POPE.

FAME.—The Hope of Honourable

My consolation for the sacrifices which
I am called upon to make I must find in
that hope of honourable fame which is to
be acquired only by those who, according
to the best of their judgment, fallible at the
best, pursue the course which leads to the
public good.—WELLINGTON.

FAME.—The Love of

Themistocles, when a very young man,
was observed, soon after the famous battle
of Marathon, in which Miltiades obtained
so much glory, to be much alone, to be very
pensive, and unwilling to attend the usual
entertainments, and even to watch whole
nights. Being asked by some of his friends
what was the cause of all this, he answered
—"The trophies of Miltiades will not
suffer me to sleep." Thus fired with a
love of glory, in a few years he became the
first man in Greece.—BUCK.

FAME.—The Non-Obtainment of

The man who consumes his days without
obtaining fame, leaves such mark of him-
self on earth as smoke in air, or foam on
water.—DANTE.

FAME.—Pain Resulting from

Who grasped at earthly fame
Grasped wind : nay, worse, a serpent
grasped, that through
His hand did slide smoothly, and was gone ;
but left
A sting behind which wrought him endless
pain.—R. POLLOK.

FAME.—Posthumous

After all, what is posthumous fame ?
Altogether vanity.—ANTONINUS.

FAME—the Shade of Immortality.

Fame is the shade of immortality,
And in itself a shadow. Soon as caught,
Contemn'd,—it shrinks to nothing in the
grasp.

Consult th' ambitious, 'tis ambition's cure :
And is this all ? cried Cæsar at his height,
Disgusted.—DR. E. YOUNG.

FAME.—Solicitude about

A boy's being flogged is not so severe as
a man's having the hiss of the world against
him. Men have a solicitude about fame ;
and the greater share they have of it, the
more afraid they are of losing it.—DR.
JOHNSON.

FAMILIES.—The Connection of

There are few families in the world who do
not reach at the one end of the line to the
noblest princes, and at the other to simple
pelebeians.—LA BRUYÈRE.

FAMILY.—The Manners of a

The manners of a family depend upon
those of the master. His principles and
practices soon diffuse themselves through
the house, and the piety or profaneness, the
sobriety or intemperance, the sloth or dili-
gence of servants, discover to the world the
nature of that fountain from which they
flow.—BP. HORNE.

FAMILY.—The Members of a Happy

It is not among those who carry about
with them the memory of a happy family
that you are to look for the advocate or the
executor of harshness or intolerance ; the
milk of human kindness has been mingled
with their blood ; and they have a feeling
for the joys and for the sorrows, for the
virtues and for the faults, of their fellow-
creatures. They know they have to do,
not with abstract principles or mere ma-
chines, but with men of like passions with
themselves ; and having been trained in
the luxury of doing good, they are to the
last members one of another, and of the
great brotherhood of mankind.—DEAN
BUTLER.

FAMILY.—The Resemblance of a

A family is a little world within doors ;
the miniature resemblance of the great
world without.—J. A. JAMES.

FAMILY.—The Youngest in a
And last the blue-eyed beauty, Lilian,
The little gentle one, whose tiny feet
Would patter o'er the hall, like plashing
rain,
Whose softly indistinct and half-formed
words
Seemed to make imperfection beautiful !
GIBBS.

FAMINE.—The Appearance of
Famine has a sharp and meagre face ;
'Tis death in an undress of skin and bone.
DRYDEN.

FAMOUS—at Once.
I awoke one morning and found myself
famous.—BYRON.

FANATICISM—Defined.
Fanaticism, soberly defined,
Is the false fire of an o'erheated mind ;
It views the truth with a distorted eye,
And either warps, or lays it useless by ;
'Tis narrow, selfish, arrogant, and draws
Its sordid nourishment from man's applause ;
And while, at heart, sin unrelinquished lies,
Presumes itself chief favourite of the skies.
COWPER.

FANATICISM.—The Evil of
Fanaticism, to which men are so much
inclined, has always served not only to
render them more brutalized but more
wicked.—VOLTAIRE.

FANATICISM.—The Grandeur Possessed
by

Fanaticism has its grandeur ; for whether
we kindle for country, science, or the
beauties of art and nature, we by that
transport do honour to human nature,
which gravitates but too easily toward
common things and material interests.—
DR. VINET.

FANATICISM.—The Origin of
Fanaticism is the child of false zeal, and
of superstition, the father of intolerance
and of persecution.—J. FLETCHER.

FANATICISM.—The Punishment of
Painful and corporeal punishments should
never be applied to fanaticism ; for, being
founded on pride, it glories in persecu-
tion.—BECCARIA.

FANCY.—The Charm of
The mere reality of life would be incon-
ceivably poor without the charm of fancy,
which brings in its bosom as many vain
fears as idle hopes, but lends much oftener
to the illusions it calls up a gay flattering
hue than one which inspires terror.—HUM-
BOLDT.

FANCY—Famous and Dangerous.
Fancy is a famous inmate, but singing
out of doors she becomes a dangerous de-
coy.—DR. J. HAMILTON.

FANCY.—The Influence of
Under this mighty influence man displays
energies which lead him boldly to dare
danger and complicated sufferings, or he is
reduced to the most degraded state of miser-
able despondency.—MILLINGEN.

FANCY.—Questions respecting
Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head ?
How begot, or nourished ?
SHAKESPEARE.

FAREWELL.—The Agony of a
Farewell ! if ever fondest prayer
For other's weal availed on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky.
'T were vain to speak, to weep, to sigh :
Oh ! more than tears of blood can tell,
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
Are in that word—Farewell !—Farewell !
BYRON.

FAREWELL.—A Complete
Farewell at once ; for once, for all, and
ever.—SHAKESPEARE.

FAREWELL—Defined.
A pass-word of the memory.—SLADDEN.

FARM-YARD.—The Attractions of a
A farm-yard, with all its inhabitants,
constitutes a most delightful scene, and fur-
nishes the mind with a thousand entertain-
ing ideas. The man who can see without
pleasure a hen gather her chickens under
her wings, or the train of ducklings follow-
ing their parent into a pond, is like him
who has no music in his soul, and who,
according to Shakspeare, is fit for treasons,
murders, everything that can disgrace and
degrade humanity. "I will forbid him,"
says Horace, on another occasion, "to be
under the same roof with me, or to embark
in the same vessel."—DR. KNOX.

FASCINATION.—The Power of
There is the fascination of words, of
looks, and of hearts ; and such is the be-
witching influence issuing therefrom, that
he must be more than man who does not
yield himself a captive to it.—WALLER.

FASHION.—The Best
The best fashion is to do all the good we
can to individuals and society.—DR. KNOX.

FASHION—an Envelope for Mortality.

A beautiful envelope for mortality, presenting a glittering and polished exterior, the appearance of which gives no certain indication of the real value of what is contained therein.—MRS. BALFOUR.

FASHION.—The Evils of

Fashion makes people sit up at night when they ought to be in bed, and keeps them in bed in the morning when they ought to be up and doing. She makes her votaries visit when they would rather stay at home, eat when they are not hungry, and drink when they are not thirsty. She invades their pleasures, and interrupts their business; she compels them to dress gaily, either upon their own property or that of others; she makes them through life seek rest on a couch of anxiety, and leaves them, in the hour of desolation, on a bed of thorns.—MRS. BALFOUR.

FASHION.—The Government of

Fashion is the great governor of this world. It presides not only in matters of dress and amusement, but in law, physic, politics, religion, and all other things of the gravest kind. Indeed the wisest of men would be puzzled to give any better reason why particular forms in all these have been at certain times universally received, and at other times universally rejected, than that they were in or out of fashion.—FIELDING.

FASHION.—Ladies of

Ladies of fashion starve the unhappiness to feed their vanity, and their love to feed their pride.—COLTON.

FASHION.—The Power of

Fashion easily transforms deformity to beauty, and beauty to deformity.—DR. KNOX.

FASHION—a Tyrant.

Fashion is a tyrant from which nothing frees us. We must suit ourselves to its fantastic tastes. But being compelled to live under its foolish laws, the wise man is never the first to follow, nor the last to keep it.—PAVILLON.

FASHIONS.—The Change of

Fashions change like leaves on the bough, some of which go and others come.—DANTE.

FASTIDIOUS.—A Cure for the

Whoever examines his own imperfections will cease to be fastidious.—CRABBE.

FASTIDIOUS.—The Dissatisfied State of the

The fastidious are unfortunate; nothing can satisfy them.—FONTAINE.

FASTING—a Good and Beautiful Institution.

Fasting, too much neglected and decried among us, is a good and beautiful institution. It gives a more tangible form to ideas that should habitually dominate us,—those of our unworthiness and our dependence. It restores to mind what it takes away from matter, and by relieving, in a manner, the soul that is generally oppressed with the burden of the flesh, it facilitates its soaring up towards the objects of the invisible world. Finally, by the voluntary privations it imposes, it increases our compassion for the involuntary privations of so many of our brethren, whose life, alas! is one perpetual fast.—DR. VINET.

FASTINGS AND PRAYER.

Fastings and prayer are but the active goings forth of dependence.—J. H. EVANS.

FATE.—God Controls

Fate exists; but it is not subject to capricious action, or to stern, unalterable necessity, but to the law of that gracious Being who makes all things to work together for good.—DR. DAVIES.

FATE.—Ignorance of

To each his sufferings • all are men
Condemn'd alike to groan,
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their paradise:
No more; where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.—T. GRAY.

FATE.—Impartial

With equal pace, impartial Fate
Knocks at the palace as the cottage gate.
FRANCIS.

FATHER.—God Apprehended as a

The pure and warm heart feels the Father like a sweet scent in the evening air—like the presence of a friend in the dark twilight room—like a melody entering within and sweetening the soul.—G. GILFILLAN.

FATHER.—The Heart of a

Fathers alone a father's heart can know ;
What secret tides of sweet enjoyment flow
When brothers love ! But if their hate
succeeds,

They wage the war, but 'tis the father
bleeds.—**DR. E. YOUNG.**

FATHER.—Love for a

In the year 1773, Peter Burrell, Esq., of Beckenham, in Kent, whose health was rapidly declining, was advised by his physicians to go to Spa for the recovery of his health. His daughters feared that those who had only motives entirely mercenary, would not pay him that attention which he might expect from those who, from duty and affection united, would feel the greatest pleasure in ministering to his ease and comfort ; they, therefore, resolved to accompany him. They proved that it was not a spirit of dissipation and gaiety that led them to Spa, for they were not to be seen in any of the gay and fashionable circles ; they were never out of their father's company, and never stirred from home, except to attend him, either to take the air or drink the waters ; in a word, they lived a most recluse life in the midst of a town then the resort of the most illustrious and fashionable personages of Europe. This exemplary attention to their father procured these three amiable sisters the admiration of all the English at Spa, and was the cause of their elevation to that rank in life, to which their merits gave them so just a title. They all were married to noblemen : one to the Earl of Beverly ; another to the Duke of Hamilton, and afterwards to the Marquis of Exeter ; and a third to the Duke of Northumberland. And it is justice to them to say—that they reflected honour on their rank, rather than derived any from it.—**ARVINE.**

FATHER.—Punishment by a

A slight punishment suffices for his anger.
—**RACINE.**

FATHER.—A Royal

I can imagine no more honourable group than a royal father among his sons, earnestly instilling into them the high laws of the kingly office which he himself religiously observes.—**RICHTER.**

FAULT.—A Common

It is a common fault to be never satisfied with our fortune, nor dissatisfied with our understanding.—**LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.**

FAULT.—A Double

To maintain a fault known is a double fault.—**BP. JEWEL.**

FAULT.—The Time for Finding

Find fault, when you must find fault, in private, if possible ; and some time after the offence, rather than at the time. The blamed are less inclined to resist when they are blamed without witnesses ; both parties are calmer, and the accused party is struck with the forbearance of the accuser, who has seen the fault, and watched for a private and proper time for mentioning it.—**S. SMITH.**

FAULTS.—Pleasure in Observing

If we had no faults ourselves, we should not take such pleasure in observing those of others.—**LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.**

FAULTS.—The Repository of

Every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbours' faults, and another behind him in which he stows his own.—**SHAKESPEARE.**

FAULTS.—Venial

The venial faults, of which you take no account, become the root of the greatest crimes.—**ST. CHRYSOSTOM.**

FAVOUR.—The Bestowal of a

Every favour which is conferred upon a follower should appear to be bestowed though willingly, yet with deliberation ; for deliberation does not more lend aggravation to an act of malice, than it heightens the complexion of a service rendered.—**H. TAYLOR.**

FAVOURITES.—The Hatred of

The hatred of favourites is nothing more than the love of favour. Our indignation at not possessing it ourselves is soothed and mitigated by the contempt we express for those who do ; and we refuse them our homage, because we are not able to deprive them of that which procures them the homage of every one else.—**LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.**

FAVOURITES.—Royal

Royal favourites are often obliged to carry their complaisance farther than they meant. They live for their master's pleasure, and they die for his convenience.—**COLTON.**

FAWN.—The Fleetsness of a

It was a wondrous thing : how fleet
'T was on those little silver feet !
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race !

And when it had left me far away
'T would stay, and run again, and stay ;
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.

MARVELL.

FEAR.—The Absence of

The virtuous breast ne'er knows it.

HAYARD.

FEAR.—The Benefit of

It is better to fear too much than to presume but a little.—ABB. ABBOT.

FEAR.—Betrays Guilt.

All fear, but fear of Heaven, betrays guilt,
And guilt is villany.—DR. LEE.

FEAR.—Defined.

Fear is an uneasiness of the mind upon the thought of future evil likely to befall us.—LOCKE.

FEAR.—Described.

Next him was Fear, all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himself not safe enough thereby,
But fear'd each shadow moving to or fro,
And his own arms when glittering he did spy,
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly ;
As ashes pale of hue, and winged heel'd,
And evermore on Danger fix'd his eye,
'Gainst whom he always bent a brazen shield,
Which his right hand unarmed fearfully did wield.—SPENSER.

FEAR.—Habit Diminishes and Increases

Habit diminishes fear when it raises up contrary associations, and increases it when it confirms the first associations. A man works in a gunpowder-mill every day of his life, with the utmost *sang froid*, which you would not be very much pleased to enter for half an hour. You have associated with the manufactory nothing but the accidents you have heard it is exposed to ; he has associated with it the numberless days he has passed there in perfect security. For the same reason, a sailor-boy stands unconcerned upon the mast, a mason upon a ladder, and a miner descends by his single rope. Their associations are altered by experience ; therefore, in estimating the degree in which human creatures are under the influence of this passion, we must always remember their previous habits.—S. SMITH.

FEAR.—The Manifestations of

Fear shows itself by paleness of the cheeks, sinking of the spirits, trembling of the limbs, hurry and confusion of the mind and thoughts, agonies of nature and fainting.—DR. WATTS.

FEAR.—The Performances of

Fear, that braver feats performs
Than ever courage dared in arms.

S. BUTLER.

FEAR—a Preservative.

Fear is implanted in us as a preservative from evil ; but its duty, like that of other passions, is not to overbear reason, but to assist it ; nor should it be suffered to tyrannise in the imagination, to raise phantoms of horror, or to beset life with supernatural distresses.—DR. JOHNSON.

FEAR—Proper and Salutary.*

Fear rightly directed is both proper and salutary to such a creature as man.—ABB. SUMNER.

FEAR.—The Secretions of

Fear secretes acids ; but love and trust are sweet juices.—H. W. BECHER.

FEAR—sometimes Valour.

Fear to do base, unworthy things is valour ;
If they be done to us, to suffer them
Is valour too.—JONSON.

FEAR—a Virtue.

Fear is the virtue of slaves.—BP. TEGNER.

FEAST.—The Word—

There is something very pleasant and captivating in the word—feast. Realized, it is the chief joy—the paradise of the Epicure. Hence the very sound of it is sweet and musical to him as home to the exile, or victory to the warrior. But when you bring this word—feast—within the domain of Christianity, it possesses an infinite meaning and preciousness ; for the privileges and blessednesses of the Christian life are frequently described in Inspiration under the figure of a feast.—DR. DAVIES.

FEASTS.—The Making and Eating

Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.—DR. FRANKLIN.

FEASTS.—The Rarest

Those are the rarest feasts which are graced with the most royal guests.—W. SECKER.

FEASTING AND FASTING.

Accustom early in your youth
To lay embargo on your mouth ;
And let no rarities invite
To pall and glut your appetite ;
But check it always, and give o'er
With a desire of eating more ;
For where one dies by *inanition*,
A thousand perish by *repletion* :

To miss a meal sometimes is good,—
It ventilates and cools the blood ;
Gives Nature time to cleanse her streets
From filth and crudities of meats ;
For too much meat the bowels fur ;
And fasting's Nature's scavenger.

RAYNARD.

FEATURES.—Homely

It is for homely features to keep home.
—MILTON.

FEATURES.—Variety of

That men should vary in their features
we might naturally expect from general
analogy. There is nothing in nature that
preserves an invariable uniformity. Two
stones cannot be picked up on the sea-
shore, nor two leaves from the densest
forest, in every respect alike. Wherever
we look, we find varieties of the same
species distinguished by some striking
change of aspect.—DR. BREWER.

FEBRUARY.—The Month of

'Tis February's changeful mood,
When eve to morn is seldom true,
And day which broke gusty and rude,
Oft shuts in skies of softest hue :
In mild repose one sun goes down,
The next comes up with murky frown ;
But scarce hath tolled the hour of day,
When glittering roll those frowns away.

CAROLINE WEBBE.

FEEBLE.—Helping and Supporting the

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—SHAKSPEARE.

FEEBLENESS—Defined.

He whose strength exceeds his necessi-
ties, though an insect, a worm, is a strong
being ; he whose necessities exceed his
strength, though an elephant, a lion, a
conqueror, a hero, a god, is a feeble being.
—ROUSSEAU.

FEELING.—The Caprice of

A quarter of an hour since how romantic,
how enchanted with the favourite idea, how
anticipative of pleasure from an expected
meeting ! I have advanced within two
hundred yards of the place ; the current
of sentiment is changed, and I feel as if I
could wish to slink away into deep and
eternal solitude.—FOSTER.

FEELING.—A Fellow

A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind !

GARRICK.

FEELING.—The Good and Evil of

What is genius but deep feeling,
Wakening to glorious revealing ?
But what is feeling but to be
Alive to every misery ?—LANDON.

FEELING.—Measuring

A respectable merchant in London hav-
ing been embarrassed in his circumstances,
and his misfortunes having been one day
the subject of conversation in the Royal
Exchange, several persons expressed great
sorrow ; when a foreigner who was present
said—" I feel five hundred pounds for him,
what do you feel ?"—ARVINE.

FEELING.—The Romance

The romance feeling is as necessary to
the exquisitely affectionate, as to the im-
passioned and sublime.—FOSTER.

FEELING.—The Time to Stir

Feeling should be stirred only when it
can be sent to labour for worthy ends.—
S. BROOKE.

FEELINGS—Come and Go.

Feelings come and go like light troops
following the victory of the present.—
RICHTER.

FEELINGS—cannot be Defined.

I don't believe in definitions of feelings
or classes of feelings. They can be illus-
trated—not, defined.—H. W. BEECHER.

FEELINGS.—Fine

Fine feelings, without vigour of reason,
are in the situation of the extreme feathers
of a peacock's tail, dragging in the mud.—
FOSTER.

FELICITY.—Creature

All creature felicity will become a prize
to mortality.—W. SECKER.

FELICITY.—The Nearness of

How distant oft the thing we dote on most,
Than that for which we dote—felicity !

DR. E. YOUNG.

FELICITY—Self-Made.

To ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find.

GOLDSMITH.

FELLOWSHIP.—The Craving for

The craving for fellowship shows itself
at first in the youngest and most innocent
childhood, and is the last feeling that dies
out in humanity. None are so criminal
as to have no power of love to others, and
everything proves the value of fellowship,

the great result being that "the great multitude which no man can number" will be bound together in one common unity.—BARRY.

FELLOWSHIP.—Mankind Created for

God has created mankind for fellowship, and not for solitariness, which is clearly proved by this strong argument:—God, in the creation of the world, created man and woman, to the end that the man in the woman should have a fellow.—LUTHER.

FELONS.—Jovial.

Felons may be jovial in the prison, and bold at the bar; but they will tremble at the tree.—W. SECKER.

FEMALE.—A Beautiful

Her heavenly form
Angelic, but more soft and feminine
Her graceful innocence.—MILTON.

FEMALES.—Benefits Conferred by

Females confer on life its finest felicities.—RAWLE.

FENIAN.—The Word—

This word has two derivations: the first is from the name of the ancient Irish chief, Fian; the second is from the Phoenix Club, a select society which existed in Ireland for many years.—LOARING.

FESTIVALS.—The Observance of

Festivals, when duly observed, attach men to the civil and religious institutions of their country: it is an evil, therefore, when they fall into disuse.—DR. SOUTHEY.

FEUDALISM.—Some Obligations of

Charles V. bestowed upon the Knights of Rhodes the Island of Malta, upon the condition that they should annually deliver to him, and to the kings of Spain and Sicily, his successors, a falcon. A nobleman in France is bound to present his superior every year, on St. Martin's day, with a wren. Others must, in the same manner, deliver a pig's head; others, a chaplet of roses; others, a lark tied to a carriage; others, a twig in leaf; others, the same in blossom. One man is bound, every Christmas-Eve, to bring a faggot of wood to his lord superior's chimney; another, upon the name-day of his lady, to sing a song in her praise; with many other strange and ridiculous obligations. The design of such feudal titles was—to connect with the property a constantly recurring memorial of those to whom the owners were indebted for its possession.—SCRIVER.

FEVER.—A

An envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation.
SHAKSPEARE.

FEVER.—An Invitation to a

He that tempts me to drink beyond my measure civilly invites me to a fever.—B. TAYLOR.

FICTION.—The Instructiveness of

I have often maintained that fiction *may* be much more instructive than real history.—FOSTER.

FICTION.—The Profitableness of

Many works of fiction may be read with safety, some even with profit.—H. MORE.

FIDELITY.—Defined.

The fealty of the finite will and understanding to the reason.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

FIDELITY.—The Security of

The best security for fidelity is to make interest coincide with duty.—SIR W. HAMILTON.

FIGHT.—The Coward's Way to

He that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day.
MENNES.

FIGHT.—The Greatest

The greatest fight in which immortal man can possibly engage, and on which hang issues of transcendent importance, is with the world, the flesh, and the devil.—E. DAVIES.

FIGURE.—A Noble

In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty.
SHAKSPEARE.

FINITE.—The Annihilation of the

The finite is annihilated in the presence of infinity, and becomes a simple nothing.—PASCAL.

FIR-TREE.—The Durability of the

The gates of Constantinople, which stood for more than a thousand years, were made of it. The Mohammedans plant it in their burying-grounds.—PROF. BALFOUR.

FIRE.—Looking into the

Me oft has fancy, ludicrous and wild,
Sooth'd with a waking dream of houses,
tow'rs,
Trees, churches, and strange visages ex-
press'd
In the hot cinders, while with poring eye

I gazed, myself creating what I saw.
Nor less amused have I quiescent watch'd
The sooty films that play upon the bars
Pendulous, and foreboding in the view
Of superstition, prophesying still,
Though still deceived, some stranger's near
approach :

'Tis thus the understanding takes repose
In indolent vacuity of thought,
And sleeps and is refresh'd.—COWPER.

FIRE.—The Nature of

It is now known that fire is neither a distinct substance nor essence, as supposed by the ancients. It is a phenomenon consisting of the sudden and abundant evolution of heat and light produced when certain class of bodies called Combustibles enter into chemical combination with the oxygen gas, which constitutes one of the constituents of the atmosphere. The term Combustion in the modern nomenclature of physics has been adopted to express this phenomenon.—DR. LARDNER.

FIRE.—The Source of

Fire came down from heaven, therefore restlessly works itself through all combustibles till it return thither again.—W. SECKER.

FIRE-PLACE.—The Cheerfulness of the

Never neglect your fire-places : I have paid great attention to mine, and could burn you all out in a moment. Much of the cheerfulness of life depends upon it. Who could be miserable with that fire? What makes a fire so pleasant is, I think, that it is a live thing in a dead room.—S. SMITH.

FIRE-SIDE.—Attractions of the

The sweet repose, which is necessary to restore by relaxing the tone of the weary mind, has been sought for by the wisest and greatest of men at their own fire-side. Senators and heroes have shut out the acclamations of an applauding world, to enjoy the prattling of their little ones, and to partake the endearments of family conversation. They know that even their best friends, in the common intercourse of life, were in some degree actuated by interested motives in displaying their affection ; that many of their followers applauded them in hopes of reward ; and that the giddy multitude, however zealous, were not always judicious in their approbation. But the attentions paid them at their fire-side, the smiles which exhilarated their own table, were the genuine result of undissembled love.—DR. KNOX.

FIRMAMENT.—The Eloquence of the

When I survey the bright
Celestial sphere,
So rich with jewels hung, that night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear ;

My soul her wings doth spread,
And heavenward flies,
The Almighty's mysteries to read
In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament
Shoots forth no flame
So silent, but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small a character
Removed far from our human sight ;

But if we stedfast look,
We shall discern
In it, as in some holy book,
How man may heavenly knowledge learn.
HABINGTON.

FIRMNESS—an Act of the Will.

Firmness belongs to the will, and prevents it from yielding. Without it man has no character—no will of his own.—DR. WEBSTER.

FIRMNESS—Enjoined.

Stand firm and immovable as an anvil
when it is beaten upon.—IGNATIUS.

FIRMNESS.—The Greatest

The greatest firmness is the greatest mercy.
LONGFELLOW.

FIRMNESS.—Unflinching

George III. was a man of firm mind with whom one had pleasure in acting. He was very slow in forming his opinion, very diligent in procuring every information on the subject ; but once convinced, he would act with the most unflinching firmness. His beautiful speech about the Roman Catholic question shows his character :—"I can give up my crown and retire from power ; I can quit my palace, and live in a cottage ; I can lay my head on a block, and lose my life ; but I can *not* break my oath."—TWISS.

FISH.—The Flying

When I have seen thy snowy wing
O'er the blue wave at evening spring,
And give those scales of silver white,
So gaily to the eye of light,
As if thy frame were form'd to rise,
And live amid the glorious skies ;
Oh ! it has made me proudly feel
How like thy wing's impatient zeal

Is the pure soul, that scorns to rest
Upon the world's ignoble breast,
But takes the plume that God has given,
And rises into light and heaven !
But when I see that wing so bright
Grow languid with a moment's flight,
Attempt the paths of air in vain,
And sink into the waves again ;
Alas ! the flattering pride is o'er :
Like thee, awhile, the soul may soar,
But erring man must blush to think,
Like thee, again, the soul may sink !

T. MOORE.

FISH.—Golden

Harmless warriors clad in mail
Of silver breastplate, golden scale ;
Mail of nature's own bestowing,
With peaceful radiance mildly glowing ;
Keener than the Tartar's arrow,
Sport ye in your sea so narrow :
Was the Sun himself your sire ?
Were ye born of vital fire ?
Or of the shade of golden flowers,
Such as we fetch from eastern bowers ?

H. COLERIDGE.

FISH.—The Happiness of

They are so happy that they know not
what to do with themselves. Their attitudes, their vivacity, their leaps out of the water, their frolics in it, (which I have noticed a thousand times with equal attention and amusement,) all conduce to show their excess of spirits, and are simply the effects of that excess.—ADN. PALEY.

FISH.—The Waters full of

The sounds and seas, each creek and bay,
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
Of fish, that with their fins and shining
scales
Glide under the green wave in sculls that
oft
Bank the mid-sea ; part single, or with
mate,
Graze the sea-weed, their pasture, and
through groves
Of coral stray ; or, sporting with quick
glance,
Show to the sun their waved coats dropt
with gold ;
Or in their pearly shells at ease, attend
Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food
In jointed armour watch : on the smooth
seal
And banded dolphins play—part huge of
bulk,
Wallowing unwieldily, enormous in their
gait,
Tempest the ocean : there Leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
Stretch'd like a promontory, sleeps or
swims,
And seems a moving land, and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out a
flood.—MILTON.

FISHERMAN.—The Hard Life of a

A hard and rugged life is his : to lie in the stern-sheets, soaked with rain, or numbed with the night-wind ; and full of uncertainties—one night such a take that the nets are dragged to the bottom or broken ; another night, nothing at all : sudden squalls, canvas blown to tatters, boat capsized, the fish restored to the stormy deep, the strong swimmer scarcely saved.—DR. J. HAMILTON.

FITNESS—in General.

All fitness lies in a particular commensuration, or proportion of one thing to another.—DR. SOUTH.

FITNESS.—Moral

Moral fitness is the agreement of the actions of any intelligent being with the nature, circumstances, and relations of things.—BUCK.

FLAG.—A Soldier's Idolatry for his

On seeing a young Prussian soldier who was pressing his flag to his bosom in the agonies of death, Napoleon said to his officers—"Gentlemen, you see that a soldier has a sentiment approaching idolatry for his flag. Render funeral honours at once to this young man. I regret that I do not know his name, that I might write to his family. Do not take away his flag ; its silken folds will be an honourable shroud for him.—BOURRIENNE.

FLATTERER.—Beware of a

Beware also of him who flatters you, and commends you to your face, or to one he thinks will tell you of it ; most probably he has either deceived and abused you, or means to do so. Remember the fable of the fox commending the singing of the crow, who had something in her mouth which the fox wanted. Be careful that you do not commend yourselves.—SIR. M. HAILE.

FLATTERERS.—The Art of

The art of flatterers is to take advantage of the foibles of the great, to foster their errors, and never to give advice which may annoy.—MOLIÈRE.

FLATTERERS.—A Royal Rebuke to

As Canute the Great, King of England, was walking on the sea-shore at Southampton, accompanied by his courtiers, who offered him the grossest flattery, comparing him to the greatest heroes of antiquity, and asserting that his power was more than human, he ordered a chair to be placed on the beach while the tide was coming in.

Sitting down with a majestic air, he thus addressed himself to the sea :—"Thou sea, that art a part of my dominions, and the land whereon I sit, is mine : no one ever broke my commands with impunity. I, therefore, charge thee to come no farther upon my land, and not presume to wet either my feet or my robe, who am thy sovereign." But the sea, rolling on as before, and without any respect, not only wet the skirts of his robe, but likewise splashed his thighs. On which he rose up suddenly, and, addressing himself to his attendants, upraided them with their ridiculous flattery, and very judiciously expatiated on the narrow and limited power of the greatest monarchs on earth.—BUCK.

FLATTERIES.—The Wrong Done by

He does me double wrong
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.—SHAKSPEARE.

FLATTERY.—The Benefit of

The coin that is most current among mankind is flattery; the only benefit of which is that by hearing what we are not we may be instructed what we ought to be.—DEAN SWIFT.

FLATTERY.—A Cunning

There is a very 'cunning flattery which great minds sometimes pay themselves, by condescending to admire efforts corresponding with, but vastly inferior to their own.—COLTON.

FLATTERY.—Defined.

Flattery is praise insincerely given for an interested purpose.—H. W. BELCHER.

FLATTERY.—No Friendship in

Every one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in misery :
Words are easy like the wind ;
Faithful friends are hard to find :
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want,
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call ;
And with such like flattering—
"Pity but he were a king."

SHAKSPEARE.

FLATTERY.—The Mutual Meanness of

Flattery is often a traffic of mutual meanness where, although both parties intend deception, neither are deceived, since words that cost little are exchanged for hopes that cost less.—COLTON.

FLATTERY.—Pleasing to Men of Wit.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools—
That flattery is the food of fools ;
Yet now and then, your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.

DEAN SWIFT.

FLATTERY.—Pleasing to the Poet.

Ne'er
Was flattery lost on Poet's ear :
A simple race ! they waste their tail
For the vain tribute of a smile.

SIR W. SCOTT.

FLATTERY.—Professing to Despise

Some there are who profess to despise all flattery, but even these are nevertheless to be flattered, by being told that they do despise it.—COLTON.

FLATTERY.—Rejected.

Minds,
By nature great, are conscious of their greatness,
And hold it mean to borrow aught from flattery.—ROWE.

FLIES.—The Creation of

They are a shameless kind of insect, lighting upon everything without distinction, and returning the moment they are chased away. In my opinion, they have been created to teach us the lesson of our inability and helplessness, inasmuch as the mightiest of men is not mighty enough to compel a fly to keep off his face.—SCRIVER.

FLIGHT.—The Advantages of

If the ancients crown'd their bravest men
That only saved a citizen,
What victory could e'er be won,
If ev'ry one would save but one ?
Or fight indanger'd to be lost,
Where all resolve to save the most ?
By this means, when a battle's won,
The war's as far from being done ;
For those that save themselves and fly,
Go halves, at least, i' th' victory ;
And sometimes when the loss is small,
And danger great, they challenge all ;
For those who run from th' enemy,
Engage them equally to fly ;
And when the fight becomes a chase,
They win the day that win the race.

S. BUTLER.

FLIGHT.—The Policy of

Those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain :
Hence timely running's no mean part
Of conduct in the martial art ;
By which some glorious feats achieve,
As citizens by breaking thrive ;

And cannons conquer armies, while
They seem to draw off and recoil ;—
Is held the gallantest course, and bravest
To great exploits, as well as safest ;
That spares th' expense of time and pains,
And dangerous beating out of brains ;
And in the end prevails as certain
As those that never trust to fortune ;
But make their fear do execution
Beyond the stoutest resolution ;
As earthquakes kill without a blow,
And, only trembling, overthrow.

S. BUTLER.

FLOWER.—The Complexion of a

A flower is the best complexioned grass,
as a pearl is the best coloured clay.—DR.
FULLER.

FLOWER.—The Wayside

Pluck not the wayside flower,
It is the traveller's dower ;
Hundreds in passing by
That beauty may espy,
And win a touch of blessing
From Nature's mild caressing :
The sad of heart perceives
A violet under leaves,
Like some new-budding hope ;
The primrose on the slope
Like spots of sunshine dwells,
And cheerful message tells
Of kind renewing power ;
The nodding bluebell's dye
Is drawn from happy sky :
Then spare the wayside flower !

ALLINGHAM.

FLOWERS.—An Address to

Oh, lovely flowers, my ever faithful friends !
Ye are the sweetest poetry of earth ;
Ye are the dim foreshadowings of heaven,
Bright angels shower'd from the realms
above,

To give us a faint picture of their home,
A gleam of its ne'er-fading loveliness :
Ye kiss our footsteps wheresoe'er we roam ;
Ever with sweetest sounds ye welcome us :
We inadvertently may tread on you,
And yet you gently raise your trembling
heads,
And with the same sweet smile look on our
face,
And breathe a richer perfume in return :
Oh, what deep lessons may we learn from
you,
Ye open books, bright with the light of
God !—P. V. G. DE MONTGOMERY.

FLOWERS.—The Death of the

Where are the flowers, the fair young
flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light, and softer airs, a beau-
teous sisterhood ?

Alas ! they are all in their graves,—the
gentler race of flowers
Are lying in their lonely beds, with the fair
and good of ours :
The rain is falling where they lie ; but the
cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the
lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they
perish'd long ago,
And the briar-rose and the orchis died amid
the summer glow ;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the
aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook, in
autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven,
as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone
from upland, glade, and glen.

BRYANT.

FLOWERS.—The Divine Design in

God made the flowers to beautify
The earth, and cheer man's careful mood ;
And he is happiest who hath power
To gather wisdom from a flower,
And wake his heart in every hour
To pleasant gratitude.

W. WORDSWORTH.

FLOWERS.—Early

There is to me
A daintiness about these early flowers,
That touches me like poetry. They blow
out
With such a simple loveliness among
The common herbs of pastures, and breathe
Their lives so unobtrusively, like hearts
Whose beatings are too gentle for the
world.—N. P. WILLIS.

FLOWERS.—Field

What landscapes I read in the primrose's
looks,
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy
brooks,
In the vetches that tangled the shore !
Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye
were dear,
Ere the fever of passions, or ague of fear,
Had scathed my existence's bloom ;
Once I welcome you more, in life's passion-
less stage ;
With the visions of youth to re-visit my age,
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

T. CAMPBELL.

FLOWERS.—Love for

Flowers seem intended for the solace of
ordinary humanity : children love them ;
quiet, tender, contented ordinary people
love them as they grow ; luxurious and dis-
orderly people rejoice in them gathered.
They are the cottager's treasure ; and in the

crowded town, mark, as with a little broken fragrant of rainbow, the windows of the workers in whose heart rests the covenant of peace. Passionate or religious minds contemplate them with fond, feverish intensity; the affection is seen severely calm in the works of many old religious painters, and mixed with more open and true country sentiment in those of our pre-Raphaelites. —RUSKIN.

Luther always kept a flower in a glass on his writing-table; and when he was waging his great public controversy with Eckins he kept a flower in his hand. Lord Bacon has a beautiful passage about flowers. As to Shakspeare, he is a perfect Alpine valley—he is full of flowers; they spring, and blossom, and wave in every cleft of his mind. Even Milton, cold, serene, and stately as he is, breaks forth into exquisite gushes of tenderness and fancy when he marshals the flowers. —MRS. STOWE.

FLOWERS.—Pleasure Derived from

The very soul seems to be refreshed on the bare recollection of the pleasure which the senses receive in contemplating, on a fine vernal morning, the charms of the pink, the violet, the rose, the honey-suckle, the hyacinth, the tulip, and a thousand other flowers, in every variety of figure, scent, and hue; for Nature is no less remarkable for the accuracy and beauty of her works, than for variety and profusion. —DR. KNOX.

FLOWERS—are the Stars of the Earth.

What a desolate place would be a world without a flower! It would be a face without a smile,—a feast without a welcome! Are not flowers the stars of the earth? and are not our stars the flowers of heaven? —MRS. BALFOUR.

FLOWERS.—Poisonous and Sweet

It is with flowers as with moral qualities—the bright are sometimes poisonous, but, I believe, never the sweet. —ADN. HARE.

FLOWERS.—The Use of

By them the lover tells his tale,
They can his hopes, his fears express;
The maid, when words or looks would fail,
Can thus a kind return confess:

They wreath the harp at banquets tried,
With them we crown the crested brave;
They deck the maid—adorn the bride—
Or form the chaplets for her grave.

R. PATTERSON.

FLUTE.—The

This instrument was known to the Greeks and Romans, who were devotedly

attached to its dulcet sounds. It derives its name from *fluta*, the classical name for the lamprey, because, like that fish, it is long and perforated along the side. —LOAKING.

FOE.—A Deathless

The most deathless foe is a victim. —DR. J. HAMILTON.

FOE.—Hard to Praise a

We praise not Hector, though his name we know
Is great in arms; 'tis hard to praise a foe.
DRYDEN.

FOE.—Kindness to a

The fine and noble way to kill a foe
Is not to kill him: you with kindness may
So change him, that he shall cease to be so;
And then he's slain. Sigismund used to say
His pardons put his foes to death; for when
He mortified their hate, he killed them then. —ALLEYN.

FOLLOWERS.—Costly

Costly followers are not to be liked; lest while a man maketh his train longer, he make his wings shorter. —LORD BACON.

FOLLY.—Destroys Itself.

Folly, like falsehood, often destroys itself by its own self-contradictions. —LORD BACON.

FOLLY.—The Growth of

Folly as it grows in years,
The more extravagant appears.
S. BUTLER.

FOLLY.—The Principle of

Folly is the principle of absolute unwisdom,—of consummate moral evil. —CANON LIDDON.

FOLLY.—The Shortest

The shortest folly is always the best. —GIRANDIERE.

FOOD.—The Enjoyment of

All animals derive pleasure from food. But for man there has been reserved the additional gratification derived from the social meal. It is pleasant for us to take our food in company. Why is it so? There is no need for this. It might have been otherwise; it might have been natural to us, as it is to some of the lower animals, to carry away each his portion of food and consume it apart; nay, we might have been so made, as to feel shame or disgust at the very thought of eating in the presence of, or along with, others. But had it been so, of what a source of gratification, as well as of

moral culture, had we been deprived ! how would society have wanted one of its most potent cements—one of its most soothing and refining influences !—**DR. W. L. ALEXANDER.**

FOOD.—Indigestible

Unpleasant feelings of the body produce correspondent sensations in the mind, and a great scene of wretchedness is sketched out by a morsel of indigestible and misguided food. Of such infinite consequence to happiness is it to study the body !—**S. SMITH.**

FOOD.—The Purpose of

Food is given to enable us to carry on the necessary business of life, and that our support may be such as our work requires.—**SIR W. JONES.**

FOOL.—The Admiration of a

A fool always finds one still more foolish to admire him.—**BOILEAU.**

FOOL.—A Learned

A learned fool is more foolish than an ignorant fool.—**MOIÈRE.**

FOOL.—The Reproof of a

There was a certain nobleman who kept a fool, to whom he one day gave a staff, with a charge to keep it till he should meet with one who was a greater fool than himself. Not many years after, the nobleman fell sick, even unto death. The fool came to see him : his lord said to him—"I must shortly leave you." "And whither are you going?" said the fool. "Into another world," replied his lordship. "And when will you come again? Within a month?" "No." "Within a year?" "No." "When then?" "Never." "Never!" said the fool: "and what provision hast thou made for thy entertainment there, whither thou goest?" "None at all." "No!" said the fool, "none at all! Here, then, take my staff; for with all my folly, I am not guilty of any such folly as this."—**BR. TAYLOR.**

FOOL.—A Thorough

He must be a thorough fool who can learn nothing from his own folly.—**ADN. HARE.**

FOOLS.—Angry with

Were I to be angry at men being fools, I could here find ample room for declamation; but, alas! I have been a fool myself; and why should I be angry with them for being something so natural to every child of humanity?—**GOLDSMITH.**

FOOLS—Looking Wise.

Fools are known by looking wise,
As men find woodcocks by their eyes.
S. BUTLER.

FOOT.—The Better

Nay, but make haste; the better foot before:

Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
And fly like thought !—**SHAKESPEARE.**

FOOT.—A Light

A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew;
E'en the slight harebell raised its head
Elastic from her airy tread.—**SIR W. SCOTT.**

FOOTPRINTS—on the Sands of Time.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;
Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.
LONGFELLOW.

FOPPERY—Incurable.

Foppery is never cured; it is the bad stamina of the mind, which like those of the body, are never rectified.—**DR. JOHNSON.**

FOPS.—A Peculiar Class of

There is a class of fops not usually designated by that epithet—men clothed in profound black, with large canes, and strange amorphous hats—of big speech, and imperative presence—talkers about Plato—great affecters of senility—despisers of women, and all the graces of life—fierce foes to common sense—abusive of the living, and approving no one who has not been dead for at least a century. Such fops, as vain and as shallow as their fraternity in Bond-Street, differ from these only as Gorgonius differed from Rufillus.—**S. SMITH.**

FORBEARANCE.—An Example of

Of Mr. John Henderson it is observed—that the oldest of his friends never beheld him otherwise than calm and collected: it was a state of mind he retained under all circumstances. During his residence at Oxford, a student of a neighbouring college, proud of his logical acquirements, was solicitous of a private disputation with the renowned Henderson: some mutual friends introduced him, and having chosen his subject, they conversed for some time with equal candour and moderation; but

Henderson's antagonist, perceiving his confutation inevitable, (forgetting the character of a gentleman, and with a resentment engendered by his former arrogance,) threw a full glass of wine *in his face*. Henderson, without altering his features, or changing his position, gently wiped his face, and then coolly replied—"This, Sir, *is a digression: now for the argument.*"—BUCK.

FORBEARANCE.—Mutual

The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear ;—
And something, every day they live,
To pity, and perhaps forgive.

COWPER.

FORBEARANCE.—Reasons for

The little I have seen of the world teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through, the brief pulsations of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hand it came.—LONGFELLOW.

FORBIDDEN.—Desiring the

Caring little for what we may do, we are on fire for what is forbidden.—OVID.

FORCE.—The Partial Conquest of

Who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
MILTON.

FORCE.—The Rule of

Force rules the world, and not opinion ;
but opinion is that which makes use of
force.—PASCAL.

FOREKNOWLEDGE—Forbidden to Man.

Too curious man ! why dost thou seek to
know
Events which—good or ill—foreknown are
woe ?
The All-Seeing Power which made thee
mortal gave
Thee everything a mortal state should have.
Foreknowledge only is enjoyed by Heaven,
And for his peace of mind, to man for-
bidden :
Wretched were life if he foreknew his
doom ;
Even joys foreseen give pleasing hope no
room,
And griefs assured are felt before they
come.—DRYDEN.

FORESHADOWS.—Dread Arising from

My mind misgives,
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
Shall bitterly begin this fearful date
With this night's revels.—SHAKSPEARE.

FORESHADOWS.—Events Seen in their

As the sun,
Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image
In the atmosphere ; so often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.
SCHILLER.

FORESIGHT.—Human

Human foresight often leaves its proudest
possessor only a choice of evils.—COLTON.

FORESIGHT.—The Divine

It has been adduced as a striking illustration of the Divine foresight, that the season of the birth of the young of certain animals should be adjusted to the season of the year, and to the period of the food most conducive to its well-being ; the preparation for the birth of the animal, and the preparation for the birth of its food (say the larvæ of insects), dating from very different points of time.—MCCOSH.

FOREST.—A Sabbath-Morn in the

Who, that ever, on a Sabbath morn,
Sent through this leafy roof a prayer to
heaven,
And when the sweet bells burst upon the
air,
Saw the leaves quiver, and the flecks of
light
Leap like caressing angels to the feet
Of the church-going multitude, but felt
That here, God's day was holier—that the
trees,
Pierced by these shining spires, and echo-
ing ever
"To prayer !" "to prayer !" were but the
lofty roof
Of an unhewn cathedral, in whose choirs
Breezes and storm-winds, and the many
birds
Join'd in the varied anthem ; and that so,
Resting their breasts upon these bending
limbs,
Closer and readier to our need they lay—
The spirits who keep watch 'twixt us and
heaven.—N. P. WILLIS.

FOREST.—The Scenery of the

There is a serene and settled majesty in forest scenery that enters into the soul, and dilates and elevates it, and fills it with noble inclinations. The ancient and hereditary groves, too, that embower this island are most of them full of story. They are

haunted by the recollections of the great spirits of past ages who have sought for relaxation among them from the tumult of arms or the toils of state, or have wooed the muse beneath their shade.—GILPIN.

FORETHOUGHT.—Prudent

Whoever fails to turn aside the ills of life by prudent forethought, must submit to fulfil the course of destiny.—SCHILLER.

FORETHOUGHT.—Too Much and Too Little

To have too much forethought, is the part of a wretch ; to have too little, is the part of a fool.—R. CECIL.

FORGET.—Impossible to

"Forget thee?"—If to dream by night,
and muse on thee by day ;
If all the worship deep and wild a poet's
heart can pay ;
If prayers in absence breathed for thee to
Heaven's protecting power ;
If winged thoughts that flit to thee—a thou-
sand in an hour ;
If busy fancy blending thee with all my
future lot,—
If this thou call'st "forgetting," thou in-
deed shalt be forgot !

"Forget thee?"—Bid the forest birds
forget their sweetest tune !

"Forget thee?"—Bid the sea forget to
swell beneath the moon !

Bid the thirsty flowers forget to drink the
eve's refreshing dew !

Thyself forget thine "own dear land," and
its "mountains wild and blue ;"

Forget each old familiar face, each long
remembered spot ;

When these things are forgot by thee, then
thou shalt be forgot !

CANON MOULTRIE.

FORGETFULNESS.—Happy

The shepherd, when April returns, thinks
no more of the cold that is gone ; he leads
again from the stall his snow-white flocks
to their accustomed shady pastures, and
makes his pipe again to resound. The
pilot, when the wind is lulled, forgets his
fears, and joyfully seated on the prow, goes
singing on the bosom of the deep.—
METASTASIO.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—The

Flower of the hue so near to heaven !
Sweet emblem of a cloudless sky !
Not lovelier are the tints of even,
Than the blue lustre of thine eye.

The dew falls on thy gentle breast,
But finds thee such a fairy flower,
That scarce one drop on thee can rest
Of all that falls at evening hour.

Flower with the name to friendship dear !
The lover's pledge—the lover's crest—
The parting boon of hope and fear,
The joy and sorrow of the breast !

Flower of the wilderness, farewell !
Thou source of many a pleasing thought !
Who has not felt the magic spell
Of thy sweet name—"Forget-me-not !" M'COMB.

FORGIVE.—The Power to

Laws that are inanimate,
And feel no sense of love or hate,
That have no passion of their own,
Nor pity to be wrought upon,
Are only proper to inflict
Revenge on criminals as strict ;
But to have power to forgive
Is empire and prerogative ;
And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem
To grant a pardon than condemn.

S. BUTLER.

FORGIVENESS—like a Cancelled Note.

"I can forgive, but I cannot forget," is
only another way of saying—"I will not
forgive." A forgiveness ought to be like a
cancelled note, torn in two and burned up,
so that it never can be shown against the
man.—H. W. BEECHER.

FORGIVENESS.—The Divine

Kind hearts are here, yet would the ten-
derest one

Have limits to its mercy ; God has none :
Still man's forgiveness may be true and
sweet,

But yet He stoops to give it : more com-
plete

Is love that lays forgiveness at thy feet
And pleads with thee to raise it ; only
Heaven

Means crowned, not vanquished, when it
says—"Forgiven."—A. A. PROCTER.

**FORGIVENESS—Granted by the Offend-
ed.**

There is mention made of two great
philosophers falling at variance—Aristip-
pus and Æschines. Aristippus comes to
Æschines, and says—"Shall we be friends?"
"Yes, with all my heart," answered
Æschines. "Remember," says Aristippus,
"that though I am your elder, yet I sought
for peace." "True," replied Æschines ;
"and for this I will always acknowledge
you to be the more worthy man ; for I
began the strife and you the peace."—
BURROUGHS.

FORGIVENESS—Needed.

The forgiveness we want is infinite, changeless, everlasting.—J. H. EVANS.

FORGIVENESS—of the Powerful.

It is more easy to forgive the weak who have injured us, than the powerful whom we have injured. That conduct will be continued by our fears which commenced in our resentment. He that has gone so far as to cut the claws of the lion, will not feel himself quite secure until he has also drawn his teeth.—COLTON.

FORGOTTEN.—The Fear of Being

Are not all things born to be forgotten? In truth it was a sore vexation to me when I saw, as the wise man saw of old, that whatever I could hope to perform must necessarily be of very temporary duration; and if so, why do it? Let me see! What have I done already? I have learned Welsh, and have translated the songs of Ab Gwilym; I have also rendered the old book of Danish ballads into English metre. Good! Have I done enough to secure myself a reputation of a thousand years? Well, but what's a thousand years after all, or twice a thousand years? Woe is me! I may just as well sit still.—BORROW.

FORGOTTEN.—Nothing

There is nothing, no, nothing innocent or good that dies and is forgotten: let us hold to that faith or none. An infant, a prattling child, dying in the cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those that loved it, and play its part through them in the redeeming actions of the world, though its body be burnt to ashes, or drowned in the deep sea. Forgotten! Oh, if the deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautiful would even death appear! for how much charity, mercy, and purified affection would be seen to have their growth in dusty graves!—DICKENS.

FORMALISTS—Described.

I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;—
There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who would say, I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark.
SHAKESPEARE.

FORMALITY.—The Dwelling of

Formality frequently takes its dwelling near the chambers of integrity, and so assumes its name.—W. SECKER.

FORMALITY—in Religion.

Formality in religion is the *name* of being alive.—JENKYN.

FORMS.—Religious

They were designed by Him who knoweth our frame to be the means by which we might ascend to the enjoyment of Himself. But when the mind halts in the symbol, instead of rising from it to the thing signified;—when the man runs up and down the ladder, instead of reaching the eminence which commands the glorious prospect, he loses the enjoyment inseparable from intercourse with the blissful reality.—T. PEARSON.

FORMS.—Set

There were some mathematicians that could with one fetch of their pen make an exact circle, and with the next touch point out the centre; is it therefore reasonable to banish all use of the compasses? Set forms are a pair of compasses.—SELDEN.

FORTIFICATION.—The Best

Towns and cities cannot have a surer wall, nor better fortification, than the prowess and virtue of the citizens and inhabitants.—RABELAIS.

FORTITUDE—Defined.

Fortitude is not the appetite
Of formidable things, nor inconsult
Rashness; but virtue fighting for a truth;
Derived from knowledge of distinguishing
Good or bad causes.—NABB.

FORTITUDE.—Examples of

Anaxarchus, the philosopher, having sharply reproved Nicroceon, and being by him ordered to be beaten to death with iron mallets, said—"Strike, strike on; thou mayest break in pieces this vessel of Anaxarchus, but Anaxarchus himself thou canst not touch." So Socrates is reported to have cried out, when persecuted—"Anytas and Meletus," said he, "can kill me, but they cannot hurt me."—BUCK.

FORTITUDE.—The Need for

None can aspire to act greatly, but those who are of force greatly to suffer. They who make their arrangements in the first run of misadventure, and in a temper of mind the common fruit of disappointment and dismay, put a seal on their calamities. To their power they take a security against any favours which they might hope from the usual inconstancy of fortune.—BURKE.

FORTITUDE.—The Office of

Fortitude is the guard and support of the other virtues.—LOCKE.

FORTITUDE.—Passive

Who fights

With passions and o'ercomes them, is
endued
With the best virtue—passive fortitude.

MASSINGER.

FORTITUDE.—True

True fortitude I take to be the quiet possession of a man's self, and an undisturbed doing his duty, whatever evil besets or danger lies in his way.—LOCKE.

FORTUNE.—Bad

Bad fortune has made no lot so miserable that a respite of the evil does not bring some relief.—OVID.

FORTUNE.—The Best

A Greek maiden, being asked what fortune she would bring her husband, replied—"I will bring him what gold cannot purchase—a heart unspotted, and virtue without a stain,—the inheritance from parents who had these, and nothing else to leave me."—MRS. BALFOUR.

FORTUNE.—deemed Blind.

Fortune is ever deemed blind by those on whom she bestows no favours.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

FORTUNE.—Counsel respecting

If thou be wise no glorious fortune choose
Which 'tis but pain to keep, yet grief to
lose;
For when we place ev'n trifles in the heart,
With trifles too unwillingly we part.

A. COWLEY.

FORTUNE.—The Displays of

Fortune displays our virtues and our vices, as light makes all objects apparent.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

FORTUNE—does not Exempt from Labour.

An easy fortune does not set men free from labour and industry in general, it only exempts them from some particular kind of labour.—SEED.

FORTUNE.—The Gifts of

Fortune, men say, doth give too much to
many,
But yet she never gave enough to any.

HARRINGTON.

FORTUNE—cannot give Happiness.

Fortune and happiness are not always in consort; sometimes, indeed, they are far

asunder as the poles. Fortune may yield comfort in the circumstantial of life; but it can never administer happiness to the spirit. In numberless instances it is the cause of the greatest and widest misery.—DR. DAVIES.

FORTUNE.—The Highest

The highest fortune is that which corrects our defects and compensates our failings.—GOETHE.

FORTUNE.—To Make One's

To make one's fortune is so fine a phrase, and signifies such an excellent thing, that it is in universal use. We find it in all languages; it pleases foreigners and barbarians, reigns at court and in the city; it has got within cloisters, insinuated itself into abbeys of both sexes; there in no place, however sacred, into which it has not penetrated, no desert or solitude where it is unknown.—LA BRUYÈRE.

FORTUNE.—The Management of

We should manage our fortune like our constitution;—enjoy it when good, have patience when bad, and never apply violent remedies but in cases of necessity.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

FORTUNE.—The Preference of

Fortune prefers a lover to a master, and submits with impatience to control; but he that woos her with opportunity and importunity, will seldom court her in vain.—COLTON.

FORTUNE.—The Result of

The generality of men sink in virtue as they rise in fortune.—SIR J. BEAUMONT.

FORTUNE.—The Sagacity of

Fortune has been considered the guardian divinity of fools; and, on this score, she has been accused of blindness; but it should rather be adduced as a proof of her sagacity, when she helps those who certainly cannot help themselves.—COLTON.

FORTUNE—is Self-Planned.

Every man is the architect of his own fortune.—SALLUST.

FORTUNE.—The Side taken by

Fortune is always on the side of the largest battalions.—SÉVIGNÉ.

FORTUNE.—The Smile and Crown of

A shepherd is nursed in a rude cradle in some wild forest, and, if Fortune smile, has risen to empire; that other, swathed in purple by the throne, has at last, if Fortune frown, gone to feed the herd.—METASTASIO.

FORTUNE.—The Visit of

There is no man whom Fortune does not visit once in his life ; but when she does not find him ready to receive her, she walks in at the door, and flies out at the window.—**IMPERIALI.**

FORTUNE.—The Way to Deserve

With such unshaken temper of the soul
To bear the swelling tide of prosp'rous
fortune,
Is to deserve that fortune.—**ROWE.**

FORTUNE.—The Way to have the Favours of

To pretend to the favours of fortune is only necessary to render one's self useful, and to be supple and obsequious to those who are in possession of credit and authority ; to be handsome in one's person ; to adulate the powerful ; to smile, while you suffer from them every kind of ridicule and contempt whenever they shall do you the honour to amuse themselves with you ; never to be frightened at a thousand obstacles which may be opposed to one ; have a face of brass and a heart of stone ; insult worthy men who are persecuted ; rarely venture to speak the truth ; appear devout, with every nice scruple of religion, while at the same time every duty must be abandoned when it clashes with your interest. After these any other accomplishment is indeed superfluous.—**MAROLLES.**

FOUNTAIN.—The Beauty of a

The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled
With thine Elysian water-drops ; the face
Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years
unwrinkled,

Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,
Whose green, wild margin now no more
erases

Art's works ; nor must the delicate waters
sleep,

Prisoned in marble, bubbling from the
base

Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap
The rill runs o'er, and round fern, flowers,
and ivy creep,

Fantastically tangled : the green hills
Are clothed with early blossoms, through
the grass

The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the bills
Of summer-birds sing welcome as ye pass ;
Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their
class,

Implore the pausing step, and with their
dyes

Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass ;
The sweetness of the violet's deep blue
eyes,

Kissed by the breath of heaven, seems
coloured by its skies.—**BYRON.**

FRANCE—as a Country and a Nation.

Nature is here like a living romance :
Look at its vines, and streams, and skies,
Its dancing feet and glancing eyes !
'Tis a strange nation, light yet strong ;
Fierce of heart and blithe of tongue ;
Prone to change ; so fond of blood
She wounds herself to quaff her own.
Oh ! it's a brave and lovely land ;
And well deserving every good
Which others wish themselves alone,
Could she but herself command.

P. J. BAILEY.

Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself whom all the world
can please.—**GOLDSMITH.**

FRANCE.—The People of

The nature of the people of France requires that their sovereign should be grave and earnest.—**LA BRUYÈRE.**

FRAUD.—The Success of

The more gross the fraud the more glibly will it go down, and the more greedily will it be swallowed ; since folly will always find faith wherever impostors will find impudence.—**COLTON.**

FRAUD.—Uncondemned.

We have had thirty years of unexampled clerical activity among us : churches have been doubled ; theological books, magazines, reviews, newspapers have been poured out by hundreds of thousands, while by the side of it there has sprung up an equally astonishing development of moral dishonesty. From the great houses in the City of London to the village grocer the commercial life of England has been saturated with fraud. So deep has it gone that a strictly honest tradesman can hardly hold his ground against competition. You can no longer trust that any article that you buy is the thing which it pretends to be. We have false weights, false measures, cheating, and shoddy everywhere. Yet the clergy have seen all this grow up in absolute indifference ; and the great question at this moment agitating the Church of England is the colour of the ecclesiastical petticoats ! Many a hundred sermons have I heard in England ; many a dissertation on the mysteries of the faith, on the divine mission of the clergy, on apostolical succession, on bishops, and justification, and the theory of good works, and verbal inspiration, and the efficacy of the Sacraments ; but never during these thirty wonderful years, never one that I can recollect on common honesty, or those primitive commandments—"Thou shalt not lie, and thou shalt not steal."—**FROUDE.**

FRAUDS.—Well Conducted

There are some frauds so well conducted that it would be stupidity not to be deceived by them.—COLTON.

FREEDOM.—Civil

Civil freedom is not, as many have endeavoured to persuade us, a thing that lies in the depth of abstruse science. It is a blessing and a benefit, not an abstract speculation; and all the just reasoning that can be put upon it is of so coarse a texture, as perfectly to suit the ordinary capacities of those who are to enjoy, and of those who are to defend it. Far from any resemblance to those propositions in geometry and metaphysics, which admit no medium, but must be true or false in all their latitude, social and civil freedom, like all other things in common life, are variously mixed and modified, enjoyed in very different degrees, and shaped into an infinite diversity of forms, according to the temper and circumstances of every community.—BURKE.

FREEDOM.—Described.

O Freedom! thou art not as poets dream—
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crown'd his slave,
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Arm'd to the teeth, art thou: one mail'd hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword;
thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarr'd
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong and struggling.—BRYANT.

FREEDOM.—in England.

Freedom, driven from every spot on the Continent, has sought an asylum in a country which she always chose for her favourite abode; but she is pursued even here, and threatened with destruction. The inundation of lawless power, after covering the whole earth, threatens to follow us here; and we are most exactly, most critically placed, in the only aperture where it can be successfully repelled—in the Thermopylæ of the universe! As far as the interests of freedom are concerned—the most important by far of sublunary interests—you, my countrymen, stand in the capacity of the federal representatives of the human race; for with you it is to determine, under God, in what condition the latest posterity shall be born; their fortunes are entrusted

to your care, and on your conduct at this moment depend the colour and complexion of their destiny. If liberty, after being extinguished on the Continent, is suffered to expire here, whence is it ever to emerge in the midst of that thick night that will invest it? It remains with you, then, to decide whether that freedom, at whose voice the kingdoms of Europe awoke from the sleep of ages, to run a career of virtuous emulation in everything great and good; the freedom which dispelled the mists of superstition, and invited the nations to behold their God; whose magic touch kindled the rays of genius, the enthusiasm of poetry, and the flame of eloquence; the freedom which poured into our lap opulence and arts, and embellished life with innumerable institutions and improvements, till it became a theatre of wonders;—it is for you to decide whether this freedom shall yet survive, or be covered with a funeral pall, and wrapt in eternal gloom.—R. HALL.

FREEDOM.—The Love of

None can love freedom heartily but good men; the rest love not freedom but license, which never hath more scope than under tyrants. Hence it is that tyrants are not often offended by, or stand much in doubt of bad men, as being naturally servile; but in whom truth and virtue are most eminent, them they fear in earnest, as by right their masters; against them lies all their hatred and suspicion.—MILTON.

FREEDOM.—Sudden

A nation grown free in a single day is a child born with the limbs and the vigour of a man, who would take a drawn sword for his rattle, and set the house in a blaze, that he might chuckle over the splendour.—S. SMITH.

FREEMASONRY.—The Charity of

Is not our house not only strongly founded and wisely built, but beautifully adorned? Are not purity of thought, integrity of life, benignity of manner, and, above all, sweet charity, the beautiful garments with which a true Mason is invested? Oh, how lovely is this charity! It constitutes the highest dignity of human nature—it elevates and refines our feelings—it calms the storms of passion—it causes men to look with kindness on each other and to view no one as a stranger whose joys we can heighten, whose wants we can supply, or whose sorrows we can soothe. No distinction of rank will affect its operation—it will consider no object as beneath its notice that can be benefited by its exertions, and no

task to be mean by which it can promote human happiness.—R. J. SIMPSON.

FREEMASONRY.—The General Suitability of

It is equally suited to the north, the south, the east, the west—all are interested in its beautiful lessons of brotherly love, and all treasure its contemplations of immortal life.—R. J. SIMPSON.

FREEMASONRY.—The Origin and Career of

It can boast, not only a most remote origin, but a most glorious career; like a golden thread in some texture of beauty, it has run through the varying fabric of human thought, and, like the great river of Egypt, it has wound its devious way through many a land, overflowing and fertilizing the nations in its course, meeting with various forms of religious belief and civil government, it has allied itself to all in proportion as each system was disciplined by order, practised in virtue, and founded on truth.—R. J. SIMPSON.

FREE-WILL.—The Gift of

What an unutterable, awful gift is that free-will, without which heaven would not be what it is, and hell were not!—DR. PUSEY.

FREE-WILL.—Defined.

Free-will is but necessity in play,
The clattering of the golden reins that guide
The thunder-footed coursers of the sun.

P. J. BAILEY.

FREE-WILL.—Man Endowed with

It is a contradiction to let man be free, and force him to do right. God has performed this marvel of creating a being with free-will, independent, so to speak, of Himself—a real cause in His universe. To say that He has created such a one, is to say that He has given him the power to fail. Without free-will there could be no human goodness. It is wise, therefore, and good in God to give birth to free-will. But once acknowledge free-will in man, and the origin of evil does not lie in God.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

FRENZY.—A Two-fold

There is a two-fold frenzy:—that of the head, which deprives men of prudence; and that of the heart, which deprives them of patience.—W. SECKER.

FRETFULNESS.—Efforts to Dispel

Some fretful tempers wince at every touch,
You always do too little or too much:
You speak with life, in hopes to entertain,
Your elevated voice goes through the brain;

You fall at once into a lower key,
That's worse, the drone-pipe of a humble bee:

The southern sash admits too strong a light;

You rise and drop the curtain—now 'tis night:

He shakes with cold—you stir the fire, and strive

To make a blaze—that's roasting him alive:

Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish;

With sole—that's just the sort he would not wish:

He takes what he at first professed to loathe,

And in due time feeds heartily on both;

Yet still, o'erclouded with a constant frown,
He does not swallow, but he gulps it down:

Your hope to please him vain on every plan;

Himself should work that wonder—if he can:

Alas! his efforts double his distress:

He likes yours little, and his own still less:

Thus always teasing others, always teased,
His only pleasure is to be displeased.

COWPER.

FRETFULNESS.—The Folly of

Two gardeners, who were neighbours, had their crops of early peas killed by frost; one of them came to condole with the other on this misfortune. "Ah!" cried he, "how unfortunate we have been, neighbour! do you know I have done nothing but fret ever since. But you seem to have a fine healthy crop coming up already; what are these?" "These!" cried the other gardener, "why, these are what I sowed immediately after my loss." "What! coming up already?" cried the fretter. "Yes; while you were fretting, I was working." "What! don't you fret when you have a loss?" "Yes; but I always put it off until after I have repaired the mischief." "Why, then you have no need to fret at all." "True," replied the industrious gardener; "and that's the very reason."—ARVINE.

FRIEND.—The Face of a

Much beautiful, and excellent, and fair,
Was seen beneath the sun; but nought was seen

More beautiful, or excellent, or fair,
Than face of faithful friend,—fairest when seen

In darkest day.—R. POLLOK.

FRIEND.—Faithful to a

I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do
know him,
A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt and
free him.—SHAKSPEARE.

FRIEND.—The Hollow-Hearted

As gold is tried by the furnace, and the
baser metal is shown; so the hollow-heart-
ed friend is known by adversity.—META-
STASIO.

FRIEND.—The Name of

It is a name
Virtue can only answer to: could'st thou
Unite into one all goodness whatsoe'er
Mortality can boast of, thou shalt find
The circle narrow-bounded to contain
This swelling treasure; every good admits
Degrees, but this being so good, it cannot;
For he's no friend who is not superlative.
Indulgent parent, brethren, kindred, tied
By the natural flow of blood, alliances,
And what you can imagine, is too light
To weigh with name of friend: they
execute

At best but what a nature prompts them to:
Are often less than friends when they
remain

Our kinsmen still: but friend is never lost.

SHIRLEY.

FRIEND.—The Rarity of a

A long life may be passed without finding
a friend in whose understanding and virtue
we can equally confide, and whose opinion
we can value at once for its justice and
sincerity.—DR. JOHNSON.

FRIEND.—The Reproaches of a

These should always be strictly just, and
not too frequent.—BUDGELL.

FRIEND.—The Value of a

Poor is the friendless master of a world:
A world in purchase for a friend is gain.

DR. E. YOUNG.

FRIEND.—The Voice of a

Many sounds were sweet,
Most ravishing and pleasant to the ear;
But sweeter none than voice of faithful
friend:

Sweet always, sweetest heard in loudest
storms.—R. POLLOK.

FRIENDS.—Depending on

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame:
The child whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care:
'Tis thus in friendships; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.—GAY.

FRIENDS.—Distrustful of

It is more shameful to be distrustful of
our friends than to be deceived by them.—
LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

FRIENDS.—Jealousy in our

Our very best friends have a tincture of
jealousy even in their friendship; and when
they hear us praised by others, will ascribe
it to sinister and interested motives if they
can.—COLTON.

FRIENDS.—The Loss of

To lose an old friend, is to be cut off
from a great part of the little pleasure that
this life allows. But such is the condition
of our nature, that, as we live on, we must
see those whom we love drop successively,
and find our circle of relation grow less and
less, till we are almost unconnected with
the world; and then it must soon be our
turn to drop into the grave. There is
always this consolation—that we have one
Protector who can never be lost but by our
own fault, and every new experience of the
uncertainty of all other comforts should
determine us to fix our hearts where true
joys are to be found. All union with the
inhabitants of earth must in time be broken;
and all the hopes that terminate here must
on one part or other end in disappointment.
—DR. JOHNSON.

FRIENDS.—Old

Old friends are best. King James used
to call for his old shoes; they were easiest
for his feet.—SELDEN.

FRIENDS.—The Quarrels of

I have observed universally that the
quarrels of friends, in the latter part of life,
are never truly reconciled. *Male sarta
gratia nequicquam coit et recinditur.* A
wound in the friendship of young persons,
as in the bark of young trees, may be so
grown over as to leave no scar. The case
is very different in regard to old persons
and timber. The reason of this may be
accountable from the decline of the social
passions, and the prevalence of spleen,
suspicion, and rancour, towards the latter
part of life.—SHENSTONE.

FRIENDS.—True to

The friends thou hast, and their adoption
tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of
steel;—
But do not dull thy palm with entertain-
ment,
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade.

SHAKSPEARE.

FRIENDSHIP.—Cause of Discord in

A something light as air,—a look,
 A word unkind or wrongly taken—
 Oh ! love, that tempests never shook,
 A breath, a touch like this hath shaken :
 And ruder words will soon rush in
 To spread the breach that words begin ;
 And eyes forget the gentle ray
 They wore in friendship's smiling day ;
 And voices lose the tone that shed
 A tenderness round all they said ;
 Till fast declining, one by one,
 The sweetnesss of love are gone,
 And hearts so lately mingled, seem
 Like broken clouds—or like the stream,
 That smiling left the mountain's brow,
 As though its waters ne'er could sever,
 Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
 Breaks into floods that part for ever.

T. MOORE.

FRIENDSHIP—Common to all.

Friendship is like rivers, and the strands
 of seas, and the air—common to all the
 world.—BP. TAYLOR.

FRIENDSHIP.—Definitions of

Friendship is a noble and virtuous attachment springing from a pure source,—a respect for worth or amiable qualities.—
 DR. WEBSTER.

Friendship is the cement of two minds,
 As of one man the soul and body is ;
 Of which one cannot sever but the other
 Suffers a needful separation.—CHAPMAN.

Friendship's the wine of life.—DR. E.
 YOUNG.

Friendship is love without its flowers or
 veil.—ADN. HARE.

FRIENDSHIP.—Divine.

Divine friendship is the very acme of
 bliss ; and there is no rank equal to that
 involved in this sublime prerogative. All
 human friendship is but a shadow of the
 divine. Abraham was called "the friend
 of God," and "such honour have all His
 saints."—BP. OXENDEN.

FRIENDSHIP.—Examples of

We have an example in the beautiful story
 of Damon and Pythias, where we see how
 it has filled the worst of men with admiration,
 disarming the hand and quenching the
 rage of tyrants. The first, a Pythagorean
 philosopher, was condemned to death
 by Dionysius ; the execution of the sentence,
 however, being suspended in consequence
 of his obtaining leave to go home to settle
 his domestic affairs—a favour which the

tyrant granted on condition of his returning
 by a stated day to suffer the penalty of
 death. The promise was given, but not
 reckoned sufficient. He dies on the spot,
 unless he finds a hostage—a friend who will
 pledge himself to die in his room. At this
 juncture Pythias steps forward ; and, delivering
 himself up to the hands of the tyrant,
 becomes Damon's surety—to wait his friend's
 return, or suffer in his stead. At length the
 day arrives, and the hour ; but no Damon.
 Pythias must be his substitute ; and he is
 ready. Thanking the gods for the adverse
 winds that retarded the ship in which Damon
 sailed, he prepares to die, a sacrifice on the
 altar of friendship ; and had fallen, but
 that before the blow descends, Damon
 rushes panting on the scene. Now the
 strange and friendly strife begins. Each is
 eager to die for the other ; and each, appealing
 to Dionysius, claims the bloody
 sword as his right and privilege. Though
 inured to scenes of cruelty, the tyrant cannot
 look unmoved on such a scene as this.
 Touched by this rare exhibition of affection,
 he is melted : nor only remits the punishment,
 but entreats them to permit him hereafter
 to share their friendship and enjoy
 their confidence.—DR. GUTHRIE.

There is another, and almost equally remarkable,
 example of friendship told of
 such as never heard of Him who is the
 friend of sinners. It is so remarkable indeed
 that it procured divine honours to
 Orestes and Pylades from the Scythians—a
 race so bloody, rude, and savage, that they
 are said to have fed on human flesh, and
 made drinking-cups of their enemies' skulls.
 Engaged in an arduous enterprise, Orestes
 and Pylades, two sworn friends, landed on
 the shores of the Chersonesus to find themselves
 in the dominions and power of a king
 whose practice was to seize on all strangers,
 and sacrifice them at the shrine of Diana.
 The travellers were arrested. They were
 carried before the tyrant ; and, doomed to
 death, were delivered over to Iphigenia,
 who, as priestess of Diana's temple, had to
 immolate the victims. Her knife is buried
 in their bosoms, but that she learns before
 the blow is struck that they are Greeks—
 natives of her own native country. Anxious
 to open up a communication with the land
 of her birth, she offers to spare one of the
 two, on condition that the survivor will become
 her messenger, and carry a letter to her
 friends in Greece. But which shall live,
 and which shall die ? That is the question.
 The friendship which had endured for years,
 in travels, and courts, and battle-fields, is
 now put to a strain it never bore before.
 And nobly it bears it ! Neither will accept
 the office of messenger, leaving his fellow to

the stroke of death. Each implores the priestess to select him for the sacrifice ; and let the other go. While they contend for the pleasure and honour of dying, Iphigenia discovers in one of them her own brother ! She embraces him ; and, sparing both, flees with them from that cruel shore. Both are saved ; and the story, borne on the wings of fame, flies abroad, fills the world with wonder, and, carried to distant regions, excited such admiration among the barbarous Scythians, that they paid divine honours to Orestes and Pylades, and, deifying these heroes, erected temples to their worship.—DR. GUTHRIE.

FRIENDSHIP.—False

False friendship may subsist between bad men, as between thieves and pirates. This is a temporary attachment springing from interest, and may change in a moment to enmity and rancour.—DR. WEBSTER.

FRIENDSHIP.—Flawed.

Friendship is a vase which, when it is flawed by heat, or violence, or accident, may as well be broken at once ; it can never be trusted after. The more graceful and ornamental it was, the more clearly do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state. Coarse stones, if they are fractured, may be cemented again ; precious stones—never.—LANDOR.

FRIENDSHIP.—Heaven Perfects

Heaven is the consummation of all divine friendship, and where all true friends do at length happily meet, never to part.—R. FLEMING.

FRIENDSHIP.—Indebtedness to

Friendship ! mysterious cement of the soul ! Sweet'ner of life ! and solder of society ! I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd of me

Far, far beyond whatever I can pay :
Oft have I proved the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of thy gentle heart,
Anxious to please. Oh, when my friend
and I

In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,

Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-covered bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid
along

In grateful errors through the underwood,
Sweet murmuring, methought the shrill-tongued thrush

Mended his song of love ; the sooty blackbird

Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note ;
The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose

Assumed a dye more deep ; whilst every flower

Vied with his fellow-plant in luxury
Of dress ! Oh then the longest summer's day

Seem'd too, too much in haste : still the full heart

Had not imparted half :—'tis happiness
Too exquisite to last !—R. BLAIR.

FRIENDSHIP.—Intercourse of

The world would be more happy, if persons gave up more time to an intercourse of friendship. But money engrosses all our deference ; and we scarce enjoy a social hour, because we think it unjustly stolen from the main business of life.—SHENSTONE.

FRIENDSHIP.—Manly

Friendship between men, when it deserves the name, is the slow growth of mutual respect, is of a nature calm and simple, professes nothing and exacts nothing, is, above all, careful to be considerate in its expectations, and to keep at a distinct distance from the romantic, the visionary, and the impossible. The torrid zone, with its heats and its tempests, is left to the inexperience of youth, or to the love that exists between the sexes ; the temperate, with its sunshine, its zephyrs, cheerful noon, and calm evening, is the proper and the only region of manly friendship.—PROF. SMYTH.

FRIENDSHIP—but a Name.

Friendship is but a name. As to myself, I know well that I have not one true friend. As long as I continue what I am, I may have as many pretended friends as I please.—NAPOLEON I.

And what is friendship but a name ?—

A charm that lulls to sleep ?—

A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep ?

GOLDSMITH.

FRIENDSHIP.—The Oneness of

A generous friendship no cold medium knows,

Burns with one love, with one resentment glows ;

One should our interests and our passions be,

My friend must hate the man that injures me.—POPE.

FRIENDSHIP.—Valued.

Sir Philip Sidney was a person universally admired for his talents, knowledge, and polite attainments. He was a subject of England, but was honoured with an offer

of the crown of Poland. Queen Elizabeth used to call him "her Philip," and the Prince of Orange—"his Master." Lord Brooks was so proud of his friendship, that he would have it part of his epitaph—"Here lies Sir Philip Sidney's friend;" and, as a testimony of respect for his memory, his death was lamented, in verse, by the Kings of France and Scotland, and by the two Universities of England.—BUCK.

FROST.—The Beautiful Effects of

The effect is like enchantment. The scene which, at nightfall on the preceding evening, was bleak and cheerless, is all at once converted into fairy land. Every vegetable substance, from the blades of grass which lay drooping in the naked fields, to the polished leaves of the evergreen and gnarled branches of the lofty forest oak, is suddenly fringed or clothed with a garniture of purest down, whose beauty surpasses the poet's dream, and is scarcely less substantial or less fleeting!—DUNCAN.

Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,

The ruddy morn disclosed at once to view
The face of Nature in a rich disguise,
And brightened every object to my eyes;
For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn, seemed wrought
in glass,

In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,

While through the ice the crimson berries glow;

The thick-sprung reeds, which watery marshes yield,

Seem polished lances in a hostile field:
The stag, in limpid currents, with surprise,
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise:
The spreading oak, the beech, and towering pine,

Glazed over, in the freezing ether shine:
The frightened birds the rattling branches shun,

That wave and glitter in the distant sun,
When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies;
The cracking wood beneath the tempest bends,

And in a spangled shower the prospect ends!—E. PHILLIPS.

FROST.—The Divine Use of

The frost is God's plough, which He drives through every inch of ground in the world, opening each clod, and pulverizing the whole.—DR. FULLER.

FRUGALITY.—The Basis of

Frugality is founded on the principle that all riches have limits.—BURKE.

FRUGALITY.—Necessary.

Without frugality none can become rich, and with it few would become poor.—DR. JOHNSON.

FRUGALITY.—a Revenue.

Men know not how great a revenue frugality is.—CICERO.

FUNERAL.—Our Own

The only kind office performed for us by our friends, of which we never complain, is our funeral; and the only thing which we are sure to want, happens to be the only thing which we never purchase—our coffin!—COLTON.

FUNERAL.—The Pomp of a

Why is the hearse with scutcheons blazon'd round,
And with the nodding plume of ostrich crown'd?

The dead know it not, nor profit gain;
It only serves to prove the living vain,—
How short is life! how frail is human trust!

Is all this pomp for laying dust to dust.

GAY.

FUTURE.—The Attractive Power of the

Before Christianity shed its light upon the world, the philosopher, who had no other guide but reason, looked beyond the grave for a resting-place from his labours, as well as for a solution of the mysteries which perplexed him. Minds, too, of an inferior order, destined for immortality, and conscious of their destination, instinctively pried into the future, cherishing visions of another life with all the fervour of domestic affection, and with all the curiosity which nature inspires. Interesting as has been the past history of our race—engrossing as must ever be the present—the future, more exciting still, mingles itself with every thought and sentiment, and casts its beams of hope, or its shadows of fear, over the stage both of active and contemplative life. In youth, we descry it in the distance. In the stripling and the man it appears and disappears like a variable star, showing in painful succession its spots of light and shade. In age it looms gigantic to the eye, full of chastened hope and glorious anticipation; and at the hour of transition, when the outward eye is dim, it is the last picture which is effaced from the retina of the mind.—BREWSTER.

FUTURE.—Blindness to the

Heaven from all creatures hides the book
of Fate,

All but the page prescribed, their present
state;

From brutes what men, from men what
spirits know;

Or who could suffer being here below?

The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and
play?

Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery
food,

And licks the hand just raised to shed his
blood:

O blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by
Heaven.—POPE.

FUTURE.—The Glories of the

Oh, how vast

The glories of the future, once mismatched
'Gainst earth-life merely, and all its little-
ness.—P. J. BAILEY.

FUTURE.—The Monarch of the

The dynasty of the future is to have
glorified man for its inhabitant; but it is to
be the dynasty—"the kingdom"—not of
glorified man made in the image of God,
but of God Himself in the form of man.
Creation and the Creator meet at one
point, and in one person. The long ascend-
ing line from dead matter to man has been
a progress Godwards,—not an asymptotical
progress, but destined from the beginning
to furnish a point of union; and, occupying
that point as true God and true Man,—as
Creator and created,—we recognize the
adorable Monarch of all the future!—H.
MILLER.

FUTURE.—The Pattern of the

One might as well attempt to calculate
mathematically the contingent forms of the
tinkling bits of glass in a kaleidoscope as to
look through the tube of the future and
foretell its pattern.—H. W. BEECHER.

FUTURE.—Revelations of the

Time, as he courses onwards, still unrolls
The volume of concealment. In the future,
As in the optician's glassy cylinder,
The undistinguishable blots and colours
Of the dim past collect and shape them-
selves,

Upstarting in their own completed image,
To scare or to reward.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

FUTURITY.—Care about

All care about futurity proceeds upon a
supposition, that we know at least in some
degree what will be future. Of the future
we certainly know nothing; but we may

form conjectures from the past; and the
power of forming conjectures includes, in
my opinion, the duty of acting in conform-
ity to that probability which we discover.
Providence gives the power of which reason
teaches the use.—DR. JOHNSON.

FUTURITY.—Man's Interest in

Futurity is *the greatness of man*, and that
hereafter is the grand scene for the attain-
ment of the fulness of his existence.
When depressed and mortified by a con-
scious littleness of being, yet feeling
emotions and intimations which seem to
signify that he should not be little, he may
look to futurity and exclaim—"I shall be
great yonder!" When feeling how little
belongs to him, how diminutive and poor
his sphere of possession here, he may say
—"The immense futurity is mine! I may
be content to be poor awhile in the pro-
spect of that!" If here obscure, and even
despised, he may reflect—"Well, it is not
here that I expect or want to verify my
importance!" If forcibly admonished of
the brevity of life, the thought may arise—
"Well, the sooner my entrance on a life
that shall have no end."—FOSTER.

G.

GAIETY.—The Benefit of

Gaiety is the soul's health,
Sadness is its poison.—STANISLAUS.

GAIETY.—in Relation to Good-Humour.

Gaiety is to good-humour as animal
perfumes to vegetable fragrance: the one
overpowers weak spirits, and the other re-
creates and revives them.—DR. JOHNSON.

GAIN.—The Course to Succeed in

He that would succeed in a project of
gain must never attempt to gain too much,
and on proper occasions must even know
how to lose.—NARBAL.

GAIN.—Unlawful

Such gain is a hoard of sorrows, a heap
of miseries, a mass of corruption, a consum-
ing rust and canker, a devouring fire, a
condemning witness; and, if this be not
enough, a treasure of wrath.—CLARKSON.

GALE.—The Effects of the

The western gale sweeps o'er the plain;
Gently it waves the rivulet's cascade;
Gently it parts the lock on beauty's brow,
And lifts the tresses from the snowy neck.

GRAHAME.

GALVANISM.—The Discovery of

Galvanism was first discovered at Bologna, 1791, by the lady of Louis Galvani, an Italian philosopher of great merit, and professor of anatomy—indeed, from whom the science received its name. His wife being possessed of a penetrating understanding, and devotedly attached to her husband, took a very lively interest in the science which at that period so much occupied his attention. At the time the incident we are about to narrate took place she was in a declining state of health, and taking soup made of frogs by way of restorative. Some dead frogs happened to be lying on the table of Galvani's laboratory, where also stood an electrical machine, when the point of a knife was unintentionally brought into contact with the nerves of one of the frog's legs, which lay close to the conductor of the machine, and immediately the muscles of the limb were violently agitated. Madame Galvani having closely observed the phenomenon, instantly informed her husband of it; and this incident led to the interesting discoveries which will transmit his name to the latest posterity.—**LOARING.**

GAMBLING.—The Baneful Rage for

No passion can lead to such extremities, nor involve a man in such a complicated train of crimes and vices, and ruin whole families so completely, as the baneful rage for gambling. It produces and nourishes all imaginable disgraceful sensations; it is the most fertile nursery of covetousness, envy, rage, malice, dissimulation, falsehood, and foolish reliance on blind fortune; it frequently leads to fraud, quarrels, murder, forgery, meanness, and despair, and robs us in the most unpardonable manner of the greatest and most irrecoverable treasure—*time*.—**KNIGGE.**

GAMBLING.—The Results of

In our large cities there is a sort of gambling which does not look particularly repulsive; for it is not carried on in "hells," and it pleads the sanction of titled names; and yet its results are hanging like a millstone round the neck of many a promising young man, and numbers of its victims must be sought in the Portland hulks or Dartmoor prison.—**DR. J. HAMILTON.**

GAMESTER.—The Double Ruin of the

The gamester, if he die a martyr to his profession, is doubly ruined. He adds his soul to every other loss, and, by the act of suicide, renounces earth to forfeit heaven.—**COLTON.**

GAMING—a Confession of Extravagance

Gaming is a kind of tacit confession that the company engaged therein do, in general, exceed the bounds of their respective fortunes, and therefore they cast lots to determine upon whom the ruin shall at present fall, that the rest may be saved a little longer.—**BLACKSTONE.**

GAMING.—The Deceitfulness of

Gaming is a vice the more dangerous as it is deceitful; and, contrary to every other species of luxury, flatters its votaries with the hopes of increasing their wealth; so that avarice itself is so far from securing us against its temptations, that it often betrays the more thoughtless and giddy part of mankind into them, promising riches without bounds, and those to be acquired by the most sudden, as well as easy, and indeed pleasant means.—**FIELDING.**

GAMING—Defined.

A mode of transferring property without producing any intermediate good.—**DR. JOHNSON.**

GAMING.—The Relationship of

Gaming is the child of avarice, but the parent of prodigality.—**COLTON.**

GARB.—A Simple

A simple garb is an ornament for those who have filled up their life with great deeds: I liken them to beauty in dishabille, but more bewitching on that account.—**LA BRUYÈRE.**

GARDEN.—The Flower

The spot adjoining the house was appropriated to the cultivation of flowers. In a variety of handsome compartments were assembled the choicest beauties of blooming Nature. Here the Hyacinth hung her silken bells, or the Lilies reared their silver pyramids. There stood the neat Narcissus, loosely attired in a mantle of snowy lustre; while the splendid Ranunculus wore a full-trimmed suit of radiant scarlet. Pinks were rising to enamel the borders; Roses were opening to dress the walls; surrounded on all sides with a profusion of beauteous forms, either latent in the stalk, or bursting the buds, or blown into full expansion.—**J. HERVEY.**

GARDEN.—The Kitchen

In one place you might see the Marigold flowering, or the Beans in blossom. In another, the Endive curled her leaves, or the Lettuce thickened her tufts. Cauliflowers sheltered their fair complexion

under a green umbrella ; while the Borage dishevelled her locks, and braided them with native jewels of a finer azure than the finest sapphires. On the sunny slopes, the Cucumber and Melon lay basking in the collected beams. On the raised beds, the Artichoke seemed to be erecting a standard, while the Asparagus shot into ranks of spears. The level ground produced all manner of cooling Sallets and nourishing Esculents, which, like the brows of the Olympic conquerors, were bound with a fillet of unfading Parsley ; or, like the pictures of the Mountain-Nymphs, were graced with a chaplet of fragrant Marjoram. —In short, nothing was wanting to furnish out the wholesome luxury of an Antediluvian banquet.—J. HERVEY.

GARDEN.—Pleasure Derived from a

Nothing is better able to gratify the inherent passion of novelty than a garden ; for Nature is always renewing her variegated appearance. She is infinite in her productions, and the life of man may come to its close before he has seen half the pictures which she is able to display.—DR. KNOX.

GARDENING.—Delight Experienced in

Toil and be strong. Some love the many foils :

The tennis some ; and some the graceful dance ;

Others, more hardy, range the purple heath
Or naked stubble, where from field to field
The sounding coveys urge their labouring flight,

Eager amid the rising cloud to pour
The gun's unerring thunder : and there are
Whom still the meed of the green archer charms.

But if through genuine tenderness of heart,
Or secret want of relish for the game,
You shun the glories of the chase, nor care
To haunt the peopled stream, the garden yields

A soft amusement, a humane delight :
To raise the insipid nature of the ground,
Or tame its savage genius to the grace
Of careless sweet rusticity, that seems
The amiable result of happy chance,
Is to create, and give a godly joy,
Which every year improves. Nor thou disdain

To check the lawless riot of the trees,
To plant the grove, or turn the barren mould.—DR. ARMSTRONG.

GATHERINGS.—Happy

What a happy gathering is that when warm hearts meet together to celebrate the nuptials of two who have vowed to become one until death sunders them ! And scarcely

less happy is that gathering when long severed friends meet again ; or the long-lost prodigal returns to his father's house. The participators in such gatherings surely realize the same pleasure which the friends and sisters of Bethany felt when Lazarus, who had been dead, sat with them at their evening festival !—E. DAVIES.

GATHERINGS.—Painful

There are some gatherings in this world which are largely alloyed with pain. Christmas or some birthday season comes round, inviting the members of a scattered family. The circle is again formed ; but, like that of men who have been standing under fire, and closing up their ranks, how is it contracted from former years ! There are well-remembered faces, and voices, and forms, that are missing here ; and the family group, which looks down from the picture, is larger than the living company met at table. Some are dead and gone—"Joseph is not, and Simeon is not ;" and a dark cloud hangs on a mother's brow, for on the cheek of yet another her anxious eye, quick to see, discovers an ominous spot that threatens to "take Benjamin away."—DR. GUTHRIE.

GAZETTE.—A

A Venetian coin, worth about three farthings. The first newspaper published at Venice was sold for this sum, whence the name.—DR. WEBSTER.

GEMS—Unseen.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene

The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,

And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

T. GRAY.

GENEALOGY—of the Royal Family.

Her present Majesty Queen Victoria is the niece of William IV. ; who was the brother of George IV. ; who was the son of George III. ; who was the grandson of George II. ; who was the son of George I. ; who was the cousin of Anne ; who was the sister-in-law of William III. ; who was the son-in-law of James II. ; who was the brother of Charles II. ; who was the son of Charles I. ; who was the son of James I. ; who was the cousin of Elizabeth ; who was the sister of Mary ; who was the sister of Edward VI. ; who was the son of Henry VIII. ; who was the son of Henry VII. ; who was the cousin of Richard III. ; who was the uncle of Edward V. ; who was the son of Edward IV. ; who was the cousin of Henry VI. ; who was the son of Henry V. ; who was the son of Henry IV. ; who was the cousin of Richard II. ; who was the

grandson of Edward III.; who was the son of Edward II.; who was the son of Edward I.; who was the son of John; who was the brother of Richard I.; who was the son of Henry II.; who was the cousin of Stephen; who was the nephew of Henry I.; who was the brother of William Rufus; who was the son of *William the Conqueror*. *Victoria Regina, atavis edita regibus; Te multâ prece prosequimur, diuque læta intersis populo Angliæ.*—W. BROCK.

GENERAL.—The Bearing and Courage of a

While confusion and horror are apparent on every side, and mighty hosts are charging for victory or for death, he remains awfully calm and thoughtful; yet a wondrous inspiration burns within his breast, and only waits the fit moment to leap forth into action in the dreadful strife.—ADDISON.

GENERAL.—The Greatest

He is the greatest general who puts his foes to rout with little loss to his own warriors.—DR. DAVIES.

GENEROSITY—the Accompaniment of Birth.

Generosity is the accompaniment of high birth; pity and gratitude are its attendants.—CORNEILLE.

GENEROSITY.—A Conqueror's

It is related of Demetrius—surnamed the *Conqueror of Cities*—that having received a marked and undoubted provocation, he laid siege to the city of Athens. The inhabitants made a desperate resistance, but were at last obliged to surrender, in consequence of great scarcity of provisions. Demetrius then ordered them, with the exception of the women and children, to be assembled together in one place, and to be surrounded with armed soldiers. Every one was in the greatest fear, conscious how much they had injured him, and expecting every moment to be put to death. It is not surprising that they were overwhelmed with joy and admiration, when they heard him, with a magnanimity honourable to human nature, thus address them:—"I wish to convince you, O Athenians! how ungenerously you have treated me; for it was not to an enemy that your assistance was refused, but to a prince who loved you, who still loves you, and who wishes to revenge himself only by granting your pardon, and being still your friend. Return to your own homes: while you have been here my soldiers have been filling your houses with provisions."—ARVINE.

GENEROSITY.—Wisdom Needed in

A friend to everybody is often a friend to nobody, or else in his simplicity he robs his family to help strangers, and becomes brother to a beggar. There is wisdom in generosity as in everything else.—SPURGEON.

GENIUS.—The Alchemy of

The alchemy of genius can convert the commonest paths of life, the most commonplace and vulgar regions of society, into a perfect kingdom of romance.—DUFFERIN.

GENIUS.—The Birth of

Genius must be born, and never can be taught.—DRYDEN.

GENIUS.—In the Company of a

A person who can be habitually in the company of a communicative man of genius for a considerable time without being greatly modified, is either a very great, or a contemptibly little, being; he has either the vigorous firmness of the oak, or the heavy firmness of a stone.—FOSTER.

GENIUS.—Dawnings of

In those low paths which poverty surrounds,
The rough rude ploughman, off his fallow-
groups
(That necessary tool of wealth and pride),
While moil'd and sweating, by some pas-
ture's side,
Will often stoop, inquisitive to trace
The opening beauties of a daisy's face;
Oft will he witness, with admiring eyes,
The brook's sweet dimples o'er the pebbles
rise;
And often bent, as o'er some magic spell,
He'll pause and pick his shap'd stone and
shell:
Raptures the while his inward powers in-
flame,
And joys delight him which he cannot
name:
Ideas picture pleasing views to mind,
For which his language can no utterance
find;
Increasing beauties, fresh'ning on his sight,
Unfold new charms, and witness more
delight;
So while the present please, the past decay,
And in each other, losing, melt away;
Thus pausing wild on all he saunters by,
He feels enraptured, though he knows not
why;
And hums and mutters o'er his joys in
vain,
And dwells on something which he can't
explain:

The bursts of thought with which his soul's
perplex'd,
Are bred one moment, and are gone the
next ;
Yet still the heart will kindling sparks re-
tain,
And thoughts will rise, and Fancy strive
again.
So have I mark'd the dying ember's light,
When on the hearth it fainted from my
sight,
With glimmering glow oft reddened up again,
And sparks crack bright'ning into life in
vain ;
Still lingering out its kindling hope to rise,
Till faint, and fainting, the last twinkle
dies.
Dim burns the soul, and throbs the flutter-
ing heart,
Its painful pleasing feelings to impart ;
Till by successful sallies wearied quite,
The memory fails, and Fancy takes her
flight :
The wick, confined within its socket, dies,
Borne down and smother'd in a thousand
sighs !—CLARE.

GENIUS.—Defined.

Genius is nothing more than the effort of
the idea to assume a definite form. The
idea, however, has in itself neither body
nor substance, but only shapes itself an
embodiment out of the scientific materials
which environ it in time, of which industry
is the sole purveyor.—FICHTE.

GENIUS.—The Eccentricity of

Genius is rarely found without some
mixture of eccentricity, as the strength of
spirit is proved by the bubbles on its
surface.—MRS. BALFOUR.

GENIUS.—The Encouragements of

The proper encouragements of genius are
subsistence and respect.—GOLDSMITH.

GENIUS.—Everywhere.

Genius is to be met with everywhere, in
all classes of life ; and where it takes root it
is likely to flourish ; but if it lies unculti-
vated it is buried.—TRUSLER.

GENIUS.—The Highest Miracle of

This is the highest miracle of genius—
that things which are not should be as
though they were,—that the imaginations
of one mind should become the personal
recollections of another.—MACAULAY.

GENIUS.—Knowledge advantageous to

Far be it from me to undervalue the
creative power of genius, or to treat shrewd
common sense as worthless without know-

ledge. But nobody will tell me that the
same genius would not take an incomparably
higher flight, if supplied with all the means
which knowledge can impart, or that com-
mon sense does not become, in fact, only
truly powerful when in possession of the
materials upon which judgment is to be
exercised.—PRINCE ALBERT.

GENIUS.—A Misconception regarding

Men give me some credit for genius.
When I have a subject in hand, I study it
profoundly. Day and night it is before me.
I explore it in all its bearings. My mind
becomes pervaded with it. Then the
efforts which I make the people are pleased
to call the fruits of genius. It is the fruit
of labour and thought.—A. HAMILTON.

GENIUS.—The Persecutions of

Before the times of Galileo and Harvey,
the world believed in the diurnal immova-
bility of the earth, and the stagnation of
the blood ; and for denying these, the one
was persecuted and the other ridiculed. The
intelligence and virtue of Socrates were
punished with death. Anaxagoras, when
he attempted to propagate a just notion of
the Supreme Being, was dragged to prison.
Aristotle, after a long series of persecutions,
swallowed poison. The great geometri-
cians and chemists, as Gerbert, Roger
Bacon, and others, were abhorred as magi-
cians. Virgilius, bishop of Salzburg,
having asserted that there existed antipodes,
the Archbishop of Mentz declared him an
heretic, and consigned him to the flames.
And the Abbot Trithemius, who was fond of
improving stenography, or the art of secret
writing, having published some curious
works on that subject, they were con-
demned, as works full of diabolical myste-
ries. Galileo was condemned at Rome pub-
licly to disavow his sentiments regarding
the motion of the earth, the truth of which
must have been abundantly manifest : he
was imprisoned in the Inquisition, and
visited by Milton, who tells us he was then
poor and old. Cornelius Agrippa, a native
of Cologne, and distinguished by turns as
a soldier, philosopher, physician, chemist,
lawyer, and writer, was believed to be a
magician, and to be accompanied by a
familiar spirit in the shape of a black dog,
and was so violently persecuted that he was
obliged to fly from place to place ; the
people beheld him as an object of horror,
and not unfrequently, when he walked, he
found the streets empty at his approach.
This ingenious man died in an hospital.
When Urban Grandier, another victim
of the age, was led to the stake, a large
fly settled on his head : a monk, who
had heard that Beelzebub signifies in

Hebrew the god of flies, reported that he saw this spirit come to take possession of him.

Even the learned themselves, who had not applied to natural philosophy, seem to have acted with the same feelings as the most ignorant; for when Albertus Magnus—an eminent philosopher of the thirteenth century—constructed an automaton, or curious piece of mechanism, which sent forth distinct vocal sounds, Thomas Aquinas (a celebrated theologian) imagined it to be the work of the devil, and struck it with his staff, which, to the mortification of the great Albert, annihilated the labour of thirty years. Descartes was horribly persecuted in Holland when he first published his opinions. Voetius, a person of influence, accused him of atheism, and had even projected in his mind to have this philosopher burnt at Utrecht in an extraordinary fire, which, kindled on an eminence, might be observed by the seven provinces. This persecution of science and genius lasted till the close of the seventeenth century.—I. DISRAELI.

GENIUS.—The Popular Notion of

According to the popular notion, the genius learns without study, and knows without learning. He is eloquent without preparation; exact without calculation; and profound without reflection. While ordinary men toil for knowledge by reading, by comparison, and by minute research, he is supposed to receive it as the mind receives dreams. His mind is like a vast cathedral, through whose coloured windows the sunlight streams, painting the aisles with the varied colours of brilliant pictures.—H. W. BEECHER.

GENIUS.—The Route of

The route of genius is not less obstructed with disappointment than that of ambition.—VOLTAIRE.

GENIUS—Unexerted.

Genius unexerted is no more genius than a bushel of acorns is a forest of oaks.—H. W. BEECHER.

GENIUS AND LEARNING.

If we wish to know the force of human genius, we should read Shakspeare. If we wish to see the insignificance of human learning, we may study his commentators.—HAZLITT.

GENTEEL.—Talking and Thinking of being

There cannot be a surer proof of an innate meanness of disposition, than to be always talking and thinking of being

genteel. One must feel a strong tendency to that which one is always trying to avoid; whenever we pretend on all occasions a mighty contempt for anything, it is a pretty clear sign that we feel ourselves nearly on a level with it.—HAZLITT.

GENTILITY—not to be Over-Valued.

Stand not so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy and mere borrowed thing
From dead men's dust and bones; and
none of yours,
Except you make or hold it.—JONSON.

GENTLEMAN.—The Characteristics of a

A gentleman's first characteristic is that fineness of structure in the body which renders it capable of the most delicate sensation; and of structure in the mind which renders it capable of the most delicate sympathies—one may say, simply—"fineness of nature." This is, of course, compatible with heroic bodily strength and mental firmness; in fact, heroic strength is not conceivable without such delicacy.—RUSKIN.

GENTLEMAN.—The Difficulty of Defining a

What a gentleman is, 'tis hard with us to define. In other countries he is known by his privileges; in Westminster Hall he is one that is reputed one; in the court of honour, he that hath arms. The king cannot make a gentleman of blood; nor God Almighty: but He can make a gentleman by creation. If you ask which is the better of these two, the gentleman by creation may be the better; for the one may be a debauched man, and the other a person of worth.—SELDEN.

GENTLEMAN.—The Duty of a

It is observed that education is generally the worse in proportion to the wealth and grandeur of the parents. Many are apt to think that to dance, fence, speak French, and to know how to behave among great persons, comprehend the whole duty of a gentleman; which opinion is enough to destroy all the seeds of knowledge, honour, wisdom, and virtue among us.—DEAN SWIFT.

GENTLEMAN.—The First

The best of men
That e'er wore earth about Him was a
sufferer—
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil
spirit:
The first true Gentleman that ever breathed.
DECKER.

GENTLEMAN.—A Perfect

He that can enjoy the intimacy of the great, and on no occasion disgust them by

familiarity, or disgrace himself by servility, proves that he is as perfect a gentleman by nature as his companions are by rank.—COLTON.

GENTLEMAN.—The Term—

Its primal, literal, and perpetual meaning is—"a man of pure race.—RUSKIN.

GENTLEMAN.—The True

The true gentleman is one whose nature has been fashioned after the highest models. It is a grand old name—that of gentleman, and has been recognized as a rank and power in all stages of society. To possess this character is a dignity of itself, commanding the instinctive homage of every generous mind, and those who will not bow to titular rank, will yet do homage to the gentleman. His qualities depend not upon fashion or manners, but upon moral worth—not on personal possessions, but on personal qualities. The Psalmist briefly describes him as one "that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.—SMILES.

GENTLEMAN.—The Way to be a

The only way to be a gentleman is to have the feelings of one; to be gentle in its proper acceptation, to be elevated above others in sentiment rather than in situation, and to let the benevolence of the heart be manifested in the general courtesy and affability of the demeanour.—HORACE SMITH.

GENTLEMANLINESS.—The Test of

Gentleness is indeed the best test of gentlemanliness.—SMILES.

GENTLENESS.—Defined.

Gentleness is love in society. It is love holding intercourse with those around it. It is that cordiality of aspect and that soul of speech which assures us that kind and earnest hearts may still be met with here below. It is that quiet influence which, like the scented flame of an alabaster lamp, fills many a home with light, and warmth, and fragrance altogether. It is the carpet, soft and deep, which, whilst it diffuses a look of ample comfort, deadens many a creaking sound. It is the curtain which, from many a beloved form, wards off at once the summer's glow and the winter's wind. It is the pillow on which sickness lays its head and forgets half its misery, and to which death comes in a balmier dream. It is considerateness. It is tenderness of feeling. It is warmth of affection. It is promptitude of sympathy. It is love in all its depths, and all its delicacy. It is every-

thing included in that matchless grace—THE GENTLENESS OF CHRIST.—DR. J. HAMILTON.

GENTLENESS.—Fearless

Fearless gentleness is the most beautiful of feminine attractions—born of modesty and love.—MRS. BALFOUR.

GENTLENESS.—The Success of

Gentleness is far more successful in all its enterprises than violence; indeed violence generally frustrates its own purpose, while gentleness scarcely ever fails.—LOCKE.

GENTLEWOMAN.—The Description of a

A woman of good family, or of good breeding.—LORD BACON.

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in woman.—SHAKESPEARE.

Her mind, as well
As face, is yet a Paradise untainted
With blemishes, or the spreading weeds of vice.—BARON.

GENUINE.—The Unchangeableness of the

What glitters is only for the moment, the genuine remains unchanged for aye.—GOETHE.

GEOLOGIST.—The

He plucks the pearls that stud the deep,
Admiring Beauty's lap to fill;
He breaks the stubborn marble's sleep,
Rocks disappear before his skill:
With thoughts that swell his glowing soul
He bids the ore illumine the page,
And, proudly scorning Time's control,
Commences with an unborn age.
SPRAGUE.

GEOLOGY.—The Disclosures of

Seamy coal,
Limestone, or oölite, and other sections,
Give us strange tidings of our old connections;
Our arborescent ferns, of climate torrid,
With unknown shapes of names and natures horrid;
Strange ichthyosaurus, or iguanodon,
With many more I cannot verse upon,
Lost species and lost genera; some whose bias
Is chalk, marl, sandstone, gravel, or blue lias;
Birds, beasts, fish, insects, reptiles, fresh, marine,
Perfect as yesterday among us seen,
In rock or cave; 'tis passing strange to me
How such incongruous mixture ere could be:

And yet no medley was it ; each its station
Once occupied in wise and meet location :
God is a God of order, though to scan
His works may pose the feeble powers of
man.—WILKS.

GEOLOGY.—the Handmaid of Religion.

It is gratifying to see a science, formerly
clashed, and not perhaps unjustly, amongst
the most pernicious to faith, once more
become her handmaid ;—to see her now,
after so many years of wandering from
theory to theory, or rather from vision to
vision, return once more to the home where
she was born, and to the altar at which she
made her first simple offerings ; no longer,
as she first went forth, a wilful, dreamy,
empty-handed child, but with a matronly
dignity, and a priest-like step, and a bosom
full of well-earned gifts, to pile upon its
sacred hearth. For it was religion which
gave geology birth, and to the sanctuary
she hath once more returned.—CARDINAL
WISEMAN.

GEOMETRY.—The Art of

This art is rather fitted to give precision
to discoveries already made than to con-
duct us to new.—GOLDSMITH.

GERMANS.—The Warlike Character of the

The Germans fight as a nation. What-
ever their birth or profession, all are trained
soldiers. The nation is the army ; the
army is the nation. Hence they cannot be
moved save at the bidding of some grand
principle, and the stirring of some soul-
penetrating and elevating sentiment ; and
yet they are as sensible as any nation that
they abandon comfort, domestic ease, mo-
netary independence, everything which
modern Englishmen love and live for, in
order to identify the nation and the army.
But they are willing to pay the price. They
count hardihood of body and trained courage
of heart the noblest riches of a nation.
They reckon that national independence
and national greatness are a thousand times
more precious than gold and silver, and
that to die on the field of battle is better
and happier than to rot and crumble away
in sybaritic ease. They hold, too, that
the cause of liberty, and the free noble
spirit engendered by the brotherhood of a
nationality which affirms its oneness by
noble acts, is blessed by God, and that He
will give victory to the armies who go
forth to battle in trust in His name. No
wonder they fight and triumph.—ADM.
GARBETT.

GETHSEMANE.—The Christian's

There will be no Christian but what will
have a Gethsemane, but every praying

Christian will find there is no Gethsemane
without its angel !—BINNEY.

GHOST.—An Address to a

Angels and ministers of grace defend us !
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd ?
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts
from hell ?

Be thy intents wicked or charitable ?
Thou comest in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee : I'll call thee
Hamlet,

King, father, royal Dane : O answer me !
Let me not burst in ignorance ; but tell
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements ; why the
sepulchre,

Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again. What may this
mean,

That thou, dead corse, again, in complete
steel,

Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous ; and we, fools of
nature,

So horribly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our
souls ?

Say, why is this ? wherefore ? what should
we do ?—SHAKESPEARE.

GHOST.—The Derivation of the Word—

This word is supposed to be derived from
the Anglo-Saxon *gast*—an inmate, inhabit-
ant, guest, and also spirit. In popular use
it is now restricted to the latter meaning ;
but the primitive idea seems to be that of
dismissing the soul or spirit as the guest of
the body.—PROF. BUSH.

GHOST.—Fear regarding a

The fear of seeing a ghost, and of its
being able to do some bodily injury to the
beholder, is one of the most dreadful feel-
ings the human mind can know : and yet
it is intensely natural. But who shall ac-
count satisfactorily for its existence ?—E.
DAVIES.

GIFTS.—The Abuse of

But surely, for his manners,
I judge him a profane and dissolute wretch :
Worse by possession of such great good
gifts,

Being the master of so loose a spirit.

JONSON.

GIFTS.—The Best

The best thing to give to your enemy is
forgiveness ; to an opponent—tolerance ;
to a friend—your heart ; to your child
—a good example ; to a father—defer-
ence ; to your mother—conduct that will
make her proud of you ; to yourself—

respect ; to all men—charity.—MRS. BAL-
FOUR.

GIFTS.—Constrained

Who gives constrained, but his own fear
reviles ;
Not thanked, but, scorned ; nor are they
gifts, but spoils.—DENHAM.

GIFTS.—The Crown of all

O Thou bounteous Giver of all good,
Thou art of all Thy gifts Thyself the
crown !
Give what Thou canst, without Thee we
are poor,
And with Thee rich, take what Thou
wilt away.—COWPER.

GIFTS—of God.

Riches, understanding, beauty, are fair
gifts of God.—LUTHER.

GIFTS.—Hearts without

It is said of the Lacedæmonians, who
were a poor and homely people, that they
offered lean sacrifices to their gods ; and that
the Athenians, who were a wise and wealthy
people, offered fat and costly sacrifices ; and
yet in their wars the former had always
mastery over the latter. Whereupon they
went to the oracle to know the reason why
those should speed worst who gave most.
The oracle returned this answer to them:—
“The Lacedæmonians are a people who
give their *hearts* to their gods, but the
Athenians only give their *gifts* to their
gods.” Thus hearts without gifts are better
than gifts without hearts.—W. SECKER.

GIFTS.—Small, yet Great

Every gift which is given, even though
it be small, is in reality great, if it be given
with affection.—PINDAR.

GIPSIES.—The Clothing of the

The sportive wind blows wide
Their fluttering rags, and shows a tawny
skin,
The vellum of the pedigree they claim.
COWPER.

GIPSIES.—The Descent of the

Some, because of their complexion, sup-
pose them to have descended from some
migratory tribe of Indians ; others, because
of their name and practice, from the
Egyptians, one of the first people who
pretended to foretell events, as related in
Sacred History, when Moses demanded of
Pharaoh the release of the Hebrews.—
DR. DAVIES.

GIPSIES.—The Fuel of the

Hard-faring race !
They pick their fuel out of every hedge,
Which, kindled with dry leaves, just saves
unquench'd
The spark of life.—COWPER.

GIPSIES.—The Isolation of the

Notwithstanding that they are scattered
over Turkey, Russia, Hungary, Spain,
England, and other countries, and have
intercourse with nearly all nations, they
are like the Jews, isolated and distinct from
them in their manners, customs, and ap-
pearance.—DR. WEBSTER.

GIPSIES.—The Language of the

Their language is peculiar to themselves,
and seems to be a compound of the most
ancient languages in the world. They
generally style it—“Romany ;” a word of
Sanskrit origin, signifying—“the husband,
or that which pertaineth unto them.” The
Bible has been translated into their lan-
guage.—BORROW.

GIPSY.—The Vocation of a

Down by yon hazel copse, at evening
blazed
The gipsy's faggot—there we stood and
gazed ;
Gazed on her sunburnt face with silent
awe,
Her tattered mantle, and her hood of
straw ;
Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er,
The drowsy brood that on her back she
bore,
Imps, in the barn with mousing owlet
bred,
From rifled roost at nightly revel fed ;
Whose dark eyes flashed through locks of
blackest shade,
When in the breeze the distant watch-dog
bayed :
As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
And traced the line of life with searching
view,
How throbb'd my fluttering pulse with
hopes and fears,
To learn the colour of my future years !
S. ROGERS.

GLACIER.—A Description of a

I must explain to you what a glacier is.
You see before you thirty or forty moun-
tain peaks, and between these peaks what
seem to you frozen rivers. The snow from
time to time melting, and dripping down
the sides of the mountain, and congealing
in the elevated hollows between the peaks,
forms a half-fluid mass—a river of ice—
which is called a glacier. As it lies upon

the slanting surface, and is not entirely solid throughout, the whole mass is continually pushing, with a gradual but imperceptible motion, down into the valleys below.—MRS. STOWE.

GLACIERS.—God made the

Ye ice-falls ! ye that from the mountain's brow

Adown enormous ravines slope amain—

Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,

And stopp'd at once amid their maddest plunge !

Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !

Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven

Beneath the keen, full moon ? Who bade the sun

Clothe you with rainbows ? Who with living flowers

Of loveliest hue spread garlands at your feet ?

God ! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,

Answer ! and let the ice-plains echo—God !

God ! sing, ye meadow-streams, with glad-some voice !

Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds !

And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,

And in their perilous fall shall thunder—God !

Ye living flowers that skirt th' eternal frost !

Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest !

Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm !

Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds !

Ye signs and wonders of the element !

Utter forth—God ! and fill the hills with praise !—S. T. COLERIDGE.

GLACIERS.—Magnificent Appearance of

At a distance these glaciers, as I have said before, look like frozen rivers ; when one approaches nearer, or where they press downward into the valley, they look like immense crystals and pillars of ice piled together in every conceivable form. The effect of this pile of ice, lying directly in the lap of green grass and flowers, is quite singular. Before we had entered the valley the sun had gone down ; the sky behind the mountains was clear, and it seemed for a few moments as if darkness was rapidly coming on. But in a few moments commenced a scene of transfiguration, more glorious than anything I had witnessed yet. The cold, white, dismal fields of ice gradually changed into hues of the most beautiful rose colour. A bank of

white clouds, which rested above the mountains, kindled and glowed, as if some spirit of light had entered into them. You did not lose your idea of the dazzling, spiritual whiteness of the snow ; yet you seemed to see it through a rosy veil. The sharp edges of the glaciers, and the hollows between the peaks, reflected wavering tints of lilac and purple. The effect was solemn and spiritual above everything I have ever seen. These words, which had often been in my mind through the day, and which occurred too more often than any others while I was travelling through the Alps, came into my mind with a pomp and magnificence of meaning unknown before—“ For by Him were all things created that are in heaven and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers : all things were created by Him and for Him : and He is before all things, and by Him all things consist.”—MRS. STOWE.

GLADIATOR.—The Dying

I see before me the gladiator lie :

He leans upon his hand ; his manly brow

Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low ;

And through his side the last drops ebbing slow

From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,

Like the first of a thunder shower ; and now

The arena swims around him ; he is gone.

Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won !

He heard it, but he heeded not ; his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away ;

He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,

But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,

There where his young barbarians were at play,

There was his Dacian mother—he their sire,

Butchered to make a Roman holiday !

All this rushed with his blood ; shall he expire

And unavenged ? Arise ! ye Goths, and glut your ire !—BYRON.

GLADNESS.—The Crushed Flowers of

From the crushed flowers of gladness on the road of life a sweet perfume is wafted over to the present hour, as marching armies often send out from heaths the fragrance of trampled plants.—RICHTER.

GLADNESS.—Eternal.

Eternal is his gladness who rejoices in an eternal good.—ST. AUGUSTINE.

GLADNESS.—General

Gladness in every face express'd,
Their eyes before their tongues confess'd;
Men met each other with erected look,
The steps were higher that they took:
Friends to congratulate their friends made
haste,
And long-inveterate foes saluted as they
pass'd.—DRYDEN.

GLASS.—The Discovery of

The discovery of glass is involved in great doubt and uncertainty. The generally received account is that of the Roman writer—Pliny, who relates that some shipwrecked Phœnician mariners having burnt the kali plant on a sea-shore while cooking their food, were surprised to observe a transparent substance remaining. This accidental circumstance became known to the people of Sidon, who carried out the hint they had in this way received, and hence the discovery of the art. Window-glass appears to have been made in England in the middle of the fifteenth century, and in 1557 a finer kind was manufactured at Crutched Friars, in London. The first flint glass was made at Savoy House, in the Strand; and the first plate glass was made at Lambeth, in 1673, by Venetian workmen, brought over by the Duke of Buckingham.—LOARING.

GLOBE.—The Dissolution of the

These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air,—into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous
palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.—SHAKSPEARE.

GLOBE.—The Materials of the

Probably, there is not an atom of the solid materials of the globe which has not passed through the complex and wonderful laboratory of life.—MANTELL.

GLORY—like a Circle.

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading, it disperse to
naught.—SHAKSPEARE.

GLORY.—Conquered without

He knows that he is conquered without
glory who is conquered without danger.—
SENECA.

GLORY.—The Delights of

The delights of glory are so great, that
to whatever it is attached, even to death,
we love it.—PASCAL.

GLORY.—The End of

One Cæsar lives—a thousand are forgot!
D. E. YOUNG.

GLORY.—The Love of

The love of glory can only create a hero,
the contempt of it creates a wise man.—
TALLEYRAND.

GLORY.—The Road to

The road to glory would cease to be
arduous, if it were trite and trodden; and
great minds must be ready not only to take
opportunities, but to make them. Alexander
dragged the Pythian priestess to the temple
on a forbidden day. She exclaimed—"My
son, thou art invincible!" which was oracle
enough for him. On a second occasion he
cut the Gordian knot which others had in
vain attempted to untie. Those who start
for human glory, like the mettled hounds
of Actæon, must pursue the game not only
where there is a path, but where there is
none. They must be able to simulate and
dissimulate, to leap and to creep; to con-
quer the earth like Cæsar, or to fall down
and kiss it like Brutus; to throw their
sword like Brennus into the trembling scale;
or, like Nelson, to snatch the laurels from
the doubtful hand of victory, while she is
hesitating where to bestow them. That
policy that can strike only while the iron is
hot, will be overcome by that perseverance
which, like Cromwell's, can make the iron
hot by striking; and he that can only rule
the storm must yield to him who can both
raise and rule it.—COLTON.

GLOWWORM.—The

Bright stranger! welcome to my field,
Here feed in safety, here thy radiance yield;
To me, oh, nightly be thy splendour
given!
Oh, could a wish of mine the skies com-
mand,
How would I gem thy leaf with liberal
hand,
With every sweetest dew of heaven!
Say, dost thou kindly light the fairy train
Amid the gambols on the stilly plain,
Hanging thy lamp upon the moisten'd
blade?
What lamp so fit, so pure as thine,
Amid the gentle elfin band to shine,
And chase the horrors of the midnight
shade?

Oh, may no feather'd foe disturb thy bower,
And with barbarian beak thy life devour !

Oh, may no ruthless tyrant of the sky,
O'erwhelming, force thee from thy dewy
seat ;
Nor tempest tear thee from thy green
retreat,
And bid thee 'mid the humming myriads
die !

Queen of the insect world ! what leaves
delight ?
Of such these willing hands a bower shall
form,
To guard thee from the rushing rains of
night,
And hide thee from the wild wing of the
storm.

Sweet child of stillness ! 'mid the awful
calm
Of pausing nature thou art pleased to
dwell,
In happy silence to enjoy thy balm,
And shed through life a lustre round thy
cell.

How different man, the imp of noise and
strife,
Who courts the storm that tears and
darkens life,
Blest when the passions wild the soul
invade !
How nobler far to bid these whirlwinds
cease,
To taste, like thee, the luxury of peace,
And shine in solitude and shade !

WOLCOTT.

GLUTTON.—The Defence of a

A glutton will defend his food like a
hero.—NAPOLEON I.

GLUTTONS.—The All in All of

The kitchen is their shrine, the cook
their priest, the table their altar, and their
belly their god.—BUCK.

GLUTTONY.—The Fatality of

Gluttony kills more than the sword.—
BUCK.

GOD.

This is one of the names which we give
to that eternal, infinite, and incomprehen-
sible Being—the Creator of all things, who
preserves and governs every thing by His
almighty power and wisdom, and is the
only Object of our worship.—CRUDEN.

GOD.—The Absolute Need for a

If there be not a God, we must invent
one.—ROBESPIERRE.

GOD.—The Agency of

He works every moment in every part
of this vast whole ; moves every atom, ex-
pands every leaf, finishes every blade of
grass, erects every tree, conducts every par-
ticle of vapour, every drop of rain, and
every flake of snow ; guides every ray of
light, breathes in every wind, thunders in
every storm, wings the lightning, pours the
streams and rivers, empties the volcano,
heaves the ocean, and shakes the globe.
In the universe of minds, He formed, He
preserves, He animates, and He directs,
all the mysterious and wonderful powers of
knowledge, virtue, and moral action, which
fill up the infinite extent of His immense
and eternal empire.—DR. DWIGHT.

GOD.—The Anger of

There is nothing in all the world that
provokes God's anger but sin ; for all other
things are His own works, in the goodness
of which He rested with singular compla-
cency and delight.—BP. REYNOLDS.

GOD.—Bliss only in

Return, my senses, range no more abroad,
He only finds his bliss who seeks for God.
PARNELL.

In His favour life is found ;
All bliss beside—a shadow or a sound,
COWPER.

GOD—a Comfort for Age.

He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providentially caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age !—SHAKESPEARE.

GOD.—Communion with

Communion with God is not to be at-
tained by abstraction and asceticism, but
by the development of divine sympathies.
—F. W. ROBERTSON.

GOD.—The Decrees of

They are not the result of deliberation,
or the Almighty's debating matters within
Himself, reasoning in His own mind about
the expediency of things, as creatures do ;
nor are they merely ideas of things future,
but settled determinations founded on His
sovereign will and pleasure.—BUCK.

GOD.—Dependence on

I should on God alone so much depend,
That I should need nor wealth nor other
friend.—WITHER.

GOD.—The Eternity of

One of the deaf and dumb pupils in the
institution of Paris, being desired to express

his idea of the eternity of the Deity, replied—"It is duration, without beginning or end ; existence, without bound or dimension ; present, without past or future. His eternity is youth without infancy or old age ; life, without birth or death ; to-day, without yesterday or to-morrow."—ARVINE.

GOD.—The Existence of

Since the world could not make itself, because nothing can act before its existence ; and since it plainly appears that it is not eternal, by its being made up of finite parts, which are in their nature mutable, limited, and corruptible :—since it is as plain that it could not be the work of chance, as appears by the beauty, order, and usefulness of the constituent parts, and the admirable harmony of the whole :—by the law of nature, which is constantly, though unwittingly, observed by all the vegetative and brute creation :—by the exquisite art and contrivance that appears in the formation of a human body ;—and what is of still greater regard, by the certainty we have that there are spiritual, immaterial substances, abstracted from, and superior to, matter ; which could never be produced by chance, or a fortuitous concourse of atoms :—therefore I conclude that there is One Supreme Being, who is a pure Spirit, and comprehends within Himself all perfection of being ; which is the Cause of all causes ; the Creator, the Preserver, and Governor of all things—and this Being is GOD !—MRS. WESLEY.

GOD.—Faith in

Let us learn, as Luther did, who, looking out of his window one summer evening, saw, on a tree at hand, a little bird making his brief and easy dispositions for a night's rest. "Look," said he, "how that little fellow preaches faith to us all ! He takes hold of his twig, tucks his head under his wing, and goes to sleep, LEAVING GOD TO THINK FOR HIM."—POWER.

GOD.—The Faithfulness of

We ask Nature to say—whether her God, who is our God, is true to His Word ? whether He ever says, and fails to do ? By the voices of the sun, the stars, the hills, the valleys, the streams, the cataracts, the rolling thunders, and the roaring sea, she returns a majestic answer. Spring comes with infant Nature waking in her arms ; Summer comes bedecked with a robe of flowers ; Autumn comes with her swarthy brow, crowned with vines, and on her back the sheaves of corn ; Old Winter comes with his shivering limbs, and frozen locks, and hoary head ;—and these four witnesses—each laying one hand on the broad table of Nature, and lifting the other to heaven—swear by Him that

liveth for ever and ever, that all which God hath said, God shall do.—DR. GUTHRIE.

GOD.—The Fatherhood of

It was a touching answer of a Christian sailor, when asked why he remained so calm in a fearful storm, when the sea seemed ready to devour the ship. He was not sure that he could swim ; but he said—"Though I sink I shall but drop into the hollow of my Father's hand ; for He holds all these waters there."—ARNOT.

My life hangs by a single thread ; but that thread is in a Father's hand.—J. H. EVANS.

GOD.—The Fear of

He that so fears, fears not : he shall not be afraid ; all petty fears are swallowed up in this great fear. And this great fear is as sweet and pleasing as little fears are anxious and vexing.—ABP. LEIGHTON.

GOD.—The Forgiveness of

God rises immeasurably, not only above our forgiveness, but above all our conceptions of His forgiveness.—J. H. EVANS.

GOD.—The Glory of

How glorious, how transcendently glorious, must He needs be, who is the Being of all beings, the Perfection of all perfections, the very Glory of all glories, the eternal God ! He is the glory of love and goodness, who is good, and doth good continually unto me, though I be evil, and I do evil continually against Him. He is the glory of wisdom and knowledge, unto whom all the secret thoughts, the inward motions and retirements of my soul, are exactly known and manifest. Never did a thought lurk so secretly in my heart but that His all-seeing eye could espy it out. Even at this time He knows what I am now thinking of, and what I am doing, as well as myself ; and, indeed, well may He know what I think, and speak, and do, when I can neither think, nor speak, nor do anything unless Himself be pleased to give me strength to do it. He is the glory of might and power, who did but speak the word, and there presently went out that commanding power from Him by which this stately fabric of the world was formed and fashioned.—BP. BEVERIDGE.

GOD.—Glory Given to

That martial king—Edward III., outwent his fame, and was accounted to have done things more commendable than his victories ; for having vanquished the French king by force of battle, he put off from himself the whole glory, and gave it de-

voutly to God, causing to be sung—*Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, Domine*, etc.—“Not unto us, Lord, not unto us, Lord, but unto Thy name be the glory given!”—SPENCER.

GOD.—The Goodness of

Oh, He is good,—He is immensely good
Who all things formed, and formed them
all for man ;—
Who marked the climates, varied every
zone,
Dispensing all His blessings for the best,
In order and in beauty !—SMART.

GOD.—The Greatness of

If philosophy is to be believed, our world is but an outlying corner of creation ; bearing, perhaps, as small a proportion to the great universe, as a single grain bears to all the sands of the sea-shore, or one small quivering leaf to the foliage of a boundless forest. Yet even within this earth's narrow limits, how vast the work of Providence ! How soon is the mind lost in contemplating it ! How great that Being whose hand paints every flower, and shapes every leaf ; who forms every bud on every tree, and every infant in the darkness of the womb ; who feeds each crawling worm with a parent's care, and watches like a mother over the insect that sleeps away the night in the bosom of a flower ; who throws open the golden gates of day, and draws around a sleeping world the dusky curtains of the night ; who measures out the drops of every shower, the whirling snowflakes, and the sands of man's eventful life ; who determines alike the fall of a sparrow and the fate of a kingdom ; and so overrules the tide of human fortunes, that whatever befall him, come joy or sorrow, the believer says—“It is the Lord ; let Him do what seemeth Him good.”—DR. GUTHRIE.

GOD.—The Holiness of

God is not only holy, but holiness itself. The creatures, when they are holy, are holy according to His laws ; the holiness of angels or men is the conformity to the law of their creation. But God's will is His rule, His essence is His law, and therefore all His actions are necessarily holy ; and all created holiness is but a resemblance of God's. He is the fountain,—the ever-flowing, the over-flowing fountain of holiness.—MANTON.

GOD.—The Immutability of

Immutability is a glory belonging to all the attributes of God. It is not a single perfection of the divine nature, nor is it limited to particular objects thus and thus

disposed. In our notion and conception of the divine perfections, they are all different ; the wisdom of God is not His power, nor His power His holiness ; but immutability is the centre wherein they all unite. None of His perfections will appear so glorious without His beam—the sun of immutability, which renders them highly excellent, without the least shadow of imperfection.—CHARNOCK.

GOD.—Invisible.

A poor dumb boy, in whom I was interested, and whom I had been seeking to impress with the fact of the being of a God, told me that he had been looking everywhere for God, but could not find Him ; “there was God—NO.” I seized a pair of bellows, and blew a puff at his hand, which was red with cold on a winter's day. He showed signs of displeasure ; told me it made his hands cold, while I, looking at the pipe of the bellows, told him I could see nothing ; “there was wind—no !” He opened his eyes very wide, stared at me, and panted ; a deep crimson suffused his whole face, and a soul—a real soul—shone in his strangely altered countenance, while he triumphantly repeated—“God like wind ! God like wind !”—C. ELIZABETH.

GOD.—The Justice of

As He is too merciful to condemn the innocent, so is He too just to acquit the guilty.—W. SECKER.

Thou, rather than Thy justice should be stained,
Didst stain the cross.—DR. E. YOUNG.

GOD.—The Kindness of

God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.—STERNE.

GOD.—The Kindnesses of

So many are God's kindnesses to us, that as drops of water, they run together ; and it is not until we are borne up by the multitude of them, as by streams in deep channels, that we recognize them as coming from Him. We have walked amid His mercies as in a forest where we are tangled among ten thousand growths, and touched on every hand by leaves and buds which we notice not. We cannot recall all the things He has done for us. They are so many that they must needs crowd upon each other, until they go down behind the horizon of memory, like full hemispheres of stars that move in multitudes and sink, not separate and distinguishable, but multitudinous, each casting light into the other,

and so clouding each other by common brightness.—H. W. BEECHER.

GOD.—The Knowledge of

What must be the knowledge of Him, from whom all created minds have derived both their power of knowing, and the innumerable objects of their knowledge! What must be the wisdom of Him, from whom all beings derive their wisdom; from whom the emmet, the bee, and the stork, receive the skill to provide, without an error, their food, habitation, and safety; and the prophet and the seraph imbibe their exalted views of the innumerable, vast, and sublime wonders of creation, and of creating glory and greatness!—DR. DWIGHT.

GOD.—The Long-Suffering of

Mercy is the spring of God's long-suffering; forgiveness is the activity of this mercy; and long-suffering is its quiet flow.—J. H. EVANS.

GOD—is Love.

It is God's true name. Why not indeed change the name of our Deity? Why not teach children to say, when asked—Who made you?—Love, the Father. Who redeems you?—Love, the Son. Who sanctifies you?—Love, the Holy Ghost. Why is this dear name not sown in our gardens in living green, hung on the walls of nurseries and on the portals of churches? Surely on some day of balm did this golden word pass across the mind of the Apostle, when, perhaps, pondering on the character of Jesus, and feeling his own heart burning within him, he spread out the spark in his bosom, till it became a flame, encompassing the universe, and the great generalization leaped from his lips—"GOD IS LOVE." Complete as an epic, and immortal as complete, stands this poem-sentence, insulated in its own mild glory, and the cross of Jesus is below.—G. GILFILLAN.

GOD.—Love to

The measure of our love to God must be to love Him without measure. The creature may have the milk of our love, but God must have the cream. Love to God must be above all other things, as the oil swims above the water.—T. WATSON.

GOD.—The Mercy of

His mercy is His glory, and His glory is the light of heaven. His mercy is the life of creation, and it fills all the earth; and His mercy is as a sea too, and it fills all the abysses of the deep: it hath given us promises of supply of whatsoever we need,

and relieves us in all our fears, and in all the evils that we suffer.—BP. TAYLOR.

But joy! amid this universal change,
One thing ne'er changes: 'midst the ebb
and surge

Of 'Time's wild rocking billows, like a light
It burns, and lamps a dying universe
As with the radiance of immortal day,
And whispers to my spirit, as I go
Down into the dull charnel, of the joy
And endless rapture of the bliss to be:
It is the loving mercy of my God,—
O glorious pledge, sealed with the Saviour's
blood!

With His dear promise to assure my soul,
I will take heart upon my pilgrim way,
Inscribing on the battle-flag of life,
As the heraldic motto of my trust—
"Thy mercy is for ever and for ever,
O God! on all that fear Thy Name."

MATSON.

GOD.—The Name—

Nothing is easier than to say the word—*universe*, and yet it would take us millions of millions of years to bestow one hasty glance upon the surface of that small portion of it which lies within the range of our glasses. But what are all suns, comets, earths, moons, atmospheres, seas, rivers, mountains, valleys, plains, woods, cattle, wild beasts, fish, fowl, grasses, plants, shrubs, minerals, and metals, compared with the meaning of the one name—God! —PULSFORD.

GOD.—The Omnipresence of

A heathen philosopher once asked a Christian—"Where is God?" The Christian answered—"Let me first ask you—Where is He not?"—ARROWSMITH.

Creation, in all its length and breadth, in all its depth and height, is the manifestation of His Spirit, and without Him the world were dark and dead. The universe is to us as the burning bush which the Hebrew leader saw: God is ever present in it; for it burns with His glory, and the ground on which we stand is always holy.—FRANCIS.

GOD.—The Omniscience of

God is omniscient as well as omnipotent; and omniscience may see reason to withhold what omnipotence could bestow.—R. CECIL.

GOD.—The Power of

The power which gave existence, is power which can know no limits. But to all beings, in heaven, and earth, and hell, He gave existence, and is therefore seen to possess powers which transcend every bound. The

power which upholds, moves, and rules the universe, is also clearly illimitable. The power which is necessary to move a single world transcends all finite understanding. No definite number of finite beings possess sufficient power to move a single world a hair's breadth; yet God moves the great world which we inhabit sixty-eight thousand miles in an hour; two hundred and sixty times faster than the swiftest motion of a cannon ball. Nor does he move this world only, but the whole system, of which it is a part; and all the worlds which replenish the immense stellary system, formed of suns innumerable, and of the planets which surround them. All these He has also moved from the beginning to the present moment; and yet "He fainteth not, neither is weary!"—DR. DWIGHT.

GOD.—Resemblance to

To escape from evil, we must be made as far as possible like God; and this resemblance consists in becoming just, and holy, and wise.—PLATO.

GOD.—Resignation to

A certain Stoic, speaking of God, said—"What God wills, I will; what God nills, I will not; if He will that I live, I will live; if it be His pleasure that I die, I will die."—VENNING.

GOD.—No Room for

It is said of Hadrian VI., that, having built a stately college at Louvain, he set this inscription on the front in golden letters:—*Trajectum plantavit, Lovanium rigavit, sed Cæsar dedit incrementum*—"Utrecht planted me, Louvain watered me, but Cæsar gave the increase." A passenger, reproving his folly, underwrote:—*Hic Deus nihil fecit*—"Here was no room for God to do anything."—PAREUS.

GOD.—The Service of

There is no work on earth easier than the true service of God.—LUTHER.

GOD.—The Sons of

When the Danish missionaries, labouring at Malabar, were engaged, with some of the converted natives at their side, in translating these words—"the sons of God"—into their language, one of them exclaimed—"It is too much! let us rather translate it—They shall be permitted to kiss His feet!"—BULLOCK.

GOD.—The Sovereignty of

The sovereignty of God was the joy of the Redeemer's soul, and is the consolation of the Redeemer's people.—J. H. EVANS.

GOD.—The Spirituality of

There is no difference as to what may be termed the popular characters of spirit—between the spirit of man and God, considered as a Spirit; for God made man in His own image. But there is one great and radical difference: human and angelic spirits are finite; God, whom we worship, is infinite.—R. WATSON.

GOD.—Submission to

This implies that we justify Him in everything that He does—that we approve all that He does—that we cleave to Him in the midst of all.—DR. BEAUMONT.

GOD.—No Substitute for

No creature can be a satisfactory and permanent substitute for God; but God can be more than a satisfactory and permanent substitute for every creature.—DR. DAVIES.

GOD.—Symbols of

The heavens are a point from the pen of His perfection;
The world is a rosebud from the bower of His beauty;
The sun is a spark from the light of His wisdom;
And the sky a bubble on the sea of His power.—SIR W. JONES.

GOD.—Trust in

I have seen two miracles lately. I looked up, and saw the clouds above me in the noontide; and they looked like the sea that was hanging over me, and I could see no cord on which they were suspended, and yet they never fell. And then when the noontide had gone, and the midnight came, I looked again, and there was the dome of heaven, and it was spangled with stars, and I could see no pillars that held up the skies, and yet they never fell. Now He that holds the stars up, and moves the clouds in their course, can do all things, and I trust Him in the sight of these miracles.—LUTHER.

GOD.—The Ways of

A cockle fish might as well attempt to bring the ocean into its little shell, as man attempt to understand the ways of God.—BP. BEVERIDGE.

GOD.—The Will of

The will of God is always good, and acceptable, and perfect, howsoever it seem to us.—HENRY SMITH.

GOD.—The Wrath of

The wrath of man is the rage of man; but the wrath of God is the reason of God.—BP. REYNOLDS.

GOD.—Yearning for

Oh for a message from above
To bear my spirits up !
Some pledge of my Creator's love
To calm my terrors, and support my hope !
Let waves and thunders mix and roar,
Be thou my God, and the whole world is
mine :
While Thou art Sovereign I'm secure ;
I shall be rich till Thou art poor ;
For all I fear, and all I wish,—heaven,
earth,
And hell, are Thine.—DR. WATTS.

GODLINESS.—No Excess in

Every created thing has its bounds ; but
grace has none. In true godliness there is
no excess. Those wells which are of God's
digging can never be too full of water. He
delights to see the trees of righteousness
laden with the fruits of righteousness.—
W. SECKER.

**GODLINESS—in Relation to Accom-
plishments.**

It is godliness alone which, as the
diamond to the ring, addeth real value to
all natural and acquired accomplishments.
—SWINNOCK.

GOLD.—The Beautifying Power of

Gold gives an appearance of beauty even
to ugliness.—BOILEAU.

GOLD.—The Fashion and Fate of

Gold ! gold ! gold ! gold !
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammer'd and roll'd ;
Heavy to get, and light to hold ;
Hoarded, barter'd, bought, and sold,
Stolen, borrow'd, squander'd, doled ;
Spurn'd by the young, but hugg'd by the
old,
To the very verge of the church-yard
mould ;
Price of many a crime untold ;
Gold ! gold ! gold ! gold !
Good or bad, a thousand-fold !—HOOD.

GOLD.—Lust of

O cursed lust of gold ! when for thy sake
The fool throws up his interest in *both*
worlds,
First starved in this, then damn'd in that to
come.—R. BLAIR.

GOLD.—The Nature of

It is a glittering, yellow-coloured kind of
earth, the same as that of which man him-
self is formed. It is perishable, and subject
to vanity, lifeless, and intrinsically of no
peculiar virtue.—SCRIVER.

GOLD.—The Power of

Stronger than thunder's winged force
All-powerful gold can speed its course ;
Through watchful guards its passage make,
And loves through solid walls to break.
FRANCIS.

GOLD.—The Thirst for

The thirst for gold
Hath made men demons.—BURLEIGH.

GOLD—a Touchstone.

Men have a touchstone whereby to try
gold, but gold is the touchstone whereby to
try men.—DR. FULLER.

GOLD AND IRON.—The Omnipotency of

There are two metals, one of which is
omnipotent in the cabinet, and the other in
the camp,—gold and iron. He that knows
how to apply them both, may indeed attain
the highest station, but he must know
something more to keep it.—COLTON.

GOLDFINCH.—The Little

I love to see the little goldfinch pluck
The groundsel's feather'd seed, and twit
and twit,
And soon in bower of apple blossom
perch'd,
Trim his gay suit, and pay us with a song ;
I would not hold him prisoner for the
world !—HURDIS.

GOOD.—The Acquisition of

The laborious acquisition of any good
we have long enjoyed is apt to be forgotten.
—S. SMITH.

GOOD.—The Death of the

The good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer
dust
Burn to the socket.—W. WORDSWORTH.

GOOD—Defined.

That sort of happiness which all men
desire, as being pleasant and agreeable to
them.—CRUDEN.

GOOD—doth Good.

Ariston said—that neither a bath nor an
oration doth any good, unless it purify, the
one the skin, the other the heart. *That is*
good which doth good.—VENNING.

GOOD.—The Growth of the

How indestructibly the good grows, and
propagates itself, even among the weedy
entanglements of evil !—CARLYLE.

GOOD.—An Impulse to do

Never did any soul do good but it came readier to do the same again, with more enjoyment. Never was love, or gratitude, or bounty practised but with increasing joy, which made the practiser still more in love with the fair act.—SHAFTESBURY.

GOOD.—The Life of that which is

No good lives so long as that which is thankfully improved.—W. SECKER.

GOOD.—The Luxury of Doing

Hard was their lodgings homely was their food,
For all their luxury was doing good.

GARTH.

GOOD.—Made

I pray you note this—we must first be made good before we can do good; we must first be made just before our words can please God.—BP. LATIMER.

GOOD.—The Natural Love of

Trust to the natural love of good where there is no temptation to be bad—it operates nowhere more forcibly than in education.—S. SMITH.

GOOD.—The Present Reward of

God rewards good done in this world even here also.—PROF. LESSING.

GOOD—cannot Rise from Evil.

Keep virtue's simple path before your eyes,
Nor think from evil good can ever rise.

J. THOMSON.

GOOD-BREEDING—Defined.

The inferior art of life and behaviour.—STEELE.

GOOD-BREEDING.—The Necessity of

So necessary is good-breeding, that no one can march smoothly and happily along the path of life without it.—ADDISON.

GOOD-BREEDING.—The Security of

A man's own good-breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.—CHESTERFIELD.

GOOD-HUMOUR—Defined.

Good-humour may be defined a habit of being pleased; a constant and perennial softness of manner, easiness of approach, and serenity of disposition, like that which every man perceives in himself when the first transports of new felicity have subsided, and his thoughts are only kept in motion by a slow succession of soft im-

pulses. Good-humour is a state between gaiety and unconcern; the act or emanation of a mind at leisure to regard the gratification of another.—DR. JOHNSON.

GOOD-HUMOUR.—Gentle

'Tis gentle good-humour that makes life so sweet,
And picks up the flowerets that garnish our feet.—BLAMIRE.

GOOD-NATURE—Defined.

Good-nature is that benevolent and amiable temper of mind which disposes us to feel the misfortunes and enjoy the happiness of others; and, consequently, pushes us on to promote the latter, and prevent the former; and that without any abstract contemplation on the beauty of virtue, and without the allurements or terrors of religion.—FIELDING.

GOOD-NATURED.—Reasons for being

Some are good-natured because they are benevolent, and always feel in a sunny mood; some, because they have such vigour and robust health that care flies off from them, and they really cannot feel nettled and worried; some, because a sense of character keeps them from all things unbecoming manliness; and some, from an overflow of what may be called in part animal spirits, and in part, also, hopeful, cheerful dispositions.—H. W. BEECHER.

GOODNESS.—A Dram of

I will esteem a dram of goodness worth a whole world of greatness.—BP. HALL.

GOODNESS.—The Greatness of

True goodness is not without that germ of greatness that can bear with patience the mistakes of the ignorant, and the censures of the malignant.—COLTON.

GOODNESS—is Immortal.

"The evil men do lives after them;" but we do not believe that "the good is oft interred with their bones." No, it is as immortal as the Divine Being in whom it originates. The good must ever live, and "walk up and down the earth," like a living spirit guided by the living God, to convey blessings to the children of men. It lives in humanity, in some form or other, like the subtle substance of material things, which though ever changing never perishes, but adds to the stability, the beauty, and the grandeur of the universe.—MACLEOD.

GOODNESS—in the Little Finger.

He has more goodness in his little finger than you have in your whole body.—DEAN SWIFT.

GOODNESS.—The Rarity of

Nothing is more rarely to be found than real goodness.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

GOODNESS.—True

True goodness is like the glow-worm in this—that it shines most when no eyes, except those of Heaven, are upon it.—ADN. HARE.

GOOD-NIGHT.—A Fair

To all, to each, a fair good-night,
And pleasing dreams and slumbers light.
SIR W. SCOTT.

GOSPEL.—The

The *Gospel* is the old English word—*God-spel*, that is—good speech, good news, good hearing, good tidings.—CRADOCK.

GOSPEL.—The Doctrine of the

The doctrine of the Gospel is like the dew and the small rain that distilleth upon the tender grass, wherewith it doth flourish and is kept green. Christians are like the several flowers in a garden, that have each of them the dew of heaven, which, being shaken with the wind, they let fall at each other's roots, whereby they are jointly nourished, and become nourishers of each other.—BUNYAN.

GOSPEL.—The Effect of the

The Moravian missionaries, who carried the Gospel to the Greenlanders, thought it best to prepare the minds of the savages to receive it, by declaring to them at first only the general truths of religion:—the existence of God, the obedience due to His laws, and a future retribution. Thus passed away several years, during which they saw no fruit of their labours. At last they ventured one day to speak to them of the Saviour, and read to them the history of His passion. They had no sooner done so, than one of the hearers, named Kajarnak, approached the table where the missionary was sitting, and said to him in an earnest and affecting tone—"What is that you tell us? Repeat that once more. I too wish to be saved!" And Kajarnak believed, lived like a Christian, and died in peace, the first-fruits of an abundant harvest.—MONOD.

GOSPEL.—Faith in the

Paganism was never accepted as truth by the wise men of Greece, neither by Socrates, Pythagoras, Plato, Anaxagoras, nor Pericles. But, on the other side, the loftiest intellects, since the advent of Christianity have had faith, a living faith, a practical

faith, in the mysteries and doctrines of the Gospel.—NAPOLEON I.

GOSPEL.—The Importance of the

The Gospel is not only wonderful but all-important. It is the Gospel of our salvation. It is the bread, the water of life. For dying souls it is the only remedy. It has done more already for the public welfare of nations than all the civil institutions of men; and by this alone will the wilderness and solitary place be made glad, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose.—JAY.

GOSPEL.—The Nature of the

The Gospel is the fulfilment of all hopes, the perfection of all philosophy, the interpretation of all revelations, the key to all the seeming contradictions of the physical and moral world.—PROF. MAX MÜLLER.

GOSPEL.—Peace Derived from the

All human learning is of no avail. Reason must be put out of the question. I reasoned, and debated, and investigated; but I found no peace till I came to the Gospel as a little child, till I received it as a little babe. Then such a light was shed abroad in my heart, that I saw the whole scheme at once, and I found pleasure the most indescribable.—DR. GORDON.

GOSPEL.—The Promises of the

The promises of the Gospel are the subservient objects of faith. The promise is as the dish wherein Christ, the bread of life, the manna from heaven, is set before faith, and presented to it. Both are served up together; but faith feeds not on the dish, but on the manna and bread of life in it.—CLARKSON.

GOSPEL.—The Way to Listen to the

Some people are very squeamish about the manner of a clergyman in preaching. Now suppose you were hearing a will read, expecting to receive a legacy, would you employ the time in criticising the lawyer's manner while reading it? No; you would give all your interest to ascertain if anything were left to yourself, and how much. Let that, then, be the way in which you listen to the Gospel.—R. HILL.

GOSSIP.—A

A long-tongued babbling gossip.

SHAKSPEARE.

GOSSIP.—Tired of a

A mere gossip ought not to wonder if we evince signs that we are tired of him, seeing

that we are indebted to the honour of his visit solely to his being tired of himself. He sits at home until he has accumulated an insupportable load of *ennui*, and then he sallies forth to distribute it amongst his acquaintance.—COLTON.

GOVERNMENT.—The Best

In a state there ought to be something super-eminent and royal ; another portion of power ought to be assigned to the nobles, and some ought to be reserved for the lower classes.—CICERO.

GOVERNMENT.—Defined.

Government is a contrivance of human wisdom to provide for human wants.—BURKE.

GOVERNMENT.—The Function of a

The proper function of a government is —to make it easy for people to do good, and difficult for them to do evil.—GLADSTONE.

GOVERNMENT.—Opinions on

With regard to the Greek sages, Solon was of opinion that the best government was that in which the collective body of citizens takes a part, when an injury is offered to the individual. Bion thought that was preferable in which good laws were despotic ; Thales, that in which equality of property prevailed ; Cleobulus, that in which fear of disgrace is stronger than the law. According to Chilo, that is the best in which the law speaks instead of the lawyer ; and according to Periander, that in which power is confided to a small number of enlightened, disinterested, and humane men.—FITZ-RAYMOND.

GOVERNMENT.—The Prop of

The true prop of good government is opinion ;—the perception, on the part of the subjects, of benefits resulting from it ; a settled conviction, in other words, of its being a public good.—R. HALL.

GOVERNMENT.—Three Forms of

Of governments, that of the mob is the most sanguinary, that of soldiers the most expensive, and that of civilians the most vexatious.—COLTON.

GOVERNMENT.—The Vocation of a

Let the government religiously feel its high vocation by Divine Providence ; and let it wisely pursue the elevated course which is marked out before it. Let it be deaf to calumny, blind to impediments, and prepared for sacrifices ; let it seek not the good of a sect in religion, nor of a party

in the state, but the good of the nation as a whole ; and it shall be sustained by a nation's will, and enthroned on a nation's devoted affections.—BURKE.

GOVERNOR.—The Bearing of a

They that govern most make least noise. You see when they row in a barge, they that do drudgery-work slash, and puff, and sweat ; but he that governs sits quietly at the stern, and scarce is seen to stir.—SELDEN.

GOVERNOR.—A Wise and Good

Peter the Great frequently surprised the magistrates by his unexpected presence in the cities of the empire. Having arrived, without previous notice, at Olonez, he went first to the regency, and inquired of the governor how many suits there were depending in the court of chancery. "None, Sire," replied the governor. "None ! how happens that ?" "Why," replied the governor, "I endeavour to prevent law-suits, and, by conciliating the parties, I act in such a manner that no traces of difference remain in the archives. If I am wrong, your indulgence will excuse me." "I wish," replied the czar, "that all governors would act upon the same principles. Go on ; God and your sovereign are equally satisfied."—BUCK.

GRACE.—Abused.

Grace abused, brings forth the foulest deeds,
As richest soil the most luxuriant weeds.
COWPER.

GRACE.—The Benefits of

It makes both our comforts greater and our crowns brighter. The children who are found moving in the orbits of obedience shall enjoy the clearest sunshine of their Father's countenance.—W. SECKER.

GRACE.—The Covenant of

This is a superstructure of mercy, whose foundation is Christ. As a banqueting-house for souls, it is well-stored with all needful provisions for a noble entertainment. Herein may be found in rich and inexhaustible abundance—the bread of Gospel truth, and the wine of divine promise—milk for babes and meat for strong men.—GILL.

GRACE.—Defined.

The free and eternal love and favour of God, which is the spring and source of all the benefits which we receive from Him.—CRUDEN.

GRACE—Gradual.

Grace comes into the soul as the morning sun into the world : there is first a dawning, then a mean light, and, at last, the sun in his excellent brightness.—T. ADAMS.

GRACE.—The Invincibility of

Divine grace, even in the heart of weak and sinful man, is an invincible thing. Drown it in the waters of adversity, it rises more beautiful, as not being drowned indeed, but only washed. Throw it into the furnace of fiery trials, it comes out purer, and loses nothing but the dross which our corrupt nature mixes with it.—ABP. LEIGHTON.

GRACE—at Meals.

The custom of saying grace at meals had probably its origin in the early times of the world, and the hunter-state of man, when dinners were precarious things, and a full meal was something more than a common blessing, and looked like a special providence. In the shouts of triumphant songs with which, after a season of sharp abstinence, a lucky booty of deer's or goat's flesh would naturally be ushered home, existed, perhaps, the germ of the modern grace. It is not otherwise easy to be understood, why the blessing of food—the act of eating—should have had a particular expression of thanksgiving annexed to it, distinct from that implied and silent gratitude with which we are expected to enter upon the enjoyment of the many other various gifts and good things of existence.—LAMB.

GRACE—Preferable to Gold.

The least portion of grace is preferable to a mountain of gold.—W. SECKER.

GRACE.—The Robe of

God hath created nights
As well as days to deck the varied globe ;
Grace comes as oft clad in the dusky robe
Of desolation, as in white attire.

SIR J. BEAUMONT.

GRACE—in an Ungracious Mouth.

That word—grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.
SHAKSPEARE.

GRACEFULNESS.—The Advantage of

Gracefulness is to the body what good sense is to the mind.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

GRACES.—The Flourishing of the

Graces, withered by too warm a beam,
May spread and flourish in the dreary shade ;

And pleasure, to voluptuous guilt denied,
May bloom ambrosial from affliction's thorn.
BALLY.

GRACES—Perverted.

Know you not, master, to some kind of
men
Their graces serve them but as enemies ?
No more do yours ; your virtues, gentle
master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
Oh, what a world is this, when what is
comely
Envenoms him that bears it !

SHAKSPEARE.

GRACES.—Royal

The king-becoming graces—
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude.

SHAKSPEARE.

GRACES.—The True

As amber attracts a straw, so does beauty admiration, which only lasts while the warmth continues ; but virtue, wisdom, goodness, and real worth, like the load-stone, never lose their power. These are the true graces, which, as Homer feigns, are linked and tied hand in hand, because it is by their influence that human hearts are so firmly united to each other.—BURTON.

GRAIL.—The Holy

The Holy Grail, according to some legends of the middle ages, was the cup used by our Saviour in dispensing the wine at the last supper ; and according to others, the platter on which the paschal lamb was served at the last Passover observed by our Lord. By some it was said to have been preserved by Joseph of Arimathea, who received into it the blood which flowed from the Redeemer's wounds as He hung on the cross. By others it was said to have been brought down from heaven by angels, and committed to the charge of a body of knights, who guarded it on the top of a lofty mountain. This cup, according to the legend, if approached by any but a perfectly pure and holy person, would be borne away and vanish from their sight. This led to the quest of the Holy Grail, which was to be sought for on every side by a knight who was perfectly chaste in thought, word, and act. It is to this that some of the later English poets have referred, especially Tennyson in his "Sir Galahad" :—

"Sometimes on lonely mountain meres
I find a magic bark ;
I leap on board ; no herdsman steers ;
I float till all is dark.

"A gentle sound, an awful light !
Three angels bear the Holy Grail :
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sweeping wings they sail."

The origin of the word in this sense is uncertain. It may be derived from *graal* or *greal*, which in the *Langue Romane* signifies a cup or dish. Some, however, according to Dunlop, suppose the word *Sangreal* (the Holy Grail) to be a corruption of *sanguis realis* (real blood), from its having been fabled to be filled with blood, and that *grail* is formed from this by further corruption, and omission of the first syllable.—DR. WEBSTER.

GRAMMAR.—The Authority of

Grammar knows how to lord it over kings, and with high hand makes them obey its laws.—MOLIERE.

GRAMMARIAN.—The Distinction of a

The term was used by the classic ancients as a term of honourable distinction for all who were considered learned in any art or faculty whatever.—BRANDE.

GRAMMARIAN.—The Matchless

There is no grammarian like him that hath learned how to decline sin in every case.—SWINNOCK.

GRANDAME.—Respect for a

The ancient grandame, seated at the ingle among her children's children, wi' the Bible open on her knees, and lookin' solemn, almost severe, wi' her dim eyes, through specs shaded by gray hairs,—now and then brightening up her faded countenance wi' a saintly smile, as she saftly lets fa' her shrivelled hand on the golden head o' some wee bit haffin imp sittin' cowerin' by her knee, and half in love, half in fear, opening not his rosy lips—such an aged woman as that—for leddy I shall not ca' her, is indeed an object of respect and reverence; and beats there a heart within human bosom that would not rejoice wi' holy awe to lay the homage of its blessing at her feet?—PROF. WILSON.

GRANDPARENTS.—Our

If you want strong organizations, and the gaiety which springs from a tenacious vitality well-riveted to the frame, you must look in the direction of our grandparents. They got up at early dawn, some chirping song on their lips, just as the linnets do. They did what they had to do merrily,—not over-scrupulously, I allow. They were a little given to scold and storm away at things in general; and I do really believe this helped to keep up their spirits. They

breakfasted well, dined well, supped well. They managed their affairs with a high hand. They read and wrote; not too much of either; just enough to prevent these accomplishments growing rusty. They walked straight on firm legs; they had a florid complexion, smooth foreheads, and a ringing laugh. Such of them as were not carried off by some scourge, accomplished the cycle of their fourscore years, with all their faculties fresh. They knew little of doctors, except as described by Molière; and if any one had spoken to them of neuralgia;—if they had had a glimpse of our delicacy, our feebleness, our *difficulty in living*, most certainly unbounded astonishment, with something of contemptuous irony, would have spread over their features.—GASPARIN.

GRASS.—The Beauty and Importance of the

Gather a single blade of grass, and examine for a minute, quietly, its narrow sword-shaped strip of fluted green. Nothing, as it seems there, of notable goodness or beauty. A very little strength, and a very little tallness, and a few delicate long lines meeting in a point—not a perfect point either, but blunt and unfinished, by no means a creditable or apparently much-cared-for example of Nature's workmanship; made, as it seems, only to be trodden on to-day, and to-morrow to be cast into the oven; and a little pale and hollow stalk, feeble and flaccid, leading down to the dull brown fibres of roots. And yet, think of it well, and judge whether of all the gorgeous flowers that beam in summer air, and of all strong and goodly trees, pleasant to the eyes or good for food—stately palm and pine, strong ash and oak, scented citron, burdened vine—there be any by man so deeply loved, by God so highly graced, as that narrow point of feeble green! It seems to me not to have been without a peculiar significance that our Lord, when about to work the miracle which, of all that He showed, appears to have been felt by the multitude as the most impressive—the miracle of the loaves—commanded the people to sit down by companies "upon the grass." He was about to feed them with the principal produce of earth and sea, the simplest representations of the food of mankind. He gave them the seed of the herb; He bade them sit down upon the herb itself, which was as great a gift, in its fitness for their joy and rest, as its perfect fruit for their sustenance; thus, in this single order and act, when rightly understood, indicating for evermore how the Creator had intrusted the comfort, consolation, and sustenance of man to the simplest and most

despised of all the leafy families of the earth.—RUSKIN.

GRASS.—The Humility and Cheerfulness of the

Observe the peculiar characters of the grass, which adapt it especially for the service of man, are its apparent humility and cheerfulness. Its humility, in that it seems created only for lowest service, appointed to be trodden on and fed upon. Its cheerfulness, in that it seems to exult under all kinds of violence and suffering. You roll it, and it is stronger the next day; you mow it, and it multiplies its shoots, as if it were grateful; you tread upon it, and it only sends up richer perfume. Spring comes; and it rejoices with all the earth—glowing with variegated flame of flowers, waving in soft depth of fruitful strength. Winter comes; and though it will not mock its fellow-plants by growing then, it will not pine and mourn, and turn colourless and leafless as they. It is always green, and is only the brighter and gayer for the hoar frost.—RUSKIN.

GRASSHOPPER.—The

Happy insect! what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill:
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee;
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice:
Man for thee does sow and plough;
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently enjoy,
Nor does thy luxury destroy.
Thou country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripen'd year!
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life's no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect! happy thou,
Dost neither age nor winter know;
But when thou'st drunk, and danced, and sung
Thy fill, the flow'ry leaves among,
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.—A. COWLEY.

GRATITUDE.—The Amount of

What causes such a miscalculation in the amount of gratitude which men expect for the favours they have done, is—that the pride of the giver and that of the receiver can never agree as to the value of the benefit.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

GRATITUDE—the Offspring of Heaven.

Love rules the universal heart of man
Through all its range of age, rank, place,
and mood;
But thou, since first in heaven her reign
began,
Her holiest offspring art, O Gratitude!
Man's hard stern heart grows soft, with thee
imbued,
And sweeter swells the fount of woman's
love:—
Oh, let thy forms in dwellings wide and
rude
Nor doubt, nor scorn in polished bosoms
move;
Since, wheresoe'er thou be, thou comest
from above!—COLTON.

GRATITUDE.—Reasons for

Examples of ingratitude check and discourage voluntary beneficence; hence the cultivation of a grateful temper is a consideration of public importance. A second reason for cultivating in ourselves that temper is—that the same principle which is touched with the kindness of a human benefactor is capable of being affected by the divine goodness, and of becoming, under the influence of that affection, a source of the purest and most exalted virtue.—ADN. PALEY.

GRATITUDE—Rewarded.

On Napoleon's thirty-eighth birth-day, a brilliant party was assembled at the Tuileries. Taking the arm of his faithful friend—Duroc, he wandered about the gardens in disguise. A little boy was shouting—“Vive l'Empereur!” Napoleon took the child in his arms, and asked him why he shouted so. “Because my father and mother taught me to love and bless the Emperor,” the child answered. Napoleon then spoke to the parents, who testified to the blessings he had conferred upon France. The next day a present from the Emperor informed them to whom they had unbosomed their gratitude.—BOURRIENNE.

GRATITUDE.—The Signification of

Gratitude signifies sensibility, generosity, and a feeling of obligation.—R. CECIL.

GRATITUDE.—The Sublimest

The love of God is the sublimest gratitude. It is a mistake, therefore, to imagine that this virtue is omitted in the Scriptures; for every precept which commands us to love God because He first loved us, presupposes the principle of gratitude, and directs it to its proper object.—ADN. PALEY.

GRAVE.—Admission for All in the

In they go—
 Beggar and banker, porter, gentleman,
 The cinder-girl and the white-handed lady,
 Into one pit ! O rare, rare bed-fellows !
 There they all lie in uncomplaining sleep.

J. WILSON.

GRAVE.—Dread of the

The grave, dread thing !
 Men shiver when thou'rt named ; Nature,
 appall'd,
 Shakes off her wonted firmness.

R. BLAIR.

GRAVE.—The Early

Since the silent shore
 Awaits at last even those who longest miss
 The old Archer's arrow, perhaps the early
 grave
 Which men weep over may be meant to
 save.—BYRON.

GRAVE.—Equality in the

The grave is, I suspect, the sole com-
 monwealth which attains that dead flat of
 social equality that life in its every prin-
 ciple so heartily abhors ; and that equality
 the grave will perpetuate to the end of
 time.—LYTTON.

GRAVE.—A Good Man's

When by a good man's grave I muse alone,
 Methinks an angel sits upon the stone,
 Like those of old, on that thrice-hallowed
 night,
 Who sat and watched in raiment heavenly
 bright ;
 And with a voice inspiring joy, not fear,
 Says, pointing upward, that he is not
 here,—
 That he is risen !—S. ROGERS.

GRAVE.—Meditation at the

But the grave of those we loved—what a
 place for meditation ! There it is that we
 call up, in long review, the whole history
 of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand
 endearments, lavished upon us—almost
 unheeded—in the daily intercourse of in-
 timacy ; there it is that we dwell upon the
 tenderness—the solemn, awful tenderness
 —of the parting scene. The bed of death,
 with all its stifled griefs—its noiseless at-
 tendance—its mute, watchful assiduities ;
 the last testimonies of expiring love ! the
 feeble, fluttering, thrilling,—oh, how thrill-
 ing !—pressure of the hand ; the last, fond
 look of the glazing eye, turning upon us,
 even from the threshold of existence ! the
 faint, faltering accents, struggling in death
 to give one more assurance of affection !—
 W. IRVING.

GRAVE.—The Poor Man's

The poor man's grave ! this is the spot
 Where rests his weary clay ;
 And yet no grave-stone lifts its head,
 To say what grave-stones say :
 No sculptured emblems blazon here,
 No weeping willows wave,
 No faint memorial, e'er so faint,
 Points out the poor man's grave.

No matter—he as soundly sleeps,
 As softly does repose,
 Though marbled urn around his grave
 No idle incense throws :
 His lowly turf it burdens not,
 Yet that is ever green ;
 And hopping near it oft at morn
 The little redbreast's seen.

For none disturbs the poor man's grave—
 To touch it who would dare,
 Save some kind hand to smooth the grass,
 That grows all wildly there ?
 The poor man's grave ! call it his home—
 From sorrow all secure—
 For woe and want vex him no more,
 Whom fortune stamp'd as poor.

R. GILFILLAN.

GRAVE-YARD.—The Designation of the

I like that Saxon phrase which calls
 The burial-ground—God's Acre ! It is
 just ;
 It consecrates each grave within its walls,
 And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping
 dust.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
 In the sure faith that we shall rise again
 At the great harvest, when the Archangel's
 blast
 Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and
 grain.—LONGFELLOW.

GRAVE-YARD.—The Village

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial
 fire ;
 Hands that the rod of empire might have
 sway'd,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er
 unroll ;
 Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

T. GRAY.

GRAVITATION.—The Law of

In nature, the law of gravitation is equally
 illustrated in the dew-drop as in the vast
 terraqueous globe,—equally illustrated in
 the fall of a stone as in the revolution of a
 planet.—WYLIE.

GRAVITATION.—The Power of

So powerful is gravitation that it binds the universe together, and keeps worlds in order ; and yet it is so gentle in its action that it does not wake the babe slumbering in its little cot.—DR. DAVIES.

GRAVITATION.—A Speculation on

Could we but ascertain the reason why a stone falls towards the earth when released from the hands, it is probable that we should soon discover the cause of the motion of all the heavenly bodies. Could we but suspend and resume the power of gravitation at will, we could travel round the earth in twenty-four hours ; we could then rise a little above the earth's surface, and remain like a gossamer in the air ; the world would continue to revolve as it now does, upon its axis, at the rate of a thousand miles an hour. This would rapidly bring Africa and Australia under us, and by resuming gravitation we could descend where we pleased. Wonderful as this idea may be to the uninitiated, it is nevertheless not beyond the hope of realization by many philosophers. This desire is buoyed up by analogy. The law of nature can be overcome and subverted in many ways. For instance, Davy produced the metal potassium from pearl-ash by counteracting affinity with a stream of electricity.—PRESSE.

GRAVITY.—The Characteristics of

Gravity must be natural and simple. There must be urbanity and tenderness in it. A man must not formalise on everything. He who formalises on everything is a fool, and a grave fool is perhaps more injurious than a light fool.—R. CECIL.

GRAVITY—a Mystery of the Body.

Gravity is a mystery of the body invented to conceal the defects of the mind.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

GREATNESS.—The Accidents of

Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.—SHAKESPEARE.

GREATNESS.—A Check to Speaking of

The less you speak of your greatness, the more I shall think of it.—LORD BACON.

GREATNESS.—Conditional.

Greatness is nothing, unless it be lasting.—NAPOLEON I.

GREATNESS—not to be Envied.

Envy not greatness ; for thou makest thereby Thyself the worse, and so the distance greater ;

Be not thine own worm : yet such jealousy As hurts not others, but makes thee better, Is a good spur.—G. HERBERT.

GREATNESS.—The Harmony of

The harmony of greatness can exist only in a character which is strong ; where a rich, deep life wells up, and opposites blend together in unison.—ULLMANN.

GREATNESS.—The Humility of

I remember once on a time an eminent shopkeeper of a town in the north of Ireland, within a short distance of which it was my privilege to reside, rose to the dignity of mayor. In the freshness of my youthful feelings—for I was young at the time—and in a sense of gratitude, I ventured to congratulate him on his accession to honour and influence. Touched, not impossibly, by the hesitating confusion of my manner, and the difficulty I experienced in conveying my compliments aright, he stopped me suddenly by saying—"No matter. It is a very great and a lofty eminence, no doubt, but it shall never make any difference between you and me."—O'DOWD.

GREATNESS.—The Inconveniences of

Let us begin with him—the great man—by break of day ; for by that time he is besieged by two or three hundred suitors, and the hall and anti-chambers—all the outworks—possessed by the enemy ; as soon as his chamber opens, they are ready to break into that, or to corrupt the guards, for entrance. This is so essential a part of greatness, that whoever is without it looks like a fallen favourite, like a person disgraced, and condemned to do what he pleases all the morning. Let us contemplate him a little at another special scene of glory, and that is his table. Here he seems to be the lord of all nature ; the earth affords him her best metals for his dishes ; her best vegetables and animals for his food ; the air and seas supply him with their choicest birds and fishes ; and a great many men, who look like masters, attend upon him ; and yet, when all this is done, even all this is but a *table d'hôte* ; it is crowded with people for whom he cares not—with many parasites and some spies—with the most burdensome sort of guests—the endeavourers to be witty ; but everybody pays him great respect ; everybody commends his meat, that is—his money ; everybody admires the exquisite dressing and ordering of it, that is—his clerk of the kitchen, or his cook ; everybody loves his hospitality, that is—his vanity. If, then, his table be made "a snare to his liberty,"

where can he hope for freedom? There is always, and everywhere, some restraint upon him. He is guarded with crowds, and shackled with formalities. The half hat, the whole hat, the half smile, the whole smile, the nod, the embrace, the parting with a little bow, the comparative at the middle of the room, the superlative at the door, and if the person be *pan hyper-sebastus*—right entirely worshipful, there is a hyper-superlative ceremony, that of conducting him to the bottom of the stairs, or to the very gates, as if there were such rules set to these leviathans as are to the sea—"Hitherto shalt thou go, and no further." Thus wretchedly the precious day is lost.—CRAWLEY.

GREATNESS.—Lies in Personal Merit.

All men, without exception, have something to learn; whatever may be the distinguished rank which they hold in society, they can never be truly great but by their personal merit.—ZIMMERMAN.

GREATNESS.—The Mainspring of Ever to lead in the van, and to excel over others.—HOMER.

GREATNESS.—The Means of

It is not wealth nor ancestry, but honorable conduct and a noble disposition, that make men great.—OVID.

GREATNESS.—Mental

Greatness is not a teachable nor gainable thing, but *the expression of the mind of a God-made great man*: teach, or preach, or labour as you will, everlasting difference is set between one man's capacity and another's; and this God-given supremacy is the priceless thing, always just as rare in the world at one time as another. What you can manufacture, or communicate, you can lower the price of, but this mental supremacy is incommunicable; you will never multiply its quantity, nor lower its price; and nearly the best thing that men can generally do is—to set themselves, not to the attainment, but the discovery of this; learning to know gold, when we see it, from iron-glance, and diamond from flint-sand, being for most of us a more profitable employment than trying to make diamonds out of our own charcoal.—RUSKIN.

GREATNESS.—One Method of

There is but one method, and that is hard labour; and a man who will not pay that price for greatness, had better at once dedicate himself to the pursuit of the fox, or sport with the tangles of Neæra's hair, or talk of bullocks, and glory in the goad! —S. SMITH.

GREATNESS—in the Right Using of Strength.

Greatness lies not in being strong, but in the right using of strength; and strength is not used rightly when it only serves to carry a man above his fellows for his own solitary glory. He is greatest whose strength carries up the most hearts by the attraction of his own.—H. W. BEECHER.

GREATNESS.—Wolsey's Farewell to

Farewell,—a long farewell,—to all my greatness!
This is the state of man:—to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost,—a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summer's in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate 'ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,—
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again! —SHAKESPEARE.

GREECE—Immortal and Great.

Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great! —BYRON.

GREECE.—Soul Wanting in

Such is the aspect of this shore,
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start—for soul is wanting there!

BYRON.

GREECE.—The Withered Splendour of

And yet how lovely in thine age of woe,
Land of lost gods and god-like men, art
thou !

Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,
Proclaim thee Nature's varied favourite
now :

Thy fanes, thy temples to the surface
bow,

Commingle slowly with heroic earth,
Broke by the share of every rustic
plough :

So perish monuments of mortal birth,
So perish all in turn, save well-recorded
worth.

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as
wild ;

Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are
thy fields,

Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
And still his honey'd wealth Hymettus
yields ;

There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress
builds,

The free-born wanderer of thy mountain-
air ;

Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
Still in his beam Mende's marbles
glare,

Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still
is fair.

Hence to the remnants of thy splendour
past

Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied,
throng ;

Long shall the voyager, with th' Ionian
blast

Hail the bright clime of battle and of
song ;

Long shall thy annals and immortal
tongue,

Fill with thy fame the youth of many
a shore ;

Boast of the aged ! lesson of the young !
Which sages venerate and bards adore,

As Pallas and the muse unveil their awful
lore !—BYRON.

GREEKS—at War.

When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the
tug of war.—DR. LEE.

GREETING.—A Joyous

Joyously they greet,
As boat by breeze and billow backed by
tide.—P. J. BAILEY.

GRIEF—Aggravated.

When grief, that well might humble, swells
our pride,

And pride, increasing, aggravates our
grief,

The tempest must prevail till we are lost.
LILLO.

GRIEF.—The Appearance and Advance of

We have often dreamed of grief. She
had the beauty of all truly great things—
the sublimity of the infinite ; she was an
abyss, but the ocean too has abysses which
reflect, while softening them, the azure
and the smile of the sky. Grief advanced
like a tragic queen ; she held a dagger ;
tears were in her eyes ; her melancholy
form spoke of despair ; and yet what
majesty in her bearing, what an austere
beauty in that face, all-indifferent to the
impression it made ! Grief walked with
royal steps ; the very folds of her robe fell
with a stern grace ; her voice, even through
its sobs, raised noble emotions ; and our
spirit, thirsting and sighing after immensity,
opened out with a thrill to receive the
divine guest.—GASPARIN.

GRIEF.—The Assuagement of

Sometimes it needs only that we should
inherit a fine mansion, a handsome horse,
or a pretty dog, a piece of tapestry, a clock,
to assuage a great grief.—LA BRUYÈRE.

GRIEF.—The Benefits of

Some griefs are medicinal ; and this is
one.—SHAKESPEARE.

Grief hallows hearts, even while it ages
heads.—P. J. BAILEY.

GRIEF.—The Brevity of

All grief for what cannot in the course of
nature be helped, soon wears away ; in
some sooner indeed, in some later ; but it
never continues very long, unless where
there is madness, such as will make a man
have pride so fixed in his mind as to
imagine himself a king ; or any other pas-
sion in an unreasonable way : for all un-
necessary grief is unwise, and therefore will
not long be retained by a sound mind. If
indeed, the cause of our grief is occasioned
by our own misconduct, if grief is mingled
with remorse of conscience, it should be
lasting.—DR. JOHNSON.

GRIEF.—The Depressing Weight of

Grief is like lead to the soul, heavy and
cold ; it sinks downwards, and carries the
soul with it.—SIBBES.

GRIEF.—The Dissipation of

While grief is fresh, every attempt to
divert only irritates. You must wait till

grief be *digested*, and then amusement will dissipate the remains of it.—DR. JOHNSON.

GRIEF.—The Effect of

Guarino Veronese, ancestor of the author of the "Pastor Fido," having studied Greek at Constantinople, brought from thence on his return two cases of Greek manuscripts, the fruit of his indefatigable researches; one of these being lost at sea, on the shipwreck of the vessel, the chagrin at losing such a literary treasure, acquired by so much labour, had the effect of turning the hair of Guarino grey in one night.—SISMONDI.

GRIEF.—Few can Comfort in

Men

Can counsel, and speak comfort to that
grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting
it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which be-
fore
Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with
words:
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak pa-
tience
To those that wring under the load of
sorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself: therefore give me no
counsel,
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

SHAKSPEARE.

GRIEF.—Natural

I am not speaking of the highest refined grief,—the grief of civilization and softness; but the grief of a savage and a child. The grief of nature, in its first stage, is a violent, impatient, irritating passion, very much resembling anger. The natural effect of grief is—to cry out as loud as possible; and I believe, if people would do so much more than they do, they would be all the better for it. The sitting on monuments smiling, and the green and yellow melancholy, is quite a subsequent business, entirely the result of education.—S. SMITH.

GRIEF.—Past

What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief.—SHAKSPEARE.

GRIEF.—Perked up in

Verily, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.—SHAKSPEARE.

GRIEF.—Reason to be Fond of

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with
me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his
form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
SHAKSPEARE.

GRIEF.—Remedies for

Heaven hath assign'd

Two sovereign remedies for human grief:—
Religion, surest, firmest, first, and best,
Strength to the weak, and to the wounded
balm;
And strenuous action next.

DR. SOUTHEY.

GRIEF.—Salutary

Grief, like night, is salutary. It cools down the soul, by putting out its feverish fires; and if it oppresses her, it also compresses her energies. The load once gone, she will go forth with greater buoyancy to new pleasures.—PULSFORD.

GRIEF.—The Shadows of

Why destroy present happiness by a distant misery, which may never come at all, or you may never live to see it? for every substantial grief has twenty shadows, and most of them shadows of your own making.—S. SMITH.

GRIEF.—The Wrong in Yielding to

When we suffer grief, like a canker, to eat into the soul, and, like a fire in the bones, to consume the marrow and drink up the spirits, we are accessory to the wrong done both to our bodies and souls; we waste our own candle, and put out our own light.—SIBBES.

GRIEF AND PAIN.—The Difference between

The difference between grief and pain is—that we apply the expression *grief* to those uneasy sensations which have not the body for their immediate cause; *pain*—to those which have. The loss of reputation occasions grief; the loss of a limb—pain.—S. SMITH.

GROSSNESS.—Abhor

Abhor the swinish grossness that delights to wound the ear of delicacy.—DR. DWIGHT.

GROVE.—A Coral

Deep in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove,

Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,

That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand like the mountain-drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;

From coral-rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow;

The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow

In the motionless fields of upper air.
PERCIVAL.

GROWTH.—The Best Kind of

I would the great world grew like thee,
Who growest not alone in power
And knowledge, but by year and hour
In reverence and in charity.—TENNYSON.

GROWTH.—Our True

Our true growth is more known by our
growing downwards in humility, than by all
the outward things put together.—J. H.
EVANS.

GUEST.—A Noble

There is a noble Guest within us; let all
our business be to entertain him honourably,
and to live in celestial love within.—ABP.
LEIGHTON.

GUESTS.—Unbidden

I have heard it said—"Unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone."
SHAKSPEARE.

GUILLESSNESS.—Manifest

And manhood fused with female grace
In such a sort, the child would twine
A trustful hand unask'd in thine,
And find his comfort in thy face.

TENNYSON.

GUILLOTINE.—A Definition of the

A window out of which one looks into
the other world.—V. HUGO.

GUILT.—The Agitation and Torment of

Think not that guilt requires the burning
torches of the furies to agitate and torment
it. Frauds, crimes, remembrances of the
past, terrors of the future—these are the
domestic furies that are ever present to the
mind of the impious.—CICERO.

GUILT.—Degrees of

It is base to filch a purse—daring to em-
bezzle a million—but it is great beyond

measure to steal a crown. The sin lessens,
in human estimation only, as the guilt in-
creases.—SCHILLER.

GUILT.—The Discovery of

Guilt is best discover'd
By its own fears.—NABB.

GUILT—the Source of Sorrow.

Guilt is the source of sorrow; 'tis the fiend,
Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind
With whips and stings: the best know none
of this,

But rest in everlasting peace of mind,
And find the height of all their heaven is
goodness.—ROWE.

GUILTINESS—will Speak.

How is it with me when *every* noise appals
me?

Guiltiness will speak, though tongues were
out of use.—SHAKSPEARE.

GUILTY.—The Custom of the

It is a custom with the guilty,
To think they set their own stains off, by
laying

Asperion on some nobler than themselves.
FORD.

GUILTY.—A Duty to Defend the

We ought to consider it a duty to defend
the guilty, provided he be not an abomi-
nable and impious wretch. The multitude
wish this, custom allows it, and even hu-
manity is willing to tolerate it.—CICERO.

GUNPOWDER—Described.

A coarse-grained powder, used by cross-
grained people, playing at cross-grained
purposes.—CAPT. MARRYATT.

GUNPOWDER—Emblematic.

Gunpowder is the emblem of politic re-
venge, for it biteth first, and barketh after-
wards; the bullet being at the mark before
the report is heard, so that it maketh a
noise, not by way of warning, but of triumph.
—DR. FULLER.

GUNPOWDER.—The Invention and Ap- plication of

The precise era of the invention and
application of gunpowder is involved in
doubtful traditions and equivocal language;
yet we may clearly discern that it was
known before the middle of the fourteenth
century; and that, before the end of the
same, the use of artillery in battles and
sieges, by sea and land, was familiar to the
States of Germany, Italy, Spain, France,
and England. The priority of nations is
of small account; none could derive any
exclusive benefit from their previous or

superior knowledge; and in the common improvement they stood on the same level of relative power, and military science. * * * If we contrast the rapid progress of this mischievous discovery with the slow and laborious advances of reason, science, and the arts of peace, a philosopher, according to his temper, will laugh or weep at the folly of mankind.—GIBBON.

GYMNASTICS.—The Benefits of

One short hour devoted daily to gymnastics will suffice to preserve, and often restore health, to quadruple a man's strength, to develop his bodily powers, and to qualify him for an amount of exertion that he would have despaired of achieving at the commencement of his practice.—DALMENY.

H.

H.—An Enigma upon the Letter

'T was whispered in heaven, 't was muttered in hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell:
On the confines of earth 't was permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed:
'T will be found in the sphere when 't is riven asunder,
Be seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder:
'T was allotted to man with his earliest breath,
Attends at his birth, and awaits him in death;
It presides o'er his happiness, honour, and health,
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth.
Without it the soldier and seaman may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home.
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion be drowned.
'T will not soften the heart, and tho' deaf to the ear,
'T will make it acutely and instantly hear.
But in shade let it rest, like a delicate flower—
Oh, breathe on it softly—it dies in an hour!

FERRIER.

HA AND AH!

Ha is an exclamation denoting surprise, or joy; ah an exclamation expressive of pity or grief.—DR. WEBSTER.

HA AND AH!

The difference between them is very small, consisting only in the transposition of what is no substantial letter, but a bare aspiration. How quickly, in the age of a minute, in the very turning of a breath, is mirth turned into mourning!—DR FULLER.

HABIT.—The Best

Unless the habit leads to happiness, the best habit is to contract none.—ZIMMERMAN.

HABIT.—Caution against a Bad

Beware of a bad habit. It makes its first appearance as a tiny fay, and is so innocent, so playful, so minute, that none save a precisian would denounce it, and it seems hardly worth while to whisk it away. The trick is a good joke, the lie is white, the glass is harmless, the theft is only a few apples, the bet is only sixpence, the debt is only half-a-crown. But the tiny fay is capable of becoming a tremendous giant; and if you connive and harbour him, he will nourish himself at your expense, and then, springing on you as an armed man, will drag you down to destruction.—DR. J. HAMILTON.

HABIT.—The Chain of

The diminutive chain of habit is scarcely heavy enough to be felt, till it is too strong to be broken.—DR. JOHNSON.

HABIT.—The Effects of

I trust everything to habit, upon which, in all ages, the lawgiver as well as the schoolmaster, has mainly placed his reliance; habit, which makes everything easy, and casts all difficulties upon a deviation from a wonted course. Make sobriety a habit, and intemperance will be hateful; make prudence a habit, and reckless profligacy will be as contrary to the child, grown or adult, as the most atrocious crimes to any. Give a child the habit of sacredly regarding truth; of carefully respecting the property of others; of scrupulously abstaining from all acts of improvidence which involve him in distress, and he will just as likely think of rushing into an element in which he cannot breathe, as of lying, or cheating, or stealing.—BROUGHAM.

HABIT.—The Government of

Habit makes no figure during the vivacity of youth; in middle age it gains ground; and in old age governs without control. In that period of life, generally speaking, we eat at a certain hour, take exercise at a certain hour, go to rest at a certain hour, all by the direction of habit; nay, a particular

HABIT.

seat, table, bed, comes to be essential ; and a habit in any of these cannot be contradicted without uneasiness.—KAMES.

HABIT.—The Law of

This law is the magistrate of a man's life.—J. JOHNSON.

HABIT.—Mental

The mind frequently acquires a strong and invincible attachment to whatever has been familiar to it for any length of time. Habit, primarily introduced by accident or necessity, will inspire an affection for peculiarities which have the reverse of intrinsic merit to recommend them.—COGAN.

HABIT.—The Physical Force of

A tendency to resume the same mode of action at stated times is peculiarly the characteristic of the nervous system ; and on this account regularity is of great consequence in exercising the moral and intellectual power. All nervous diseases have a marked tendency to observe regular periods, and the natural inclination to sleep at the approach of night is another instance of the same fact. It is this principle of our nature which promotes the formation of what are called habits. If we repeat any kind of mental efforts every day at the same hour, we at last find ourselves entering upon it, without premeditation, when the time approaches.—DR. COMBE.

HABIT.—The Prevalence of

Habit hath so vast a prevalence over the human mind, that there is scarce anything too strange, or too strong, to be asserted of it. The story of the miser, who from long accustoming to cheat others, came at last to cheat himself, and with great delight and triumph picked his own pocket of a guinea to convey to his hoard, is not impossible or improbable.—FIELDING.

HABIT.—The Strength of

Habit is nerved at length with the strength of a Samson.—E. DAVIES.

HABITS.—Ancestral

Observe a dog or a cat turning and twisting about, and perhaps beating with its paws before it can make up its mind to lie down even upon the softest cushion. This, naturalists tell us, is a reminiscence of its former state when a wild animal, and when it had to make its bed for itself. Thousands of years of domesticity have not obliterated this habit derived from its ancestors, the dwellers in the forest. See the force of ancestry. There is doubtless the same thing to be seen in the ways and habits of men ;

HAIR.

and probably his most distant ancestors still live, in some extent, in each individual man.—MACLEOD.

HABITS.—Painful to Strip off

Habits are soon assumed ; but when we strive

To strip them off, 'tis being slayed alive !

COWPER.

HABITS.—Profligate

Profligate habits carry pestilence into the bosom of domestic society.—DR. MASON.

HABITS.—Vicious

Vicious habits are so odious and degrading, that they transform the individual who practises them into an incarnate demon.—CICERO.

HAIR.—The First Grey

The matron at her mirror, with her hand upon her brow,

Sits gazing on her lovely face—ay, lovely even now !

Why doth she lean upon her hand with such a look of care ?

Why steals that tear across her cheek ?—She sees her first grey hair.

She look'd upon her raven locks ;—what thoughts did they recall ?

Oh ! not of nights when they were deck'd for banquet or for ball :—

They brought back thoughts of early youth, e'er she had learnt to check,

With artificial wreaths, the curls that sported o'er her neck.

She seem'd to feel her mother's hand pass lightly through her hair,

And draw it from her brow to leave a kiss of kindness there ;

She seem'd to view her father's smile, and feel the playful touch

That sometimes feign'd to steal away the curls she prized so much.

And now she sees her first grey hair ! oh, deem it not a crime

For her to weep—when she beholds the first footmark of Time !

She knows that, one by one, those mute mementos will increase,

And steal youth, beauty, strength away, till life itself shall cease.

T. H. BAYLY.

HAIR.—Nature's Ornament of

Her head was bare,

But for her native ornament of hair, Which in a simple knot was tied above ;

Sweet negligence, unheeded bait of love !

DRYDEN.

HAIR.—Yellow

In the romances and poems of the Middle Ages, the heroines are generally praised for the abundance and beauty of their "yellow hair." Queen Elizabeth had yellow hair; hence it became the fashion at her court, and ladies dyed their hair of the royal colour. But this dyeing the hair yellow may be traced to the classic era. Galen tells us that in his time women suffered much from headaches, contracted by standing bare-headed in the sun to obtain this coveted tint, which others attempted by the use of saffron.—I. DISRAELI.

HAIRS.—The Glory of Grey

The hair of childhood is exquisitely delicate, and silken, and light. It is the first robe which kind Nature weaves for the use and adornment of her offspring. But as life approaches manhood, this robe darkens, and becomes heavier and stronger; and as it nears its termination, the "almond tree" begins to "flourish"; grey hairs multiply fast and thick until the head is white with them, as the mountain tops with the snows of winter. Then are the imperishable words of the olden sage possessed of a meaning and an eloquence all their own:—"The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness."—DR. DAVIES.

HAND.—The Baby's

How fair, how small, how white, and pure,
Its own most perfect miniature,
The baby's hand that is so wee,
And yet is all it is to be ;—
Unweaving what it has to do,
Yet to its destined purpose true !
The fingers' form, of varied length,
That join or vie their little strength ;—
The pigmy thumb, the onyx nail,
The violet vein so blue and pale ;—
The branching lines where gipsy eld
Had all the course of life beheld ;—
All—to its little finger's tip,
Of Nature's choicest workmanship ;
Their task, their fate, we hardly guess,
But, oh, may it be happiness !

S. T. COLERIDGE.

HAND.—Delight from the Use of the

The great source of happiness is to be found in the exercise of talents; and perhaps the greatest of all is—when the ingenuity of the mind is exercised in the dexterous employment of the hands. Idle men do not know what is meant here; but nature has implanted in us this stimulus to exertion; so that the ingenious artist who invents, or with his hand creates, enjoys a

source of delight, perhaps greater, certainly more uninterrupted, than belongs to the possession of higher intellectual powers; far at least beyond what falls to the lot of the mere minion of fortune.—SIR C. BELL.

HAND.—The Senses Indebted to the

The organ of all the other senses, even in their greatest perfection, are beholden to the hand for the enhancement and the exaltation of their powers. It constructs for the eye a copy of itself, and thus gives it a telescope with which to range among the stars; and by another copy, on a slightly different plan, furnishes it with a microscope, and introduces it into a new world of wonders. It constructs for the ear the instruments by which it is educated, and sounds them in its hearing till its powers are trained to the full. It plucks for the nostril the flower which it longs to smell, and distils for it the fragrance which it covets. As for the tongue, if it had not the hand to serve it, it might abdicate its throne as the lord of taste. In short, the organ of touch is the minister of its sister senses, and, without any play of words, is the handmaid of them all.—PROF. G. WILSON.

HAND.—Shakes of the

There is nothing more characteristic than shakes of the hand. I have classified them. There is the *high official*,—the body erect, and a rapid, short shake, near the chin. There is the *mortmain*,—the flat hand introduced into your palm, and hardly conscious of its contiguity. The *digital*,—one finger held out, much used by the high clergy. There is the *shakus rusticus*, where your hand is seized in an iron grasp, betokening rude health, warm heart, and distance from the Metropolis, but producing a strong sense of relief on your part when you find your hand released and your fingers unbroken. The next to this is the *retentive shake*,—one which, beginning with vigour, pauses as it were to take breath, but without relinquishing its prey, and before you are aware begins again till you feel anxious as to the result, and have no shake left in you. There are other varieties, but this enough for one lesson.—S. SMITH.

HANDS.—The Expression of the

Other parts of the body assist the speaker, but these speak themselves. By them we ask, we promise, we invoke, we dismiss, we threaten, we entreat, we deprecate, we express fear, joy, grief, our doubts, our assent, our penitence; we show moderation, profusion; we mark number and time.—QUINTILIAN.

HANDS.—Kissing

This custom is very ancient, and was once universal. The Greeks adored their gods by the simple compliment of kissing their hands; and the Romans were treated as atheists, if they would not perform the same act when they entered a temple. This custom, however, as a religious ceremony, declined with Paganism; but was continued as a salutation by inferiors to their superiors, or as a token of esteem among friends. At present, it is only practised as a mark of obedience from the subject to the sovereign, and by lovers who are solicitous to preserve this ancient usage in its full power.—I. DISRAELI.

HANDSOME—in Act as in Face.

They are as Heaven made them, handsome enough if they be good enough; for handsome is that handsome does.—GOLD-SMITH.

HANDSOME.—The Connection of the Word—

This word is connected with hand, and has thus acquired the idea of training, cultivation, symmetry, and proportion, which enters so largely into our conception of handsome. Hence we speak of a man's having a handsome address, which is the result of culture; of a handsome horse or dog, which implies well-proportioned limbs; of a handsome face, to which, among other qualities, the idea of proportion and a graceful contour are essential. So, from this idea of proportion or suitableness, we have, with a different application, the expressions—a handsome fortune, a handsome offer.—DR. WEBSTER.

HAPPINESS.—An Address to

O happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name:

That something still which prompts th'
eternal sigh,

For which we bear to live, or dare to die.

POPE.

HAPPINESS.—Capacities for

Happiness consists in the multiplicity of agreeable consciousness. A peasant has not a capacity for having *equal* happiness with a philosopher: they may be equally *satisfied*, but not equally *happy*. A small drinking glass and a large one may be equally full, but the larger one holds more than the smaller.—DR. JOHNSON.

HAPPINESS.—The Communication of

He found himself happiest in communicating happiness to others.—BIRT.

HAPPINESS.—Content with

It is a great blunder in the pursuit of happiness, not to know when we have got it; that is, not to be content with a reasonable and possible measure of it.—DR. JOHNSON.

HAPPINESS.—Contributes to Virtue.

That virtue gives happiness we all know; but if it be true that happiness contributes to virtue, the principle furnishes us with some sort of excuse for the errors and excesses of able young men, at the bottom of life, fretting with impatience under their obscurity, and hatching a thousand chimeras of being neglected and overlooked by the world. The natural cure for these errors is—the sunshine of prosperity: as they get happier they get better; and learn, from the respect which they receive from others to respect themselves.—S. SMITH.

HAPPINESS.—The Dependence of

Happiness depends on the taste, and not on the thing: and it is by having what we like that we are made happy, and not by having what others consider likeable.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

HAPPINESS.—Domestic

Think of this, my good friend, and as you have kind affections to make some good girl happy, settle yourself in life while you are young, and lay up, by so doing, a stock of domestic happiness against age or bodily decay. There are many good things in life, whatever satirists and misanthropes may say to the contrary; but probably the best of all, next to a conscience void of offence, (without which, by the bye, they can hardly exist,) are the quiet exercise and enjoyment of the social feelings, in which we are at once happy ourselves, and the cause of happiness to those who are dearest to us.—SIR W. SCOTT.

HAPPINESS—not Essential.

Happiness is not what we are to look for. Let us do right, and then whether happiness come, or unhappiness, it is no very mighty matter. If it come, life will be sweet; if it do not come, life will be bitter—bitter, not sweet, and yet to be borne.—FROUDE.

HAPPINESS.—The Foundation of all

The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman; the foundation of political happiness is confidence in the integrity of man; the foundation of all happiness, temporal and eternal, is reliance on the goodness of God.—LANDOR.

HAPPINESS.—God the Source of

The happiness of this mysterious nature of ours is never to be found merely in the possession of God's gifts, the work of His hand, or the bounties of His providence. The soul can find its true satisfaction only in rising beyond the gifts, and claiming the Giver as its own.—CAIRD.

HAPPINESS.—The Greatest

To love, and to be loved, is the greatest happiness of existence.—S. SMITH.

HAPPINESS.—The Locality of

Wheresoe'er our best affections dwell,
And strike a healthful root, is happiness.
SIGOURNEY.

HAPPINESS.—The Path of

The path of holiness is the path of happiness. It would be so if God had not said it; it is so necessarily.—J. H. EVANS.

HAPPINESS.—Perfect

Perfect happiness can be realized only in heaven—the realm of all that is divine, and finished, and lasting; nevertheless, if we will, we may enjoy much of it on earth; for the happy God, who desires the complete happiness of all His creatures, and who made all happy at the first, has placed it *very near* to each individual.—E. DAVIES.

HAPPINESS.—Philosophical and Civil

Philosophical happiness is to want little; civil or vulgar happiness is to want much, and to enjoy much.—BURKE.

HAPPINESS.—The Remembrance of

To remember happiness which cannot be restored is pain, but of a softened kind. Our recollections are unfortunately mingled with much that we deplore, and with many actions that we bitterly repent; still, in the most chequered life, I firmly think there are so many little rays of sunshine to look back upon, that I do not believe any mortal would deliberately drain a goblet of the waters of Lethe if he had it in his power.—DICKENS.

HAPPINESS—not in Riches.

I am now worth eight hundred pounds, but shall never be so happy as when I was not worth a farthing.—SELKIRK.

HAPPINESS.—The Seat of

It's not in titles nor in rank;
It's not in wealth like London bank,
To purchase peace and rest;
It's not in makin' muckle mair;
It's not in books; it's not in lear,
To make us truly blest:

If happiness have not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest.—R. BURNS.

HAPPINESS AND WISDOM.—Difference between

There is this difference between happiness and wisdom:—he that thinks himself the happiest man, really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest, is generally the greatest fool.—COLTON.

HAPPY.—The Good and Wise are

Would you be happy, be the thing you seem,
And sure you now possess the world's esteem;
Nor yet to others too much credit give,
But in your own opinion learn to live;
For know—the bliss in our own judgment lies,
And none are happy but the good and wise.
HORACE.

HAPPY.—The Opportunity of Making

This is more scarce than we imagine; the punishment of missing it, is never to meet with it again; and the use we make of it leaves us an eternal sentiment of satisfaction or repentance.—ROUSSEAU.

HAPPY.—The State most

That state of life is most happy where superfluities are not required, and necessities are not wanting.—PLUTARCH.

HARANGUES.—Extemporaneous and Oral

Extemporaneous and oral harangues will always have this advantage over those that are read from a manuscript:—every burst of eloquence or spark of genius they may contain, however studied they may have been beforehand, will appear to the audience to be the effect of the sudden inspiration of talent; whereas similar efforts, when written, although they might not cost the writer half the time in his closet, will never be appreciated as anything more than the slow efforts of long study and laborious application.—COLTON.

HARBOUR.—In the

Safely in the harbour—in the deep nook.
SHAKESPEARE.

HARDNESS.—Defined.

Hardness is a want of minute attention to the feelings of others. It does not proceed from malignity or a carelessness of inflicting pain, but from a want of delicate perception of those little things by which pleasure is conferred or pain excited.—S. SMITH.

HARDSHIP—the Soil of Manhood.

Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance. He that cannot abide the storm without flinching or quailing, strips himself in the sunshine, and lies down by the way-side to be overlooked and forgotten. He who but braces himself to the struggle when the winds blow, gives up when they have done, and falls asleep in the stillness that follows.—J. NEAL.

HARE.—A Tamed

One shelter'd hare
Has never heard the sanguinary yell
Of cruel man exulting in her woes.
Innocent partner of my peaceful home,
Whom ten long years' experience of my care
Has made at last familiar; she has lost
Much of her vigilant, instinctive dread,
Nor needful here, beneath a roof like mine.
Yes, thou mayst eat thy bread, and lick the
hand

That feeds thee; thou mayst frolic on the
floor

At evening, and at night retire secure
To thy straw couch, and slumber unalarm'd;
For I have gain'd thy confidence, have
pledged

All that is human in me to protect
Thy unsuspecting gratitude and love.
If I survive thee, I will dig thy grave;
And, when I place thee in it, sighing say—
I knew at least one hare that had a friend.
COWPER.

HARE-BELL.—The Light

Light hare-bell! there thou art,
Making a lovely part
Of all the splendour of the days gone by;
Waving, if but a breeze
Pant through the distant trees
That on the hill-top grow broad-branched
and high.—SIR. W. SCOTT.

HARMONY.—The Source of

The harmony of things,
As well as that of sounds, from discord
springs.—DENHAM.

HARMONY—of the Spheres.

In their motion, harmony divine
So smooths her charming tones, that God's
own ear
Listens delighted!—MILTON.

There is music wherever there is harmony, order, or proportion; and thus far we may maintain the music of the spheres: for those well-ordered motions and regular paces, though they give no sound unto the ear, yet to the understanding they strike a note most full of harmony.—SIR T. BROWNE.

HARP.—The Æolian

A very simple-looking instrument is the Æolian harp. It consists of a long, narrow box, within which are catgut strings stretched over bridges at each end. When these strings are tuned, the box is usually placed in the lower part of a window, with the sash raised sufficiently to give the air admission. As the wind blows upon the strings, different sounds are produced, now loud and thrilling, as if they proceeded from a vast company of the most skilful performers, and then soft, as to be scarcely heard by the acutest ear, and sweet in tone as if they were the whisperings of angels. No wonder that all musical and melodious souls are alternately enraptured and solemnized by such heavenly harmonies, nor that some, while listening to them, have regarded themselves as standing on the confines of the spirit-world.—DR. DAVIES.

HARPER.—The Wandering

Scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door,
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.
SIR W. SCOTT.

HARVEST.—The

Now o'er the corn the sturdy farmer looks,
And swells with satisfaction to behold
The plenteous harvest which repays his toil.
We too are gratified, and feel a joy
Inferior but to his, partakers all
Of the rich bounty Providence has strew'd
In plentiful profusion o'er the field.
What to the eye more cheerful, to the heart
More satisfactive, than to look abroad,
And from the window see the reaper strip,
Look round and put his sickle to the wheat?
Or hear the early mower whet his scythe,
And see where he has cut his sounding way,
E'en to the utmost edge of the brown field
Of oats or barley? What delights us more
Than studiously to trace the vast effects
Of unabated labour? to observe
How soon the golden field abounds with
sheaves?
How soon the oat and bearded barley fall,
In frequent lines before the keen-edged
scythe?
The clattering team then comes, the swarthy
hind
Down leaps and doffs his frock alert and plies
The shining fork. Down to the stubble's
edge
The easy wain descends half built, then turns
And labours up again. From pile to pile
With rustling step the swain proceeds, and
still
Bears to the groaning load the well-poised
sheaf;

The gleaner follows, and with studious eye
And bended shoulders, traverses the field
To cull the scatter'd ear, his perquisite.

HURDIS.

HARVEST-HOME.—The

How many a female eye will roam
Along the road,
To see the load,
The last dear load of harvest home !

H. K. WHITE.

Our rural ancestors, with little blest,
Patient of labour when the end was rest,
Indulged the day that housed their annual
grain
With feasts, and offerings, and a thankful
strain.—POPE.

HASTE.—Counsel against

Stay a while, that we may make an end
the sooner.—PAWLET.

HASTE—Enjoined.

Let your haste commend your duty.

SHAKESPEARE.

HASTE.—The Evil of

The more haste, ever the worst speed.

CHURCHILL.

HAT.—Character shown by a

The shape of a hat, and the mode of
wearing it, give considerable insight into
the heart and mind. He that cocks his hat,
or cap, on one side, is a poltroon, assuming
an air of bravery. He that wears it off his
forehead is a gaby. He that wears it
slouched over his eyes, and raised up be-
hind, is a sailor. He that rams it down
perpendicularly over his brows is a blunt,
ill-natured fellow. He that walks with it
in his hand is a coxcomb. The man that
always wears a bran-new shining hat pos-
sesses the spirit of order,—he is a man of
method. He that wears a peaked hat, with
a large brim and broad riband,—in a word,
he that wears a hat such as they are never
worn, is a false-minded, conceited mannerist.
—JERROLD.

HATE.—The Capacity to

Were one to ask me in which direction
I think man strongest, I should say, his
capacity to hate.—H. W. BEECHER.

HATING—no One.

A true man hates no one.—NAPOLEON I.

HATRED.—The Deadliness of

Whoever hates kills in soul.—DR. VINET.

HATRED.—The Evil of

It is a seed of mischief, a seminary of
vice, and the matter of much evil ; it swelleth
with pride, embittereth with rage, prevari-
cateth by perfidiousness, burneth with anger,
and foameth with impatience.—CYPRIAN.

HATRED.—The Greatest

Like the greatest virtue, the greatest
hatred is quiet.—RICHTER.

**HATRED.—The Opposition and Develop-
ment of**

Hatred is a passion that stands opposed
to love, and develops itself in anger, re-
taliation, envy, revenge, and lust of power.
—R. ROBERTS.

**HATRED.—The Persistency and Univer-
sality of**

There is no faculty of the human soul so
persistent and universal as that of hatred.
There are hatreds of race ; hatreds of sect ;
social and personal hatreds. If thoughts
of hatred were thunder and lightning, there
would be a storm over the whole earth all
the year round. Twenty people cannot be
together, but some one suffers from their
conversation. Let a man come into the
company who from some cause is obnoxious
to them, and no sooner does he depart than
the ill-smelling flowers of hatred swell their
buds, and give forth their malign influences
through the room.—H. W. BEECHER.

HATRED.—The Reason of

We hate some persons because we do
not know them ; and we will not know
them, because we hate them.—COLTON.

HAUGHTY.—The Tax Demanded by the

Some men who know that they are great,
are so very haughty withal and insufferable,
that their acquaintance discover their great-
ness only by the tax of humility which they
are obliged to pay as the price of their
friendship. Such characters are as tiresome
and disgusting in the journey of life, as
rugged roads are to the weary traveller,
which he discovers to be turnpikes only by
the toll.—COLTON.

HAY-MAKING.—Busy

Upon the grass no longer hangs the dew ;
Forth hies the mower with his glittering
scythe,
In snowy shirt bedight, and all unbraced,
He moves athwart the mead with side-ling
bend,
And lays the grass in many a swathy line :
In every field, in every lawn and mead,
The rousing voice of industry is heard ;
The haycock rises, and the frequent rake

Sweeps on the fragrant hay in heavy
wreaths :

The old and young, the weak and strong
are there,

And, as they can, help on the cheerful
work :

The father jeers his awkward half-grown
lad,

Who trails his tawdry armful o'er the field,
Nor does he fear the jeering to repay :

The village oracle and simple maid

jest in their turns and raise the ready
laugh ;

All are companions in the general glee ;

Authority, hard-favour'd, frowns not there.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

HAZARD.—Determined upon a

I have set my life upon a cast,

And I will stand the hazard of the die.

SHAKESPEARE.

HAZARD.—Life in a Condition of

Men are led on from one stage of life
to another in a condition of the utmost
hazard.—PROF. ROGERS.

HEAD.—The Beauty of the

The head has the most beautiful appear-
ance, as well as the highest station, in a
human figure. Nature seems to have de-
signed it as the cupola to the most glorious
of all her works.—ADDISON.

HEAD.—A Fine

When in ordinary discourse we say a
man has a fine head, we express ourselves
metaphorically, and speak in relation to his
understanding.—ADDISON.

HEAD.—The Importance of the

As the head is the centre of the nervous
system, holds the brain, and stands above
all the other parts, Plato regarded it as the
seat of the deathless soul ; and it has gene-
rally been considered as the abode of the
intellect or intelligence by which man is
enlightened and his walk in life directed.—
KITTO.

HEAD AND HEART.—Influenced by

A woman's head is always influenced by
her heart ; but a man's heart is always in-
fluenced by his head.—BLESSINGTON.

HEADS.—without Wit.

Their heads sometimes so little that there
is no room for wit ; sometimes so long that
there is no wit for so much room.—DR.
FULLER.

HEALTH.—The Advantages of

Health is that which makes your meat
and drink both savoury and pleasant ; else
Nature's injunction of eating and drinking
were a hard task and a slavish custom.

Health is that which makes your bed easy
and your sleep refreshing ; that revives your
strength with the rising sun, and makes you
cheerful at the light of another day ; 'tis
that which fills up the hollow and uneven
places of your carcase, and makes your
body plump and comely ; 'tis that which
dresseth you up in Nature's richest attire,
and adorns your face with her choicest
colours. 'Tis that which makes exercise a
sport, and walking abroad the enjoyment of
your liberty. 'Tis that which makes fertile
and increaseth the natural endowments of
your mind, and preserves them long from
decay, makes your wit acute, and your
memory retentive. 'Tis that which supports
the fragility of corruptible body, and pre-
serves the verdure, vigour, and beauty of
youth. 'Tis that which makes the soul take
delight in her mansion, sporting herself at
the casements of your eyes. 'Tis that
which makes pleasure to be pleasure, and
delights delightful, without which you can
solace yourself in nothing of terrene felici-
ties or enjoyments.—DR. MAYNWARINGE.

HEALTH.—Drinking

This custom existed so long ago as 1134
before the Christian era. Some persons
suppose that it arose from Rowena, the
daughter of Hengist, drinking to the health
of Prince Vortigern in a golden goblet, at
an entertainment, in conformity with the
Scripture compliment—"O king, live for
ever." Others think that when the Danes
held tyrannic sway in England, and assas-
inations were prevalent, a person was
afraid to drink in company without a friend
saying—"I pledge you," intimating that
he pledged himself for his safety whilst
drinking.—LOARING.

HEALTH.—Enemies to

The three most dangerous enemies to
health are—excess of heat, damp, and
cold.—DR. LEADER.

HEALTH.—The Excessive Care of

Those hypochondriacs, who, like Hero-
dius, give up their whole time and thoughts
to the care of their health, sacrifice unto
life every noble purpose of living ; striving
to support a frail and feverish being here,
they neglect an hereafter ; they continue
to patch up and repair their mouldering
tenement of clay, regardless of the im-
mortal tenant that must survive it ; agitated
by greater fears than the Apostle, and
supported by none of his hopes, they "die
daily."—COLTON.

HEALTH.—Fresh Air Necessary to

Be it remembered that man subsists upon
the air more than upon his meat and drink ;

out no one can exist for an hour without a copious supply of air. The atmosphere which some breathe is contaminated and adulterated, and with its vital principles so diminished, that it cannot fully decarbonize the blood, nor fully excite the nervous system.—THACKERAY.

HEALTH—the Guest of the Hermit.

Health

Flies the luxurious glutton's rich repast,
And with the hermit, at his temperate board,
Sits a pleased guest.—BALLY.

HEALTH.—The Ingredients of

The common ingredients of health and long life are—

Great temp'rance, open air,
Easy labour, little care.—SIR P. SIDNEY.

HEALTH.—Lost

Among the manifold misfortunes that may befall humanity, the loss of health is one of the severest. All the joys that life can give cannot outweigh the sufferings of the sick. Give the sick man everything, and leave him his sufferings, and he will feel that half the world is lost to him. Lay him on a soft silken couch, he will nevertheless groan sleepless under the pressure of his sufferings; while the miserable beggar, blessed with health, sleeps sweetly on the hard ground. Spread his tables with dainty meats and choice drinks, and he will thrust back the hand that proffers them, and envy the poor man who thoroughly enjoys his dry crust. Surround him with the pomp of kings; let his chair be a throne, and his crutch a world-swaying sceptre; he will look with contemptuous eye on marble, on gold, and on purple, and would deem himself happy could he enjoy, even were it under a thatched roof, the health of the meanest of his servants.—ZSCHOKKE.

HEALTH.—A Physician's Neglect of his

That physician will hardly be thought very careful of the health of others who neglects his own.—RABELAIS.

HEALTH.—The Rule of

I beseech all persons not to degrade themselves to a level with the brutes, or the rabble, by gratifying their sloth, or by eating and drinking promiscuously whatever pleases their palates, or by indulging their appetites of every kind. But whether they understand physic or not, let them consult their reason, and observe what agrees, and what does not agree with them, that, like wise men, they may adhere to the use of

such things as conduce to their health, and forbear everything which, by their own experience, they find to do them hurt; and let them be assured that, by a diligent observation and practice of this rule, they may enjoy a good share of health, and seldom stand in need of physic or physicians.—DR. GALEN.

HEALTH.—Sporting with

Though health may be enjoyed without gratitude, it cannot be sported with without loss, or regained by courage.—BUCKMINSTER.

HEALTH.—The Value of

Health is certainly more valuable than money, because it is by health that money is procured; but thousands and millions are of small avail to alleviate the protracted tortures of the gout, to repair the broken organs of sense, or resuscitate the powers of digestion. Poverty is, indeed, an evil from which we naturally fly; but let us not run from one enemy to another, nor take shelter in the arms of sickness.—SIR W. TEMPLE.

HEALTH AND MONEY.—Difference between

There is this difference between those two temporal blessings—health and money: money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied; and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious, when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all their money for health.—COLTON.

HEARERS.—Critical

A man that comes hungry to his meal, feeds heartily on the meat set before him, not regarding the metal or form of the platter wherein it is served; but those auditors who can find nothing to do but note elegant words and phrases, or rhetorical colours, or perhaps an ill grace of gesture in a pithy and material speech, argue themselves full ere they come to the feast, and therefore go away with little pleasure and no profit.—BP. HALL.

HEARERS.—Exacting

When I was a young man I was doing duty in a parish which my sexton thought highly privileged: "there was a deal of carriage company." I had one morning preached on the proper religious training of children, the duty of keeping them out of the way of early vanity and temptation to early ungodliness. I had hardly got home to luncheon when a groom came with a

hurried note from one of my flock, a lady of high rank and what was called great worldly influence—as kind-hearted a creature of that sort as any I have ever known. She expressed her astonishment that, being on the friendly terms I was at — with all the family, I “should have so pointedly preached at them.” I sent her the sermon, case and all, begged her to observe that it had been preached a few Sundays before at D—— for the National School Society. She apologized the next day with all that good-humoured grace which so well became her, only adding—“But I think you ought to have seen that what would not give offence at D—— would surely do so to us.” There is a story, an old one, but still afloat, which for my purpose I may well quote. A certain preacher, of by no means extreme views, had several times quoted from Scripture, and enforced in his own language certain passages warning mankind against the teaching and temptation of our common enemy—the Devil. He was spoken to on the subject of the use of the word by a leading parishioner, the head of the chief house. He defended himself as well as he could by the argument that all he had said was, after all, only Bible teaching. It was admitted; but he was in effect told that he would act a more prudent part, if he felt compelled to speak from the pulpit “all that kind of thing,” *to do it in the afternoon*; he would assuredly give offence—to whom? to his morning congregation? In fact, he was not to parade the Devil and his doings to “carriage company.”—LORD S. G. OSBORNE.

HEARERS.—Indifferent

You may declare the most interesting or alarming truths to indifferent hearers, but they will remain as unmoved as the blacksmith's dog, who sleeps on despite the noise of the anvil, and the burning sparks which descend like a shower around him.—DR. DAVIES.

HEARING.—The Faculty of

Let every one fully develop the faculty of hearing, that he may listen with full delight and appreciation to the songs of birds, and the roar of the sea, the wailing of the winds, and the roll of the thunder; and may be able to cheer his soul and calm his heart by hearkening to the music of his fellow-men, and in turn rejoice their hearts by making music for them.—PROF. G. WILSON.

HEARING.—The Sense of

This is the slowest, yet the daintiest sense; For even the ears of such as have no skill

Perceive a discord, and conceive offence; And knowing not what's good, yet find the ill.—SIR. J. DAVIES.

HEART.—Anguish Wearing out the

It has been truly said that the human heart is like the millstone, which, if there be wheat beneath it, will grind to purposes of health; if not, will grind still, at the will of the wild wind, but on itself. So does the heart wear out itself, against its own thought. One fixed idea—one remembrance, and no other—one stationary, wearing anguish. This is remorse, passing into despair; itself the goad to fresh and wilder crimes.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

HEART.—The Broken

The heart will break, yet brokenly live on; Even as a broken mirror, which the glass In every fragment multiplies, and makes A thousand images of one that was The same, and still the same, the more it breaks.—BYRON.

HEART.—The Course of the Cold

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below;
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
While the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.—T. MOORE.

HEART.—Feeling Necessary for the

It is as necessary for the heart to feel as for the body to be fed.—NAPOLEON I.

HEART.—Friends in the

He was much in my heart, and I believe I was in his to the very last beat.—BURKE.

HEART.—The Gentle

Hard is the doubt, and difficult to deem,
When all three kinds of Love together meet,
And to dispute the heart with pow'r extreme,
Whither shall weigh the balance down;
to weat,
The dear affection unto kindred sweet,
Or raging fire of love to woman-kind,
Or zeal of friends combined with virtues meet,
But of them all, the band of virtuous mind
Me seems the gentle heart should most assured bind.—SPENSER.

HEART.—God Knows the

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us,

He knows each chord—its various tone,
 Each spring—its various bias :
 Then at the balance let's be mute,
 We never can adjust it ;
 What's done we partly may compute,
 But know not what's resisted.

R. BURNS.

HEART.—A Good

A good heart will rather lie low in the dust, than rise to the greatest height by wickedness.—BP. HALL.

HEART.—A Loving

A loving heart is the truest wisdom.—DICKENS.

HEART.—The Passion of the

Love is the cross and passion of the heart ;
 Its end—its errand.—P. J. BAILEY.

HEART.—The Restlessness of the

The sea works, the heavens move, the fire is active. Thus the heart of man is always in motion, and never rests, sleeping or waking. It fancieth more in a moment than all the men in the world are able to compass in many years.—BOWYER.

HEART.—The Sight of the

Surely if each one saw another's heart,
 There would be no commerce,
 No sale or bargain pass : all would disperse
 And live apart.—G. HERBERT.

HEART.—Things which Flow from the

Ill words, deeds, and thoughts, all flow from the heart—the womb of wickedness—the nest of evil.—BP. BROUGH.

HEART.—The Trial of the

In aught that tries the heart, how few withstand the proof !—BYRON.

HEART.—An Untainted

What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted ?

Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just ;

And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
 Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.—SHAKSPARE.

HEART.—A Willing

A willing heart adds feathers to the heel,
 And makes the clown a winged Mercury.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

HEART.—A Woman's

Earth has nothing more tender than a woman's heart, when it is the abode of piety.—LUTHER.

HEARTS—will Canker.

As the wild rose bloweth,
 As runs the happy river,
 Kindness freely floweth
 In the heart for ever :
 But if men will hanker
 Ever for golden dust,
 Best of hearts will canker,
 Brightest spirits rust.—MASSEY.

HEARTS—Doomed.

Hearts formed for love, but doomed in vain to glow

In prisoned pomp, and weep in splendid woe.—HUMPHREYS.

HEARTS.—The Road to

The turnpike road to people's hearts, I find

Lies through their mouths, or I mistake mankind.—WOLCOTT.

HEARTS AND HEADS.—Carriage of

Some people carry their hearts in their heads, very many carry their heads in their hearts. The difficulty is to keep them apart, yet both actively working together.—ADN. HARE.

HEATH.—The Song of the

Where the wild bee comes with a murmuring song,

Pilfering sweets as he roams along,

I uprear my purple bell :

List'ning the freeborn eagle's cry,

Marking the heathcock's glancing eye,

On the mountain side I dwell.

R. PATTERSON.

HEATHEN.—The Conversion of the

I have never doubted that God could convert the heathen, since He converted me.—J. NEWTON.

HEATHEN.—Religious Gifts of a

I once visited the Rajah of Burdwan, and found him sitting in his treasury. Fifty bags of money, containing a thousand rupees (£100) in each, were placed before him. "What," said I, "are you doing with all this money?" He replied—"It is for my gods." "How do you mean that?" I rejoined. "One part is sent to Benares, where I have two fine temples on the river side, and many priests who pray for me; another part goes to Juggernaut; and a third to Gaya." And thus one native is spending £25,000 annually from his princely income upon idle Brahmins.—WEITBRECHT.

HEAVEN.

O happy land of love !
 By mortal feet untrod, or eye unseen ;
 Whene'er I think of thee, this changing life
 Seems like a weary dream.—WESTNESS.

HEAVEN.—Activity in

I could hardly wish to enter heaven did I believe its inhabitants were idly to sit by purling streams, fanned by balmy airs. Heaven, to be a place of happiness, must be a place of activity. Has the far-reaching mind of Newton ceased its profound investigations? Has David hung up his harp as useless as the dusty arms in Westminster Abbey? Has Paul, glowing with God-like enthusiasm, ceased itinerating the universe of God? Are Peter, and Cyprian, and Edwards, and Payson, and Evarts, idling away eternity in mere psalm-singing? Heaven is a place of restless activity, the abode of never-tiring thought. David and Isaiah will sweep nobler and loftier strains in eternity, and the minds of the saints, unclogged by cumbersome clay, will for ever feast on the banquet of rich and glorious thought.—H. W. BEECHER.

HEAVEN.—The Church One in

I have seen a field here, and a field there, stand thick with corn—a hedge or two has separated them. At the proper season the reapers entered; soon the earth was disburdened, and the grain was conveyed to its destined resting-place, where, blended together in the barn or in the stack, it could not be known that a hedge had ever separated this corn from that. Thus it is with the Church. Here it grows, as it were, in different fields, and even, it may be, by different hedges. By and by, when the harvest is come, all God's wheat shall be gathered into the garner, without one single mark to distinguish that once they differed in outward circumstantialities of form and order.—TOPLADY.

HEAVEN—the Complement of Grace.

Heaven is the day of which grace is the dawn; the rich, ripe fruit of which grace is the lovely flower; the inner shrine of that most glorious temple to which grace forms the approach and outer court.—DR. GUTHRIE.

HEAVEN.—The Delights of

Of the positive joys of heaven we can form no conception; but its negative delights form a sufficiently attractive picture,—no pain; no thirst; no hunger; no horror at the past; no fear of the future; no failure of mental capacity; no intellectual deficiency; no morbid imaginations; no follies; no stupidities; but, above all, no insulted feelings; no wounded affections; no despised love or unrequited regard; no hate, envy, jealousy, or indignation of or at others; no falsehood, dishonesty, dissimulation, hypocrisy, grief, or remorse.

In a word, to end where I began, no sin and no suffering.—PROF. WILSON.

HEAVEN.—The Entrance into

To a Christian who has lived all his life long in bondage unto fear, not daring to believe himself a child of God, how sweet will be the waking in heaven! With great dread and trembling he will approach the death-hour, and go down through chilling mists and vapours to the unknown sea. And when upon the other shore sweet strains come upon his ear, he will not understand them; but fair form after fair form will appear to greet him; and at length, from the impearled atmosphere, God's whole band of gathering and reaping angels, more in number than the autumn leaves outstreaming from the forest when there are bursts of wind, will come forth, "filling all the air with music, and minister unto him an abundant entrance into the heavenly kingdom! It were almost enough to make one's heaven to stand and see the first stirring of joy in the face, and hear the first rapturous cry, as they cross the threshold, of thousands of timid Christians, who lived weeping and died sighing, but who will wake to find every tear an orb of joy, and every sigh an inspiration of God! Oh, the wondrous joy of heaven to those who did not expect it!—H. W. BEECHER.

HEAVEN—our Fatherland.

That is indeed our true fatherland—that wondrous home, where everything is waiting for us and every one loves us. Here life is radiant, everything charms and inspires; we are free, we take possession of ourselves, ideas command, facts obey; we become once more the head of creation.—GASPARIN.

HEAVEN.—The Hope of

What has been the great and what is now one of the strongest and most influential powers or motives in the human heart? A desire to find some better place, some lovelier spot, than we now have. For what does the tradesman toil? for what does the physician practise? for what does man hope at the decline and the close of life? Some sheltered nook, some quiet spot, where if he cannot have a rest that will never be moved, he may have, at least, a foretaste and foreshadow of it. What was it that carried Columbus across the western wave, amid insubordination within his ship, and the unexpectedly wild waves that roared and curled around and without? What sustained him on the unsounded sea, amid the untraversed waste of waters? The hope of a better country. What was it that sustained the hearts of the pilgrim

fathers when, driven forth from this land by stern ecclesiastical persecution, they went to the far distance, and across the western wave, and feared not the iron-bound coast or the rugged and the unknown territory on which they set foot? It was the hope and prospect of a better, even a free and peaceful country.—CUMMING.

HEAVEN.—at Last.

After the fever of life ;—after wearinesses, sicknesses, fightings and despondings, languor and fretfulness, struggling and failing—struggling and succeeding ;—after all the changes and chances of this troubled and unhealthy state, at length comes death,—at length the white throne of God,—at length the beatific vision.—DR. NEWMAN.

HEAVEN.—The Locality of

Where is heaven? I cannot tell. Even to the eye of faith, heaven looks much like a star to the eye of flesh. Set there on the brow of night, it shines most bright—most beautiful ; but it is separated from us by so great a distance as to be raised almost as high above our investigations as above the storms and clouds of earth. A shining object, we see it gleaming in the fields of space ; but we see nothing more, even when our eyes are assisted by the most powerful telescope. Nor does the matter cost us the least anxiety. If God spared not His own Son, heaven shall want nothing to make us supremely and eternally happy.—DR. GUTHRIE.

HEAVEN.—The Love of

The love of heaven makes one heavenly.
SHAKSPEARE.

HEAVEN.—Loved Ones in

There smiles the mother we have wept !
there bloom
Again the buds asleep within the tomb ;
There, o'er bright gates inscribed—"No
more to part,"
Soul springs to soul, and heart unites to
heart !—LYTTON.

HEAVEN.—Matured for

When a Christian is matured for heaven,
he leaves the world as an acorn leaves its
cup.—RYLAND.

HEAVEN.—Recognition in

I have heard you say—
That we shall see and know our friends in
heaven :
If that be true, I shall see my boy again ;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male
child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature
born.—SHAKSPEARE.

HEAVEN.—No Sinner will Enter

We affirm heaven cannot be entered by the sinner. "The unclean shall not pass over it." It is emphatically a holy place. It is the "holy habitation of the holy God. Holiness is its name, its life, its glory ; it is "the new name" which is emblazoned by Christ on "the forehead" of every saint. The minds and morals of the heavenly inhabitants perfectly and gloriously reflect the image of the Holy One. On every throne, every crown, every robe, every harp, every scene, "Holiness to the Lord" is enstamped in characters of light and beauty. "Therefore, there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie ; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life." The sinner will never wander amid its lovely scenery ; never gaze on its magnificence ; never breathe its balmy air ; never drink its crystal waters ; never eat its ambrosial fruits. His friends may be there,—father, mother, wife, child ; but he will be shut out for ever ; and the fault will be his own.—E. DAVIES.

HEAVEN.—Three Steps to

I once visited a poor man of weak intellect, and on conversing with him, said—"Heaven is a long way off, and the journey is difficult." "Do you think so?" he asked. "I think heaven is very near ; and the way to it is very short : there are only three steps there. Those three steps are—out of self, unto Christ, into glory.—R. HILL.

HEAVEN.—Three Wonders in

When I get to heaven, I shall see three wonders there—the first wonder will be, to see many people there whom I did not expect to see—the second wonder will be, to miss many people whom I did expect to see—and the third, and greatest wonder of all, will be to find myself there.—J. NEWTON.

HEAVENS.—The Appearance of the

The appearance of the heavens has, under all circumstances, a never-ending charm for me, in the clear starlight as well as in dark nights,—in the soft blue as well as in the cloudy or dark-grey sky, in which the eye loses itself, without being able to distinguish anything.—HUMBOLDT.

HEAVENS.—The Beautiful and Boundless

O Heavens—O beautiful and boundless sky !

Upon whose breast stars and pale planets lie,
Unnumber'd and innumerable, ever,
Mocking with bright'ning eyes man's vain
endeavour :

Thou radiant wilderness, through which the moon

Moves like a spirit, without voice or tune
Accompanied, or song or choral shout,
Save what the universal spheres send out
For ages, inaudible, though vast and deep !
Thou world of worlds, within whose arms
the sun

Awakens ; and, when his bright task is done,
Like a reposing child, lies down to sleep
Among thy golden bowers !

W. B. PROCTER.

HEEDLESSNESS—Deplored.

Alas ! I have walked through life

Too heedless where I trod ;

Nay, helping to trample my fellow-worm,
And fill the burial-sod :

Forgetting that even the sparrow falls
Not unmarked of God.

The wounds I might have healed !

The human sorrow and smart !

And yet it never was in my soul

To play so ill a part :

*But evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart.*—HOOD.

HEIR.—Madness in Connection with an

What madness is it for a man to starve
himself to enrich his heir, and so turn a
friend into an enemy ! for his joy at your
death will be proportioned to what you
leave him.—SENECA.

HEIR-LOOMS.—The Profanation of

Woe to him whose daring hand profanes
The honoured heir-looms of his ancestors.
MOIR.

HELL—Defined.

Hell is the wrath of God—His hate of sin :
Hell is His justice.—P. J. BAILEY.

HELL—Described.

A dungeon horrible on all sides round
As one great furnace flamed, yet from those
flames

No light, but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where
peace

And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all ; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed :
Such place eternal Justice had prepared
For those rebellious, here their prison or-
dained

In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far removed from God and light of
heaven,

As from the centre thence to the utmost
pole.—MILTON.

HELL.—The Gates of

At last appear
Hell's bounds, high reaching to the horrid
roof ;

And thrice threefold the gates ; three folds
were brass,

Three iron, three of adamant rock,
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,
Yet unconsumed.—MILTON.

HELL.—The Locality of

There have been many curious and useless
conjectures concerning the locality of this
horrible place ; but we must confess our
ignorance ; and shall be much better em-
ployed in studying *how* we may avoid it,
than in labouring to discover *where* it is. —
DODDRIDGE.

HELL.—The Pavement of

Hell is paved with good intentions.—DR.
JOHNSON.

HELL.—The Torments of

If there were a hundred eloquent men,
each having four iron tongues that spoke
from the beginning of the world, they
could not reckon up the torments of hell.
—BEDE.

HELP—Divine and Human.

God helps them that help themselves.—
DR. FRANKLIN.

HELP—sometimes Impossible.

Sometimes men are in circumstances
where they have to look on a misery which
they cannot relieve. This happened a few
months ago in Scotland. A vessel laden
with bricks and coal was undergoing repairs
on the shore of the Solway Firth. The tide
there runs like a race-horse. By some gross
mismanagement the vessel began to heel
over. A cry of alarm was raised ; and all
escaped but one man. She settled down on
his loins, and pinned him to the ground.
The neighbourhood was raised ; hawsers
were attached to the masts ; and the power
of strong arms and hearts brought to raise
her—but in vain. She could not be moved.
The tide was making—it would float her
soon ; but before it floated her, it would
float over him. All further effort was
abandoned. A minister was brought to
the sad scene. He prayed, and the people
wept. On and on came the remorseless sea ;
inch by inch it rose—cold at his heart, at
his throat : and now death in the salt foam
kisses his lips. He asks that a handkerchief
be thrown over his head that he may not
see the waves. It is done ; and with a
weeping, sobbing crowd around him, but
none there to help, at length the wave

washes over his head, and washes away the prayer that I hope, through our blessed Saviour, opened the gates of heaven for his departing spirit. They could not help.—**DR. GUTHRIE.**

HELP.—Mutual

The race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid, have a right to ask it from their fellow-mortals : no one who holds the power of granting can refuse without guilt.—**SIR W. SCOTT.**

HERESY.—The Imputation of

I have witnessed in many instances with a disgusted recoiling of the heart, an astonishing promptitude to attribute heresy to a man whose expressions have varied from the common phraseology, or whose conclusions have been cautious, and not in the tone of infallibility.—**FOSTER.**

HERESY.—The Sin of

The sin of heresy is a deadly sin,
'Tis like the falling of the snow, whose crystals
The traveller plays with, thoughtless of his danger,
Until he sees the air so full of light
That it is dark ; and blindly staggering onward,
Lost and bewildered, he sits down to rest :
There falls a pleasant drowsiness upon him,
And what he thinks is sleep, alas ! is death !—**LONGFELLOW.**

HERETIC.—The Behaviour of the

His behaviour is seemingly very pious and devout. How foul soever the postern and back-door be, the gate opening to the street is swept and garnished, and his outside adorned with pretended austerity.—**DR. FULLER.**

HERETIC.—The Impudence of the

If challenged to a private dispute, his impudence bears him out. He counts it the only error to confess he hath erred. His face is of brass, which may truly be said either ever or never to blush.—**DR. FULLER.**

HERMIT.—The Condemnation of the

Thou dost presume too much, poor needy wretch !
To claim a station in the firmament,
Because thy humble cottage, or thy tub,

Nurses some lazy or pedantic virtue,
In the cheap sunshine or by shady springs,
With roots and potherbs, where thy cold right hand

Tearing these human passions from the heart,

Upon whose stock fair blooming virtues flourish,

Degradeth nature and benumbeth sense,
And Gorgon-like, turns active men to stone.

We not require the dull society
Of your necessitated temperance,
Or that unnatural stupidity
That knows not joy nor sorrow ; nor your forced,

Falsely exalted, passive fortitude,
Above the active : this low abject brood
That fix their seats in mediocrity,
Become your servile mind ; but we advance

Such virtues only as admit excess,
Brave bounteous acts, regal magnificence,
All-seeing prudence, magnanimity,
That knows no bound, and that heroic virtue

For which antiquity hath left no name,
But patterns only.—**T. CAREW.**

HERMITAGE.—The Description of a

A little, lowly hermitage it was,
Downe in a dale, hard by a forest's side,
Far from resort of people, that did pass
In travaill to and froe : a little wyde
There was an holy chappell edifyde,
Wherein the hermite dewly wout to say
His holy things each morn and eventyde ;
Thereby a christall stream did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth
alway.—**SPENSER.**

HERO.—The Courage of a

I looked upon his brow—no sign
Of guilt or fear was there,
He stood as proud by that death-shrine
As even o'er despair
He had a power ; in his eye
There was a quenchless energy,
A spirit that could dare
The deadliest form that death could take,
And dare it for the daring's sake.

LONDON.

HERO.—A Dying

Henry V. on the evening of Agincourt found the chivalric David Gamm still clasping the banner which through the fight his strength had borne, and his right arm defended. Often had the monarch noticed that pennaon waving in the foremost van of the men of England who that day pierced, broke, and routed the proud ranks of France. The king knighted him as he lay. The hero died, but dying was ennobled !—**COLEY.**

HERO.—The Loss of a

Among the letters which were brought to me was one from Lord Derby, which I tore open, and alas ! it contained the fatal news —that the Duke of Wellington, England's, or rather Britain's pride, her glory, her hero, the greatest man she ever had produced, was no more ! Sad day ! Great and irreparable loss ! * * * One cannot think of this country without "the Duke" — our immortal hero ! In him centred almost every earthly honour a subject could possess. His position was the highest a subject ever had,—above party, looked up to by all,—revered by the whole nation,—the friend of the sovereign ;—and *how* simply he carried these honours ! With what singleness of purpose, what straightforwardness, what courage, were all the motives of his actions guided ! To *us*, who alas ! have lost now so many of our valued and experienced friends, his loss is *irreparable* ; for his readiness to aid and advise, if it could be of use to us, and to overcome any and every difficulty, was unequalled. To Albert he showed the greatest kindness and the utmost confidence. His experience and knowledge of the past, too, were so great : he was a link which connected us with by-gone times, with the last century. Not an eye will be dry in the whole country. —QUEEN VICTORIA.

HERO.—The Praise of the

The hero, when a people's voice
Proclaims their darling victor near,
Feels he not then his soul rejoice,
Their shouts of love,—of praise to hear ?
Yes ! fame to generous minds is dear ;
It pierces to their inmost core ;
He weeps who never shed a tear ;
He trembles, who ne'er shook before.

MITFORD.

HESITATION—a Sign of Weakness.

Hesitation is a sign of weakness, for inasmuch as the comparative good and evil of the different modes of action about which we hesitate are seldom equally balanced, a strong mind should perceive the slightest inclination of the beam with the glance of an eagle, particularly as there are cases where the preponderance will be very minute, even although there should be life in one scale, and death in the other.—COLTON.

HILLS.—Majesty among the

The majesty of God is most manifest among the hills. —BORROW.

HILLS.—Sunrise on the

I stood upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,

And woods were brightened, and soft gales

Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales :
The clouds were far beneath me ; bathed in light,

They gathered mid-way round the wooded height,

And, in their fading glory, shone
Like hosts in battle overthrown,
As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,
Through the grey mist thrust up its shattered lance,

And rocking on the cliff was left
The dark pine blasted, bare, and cleft :
The veil of cloud was lifted, and below
Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow

Was darkened by the forest's shade,
Or glistened in the white cascade ;
Where upward, in the mellow blush of day
The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral way.

LONGFELLOW.

HISS.—The Foolishness or Sublimity of a

The sound of a trumpet suggests the dreadful idea of a battle, and of the approach of armed men ; but to all men brought up at Queen's College, Oxford, it must be associated with eating and drinking, for they are always called to dinner by sound of trumpet : and I have a little daughter at home, who, if she heard the sound of a trumpet, would run to the window expecting to see the puppet-show of Punch, which is carried about the streets. So with a hiss ; a hiss is either foolish, or tremendous, or sublime. The hissing of a pancake is absurd ; the first faint hiss that arises from the extremity of the pit on the evening of a new play, sinks the soul of the author within him, and makes him curse himself and his Thalia ! the hissing of a cobra di capello is sublime,—it is the whisper of death !—S. SMITH.

HISTORY.—The Advantages of

History makes a young man to be old without either wrinkles or grey hairs, privileging him with the experience of age without either the infirmities or inconveniences thereof.—DR. FULLER.

HISTORY.—Citing the Examples of

To cite the examples of history, in order to animate us to virtue, or to arm us with fortitude, this it is to call up the illustrious dead to inspire and improve the living.—COLTON.

HISTORY.—Definitions of

History may be defined as the biography of nations.—DR. ARNOLD.

HISTORY.—Definitions of

History is the history of men and women.
—CANON KINGSLEY.

History is the compliment of poetry.—
STEPHENS.

HISTORY.—Different Kinds of

The Grecian history is a poem, Latin history a picture, modern history a chronicle.
—CHATEAUBRIAND.

HISTORY.—The Essentials of

A real history must omit nothing that is essential for clear knowledge and sound judgment: and it must be something more than a dry compendium of dates and facts, or a series of disjointed essays. It must have unity and entirety of organism and purpose; and it must have artistic proportions. Moreover, even as the biography of an individual is valueless without some knowledge of those with whom he had dealings, and of the society in which he moved, it is necessary to accompany the history of any one State with sketches of other States, and of the general progress of events in the civilized world.—CREASY.

HISTORY.—Facts of

As the double-stars, though sundered far,
Seem to the naked eye a single star,
So facts of history, at a distance seen,
Into one common point of light convene.
LONGFELLOW.

HISTORY.—The Greatest Scene in Modern

Luther's appearance at the Diet of Worms, on the 17th of April, 1521, may be considered as the greatest scene in modern European history; the point, indeed, from which the whole subsequent history of civilization takes its rise. * * * The world's pomp and power sits there on this hand: on that stands up for God's truth one man, Hans Luther, the poor miner's son. * * * It is, as we say, the greatest moment in the modern history of man. English Puritanism, England and its Parliaments, America's vast work these two centuries, French Revolution, Europe and its work everywhere at present—the germ of it all lay there; had Luther in that moment done other, it had all been otherwise.—CARLYLE.

HISTORY.—Little Real

We must consider how very little history there is; I mean—real, authentic history. That certain kings reigned, and certain battles were fought, we can depend upon as true; but all the colouring, all the philosophy of history, is conjecture.—Dr. JOHNSON.

HISTORY—a Register of Crimes and Miseries.

History is but a kind of Newgate calendar, a register of the crimes and miseries that man has inflicted on his fellow-man. It is a huge libel on human nature, to which we industriously add page after page, volume after volume, as if we were building up a monument to the honour rather than the infamy of our species. If we turn over the pages of these chronicles that man has written of himself, what are the characters dignified by the appellation of "great," and held up to the admiration of posterity? Tyrants, robbers, conquerors, renowned only for the magnitude of their misdeeds and the stupendous wrongs and miseries they have inflicted on mankind—warriors who have hired themselves to the trade of blood, not from motives of virtuous patriotism, or to protect the injured and defenceless, but merely to gain the vaunted glory of being successful in massacring their fellow-beings! What are the great events that constitute a glorious era? The fall of empires—the desolation of happy countries—splendid cities smoking in their ruins—the proudest works of art tumbled in the dust—the shrieks and groans of whole nations ascending unto heaven.—W. IRVING.

HOLIDAY.—A Child's Midsummer

There is no pleasure that I have experienced like a child's midsummer holiday—the time, I mean, when two or three of us used to go away up the brook, and take our dinners with us, and come home at night, tired, happy, scratched beyond recognition, with a great nosegay, three little trout, and one shoe, the other having been used for a boat till it had gone down with all hands out of soundings. How poor our Derby days, our Greenwich dinners, our evening parties after that! Depend upon it, a man never experiences such pleasure or grief after fourteen years as he does before, unless, in some cases, in his first love-making, when the sensation is new to him.—CANON KINGSLEY.

HOLIDAYS.—Wished-for

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd-
for come,
And nothing pleases but rare accidents.

SHAKESPEARE.

HOLINESS.—The Apprehension and Practice of

By the illumination of God the Spirit, the understanding conceives holiness; the will resolves on holiness; and the life produces holiness.—W. SICKER.

HOLINESS.—The Beauty of

What beauty can compare with that of the soul? and what beauty of the soul can compare with that of holiness? This is the beauty of angels; yea, of God Himself.—J. A. JAMES.

HOLINESS—from Christ.

As the wax hath line for line from the seal, the child limb for limb, feature for feature, from the father, so is holiness in us from Christ.—P. HENRY.

HOLINESS.—Feigned

Feigned holiness is a double evil.—ST. JEROME.

HOLINESS.—The Love of

Unless the love of holiness be a principle implanted in the heart, the practice of piety and virtue will be variable and irregular.—GROSE.

HOLINESS.—True

True holiness consists in conformity to the nature and will of God.—LUCAS.

HOMAGE—the Act of a Feudal Tenant.

Homage was originally the act of a feudal tenant, by which he declared himself, on his knees, to be the *hommage* or bondman of his lord; hence the term is used to denote reverential submission or respect.—DR. WEBSTER.

HOMAGE.—The Proper Subjects for

We pay our homage to men of pre-eminent usefulness and virtue.—DR. WEBSTER.

HOME—a Blissful Resort.

Home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty,
where,
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss.

J. THOMSON.

HOME.—The Bonds of

The bonds of home and of family, if lost by misfortune or sin, can never be restored. Nothing can adequately compensate for the loss of the love of father and mother, of sister and brother; that is the sacred bond of life.—BARRY.

HOME.—Children Complete a

We have no perfect idea of a home without children. It may possess every material and necessary comfort; and its hearth-stone may shine with a flame as pure and as constant as the vestal fire; but without the

pattering of little feet, and the merry ringing of treble voices, in its apartments, it is "found wanting." Little children complete and crown every home on earth; such indeed is the design of Heaven.—DR. DAVIES.

HOME.—The First

God made the first man after a divine original, and after a divine original, too, He made the first home.—J. B. BROWN.

HOME.—The Happiest

Depend upon it, that home is the happiest where kindness, interest, politeness, and attention are shown.—SPOONER.

HOME.—Hopes of Dying at

As a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return,—and die at home at last.

GOLDSMITH.

HOME.—The House became a

When the carpenter has finished your house and hands you the key, that is not your home; it is not yet complete. I remember what happened with my own home, how after it had been furnished came the wife, and then one child, and then another, and so by degrees ties were added, and the house grew into a home.—H. W. BEECHER.

HOME.—The Influence of

Those of you who are best acquainted with the world, or who have read most extensively the histories of men, will allow that, in the formation of character, the most telling influence is the early home. It is that home which often in boyhood has formed beforehand our most famous scholars, our most celebrated heroes, our most devoted missionaries; and even when men have grown up reckless and reprobate, and have broken all restraints, human and divine, the last anchor which has dragged, the last cable they have been able to snap, is the memory which moored them to a virtuous home.—DR. J. HAMILTON.

HOME—an Institution.

Home is the grandest of all institutions.—SPURGEON.

HOME.—The Love of

I would fly from the city, would fly from its care,
To my own native plants and my flowers so fair,

To the cool grassy shade and the rivulet
 bright,
 Which reflects the pale moon in its bosom
 of light ;
 Again would I view the old cottage so dear,
 Where I sported a babe without sorrow or
 fear ;
 I would leave this great city, so brilliant
 and gay,
 For a peep at my home on this fair summer
 day.
 I have friends whom I love and would
 leave with regret,
 But the love of my home, oh ! 'tis tenderer
 yet.—DAVIDSON.

HOME.—No Place like

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may
 roam,
 Be it ever so humble, there 's no place like
 home.—PAYNE.

HOME—not in Place.

There is no home in halls of pride,
 They are too high, and cold, and wide ;
 No home is by the wanderer found ;
 'Tis not in place ; it hath no bound ;
 It is a circling atmosphere,
 Investing all the heart holds dear ;
 A law of strange attractive force,
 That holds the feelings in their course ;
 It is a presence undefined,
 O'ershadowing the conscious mind,
 Where love and duty sweetly blend
 To consecrate the name of friend.

CONDER.

HOME—the Place of Confidence.

Home is the one place in all this world
 where hearts are sure of each other. It is
 the place of confidence. It is the place
 where we tear off that mask of guarded
 and suspicious coldness which the world
 forces us to wear in self-defence, and where
 we pour out the unreserved communi-
 cations of full and confiding hearts. It
 is the spot where expressions of tender-
 ness gush out without any sensation of
 awkwardness and without any dread of
 ridicule.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

HOME.—The Pleasures of an Humble

An humble roof ; plain bed and homely
 board
 More clear untainted pleasures do afford
 Than all the tumult of vain greatness brings
 To kings or to the favourites of kings.

A. COWLEY.

HOME.—The Sweetness of

What can be sweeter than our native home !
 Thither for ease and soft repose we come :
 Home is the sacred refuge of our life :
 Secured from all approaches but a wife.

DRYDEN.

HOME.—A Visit to a Deserted

Let pensive memory trace her wonted
 round
 In these familiar walks ;—'tis fairy ground :
 Still to her view upheld in bright array,
 Birds in the bowers, and roses ever gay :
 Let grateful thought with deeper musings
 roam
 Through each loved haunt of this deserted
 home :
 Long from the social altar, year by year,
 The patriarch's prayer went up accepted
 here,
 And lo ! in answer to the faithful call,
 On children's children showers of blessings
 fall :
 Embowered retreat ! how fair to Christian's
 eyes :
 Sure 't was heaven's gate ! a nursery for the
 skies !—JANE TAYLOR.

HOME AND FRIENDS.

Oh ! there's a power to make each hour
 As sweet as Heaven designed it ;
 Nor need we roam to bring it home,
 Though few there be that find it ;
 We seek too high for things close by,
 And lose what nature found us,
 For life hath here no charms so dear
 As home and friends around us.
 We oft destroy the present joy
 For future hopes—and praise them ;
 Whilst flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,
 If we'd but stoop to raise them ;
 For things afar still sweetest are
 When youth's bright spell hath bound
 us ;
 But soon we're taught the earth hath nought
 Like home and friends around us.
 The friends that speed in time of need,
 When hope's last reed is shaken,
 Do show us still that, come what will,
 We are not quite forsaken :
 Though all were nigh, if but the light
 From friendship's altar crown'd us,
 'T would prove the bliss of earth was this—
 Our homes and friends around us.

SWAIN.

HOMELESS—as the Wind.

I am as homeless as the wind that moans
 And wanders through the streets.

LONGFELLOW.

HONESTY.—The Advantages of

There is no man, but for his own interest
 hath an obligation to be honest : there may
 be sometimes temptations to be otherwise,
 but all cards cast up, he shall find it the
 greatest ease, the highest profit, the best
 pleasure, the most safety, and the noblest
 fame, to lay hold of the horns of this altar,
 which, in all assays, can in itself protect
 him.—FELTHAM.

HONESTY—Demonstrated.

A London merchant, while he was staying in the country with a friend, happened to mention that he intended, the next year, to buy a ticket in the lottery: his friend desired he would buy one for him at the same time, which, of course, was very willingly agreed to. The conversation dropped, the ticket never arrived, and the whole affair was entirely forgotten, when the country gentleman received information that the ticket purchased for him by his friend had come up a prize of £20,000. Upon his arrival in London, he inquired of his friend where he had put the ticket, and why he had not informed him that it was purchased. "I bought them both the same day, mine and your ticket, and I flung them into a drawer of my bureau, and I never thought of them afterwards." "But how do you distinguish one ticket from the other? and why am I the holder of the fortunate ticket more than you?" "Why at the time I put them into the drawer, I put a little mark in ink upon the ticket which I resolved should be yours; and upon re-opening the drawer I found that the one so marked was the fortunate ticket." —S. SMITH.

HONESTY—Enjoined.

With honest heart go on your way,
Down to your burial sod,
And never for a moment stray
Beyond the path of God;
And everything along your way
In colours bright shall shine;
The water from the jug of clay
Shall taste like costly wine! —HOLTZ.

HONESTY.—Not Grained in

Persons lightly dipped, not grained, in generous honesty, are but pale in goodness. —SIR T. BROWNE.

HONESTY.—Moral

They that cry down moral honesty cry down that which is a great part of religion —my duty towards God, and my duty towards man. What care I to see a man run after a sermon, if he cozen and cheat as soon as he comes home? On the other side, morality must not be without religion; for if so, it may change as I see convenient. Religion must govern it. He that has no religion to govern his morality is not better than my mastiff dog: so long as you stroke and please him, and do not pinch him, he will play with you as finely as may be: he is a very good moral master; but if you hurt him, he will fly in your face. —SELDEN.

HONESTY.—The Purity of

Honesty needs neither disguise nor ornament. —OTWAY.

HONESTY.—Rich

Rich honesty
Dwells like a miser, in a poor house;
As your pearl in your foul oyster.
SHAKESPEARE

HONEY—of Language.

The king hath found
Matter against him that for ever mars
The honey of his language.
SHAKESPEARE

HONOUR—a Bubble.

Honour is like the glassy bubble
Which cost philosophers such trouble;
Where, one part crack'd the whole does fly,
And wits are crack'd to find out why.
S. BUTLER.

HONOUR—after Death.

With his dead bones no longer war have I,
Boldly he died, and nobly was he slain;
Then let us not that honour him deny,
Which after death alonely doth remain.
TASSO.

HONOUR.—The Estimate of

In the estimate of honour, we should learn to value the gifts of nature above those of fortune; to esteem in our ancestors the qualities that best promote the interests of society; and to pronounce the descendant of a king less truly noble than the offspring of a man of genius, whose writings will instruct or delight the latest posterity. —GIBBON.

HONOUR.—False

False honour, like a comet, blazes broad,
But blazes for extinction. Real merit
Shines like th' eternal sun, to shine for ever. —SIR J. HILL.

HONOUR.—The Height of

No man to offend —
Ne'er to reveal the secrets of a friend;
Rather to suffer, than to do a wrong,
To make the heart no stranger to the tongue;
Provoked, not to betray an enemy,
Nor at his meat I choke with flattery;
Blushless to tell wherefore I wear my scars,
Or for my conscience, or my country's wars;
To aim at just things, if we've wildly run
Into offences, wish them all undone,
'Tis poor, in grief for a wrong done, to die,
Honour to dare to live, and satisfy.

MASSINGER.

HONOUR.—The Laws of

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
 To haud the wretch in order ;
 But where ye feel your honour grip,
 Let that aye be your border :
 Its slightest touches, instant pause—
 Debar a' side pretences ;
 And resolutely keep its laws.
 Uncaring consequences.—R. BURNS.

HONOUR.—The Narrow Strait of

Honour travels in a strait so narrow
 Where one but goes abreast.
 SHAKESPEARE.

HONOUR.—Obedience to

If honour calls, where'er she points the
 way,
 The sons of honour follow and obey.
 CHURCHILL.

HONOUR.—The Post of

When vice prevails, and impious men bear
 sway,
 The post of honour is a private station.
 ADDISON.

HONOUR.—Rooted in Dishonour.

His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
 And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true
 TENNYSON.

HONOUR.—Unstable.

Honour is unstable and seldom the same ;
 for she feeds upon opinion, and is as fickle
 as her food. She builds a lofty structure
 on the sandy foundation of the esteem of
 those who are of all beings the most subject
 to change.—COLTON.

HONOUR.—Wicked Men Attain to

In the time of confusion wicked men
 attain to honour ; and that seat of dignity
 whereof in a peaceable commonwealth they
 despaired, in the time of trouble they hope
 to procure.—CALDERWOOD.

HONOUR.—Wounding

Better to die ten thousand thousand deaths
 Than wound my honour.—ADDISON.

HONOURS.—in Early Life.

When honours come to us, rather than
 we to them, when they meet us, as it were,
 in the vestibule of life, it is well if our
 enemies can say no more against us than
 that we are too young for our dignities ; it
 would be much worse for us if they could
 say that we are too old for them ; time will
 destroy the first objection, but confirm the
 second.—COLTON.

HONOURS.—Hereditary

Hereditary honours are a noble and
 splendid treasure to descendants.—PLATO.

HOPE.—The Activity of

Hope is an active grace ; it is called a
 lively hope. Hope is like the spring in the
 watch, it sets all the wheels of the soul in
 motion ; hope of a crop makes the hus-
 bandman sow his seed ; hope of victory
 makes the soldier fight ; and a true hope of
 glory makes a Christian vigorously pursue
 glory.—T. WATSON.

HOPE—as an Anchor.

As our life is a sea, hope is compared to
 an anchor, which makes us stand steady in
 a storm.—POLIHILL.

HOPE.—Beneficial.

Hope is the most beneficial of all the
 affections ; and doth much to the prolong-
 ation of life, if it be not too often frustrated ;
 but entertaineth the fancy with an expecta-
 tion of good : therefore they which fix and
 propound to themselves some end, as the
 mark and scope of their life, and continually
 and by degrees go forward in the same,
 are for the most part long-lived ; insomuch,
 that when they are come to the top of their
 hope, and can go no higher therein, they
 commonly droop, and live not long after.
 So that hope is a leaf-joy, which may be
 beaten out to a great extension, like gold.
 —LORD BACON.

HOPE—a Bright-eyed Queen.

Hope rules a land for ever green ;
 All powers that serve the bright-eyed
 queen
 Are confident and gay ;
 Clouds at her bidding disappear ;
 Points she to aught?—the bliss draws near,
 And fancy smooths the way.
 W. WORDSWORTH.

HOPE.—The Charms of

Auspicious Hope ! in thy sweet garden
 grow
 Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every
 woe ;
 Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid
 hour,
 The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer
 bower :
 There, as the wild bee murmurs on the
 wing,
 What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits
 bring !
 What viewless forms the Æolian organ
 play,
 And sweep the furrow'd lines of anxious
 thought away !—T. CAMPBELL.

HOPE.—Deferred.

The sickening pang of hope deferred.
 SIR. W. SCOTT.

HOPE.—The Delusiveness of

It is a delusive phantom in the hour of need.—DR. ARNOLD.

HOPE.—The Drafts of

Hope is a prodigal young heir, and Experience is his banker; but his drafts are seldom honoured, since there is often a heavy balance against him, because he draws largely on a small capital, is not yet in possession, and if he were, would *die*.—COLTON.

HOPE.—The Faithlessness of

Primeval Hope! the Aonian Muses say—When Man and Nature mourned their first decay;—

When every form of death, and every war,
Shot from malignant stars to earth below;—
When Murder bared his arm, and rampant War

Yoked the red dragons of her iron car:—
When Peace and Mercy, banish'd from the plain,

Sprung on the viewless winds to heaven again;

All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,
But Hope, the charmer, linger'd still behind.—T. CAMPBELL.

HOPE.—Indiscreet.

It often digs its own grave with the spade of indiscretion.—MRS. S. C. HALL.

HOPE.—The Influence of

Hope causes the shipwrecked mariner, when no land appears around, to strike out in the midst of the waves. The skill of the physician has often confessed itself baffled, but hope still lingered while life is ebbing. The prisoner hopes for safety in his prison; while the man hanging on the cross offers up prayers for release.—OVID.

HOPE—while Life Lasts.

While there is life there is hope.—CICERO.

HOPE.—The Perpetuity of

Hope springs eternal in the human breast: Man never is, but always to be blest.

POPE.

HOPE.—The Power of

Give her but a hair-breadth to stand on, and on *that* she will rear a fabric lofty as the firmament, and radiant as heaven itself!—E. DAVIES.

HOPE.—The Seat of

On Truth's substantial rock, Hope takes her seat,
While waves tumultuous dash against her feet;

The sky with blackness now becomes spread;

The tempest threatens her devoted head
Louder and louder still, the thunder sound;

The lightning flings its fearful glare around
Creation trembles; but fast anchored to the ground
Hope sits unshaken, never in despair;
With eyes turned upward, whence her Lord descends,

She waits expecting till the tempest end.—DR. HOLMES.

HOPE.—The Shining of

Hope, like the stars of evening, shines the sweetest and the brightest when seems the gloomiest and darkest.—DR. WINSLOW.

HOPE.—True

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow wings,

Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.—SHAKESPEARE.

HOPES.—The Decay of Fondest

Oh, ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay!

I never loved a tree or flower,

But 't was the first to fade away:

I never nursed a dear gazelle,

To glad me with its soft black eye,

But when it came to know me well,

And love me, it was sure to die!

T. MOORE.

HOPES—not to be Described.

There are hopes, the bloom of whose beauty would be spoiled by the trammels of description: too lovely, too delicate, too sacred for words, they should be only known through the sympathy of hearts.—DICKENS.

HOR.—Mount

Mount Hor is a lonely peak, seen at great distance from the desert, and constitutes one of the landmarks by which the Arab guides his way. On its summit Aaron, the first high-priest of Israel, breathed his last prayer, closed his eyes on his son—his successor in the sacerdotal office, and opened them again in heaven. Here his mortal remains were interred, and a white building, called the tomb of Aaron, is a conspicuous object in the view. Mahometans and Christians reverence it alike, and it is safe from the ravages even of the Arab of the desert. A landmark in the bleak scenery, within sight of the desolate city of Edom and its pillared rocks overlooking the Dead Sea, it is a fit place for the tomb of the high-priest, and stands consecrated for ever. An imperishable testimonial of the truth of the Bible, a stern

witness of the fulfilment of prophecy,—a cursed city and a cursed mountain on either side of it, it arrests the traveller's eye from afar, and fills him with awe and fear as it silently and perpetually speaks of God.—**HEADLEY.**

HOREB.—Mount

Mount Horeb not being so isolated as Ararat or Sinai, does not occupy so definite a place in nature or history as they. One of the group that surrounds Sinai, it presents the same barren and desolate appearance, and stands amid the same bleak and forbidding scenery. The shadow of Sinai falls on it, and they are linked together in immortal brotherhood. Still Horeb has been consecrated more than once. Moses learned his first lessons around its base, and amid its solitudes formed the thoughtful, stern, and decided character which rendered him fit to be the leader of Israel. More: wandering one morning along its slopes, he saw before him a solitary bush. Every branch was a fiery branch, and every leaf a leaf of fire, that glowed unwasted in the still flame. As he stood amazed and awe-struck at the sight, a voice, whose tones were yet to be familiar to his ear, exclaimed—“Take thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place on which thou standest is holy ground.” Here Moses received his first commission, and here was God's first outward demonstration to him in behalf of Israel. Such was the first memorable scene on Horeb.—**HEADLEY.**

HORROR.—The Pomp of

Horror in all his pomp was there,
Mute and magnificent without a tear.

DRYDEN.

HORRORS.—Supped with

The time has been my senses would have
cool'd

To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't; I have supped full with
horrors.—**SHAKESPEARE.**

HORSE.—The Characteristics of a

A generous creature a horse is, sensible in some sort of honour; and made most handsome by that which deforms men most—pride.—**DR. FULLER.**

HORSE.—Freedom Enjoyed by a

Nature inprints upon whate'er we see,
That has a heart and life in it—Be free;
The beasts are charter'd—neither age nor
force
Can quell the love of freedom in a horse:
He breaks the cord that held him to the
rack,
And, conscious of his unencumber'd back,

Snuffs up the morning air, forgets the rein,
Loose fly his forelock and his ample mane,
Responsive to the distant neigh he neighs,
Nor stops, till overlooking all delays,
He finds the pasture where his fellows
graze.—**COWPER.**

HORSE.—The Stateliness and Majesty of a

For stateliness and majesty, what is comparable to a horse?—**SIR T. MORE.**

HORSES—in Battle.

The extent to which a charger can apprehend the perils of a battle-field may be easily underrated by one who confines his observation to horses still carrying their riders; for as long as a troop-horse in action feels the weight and hand of a master, his deep trust in man keeps him seemingly free from great terror, and he goes through the fight, unless wounded, as though it were a field-day at home; but the moment that death, or a disabling wound, deprives him of his rider, he seems all at once to learn what a battle is, to perceive its real dangers with the clearness of a human being, and to be agonized with horror of the fate he may incur for want of a hand to guide him. Careless of the mere thunder of guns, he shows plainly enough that he more or less knows the dread accent that is used by missiles of war whilst cutting their way through the air; for as often as these sounds disclose to him the near passage of bullet or round shot, he shrinks and cringes: his eye-balls protrude. Wild with fright, he does not most commonly gallop home into camp. His instinct seems rather to tell him that what safety, if any, there is for him must be found in the ranks; and he rushes at the first squadron he can find, urging piteously, yet with violence, that he too, by right, is a troop-horse—that he too is willing to charge, but not to be left behind—that he must and he will “fall in.” Sometimes a riderless charger, thus bent on aligning with his fellows, will not be content to range himself on the flank of the line, but dart at some point in the squadron which he seemingly judges to be his own rightful place, and strive to force himself in. Riding, as it is usual for the commander to do, some way in advance of his regiment, Lord George Paget was especially tormented and pressed by the riderless horses who chose to turn round and align with him. At one time there were three or four of these horses advancing close abreast of him on one side, and as many as five on the other. Impelled by terror, by gregarious instinct, and by their habit of ranging in line, they “closed in” upon Lord George so as to besmear his overalls

with blood from the gory flanks of the nearest intruders, and oblige him to use his sword.—KINGLAKE.

HOSPITAL.—Kindness in a

She stirred—the place seem'd new and strange as death.

The white strait bed, with others strait and white,

Like graves dug side by side, at measured lengths,

And quiet people walking in and out
With wonderful low voices and soft steps,

And appositional equal care for each
Astonish'd her with order, silence, law :

And when a gentle hand held out a cup,
She took it as you do at sacrament,
Half awed, half melted—not being used,
indeed,

To so much love as makes the form of love
And courtesy of manners. * * *

How many desolate creatures on the earth
Have learnt the simple dues of fellowship
And social comfort in a hospital,

As Marian did ! She lay there, stunn'd,
half tranced,

And wish'd at intervals of growing sense,
She might be sicker yet, if sickness made
The world so marvellous kind, the air so
hush'd,

And all her wake-time quiet as a sleep :
For now she understood (as such things
were)

How sickness ended very oft in heaven,
Among the unspoken raptures. Yet more
sick,

And surelier happy. Then she dropp'd
her lids,

And folding up her hands as flowers at
night,

Would lose no moment of the blessed time.
MRS. BROWNING.

HOSPITALITY.—The Aroma of True

It is granted to the choicest souls only to
embellish the daily board, whether homely
or regal, with the aroma of true hospi-
tality.—BETHAM-EDWARDS.

HOSPITALITY.—Conduct in Showing

Alike he thwarts the hospitable end,
Who drives the free, or stays the hasty
friend :

True friendship's laws are by this rule
express—

Welcome the coming, speed the going
guest.—POPE.

HOSPITALITY.—Indiscriminate

The days of Queen Elizabeth have been
extolled as the days of genuine hospitality.
The doors were thrown open, and, at the
sound of the dinner-bell, all the neighbour-
ing country crowded to the smoking table.

Yet it has been justly doubted whether this
indiscriminate hospitality was laudable.
There was something generous and magni-
ficent in the idea ; and it gave the nobles
in the land the influence of kings in their
neighbourhood. Yet it proceeded from the
love of power and from ostentation ; and
it produced gluttony, drunkenness, and all
their consequent vices.—DR. KNOX.

HOSPITALITY.—The Pleasures of

Blest be the spot where cheerful guests
retire

To pause from toil, and trim their evening
fire :

Blest that abode where want and pain
despair,

And every stranger finds a ready chair :
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty
crown'd,

Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests, or pranks, that never
fail,

Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale ;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good !

GOLDSMITH.

HOSTILITIES.—The Way to Carry on

We have shown ourselves generous ad-
versaries, and have carried on even our hos-
tilities with humanity.—BP. ATTERBURY.

HOT-BED—The Building of a

First he bids spread
Dry fern, or littered hay, that may imbibe
The ascending damps ; then leisurely im-
pose,

And lightly shaking it with agile hand,
From the full fork the saturated straw.

What longest binds the closest forms secure
The shapely side, that as it rises takes,

By just degrees, an overhanging breadth,
Sheltering the base with its projecting eaves.

Th' uplifted frame, compact at every joint,
And overlaid with clear translucent glass,

He settles next upon the sloping mount.
COWPER.

HOTEL.—Living at an

A man living at an hotel is like a grape
vine in a flower-pot—moveable, carried
around from place, docked at the root and
short at the top. Nowhere can a man get
real root-room, and spread out his branches
till they touch the morning and the evening,
but in his own house.—H. W. BEECHER.

HOURS.—The Consecration of the

The man who consecrates his hours
By vig'rous effort and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and
death ;

He walks with Nature, and her paths are
peace.—DR. E. YOUNG.

HOURS—have Wings.

Hours have wings, and fly up to the Author of Time, and carry news of our usage : all our prayers cannot entreat one of them to return, or slacken his pace.—ZIMMERMAN.

HOUSEHOLD.—A Traitor to the

Any feeling that takes a man away from his home, is a traitor to the household.—H. W. BEECHER.

HOUSES.—The Decoration of

The wealthy and the noble, when they expend large sums in decorating their houses with the rare and costly efforts of genius, — with busts from the chisel of a Canova, and with cartoons from the pencil of a Raphael, are to be commended if they do not stand still *here*, but go on to bestow some pains and cost that the master himself be not inferior to the mansion, and that the owner be not the only thing that is little amid everything that is great.—COLTON.

HOUSES.—The most Preferable

Houses are built to live in, and not to look on ; therefore let use be preferred before uniformity, except where both may be had. Leave the goodly fabrics of houses for beauty only to the enchanted palaces of the poets, who build them with small cost.—LORD BACON.

HOUSES—as Temples.

If men lived like men indeed, their houses would be temples—temples which we should hardly dare to injure, and in which it would make us holy to be permitted to live.—RUSKIN.

HOUSE-WIFE.—A Wife must be a

The Grecians had a custom, that when the new-married wife was brought home to her husband's house, they burnt the axle-tree of the waggon before the doors, to show that she must now dwell there, and not depart thence ; and the Romans had a custom, that when the bride came to the entry of her husband's house, the bridegroom took her by the wings of her gown, and lifted her so high, that she struck her head and the door-post together, and so set her within the doors, to teach her, by the remembrance of that blow, not to go often forth out of her husband's house ; and the Egyptians did give no shoes unto their wives, but suffered them to go barefoot, because they should abide at home. Hence it is that a woman is compared to a snail, that never goes abroad but with her house upon her head.—RHODIGINUS.

HUMANITY.—Good Seed Sown in**Humanity**

Is not a field where tares and thorns alone Are left to spring ; good seed hath there been sown

With no unsparing hand. Sometimes the shoot

Is choked with weeds, or withers on a stone ; But in a kindly soil it strikes its root, And flourisheth, and bringeth forth abundant fruit.—DR. SOUTHHEY.

HUMANITY.—A Lesson of

The night after the Battle of Bassano the moon rose cloudless and brilliant over the sanguinary scene. Napoleon, who seldom exhibited even exhilaration of spirits in the hour of victory, rode, accompanied by his staff, over the plain covered with the bodies of the dying and the dead, and, silent and thoughtful, seemed lost in painful reverie. It was midnight. The confusion and the uproar of the battle had passed away, and the deep silence of the calm starlight night was only disturbed by the moans of the wounded and dying. Suddenly a dog sprang from beneath the cloak of his dead master, and rushed to Napoleon as if frantically imploring his aid, and then rushed back again to the mangled corpse, licking the blood from its face and hands, and howling most piteously. Napoleon was deeply moved by the affecting scene, and turned to his officers, with his hand pointed towards the faithful dog, and said with evident emotion—"There, gentlemen, that dog teaches us a lesson of humanity."—DENTON.

HUMANITY.—The Spring-Tide of

Even as we see the vivifying influence of spring making itself felt throughout creation, as well in the lofty mountains as in the lowest dells, invading the most hidden spots, penetrating the roughest rocks, repeating the miracle of the blossoming of Aaron's rod on myriads and myriads of branches, and spreading beauty and fragrance amidst the dwellings of man, thus will the influence of the spring-tide of humanity be felt throughout the world.—ADLER.

HUMANITY.—Wisdom Tempered with

The most eloquent speaker, the most ingenious writer, and the most accomplished statesman, cannot effect so much as the mere presence of the man who tempers his wisdom and his vigour with humanity.—LAVATER.

HUMAN-KIND.—The Lords of

Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great ;

Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human-kind pass by :
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's
hand,
Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
True to imagined right, above control,
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights
to scan
And learns to venerate himself as man.

GOLDSMITH.

HUMILITY.—The Assumption of

The assumption of the garb of humility, in all its shades, is generally but an expression of a proud mind.—R. CECIL.

HUMILITY—the Corrective for Vainglory.

Epaminondas, that heathen captain, finding himself lifted up in the day of his public triumph, the next day went drooping and hanging down his head ; but being asked what was the reason of his so great dejection, made answer :—"Yesterday I felt myself transported with vainglory, therefore I chastise myself for it to-day."
—PLUTARCH.

HUMILITY—Defined.

Humility is a voluntary acceptance of the place assigned us in the hierarchy of beings, the possession of one's self with a moderation corresponding to our real worth, and which induces us to descend to that even which is beneath our worth.—LACORDAIRE.

HUMILITY.—The End to

The moment humility is spoken of by him that has it, that moment it is gone. It is like those delicate things which dissolve the instant they are touched. You must seek out the violet ; it does not, like the poppy, thrust itself upon your notice. The moment humility tells you—"I am here," there is an end to it.—CUMMING.

HUMILITY—Hard to be Conquered.

Humility, that force so easy to the conqueror, is far from being easy to the conquered. The good opinion of others affords us a measure of our unworthiness ; their contempt, which places us below the level, naturally rouses our self-assertion to restore an equilibrium. When we are quite sure to be contradicted, there is some sweetness in thinking poorly of ourselves, nay, in speaking in that tone ; when we are convinced that no one will dispute the point, we are reluctant to proclaim an inferiority too generally allowed.—GASPARIN.

HUMILITY.—Learning

The last time I saw Dr. Mather was in 1724. On taking my leave, he showed

me a shorter way out of the house by a narrow passage, which was crossed by a beam over-head. We were still talking as I withdrew, he accompanying me behind and I turning towards him, when he said hastily—"Stoop, stoop," I did not understand him till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man who never missed an opportunity of giving instruction ; and upon this he said to me—"You are young, and have the world before you ; *learn to stoop* as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps." This advice, thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me ; and I often think of it when I see pride mortified, and misfortunes brought upon people by their carrying their heads too high.—DR. FRANKLIN.

HUMILITY—with Men of Noble Minds.

Humility ever dwelleth with men of noble minds : it is a flower that prospers not in lean and barren soils ; but in a ground that is rich, it flourishes and is beautiful.—DR. FULLER.

HUMILITY.—The Model of

Christ voluntarily mourned, because mourning humiliates, and He would be humble ; He daily suffered, because suffering subdues the pride of human hearts, and He would teach us to accomplish that conquest. It was the humiliation of a God to take our nature at all ; it was the humiliation of a man to crucify that nature daily. He knew what sages had failed to see, that it was loftiest when lowest ; that as it sank to humbleness it rose in glory. And thus the model of all He taught, Himself "the first-born from the dead." He soared to heaven with a spirit lowly as the grave He left ; thus beats there, at the right hand of the Majesty on high, a human heart—the heart of an enthroned King—more softly subdued to mercy, more meekly patient, than ever sorrowed among the loneliest solitudes of earthly affliction.—W. A. BUTLER.

HUMILITY.—A Notable Example of

I do not know what I may appear to the world ; but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.—SIR I. NEWTON.

HUMILITY—Rare.

Humility is a virtue all preach, none practise, and yet everybody is content to hear.—SELDEN.

HUMILITY—in Religion.

Should any ask me—What is the first thing in religion? I would reply—The first, second, and third thing therein, nay all, is humility.—**ST. AUGUSTINE.**

HUMILITY.—Royal

Louis IX., King of France, was found instructing a poor kitchen-boy; and being asked why he did so, replied—"The meanest person hath a soul as precious as my own, and bought with the same blood of Christ."—**ARVINE.**

HUMILITY.—The Truest

He that places himself neither higher nor lower than he ought to do, exercises the truest humility.—**COLTON.**

HUMMING-BIRD.—The

The humming-bird! the humming-bird!

So fairy-like and bright;

It lives among the sunny flowers,

A creature of delight!

All crimson is her shining breast,

Like to the red, red rose;

Her wing is the changeful green and blue

That the neck of the peacock shows.

Thou happy, happy humming-bird,

No winter round thee lours;

Thou never saw'st a leafless tree,

Nor land without sweet flowers.

A reign of summer joyfulness

To thee for life is given;

Thy food, the honey from the flower,

Thy drink, the dew from heaven!

M. HOWITT.

HUMOUR.—A

When some one peculiar quality

Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw

All his effects, his spirits, and his powers,

In their confluxions all to run one way,

This may be truly said to be a humour.

JONSON.

HUMOUR.—Good

It is the oil and wine of a merry meeting.—**W. IRVING.**

HUMOURIST.—A Description of the

A humourist is a peculiar fantastic, that has a wonderful natural affection to some particular kind of folly, to which he applies himself, and in time becomes eminent.—**S. BUTLER.**

HUNGER.—The Effect of

By a slow decay
Pale hunger wastes the manly strength
away.—**HOMER.**

HUNGER.—A Hope respecting

On being threatened by her persecutors
to have but a little bread one day and a

little water on the next, a poor woman replied:—"If you take away my meat, God, I hope, will take away my hunger!"—**FOXE.**

HUNGER—Insolent.

Necessity demands our daily bread;
Hunger is insolent, and will be fed.

HOMER.

HUNGER.—The Terrors of

Of all the terrors of nature, that of one day or other dying by hunger is the greatest; and it is wisely wove into our frame to awaken man to industry, and call forth his talents; and though we seem to go on carelessly sporting with it as we do with other terrors, yet he that sees this enemy fairly, and in his most frightful shape, will need no long remonstrance to make him turn out of the way to avoid him.—**STERNE.**

HUNGER AND THIRST.

Hunger and thirst are, in truth, senses, although the seat or organ is not easily ascertained. The wants, and desires, and pains accompanying them resemble no other sensations. Like the senses, they are given as monitors and safeguards, at the same time that, like them, they are sources of gratification.—**SIR C. BELL.**

HUNTER.—A Refined

My companion was a Tyrolese chamois-hunter, who, in point of social position, might rank with an English labourer. * * * He had all the independence of a man, but he knew the courtesy which was due to a stranger; and when we parted for the night, he took his leave with a politeness and dignity which would have done no discredit to the most finished gentleman. The reason, as it seemed to me, was that his character had been moulded by the sublimities of the forms of the outward nature amidst which he lived. It was impossible to see the clouds wreathing themselves in that strange wild way of theirs round the mountain crests, till the hills seemed to become awful things, instinct with life—it was impossible to walk, as we did sometimes, an hour or two before sunrise, and see the morning's beams gilding with their pure light the grand old peaks on the opposite side of the valley, while we ourselves were still in deepest shade, and look on that man, his very exterior in harmony with all around him, and his calm eye resting on all that wondrous spectacle, without a feeling that these things had had their part in making him what he was, and that you were in a country in which men were bound to be polished, bound to be more refined, almost bound to be better men than elsewhere.—**F. W. ROBERTSON.**

HUNTING.—The Pleasure of

Merry it is in the good green wood,
 When the mairs and merle are singing,
 When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds
 are in cry,
 And the hunter's horn is ringing.

SIR W. SCOTT.

**HUSBAND.—The Admiration of a Wife
for her**

When Cyrus took the King of Armenia, and his son Tigranes, and their wives and children prisoners, and, upon their humble submission, beyond all hope, gave them their liberty and their lives,—in their return home, as they were all commending Cyrus—some for his personage, some for his power, some for his clemency, Tigranes asked his wife—"What thinkest thou of Cyrus? is he not a comely and proper man, of a majestic presence?" "Truly," said she, "I know not what manner of man he is: I never looked upon him." "Why," said he, "where were thine eyes all the while? upon whom didst thou look?" "I fixed mine eyes," said she, "all the while upon him," (meaning her husband,) "who, in my hearing, offered to Cyrus to lay down his life for my ransom."—BOGATZKY.

**HUSBAND.—The Derivation of the
Word—**

This word is Anglo-Saxon, and signifies the band of the house, or family houseband; as by him the family is formed, united, and bound together, which, on his death, is disunited and scattered. Hence we account for farmers and petty landowners being called, so early as the twelfth century, *husbandi*, as appears in a statute of David II., King of Scotland. This etymology of the word appears plainer in the orthography of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, in which the word is often found written—houseband.—LOARING.

HUSBAND.—The Grief of a Bereaved

Oh! had he in those hours of wretchedness
 Stood up in sternness, with the stoic's
 pride,
 A blow so heavy must have broke his
 heart;
 But in humility he bowed his head,
 And that vast avalanche of grief passed
 down,
 Leaving its streaks of snow amidst his hair,
 And channelled furrows o'er his saddened
 brow.—GIBBS.

**HUSBAND.—The Protection Rendered by
the**

The wife is the husband's treasury, and
 the husband should be the wife's armoury.

In darkness, he should be her sun for direction; in danger, he should be her shield for protection.—W. SECKER.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Husband and wife should be like two candles burning together, which make the house more lightsome; or like two fragrant flowers bound up in one nosegay, that augment its sweetness; or like two well-tuned instruments, which, sounding together, make the more melodious music. Husband and wife, what are they but as two springs meeting, and so joining their streams that they make but one current?—W. SECKER.

HYMNS—of the Ancients.

The hymns or odes of the ancients generally consisted of three sorts of stanzas, one of which was sung by the band as they walked from east to west; another was performed as they returned from west to east; and the third part was sung before the altar.—BUCK.

HYMNS.—The First Composers of

St. Hilary, Bishop of Poitiers, is said to have been the first who composed hymns to be sung in churches, and was followed by St. Ambrose.—BUCK.

HYPERBOLE.—Not Satisfied with

Sprightly natures, full of fire, and whom a boundless imagination carries beyond all rules, and even what is reasonable, cannot rest satisfied even with hyperbole.—LA BRUYÈRE.

HYPERBOLE.—A Specimen of

Let us have done with reproaching one another; for we may throw out so many reproachful words on one another, that a ship of a hundred oars would not be able to carry the load.—HOMER.

HYPOCHONDRIAC.—The Cure of a

A young student at college became so deeply hypochondriac, that he proclaimed himself dead, and ordered the college bell to be tolled on the occasion of his death. In this he was indulged; but the man employed to execute the task appeared to the student to perform it so imperfectly, that he arose from his bed, in a fury of passion, to toll the bell for his own departure. When he had finished, he retired to his bed in a state of profuse perspiration, and was from that moment alive and well.—DR. MEAD.

**HYPOCHONDRIAC.—The Fatal Delusion
of a**

He represented his body so large, that he thought it impossible for him to get out of

the room. The physician, fancying there could be no better way of rectifying his imagination than by letting him see that the thing could be done, ordered him to be carried out by force. Great was the struggle; and the patient no sooner saw himself at the outside of the door, than he fell into the same agonies of pain as if his bones had all been broken by being forced through a passage too little for him, and died immediately after!—FINEUS.

HYPOCRISY.—The Abhorrence of

As a man loves gold, in that proportion he hates to be imposed upon by counterfeits; and in proportion as a man has regard for that which is above price and better than gold, he abhors that hypocrisy which is but its counterfeit.—R. CECIL.

HYPOCRISY.—Admits the Worth of Virtue.

Hypocrisy, detest her as we may—
And no man's hatred ever wronged her yet—

May claim this merit still,—that she admits
The worth of what she mimics with such care,
And thus gives virtue indirect applause.

COWPER.

HYPOCRISY—a Cruel Stepmother.

Hypocrisy is a cruel stepmother, an *injuncta noverca* to the honest, whom she cheats of their birthright, in order to confer it on knaves, to whom she is indeed a mother.—COLTON.

HYPOCRISY—Enjoined.

To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it.—SHAKSPEARE.

HYPOCRISY—an Imitation of Grace.

Art imitates nature, and the nearer it comes to nature in its effects, it is the more excellent. Grace is the new nature of a Christian, and hypocrisy that art that counterfeits it; and the more exquisite it is in imitation, it is the more plausible to men, but the more abominable to God.—DR. SOUTH.

HYPOCRISY.—Little to Learn in

It is easier to pretend to be what you are not, than to hide what you really are; but he that can accomplish both has little to learn in hypocrisy.—COLTON.

HYPOCRITE.—The

Seest thou the man?
A serpent with an angel's voice! a grave
With flowers bestrewed!—R. POLLOK.

HYPOCRITE.—The Base Condition of the

No man's condition is so base as his;
None more accursed than he; for man esteems

He'm hateful 'cause he seems not what he is;

God hates him 'cause he is not what he seems;

What grief is absent, or what mischief can
Be added to the hate of God and man?

F. QUARLES.

HYPOCRITE.—Detestation of the

Who dares think one thing, and another tell,

My heart detests him as the gates of hell!

HOMER.

HYPOCRITE.—An Unsuspected

So smooth he daubed his life with show of virtue,

He lived from all attainder of suspect.

SHAKSPEARE.

HYPOCRITE.—The Worst

Of all hypocrites, the religious is the worst, because that which he professes is infinitely above every thing in which deception can possibly be practised.—DR. DAVIES.

HYPOCRITES.—Religious

Oh, but to such whose faces are all zeal,
And (with the words of Hercules) invade
Such crimes as these! that will not smell
of sin,

But seem as they were made of sanctity!
Religion in their garments, and their hair
Cut shorter than their eyebrows! when the
conscience

Is vaster than the ocean, and devours
More wretches than the counters.—JONSON.

HYPOTHESIS—an Instrument of Knowledge.

An hypothesis is not an improved supposition, to which we give an idle assent; but a means, or instrument, for gaining true knowledge.—L. TAYLOR.

I.

I.—The

The *I* is worthy of hatred when it is principally confined to the person who uses it.—PASCAL.

I AM.

"I Am" is language that has been appropriated exclusively to God.—COLTON.

ICE.—The Palace of

No forest fell,
Imperial mistress of the fur-clad Russ !
When thou wouldst build ; no quarry sent
its stores
T' enrich thy walls : but thou didst hew
the floods,
And make thy marble of the glassy wave !
Silently as a dream the fabric rose ;
No sound of hammer or of saw was there :
Ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts
Were soon conjoined ; nor other cement
ask'd

Than water interfused to make them one.
Lamps gracefully disposed, and of all hues,
Illumined every side : a wat'ry light
Gleam'd through the clear transparency,
that seem'd

Another moon new-risen, or meteor fall'n
From heaven to earth, of harmless flame
serene.

So stood the brittle prodigy ; though
smooth

And slippery the materials, yet frost-bound
Firm as a rock. Nor wanted aught within
That royal residence might well befit
For grandeur or for use. Long wavy
wreaths

Of flowers, that fear'd no enemy but
warmth,

Blush'd on the panels. Mirror needed none
Where all was glassy ; but in order due
Convivial table and commodious seat
(What seem'd at least commodious seat)
were there,

Sofa, and couch, and high-built throne
august,

The same lubricity was found in all,
And all was moist to the warm touch ; a
scene

Of evanescent glory, once a stream,
And soon to slide into a stream again !

COWPER.

ICE.—Pleasure on the

A group of school-boys on the surface of
a frozen pond or lake, is a most animated
and interesting spectacle. There is so much
evidence of real enjoyment in the motions,
the accents, and the countenances of the
various individuals who compose it, whether
they glide along the ice on skates, or by
means of the more humble instrumentality
of wooden shoes, fenced with iron, or of a
staff, armed with a pike, that a spectator,
accustomed to reflection, cannot fail to
recognize, in the happiness which prevails
around him, an evidence of a benevolent
Creator.—DUNCAN.

ICICLES—Described.

Nature's pendants, manufactured from
gems of the purest water.—MRS. BAL-
FOUR.

IDEA.—An

Whatever the mind perceives in itself,
or is the immediate object of perception,
thought, or understanding, that I call an
idea.—LOCKE.

IDEA.—The Fall of

How infinite the fall of this word since
the time when Milton sang of the Creator
contemplating His newly-created world—

“How it showed,
Answering His great *idea*—”

to its present use, when this person “has
an *idea* that the train has started,” and the
other “had no *idea* that the dinner would
be so bad !”—ABP. TRENCH.

IDEA.—A Man of One

What is a man of one idea ? Why he is
a man in whom an idea takes possession of
his skull, and of both hemispheres of his
brain ; of the frontal region, the back re-
gion, and the lateral region : and the idea
walks up and down in his brain, from hem-
isphere to hemisphere, from convolution
to convolution ; and thus the man is literally
a man of one idea. And when the one
idea is, that knowledge shall be everywhere
and ignorance nowhere, liberty everywhere
and slavery nowhere—when that one idea
is, that truth shall be everywhere and false-
hood nowhere, love everywhere and hatred
nowhere, concord everywhere and discord
nowhere, Christ everywhere and Satan no-
where on the earth at all,—that is a grand
idea.—DR. BEAUMONT.

IDEA.—A Moral

A moral idea is in itself an idea conform-
able to moral truth. It is an idea of purity,
peace, power, justice, and love. It is an
idea which unites man to God and God to
man.—DR. VINET.

IDEAL.—The Attainment of the

The ideal is to be attained by selecting
and assembling in one whole the beauties
and perfections which are usually seen in
different individuals, excluding everything
defective or unseemly, so as to form a type
or model of the species. Thus, the Apollo
Belvedere is the idea of the beauty and
proportion of the human frame.—C. FLEM-
ING.

IDEAL.—The Evil of Wanting the

Believe me, the man who has never met
with the ideal has a dull eye and a wrinkled
brow. He stoops over the narrow furrow,
watered drop by drop by his sweat and his
tears ; he grows old before the time ; his
hands let fall, before the evening comes, the
implements that have become too heavy.—
GASPARIN.

IDEALISM.—A Precious

Precious beyond rubies is the idealism which can invest with celestial dignity the earthly avocation, and which, even when the hands are engaged in downright drudgery, can fill the mind with noble thoughts, and carry you through the daily task as a son or daughter of the King.—**DR. J. HAMILTON.**

IDEALITY.—Defined.

A lively imagination, united to a love of the beautiful, forming, in its higher exercises, one of the chief constituents of creative genius in poetry and the fine arts.—**DR. WEBSTER.**

IDENTITY.—Defined.

Identity is a relation between our cognitions of a thing, not between things themselves.—**SIR. W. HAMILTON.**

IDENTITY.—Personal

The conviction or consciousness of personal identity, or of continued sameness, from the commencement to the end of life, is conveyed by memory. A man, though he loses by disease all recollection of his early years, does not cease to be the same person, albeit he is ignorant of being so. We grant that to be identically the same, through a long course of years, which has undergone none but gradual and partial changes. It is thus that the human body, in its course from infancy to age, is thought of as identically the same.—**I. TAYLOR.**

IDIOM.—The Signification of

The word—"idiom" is derived from the Greek, and properly signifies a thing or habit peculiar to one person or set of persons, and forming an exception to general rules. Our usage of the term has confined its meaning in English to matters of language. When we speak of an idiom, we mean some saying, or some way of speaking, peculiar to some one language or family of languages, which can only be accounted for by the peculiar tendency, or habit of thought, of those who use it. When we say that a phrase is *idiomatic*, we mean that it bears this character.—**DEAN ALFORD.**

IDIOMS.—The Use of

Some with care true eloquence shall teach,
And to just idioms fix our doubtful speech.
PRIOR.

IDIOSYNCRASY.—Acquaintance with our

It is a very wise rule in the conduct of the understanding, to acquire early a correct notion of your own peculiar consti-

tution of mind, and to become well acquainted, as a physician would say, with your *idiosyncrasy*. Are you an acute man, and see sharply for small distances? or are you a comprehensive man, and able to take in wide and extensive views into your mind? Does your mind turn its ideas into wit? or are you apt to take a common-sense view of the objects presented to you? Have you an exuberant imagination or a correct judgment? Are you quick, or slow? accurate, or hasty? a great reader or a great thinker? It is a prodigious point gained if any man can find out where his powers lie, and what are his deficiencies,—if he can contrive to ascertain what Nature intended him for.—**S. SMITH**

IDIOT.—The Law respecting an

A person who has understanding enough to measure a yard of cloth, number twenty correctly, tell the days of the week, etc., is not an idiot in the eye of the law.—**GREY.**

IDLE.—Advice to be

There is one piece of advice in a life of study, which I think no one will object to, and that is—every now and then to be completely idle,—to do nothing at all.—**S. SMITH.**

IDLE.—The Business of the

Whereas Satan's greatest business is to tempt other men, the idle man's business is to tempt Satan.—**SANDERSON.**

IDLE.—The Tax Levied by the

The idle levy a very heavy tax upon the industrious when, by frivolous visitations, they rob them of their time. Such persons beg their daily happiness from door to door, as beggars their daily bread, and, like them, sometimes meet with rebuffs.—**COLTON.**

IDLENESS—an Active Cause of Evil.

From its very inaction, idleness ultimately becomes the most active cause of evil; as a palsy is more to be dreaded than a fever.—**COLTON.**

IDLENESS.—Despair in

In idleness there is perpetual despair.—**CARLYLE.**

IDLENESS.—The Evil of

Idleness is the key of beggary, and the root of all evil.—**SPURGEON.**

IDLENESS—produces Melancholy.

If idleness do not produce vice or malevolence, it commonly produces melancholy.—**S. SMITH.**

IDLENESS.—The Nature of

Idleness is the mother of unquietness, disorder, and curiosity; sacrilegious in religion, dangerous in science, damnable as to future things, seditious in affairs of state, contrary to the quiet of families, and shameful and infamous to those who are possessed with it.—SIR J. BEAUMONT.

IDLENESS.—The Triumph of

It is a mistake to imagine that only the violent passions, such as ambition and love, can triumph over the rest. Idleness, languid as she is, often masters them all; she indeed influences all our designs and actions, and insensibly consumes and destroys both passions and virtues.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

IDOLATRY.—Easy and Pleasant.

We easily fall into idolatry; for we are inclined thereto by nature, and, coming to us by inheritance, it seems pleasant.—LUTHER.

IDOLATRY.—The Origin of

Idolatry has its origin in the human heart. Men love sin, and do not want to be reformed for it; therefore they form for themselves a god that will not reprove them.—J. H. EVANS.

IDOLATRY.—Temples of

Before the preaching of the Gospel of Christ, no church existed in Great Britain, but the temple of an idol; no priesthood but that of Paganism; no God but the sun, the moon, or some hideous image. To the cruel rites of the Druidical worship succeeded the abominations of the Roman idolatry. In Scotland stood the temple of Mars; in Cornwall the temple of Mercury; in Bangor, the temple of Minerva; at Malden, the temple of Victoria; in Bath, the temple of Apollo; at Leicester, the temple of Janus; at York, where St. Peter's now stands, the temple of Bellona; in London, on the site of St. Paul's Cathedral, the temple of Diana; and at Westminster, where the Abbey rears its venerable pile, a temple of Apollo.—PLAUFERE.

IDOLATRY.—Unconquerable.

Idolatry is one of the most unconquerable of all the corrupt propensities of the human soul. Miracles under the new dispensation had scarcely ceased, the apostolic fathers were scarcely cold in their graves, before idolatrous forms were again superinduced upon the pure spirituality of the Holy Gospel.—WALKER

IF.—Man's

Man's *if* is God's determination.—DR. DAVIES.

IFS.—A Hedge of

The field of possibility is beset round with a hedge of thorny *ifs*.—FOSTER.

IGNORANCE.—Audacious.

Where timorous knowledge stands considering,
Audacious ignorance hath done the deed.
DANIEL.

IGNORANCE.—a Calamity.

There is no calamity like ignorance.—RICHTER.

IGNORANCE.—Contentions Flow from

I believe that it is from our ignorance that our contentions flow; we debate with strife and with wrath, with bickering and with hatred; but of the thing debated *upon* we remain in the profoundest ignorance. Like the labourers of Babel, while we endeavour in vain to express our meaning to each other, the fabric by which, for a common end, we would have ascended to heaven from the ills of earth, remains for ever unadvanced and incomplete.—LYTTON.

IGNORANCE.—Deprecating

When the Duchess of Modena was complained to that her son had too many branches to learn at one time, and that his health was suffering from the excessive labour, she calmly replied—"It were better for me to have no son than to have an ignorant son."—HUTCHINSON.

IGNORANCE.—The Effect of

Gross ignorance produces a dogmatic spirit. He who knows nothing thinks that he can teach others what he has himself just been learning.—LA BRUYÈRE.

IGNORANCE.—The Guilt of

He that voluntarily continues ignorant, is guilty of all the crimes which ignorance produces: as to him that should extinguish the tapers of a lighthouse might justly be imputed the calamities of shipwrecks.—DR. JOHNSON.

IGNORANCE.—The Tenacity of

It must be a general fact, at all times, that gross ignorance more tenaciously adheres to a custom once adopted, because it respects that custom as an ultimate rule, and does not discern cases of exception by appealing to any higher rule upon which the first is found.—S. SMITH.

ILL.—The Fear of

The fear of ill exceeds the ill we bear ;
For thus expected harms oft most among
us.—TASSO.

ILL-BREEDING—Defined.

Ill-breeding is not a single defect, it is the result of many. It is sometimes a gross ignorance of decorum, or a stupid indolence, which prevents us from giving to others what is due to them. It is a peevish malignity which inclines us to oppose the inclinations of those with whom we converse. It is the consequence of a foolish vanity, which hath no complaisance for any other person ; the effect of a proud and whimsical humour, which soars above all the rules of civility ; or lastly, it is produced by a melancholy turn of mind, which pampers itself with a rude and disobliging behaviour.—BELLEGARDE.

ILL-FORTUNE.—The Knowledge of

Who hath not known ill-fortune, never knew
Himself, or his own virtue.—MALLET.

ILL-HUMOUR—Defined.

Ill-humour is nothing more than an inward feeling of our own want of merit, a dissatisfaction with ourselves, which is always united with an envy that foolish vanity excites.—GOETHE.

ILLNESS.—Consolations for

There is an excitement in the consciousness of the glorious possession of unshaken health and matured strength, which hurries us on to the road of that selfish enjoyment which we are proud of our privilege to command. The passions of the soul are often winged by our capacities, and are fed from the same sources that keep the beating of the heart strong, and the step haughty upon the earth. Thus when the frame grows slack, and the race of the strong can be run no more, the mind falls gently back upon itself—it releases its garments from the grasp of the passions, which have lost their charm—intellectual objects become more precious, and no longer sufficing to be a world to ourselves, we contract the soft habit of leaning our affections upon others ; the ties round our heart are felt with a more close endearment, and every little tenderness we receive from the love of those about us, teaches us the value of love. And this is therefore among the consolations of illness, that we are more susceptible to all the kinder emotions, and that we drink a deeper and sweeter pleasure from the attachment of our friends.—BOLINGBROKE.

ILLNESS.—The Effect of

Illness must inevitably make worse those whom it does not make better.—DR. VINE.

ILLUSTRATION—not Forced.

For illustration, choose what theme we may,
And chiefly when Religion leads the way,
Should flow like waters after summer
showers,
Not as if raised by mere mechanic powers.
COWPER.

ILLUSTRATION AND RHETORIC.

The reason of things lies in a narrow compass, if the mind could at any time be so happy as to light upon it. Most of the writings and discourses in the world are but illustration and rhetoric, which signifies as much as nothing to a mind in pursuit after the philosophical truth of things.—DR. SOUTH.

IMAGES.—Home

God has not borrowed these images—father, children, home. It is heaven that lends to earth, not earth to heaven. Heaven but reclaims its own when it takes these images, and applies them again to heavenly use.—J. B. BROWN.

IMAGINATION.—The Cultivation of the

An early and partial cultivation of this faculty is an evil pregnant with so much mischief that it cannot be too severely deprecated. To it are we indebted for those thousand extravagancies in opinion and in conduct, which extort the pity of the wise and the censures of the severe. To it we owe the motley absurdities which, under the name of novels, deprave the taste and corrupt the affections of the youthful heart ; and in the early incitement that is given to the imagination, while the judgment is suffered to lie dormant, we see the reason why such books are read with avidity and delight. A predilection for the wild and extravagant must be the inevitable consequence of introducing trains of thought, made up of unnatural combinations, at a period when the mind has obtained few accurate ideas, and the judgment has been but little exercised.—MRS. HAMILTON.

IMAGINATION—Defined.

Imagination is that faculty by which, from materials already existing in the mind, we form complicated conceptions or mental images, according to our own will.—PROF. WAYLAND.

IMAGINATION.—Obliged to the

You are obliged to your imagination for more than three-fourths of your importance.—GARRICK.

IMAGINATION.—The Pleasures of

As we ought not to make the gratification of our external senses the main end of life, so neither ought we to indulge our taste for the more refined pleasures, those called the pleasures of imagination, without some bounds. The cultivation of a taste for propriety, beauty, and sublimity, in objects natural or artificial, particularly for the pleasures of music, painting, and poetry, is very proper in younger life; as it serves to draw off the attention from gross animal gratifications, and to bring us a step farther into intellectual life, so as to lay a foundation for higher attainments. But if we stop here and devote our whole time and all our faculties to these objects, we shall certainly fall short of the proper end of life.—PRIESTLEY.

IMAGINATION.—The Power of the

Imagination rules the world.—NAPOLEON I.

When the real world is shut out, it can create a world for itself, and with a necromantic power can conjure up glorious shapes, and forms, and brilliant visions, to make solitude populous, and irradiate the gloom of a dungeon.—W. IRVING.

IMAGINATION.—Tricks of the

Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy,
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

SHAKESPEARE.

IMAGINATION.—A Vile

A vile imagination, once indulged, gets the key of our minds, and can get in again very easily, whether we will or no, and can so return as to bring seven other spirits with it more wicked than itself; and what may follow, no one knows.—SPURGEON.

IMITATION.—of Defects.

Alexander had enough to imitate him in his drunkenness and his passion, who never intended to be like him either in his chastity, or his justice to his enemies, and his liberality to his friends. And it is reported of Plato, that, being crooked shouldered, his scholars, who so much admired him, would endeavour to be like him, by bolstering out their garments on that side, that so they might appear crooked too. It is

probable that many of these found it easier to imitate Plato's shoulders than his philosophy, and to stuff out their gowns than to furnish their understandings, or improve their minds.—DR. SOUTH.

IMITATION.—The Flattery of

Imitation is the sincerest of flattery.—COLTON.

IMITATION.—The Result of

Imitation leads us to leave natural ways to enter into artificial ones; it therefore makes slaves.—DR. VINET.

IMITATORS.—The Race of

Imitators are a servile race.—FONTAINE.

IMMORTALITY.—The Belief of

The belief of immortality is impressed upon all men, and all men act under an impression of it, however they may talk, and though, perhaps, they may be scarcely sensible of it.—DR. JOHNSON.

IMMORTALITY.—The Condition of

If man had not been united to God, he could not have been a partaker of immortality.—IRENÆUS.

IMMORTALITY.—The Consciousness of

In childhood the consciousness of immortal life buds forth feeble though full of promise. In the man it unfolds its fragrant petals—his most celestial flower—to mature its seed throughout eternity.—T. PARKER.

IMMORTALITY.—Internal Evidence of

Who reads his bosom reads immortal life;
Or Nature there, imposing on her sons,
Has written fables; man was made a lie!

DR. E. YOUNG.

IMMORTALITY.—Seekers after

As all people feel that they must die, each seeks immortality on earth, that he may be had in everlasting remembrance. Some great princes and kings seek it by raising great columns of stone, and high pyramids, great churches, costly and glorious palaces, castles, etc. Soldiers hunt after praise and honour, by obtaining famous victories. The learned seek an undying name by writing books. With these, and such like things, people think to be immortal.—LUTHER.

IMMORTALITY.—The Song of our

Oh, listen, man!

A voice within us speaks those startling words—
“Man, thou shalt never die!” Celestial voices

Hymn it into our souls : according harps,
By angel fingers touched, when the mild
stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality :
Thick-clustering orbs, and this our fair
domain,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-
toned seas,
Join in this solemn universal song !
Oh, listen, ye our spirits ! Drink it in
From all the air. 'Tis in the gentle moon-
light ;
'Tis floating 'midst day's setting glories ;
night,
Wrapp'd in her sable robe, with silent step
Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our
ears :
Night and the dawn, bright day and
thoughtful eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast mystic instrument, are touched
By an unseen, living hand, and conscious
chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee !
The dying hear it, and, as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing
souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony !

R. H. DANA.

IMMORTALITY.—We Wish for

The thought of annihilation is horrible ;
even to conceive it is almost impossible.
The wish is a kind of argument : it is not
likely that God would have given all men
such a feeling, if He had not meant to
gratify it. Every natural longing has its
natural satisfaction. If we thirst, God has
created liquids to gratify thirst. If we are
susceptible of attachment, there are beings
to gratify that love. If we thirst for life
and love eternal, it is likely that there are
an eternal life and an eternal love to satisfy
that craving.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

IMPARTIALITY.—The Action of

Impartiality strips the mind of prejudices
and passion.—DR. SOUTH.

Impartiality holds the scales of justice
with a firm and even hand.—E. DAVIES.

IMPATIENCE.—The Nature of

Impatience is not to feel the weight of
suffering, but to attempt to throw it off ;
not to be bowed down, but to rebel ;* not
to be cut to the heart with anguish, but
not "out of the deep to call upon God."
Impatience is not mutely to shrink from
suffering, but to toss feverishly, forgetting
God.—DR. PUSEY.

IMPATIENCE.—Swelling with
With huge impatience he inly swelt,
More for great sorrow that he could not
pass,
Than for the burning torrent which he felt.
SPENSER.

**IMPERFECTION.—An Acknowledgment
of**

I am not what I *ought* to be ! Ah ! how
imperfect and deficient ! I am not what I
wish to be ! I abhor that which is evil,
and I would cleave to what is good ! I
am not what I *hope* to be ! Soon, soon,
I shall put off mortality, and with mor-
tality all sin and imperfection ! Yet, though
I am not what I ought to be, nor what I
wish to be, nor what I hope to be, I can
truly say I am not what I once was, a slave
to sin and Satan ; and I can heartily join
with the apostle, and acknowledge—"By
the grace of God, I am what I am !"—J.
NEWTON.

**IMPERFECTIONS.—Unwillingness re-
garding**

Men are more unwilling to have their
imperfections known than their crimes.—
CHESTERFIELD.

IMPERTINENCE—to be Avoided.

We should avoid the impertinence of
persons who pedantically affect to talk in a
language not to be understood.—DEAN
SWIFT.

IMPERTINENCE.—The Intermeddling of

Impertinence will intermeddle in things
in which it has no concern, showing a want
of breeding, or, more commonly, a spirit
of sheer impudence.—CRABBE.

IMPORTANCE.—Airs of

He who gives himself airs of importance,
exhibits the credentials of impotence.—
LAVATER.

IMPORTANCE.—Personal

Thine own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things
below.—POPE.

IMPORTUNITY.—The Power of

Many a hostile person has been over-
come by importunity ; many a court has
yielded to its authority ; and even Heaven
has at length bowed to its influence.—DR.
DAVIES.

IMPOSSIBILITIES.—Desired.

One great difference between a wise man
and a fool is—the former only wishes for
what he may possibly obtain, the latter
desires impossibilities.—DEMOCRITUS.

IMPOSSIBILITY.—Fortunate

An Italian, who was very poor, and very much addicted to play, used to apostrophise Fortune thus:—"Treacherous goddess! thou canst make me lose, but thou canst not make me pay."—MENAGE.

IMPOSSIBLE.—The Word—

Impossible! That word is not French. I know no such word.—NAPOLÉON I.

IMPRESSION.—The First

Wise men neither fall in love, nor take a dislike at first sight; but still the impression is always a great thing even with them.—SPURGEON.

IMPRESSIONS.—Distant

Any satisfaction we have recently enjoyed, and of which the memory is fresh and perfect, operates on the will with more violence than another of which the traces are decayed and obliterated. Contiguity in time and place has an amazing effect upon the passions. An enormous globe of fire, which fell at Pekin, would not excite half the interest which the most trifling phenomenon could give birth to nearer home. I am persuaded many men might be picked out of the streets, who, for a thousand guineas paid down, would consent to submit to a very cruel death in fifteen years from the time of receiving the money.—S. SMITH.

IMPRISONMENT.—The Effect of

His sinews were waxed weak and raw
Through long imprisonment and hard constraint.—SPENSER.

IMPROVEMENT.—Disgusted with the Task of

Some men get early disgusted with the task of improvement, and the cultivation of the mind, from some excesses which they have committed, and mistakes into which they have been betrayed, at the beginning of life. They abuse the whole art of navigation because they have stuck upon a shoal; whereas, the business is—to re-fit, career, and set out a second time. The navigation is very difficult: few of us get through it at first without some rubs and losses, which the world are always ready to forgive, where they are honestly confessed, and diligently repaired.—S. SMITH.

IMPROVEMENT.—Rare.

People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy after.—GOLDSMITH.

IMPROVEMENT.—Religious

Two things are of special assistance in religious improvement: namely—firmness

*in withdrawing ourselves from all evil to which our natural inclination may lead us, and earnestness in striving after those excellences of character in which we may perceive ourselves to be deficient.—KEMPIS.

IMPRUDENCE.—The Evils of

Imprudence betrays a man into every headlong measure; and lays up abundant materials for sore mortification and repentance; producing multiplied evils which must be regretted, but never can be repaired.—DR. DWIGHT.

IMPUDENCE.—no Virtue.

Impudence is no virtue, yet able to beggar them all; being for the most part in good plight, when the rest starve, and capable of carrying her followers up to the highest preferments; as useful in a court as armour in a camp.—F. OSBORNE.

IMPUDENCE.—The Want of

For bold knaves thrive without a grain of sense,
But good men starve for want of impudence.—DRYDEN.

IMPULSE.—Acting from

Since the generality of persons act from impulse rather than from principle, men are neither so good nor so bad as we are apt to think them.—ADN. HARE.

A person who acts from impulse rather than from reason, will often commit blunders which may not only cause him many bitter reflections, but throw their damaging influences along the whole course of his earthly life.—DR. DAVIES.

IMPUTATIONS.—Guarding against

Let us be careful to guard ourselves against all the groundless imputations of our enemies, and to rise above them.—ADDISON.

INABILITY.—not the Cause of Error.

It is not from inability that men err in practice.—DR. BLAIR.

INABILITY.—Moral

Moral inability aggravates our guilt.—SIR W. SCOTT.

INACTION.—The Evil of

The ever-working Deity created man for action, and made his success in life to depend upon his personal effort; hence inaction is opposed alike to God's design and man's prosperity.—E. DAVIES.

INACTION.—Political

To lie by in timid and indolent silence, —to *suppose* an inflexibility, in which no court ever could, under pressing circumstances, persevere, —and to neglect a regular and vigorous appeal to public opinion, is to give up all chance of doing good, and to abandon the only instrument by which the few are ever prevented from ruining the many.—S. SMITH.

INACTIVITY—of the Commons.

The Commons, faithful to their system, remained in a wise and masterly inactivity.—MACKINTOSH.

INACTIVITY—Extolled.

Extolled for standing still,
Or doing nothing with a deal of skill.

COWPER.

INATTENTION.—Habits of

In most cases, our habits of inattention may be traced to a want of curiosity ; and therefore such habits are to be corrected—not by endeavouring to force the attention in particular instances, but by gradually learning to place the ideas which we wish to remember in an interesting point of view.—D. STEWART.

INCIVILITIES.—Things Called

Uncomely jests, loud talking and jeering, in civil account, are called incivilities.—BP. TAYLOR.

INCIVILITY.—A Barbarous

It is a barbarous incivility scurrilously to sport with what others count religion.—ABP. TILLOTSON.

INCLINATION.—The Same

Men of all ages have the same inclinations, over which reason exercises no control. Thus, wherever men are found, there are the same follies.—FONTENELLE.

INCOME.—Expenses in Connection with an

He is rich whose income is more than his expenses ; and he is poor whose expenses exceed his income.—LA BRUYERE.

INCOME.—Living Within our

Live within your income. Always have something saved at the end of the year. Let your imports be more than your exports, and you'll never go far wrong.—DR. JOHNSON.

INCOMES.—Small and Large

Our incomes are like our shoes ; if too small, they gall and pinch us ; but if too large, they cause us to stumble and to trip. COLTON.

INCONSISTENCY.—The Effects of

There is no favourite child of nature who may hold the fire-ball in the hollow of his hand and trifle with it without being burnt ; there is no selected child of grace who can live an irregular life without unrest ; or be proud, and at the same time have peace ; or indolent, and receive fresh inspiration ; or remain unloving and cold, and yet see, and hear, and feel the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him —F. W. ROBERTSON.

INCONSISTENT.—Proofs of being

A man is strictly and properly inconsistent whose opinions and practices are at *any one time* at variance with each other ; in short, who holds *at once* a proposition and its contradictory, that is—who incurs a great expense in feasting or equipage with a view to the display of carelessness about money, yet exposes himself to ridicule through stinginess in the conduct of those very things ; who censures and abhors intolerance, yet practises it towards others ; who preaches and believes the truth and the importance of revealed religion, yet acts as if it were a string of nursery fables, etc.—ABP. WHATELY.

INCONSTANCY.—The Effect of

Nothing—that is not a real crime—makes a man appear so contemptible and little in the eyes of the world as inconstancy.—ADDISON.

INCONSTANCY—a Universal Disease.

Inconstancy's the plague that first or last
Paints the whole sex,—the catching court
disease.—OTWAY.

INCREDULITY.—The Folly of

Incredulity is not wisdom, but the worst kind of folly, because it causes ignorance and mistake, with all the consequences of these ; and it is exceedingly bad, as being accompanied with disingenuity, obstinacy, rudeness, uncharitableness, and the like evil dispositions, from which credulity itself, the other extreme of folly, is exempt.—DR. BARROW.

INCREDULOUS.—The Credulousness of the

The incredulous are the most credulous. They believe the miracles of Vespasian in order not to believe the miracles of Moses ! —PASCAL.

INDECISION—an Accomplish.

Indecision is the natural accomplice of violence.—BURKE.

INDECISION.—A Difficulty respecting

It is not easy to determine whether indecision brings more unhappiness or contempt on man.—LA BRUYERE.

INDEPENDENCE.—The Character of

This is often but a want of sympathy with others.—LYTTON.

INDEPENDENCE.—Checked.

If any man can do without the world, it is certain the world can do quite as well without him.—HAZLITT.

INDEPENDENCE.—a Rocky Island.

Independence, like honour, is a rocky island, without a beach.—NAPOLEON I.

INDEPENDENT.—The Privilege of being

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by ev'ry wile
That 's justified by honour;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.—R. BURNS.

INDEX.—The Utility of an

An index is a necessary implement, and no impediment of a book, except in the same sense wherein the carriages of an army are termed *impedimenta*. Without this, a large author is but a labyrinth without a clue to direct the reader therein. I confess there is a lazy kind of learning which is only indical; when scholars, like adders, which only bite the horse-heels, nibble but at the tables, which are *calces librorum*, neglecting the body of the book. But, though the idle deserve no crutches, pity it is the weary should be denied the benefit thereof, and industrious scholars prohibited the accommodation of an index, most used by those who most pretend to condemn it.—DR. FULLER.

INDIFFERENCE.—Man not Made for

Man is not made for indifference; doubtless he can feel neither hate nor love for things that are completely foreign to him, and towards which no circumstance directs his attention; but all that touches him nearly, all that may have an influence upon his fate, or even all that he sees excite general interest, becomes to him an object of some feeling or other.—DR. VINET.

INDIFFERENCES.—not Valued.

The Apostles valued not indifferences at all: and those things it is evident they accounted such, which, whether men did them or not, was not of concernment to salva-

tion. And what reason is there why men should be so strictly tied up to such things, which they may do or let alone, and yet be very good Christians still?—BR. STILLING-FLEET.

INDIGNATION.—the Explosion of the Soul.

Indignation is a grand thing; it is the explosion of the soul's most noble instinct. If the fountain gushes impetuously, the source remains the more limpid and wholesome.—DR. VINET.

INDIGNITY.—The Endurance of an

An indignity endured with prudence has often served as a stepping-stone to the highest honours.—RACINE.

INDIVIDUALITY.—is Humanity.

Individuality is humanity, is life. He who has no individual life does not really live, and only offers to our deluded eyes the *simulacrum* of a human being.—DR. VINET.

INDIVIDUALITY.—the Root of Good.

Individuality is everywhere to be spared and respected as the root of everything good.—RICHTER.

INDOLENCE.—Defined.

Indolence is the sleep of the spirit.—VAUVENARGUES.

INDOLENCE.—Mental

Men reflect little, read negligently, judge with precipitation, and receive opinions exactly as they do money, because they are current.—FENNELL.

INDOLENCE.—The Sin of

If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer—pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No; I shall say—*indolence*. He who conquers *indolence* will conquer almost everything.—LAVATER.

INDULGENCE.—A Wise and Rational

Those young people will turn out to be the best men, who have been guarded most effectually in their childhood from every species of useless vexation, and experienced, in the greatest degree, the blessings of a wise and rational indulgence.—S. SMITH.

INDULGENCIES.—Gracious

If all these gracious indulgencies are without effect on us, we must perish in our folly.—PROF. ROGERS.

INDUSTRY.—The Advantages of

Is not the field, with lively culture green,
A sight more joyous than the dead morass?
Do not the skies with active ether clean,
And fann'd by sprightly zephyrs, far sur-
pass
The foul November fogs, and slumbrous
mass
With which sad Nature veils her drooping
face?
Does not the mountain stream as clear as
glass,
Gay-dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace?
The same in all holds true, but chief in
human race.—J. THOMSON.

INDUSTRY.—Honoured.

I spent no time in taverns, games, or
frolics of any kind; and my industry in
my business continued as indefatigable
as it was necessary. I was indebted for
my printing-house; I had a young family
coming on to be educated; and I had two
competitors to contend with for business,
who were established in the place before
me. My circumstances, however, grew
daily easier. My original habits of frugality
continuing, and my father having, among
his instructions to me when a boy, frequently
repeated a proverb of Solomon—"Seest
thou a man diligent in his business? he
shall stand before kings;" I thence con-
sidered industry as a means of obtaining
wealth and distinction; which encouraged
me, though I did not think that I should
ever literally stand before kings;—which,
however, has since happened; for I have
stood before five, and even had the honour
of sitting down with one, the King of
Denmark, to dinner.—DR. FRANKLIN.

INDUSTRY.—Indebtedness to

Mankind are more indebted to industry
than ingenuity; the gods set up their favours
at a price, and industry is the purchaser.—
ADDISON.

INDUSTRY.—a Quality and a Genius.

It is the distinguishing quality of our
nation, the pervading genius of our riches,
our grandeur, and our power.—LYTTON.

INDUSTRY.—The Reward of

Industry—
To meditate, to plan, resolve, perform,
Which in itself is good—as surely brings
Reward of good, no matter what be done.
R. POLLOK.

INDUSTRY.—The Support of

In every rank, or great or small,
'Tis industry supports us all.—GAY.

INDUSTRY—a Test of Nobility.

The test of Nature's nobility is in indus-
try.—ERLE.

INEQUALITY.—Proof of

So far is it from being true that men are
naturally equal, that no two people can be
half an hour together, but one shall acquire
an evident superiority over the other.—DR.
JOHNSON.

INERTIA.—The Nature of

Inertia is unquestionably a property of
mind as well as of matter.—BOYD.

INFALLIBILITY.—The Church's

As the whole multitude of the faithful
is the Church formally, and the general
Council is the Church representatively, so
the Pope also is the Church virtually, as
sustaining the person of all, and having the
power, virtue, and authority of all, both the
formal and representative Church; and so
the Church's or Council's judgment is the
Pope's judgment; and the Church's or
Council's infallibility is, in plain speech, the
Pope's infallibility.—BOZIUS.

INFALLIBILITY.—The Pope's

The Pope's infallibility is neither more nor
less than the fallibility of imperfect human-
ity.—CRAKANTHORPE.

INFALLIBLE.—God alone

The Fount of all wisdom and truth is
entirely and absolutely exempt from liability
to mistake: hence He only is infallible.—
E. DAVIES.

INFAMY.—The Adhesiveness of

If thou art a mud wall, infamy will stick;
if marble, it will rebound.—J. QUARLES.

INFAMY.—The Treatment of

If thou storn at it, 'tis thine; if thou
contemn it, 'tis his.—J. QUARLES.

INFANT.—The Appearance of a Dead

On a snow-white couch,
Wrapped in the pure habiliments of death,
Was laid an infant. Like a form of wax
It was, so fair, even to transparency,
And beautifully moulded. But the lips
Were livid, and the eyes closed heavily
In the eternal sleep.—PIERSON.

INFANT.—The Beauty of an

It lay upon its mother's breast, a thing
Bright as a dewdrop when it first descends.
Or as the plumage of an angel's wing,
Where every tint of rainbow beauty blends.
WELBY

INFANT.—The Birth and Bliss of an
 A being of eternal date commenced,
 A young immortal then was born ! and who
 Shall tell what strange variety of bliss
 Burst on the infant soul, when first it looked
 Abroad on God's creation fair, and saw
 The glorious earth, and glorious heaven,
 and face
 Of man sublime ! and saw all new, and
 felt
 All new ! when thought awoke, thought
 never more
 To sleep ! when first it saw, heard, reasoned,
 willed,
 And triumphed in the warmth of conscious
 life !—R. POLLOCK.

INFANT.—The Power of an
 Who among you can look into an infant's
 face, and not see a power in it mightier
 than all the armies of Attila or Napoleon ?
 —ADN. HARE.

INFANT.—A Sleeping
 Art thou a thing of mortal birth,
 Whose happy home is on our earth ?
 Does human blood with life imbue
 Those wandering veins of heavenly blue
 That stray along thy forehead fair,
 Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair ?
 Oh ! can that light and airy breath
 Steal from a being doomed to death ?
 Those features to the grave be sent
 In sleep thus mutely eloquent ?
 Or art thou what thy form would seem,
 The phantom of a blessed dream ?
 Oh ! that my spirit's eye could see
 Whence bursts those gleams of ecstasy !
 That light of dreaming soul appears
 To play from thoughts above thy years.
 Thou smil'st as if thy soul were soaring
 To heaven, and heaven's God adoring ;
 And who can tell what visions high
 May bless an infant's sleeping eye.
 J. WILSON.

INFANT.—Waking an
 While we stood there dumb,
 The light upon his eyelids prick'd them
 wide,
 And staring out at us with all their blue,
 As half perplex'd between the angel-hood
 He had been away to visit in his sleep,
 And our most mortal presence,—gradually
 He saw his mother's face, accepting it
 In change for heaven itself, with such a
 smile,
 As might have well been learnt there,—
 never moved,
 But smiled on, in a drowse of ecstasy,
 So happy—half with her and half with
 heaven—
 He could not have the trouble to be stirr'd,
 But smiled and lay there !

MRS. BROWNING.

INFANTS.—The Regeneration of
 Infants are as capable of regeneration
 as grown persons ; and there is abundant
 ground to conclude that all those who have
 not lived to commit actual transgression,
 though they share in the effects of the first
 Adam's offence, will also share in the second
 Adam's gracious covenant, without their
 personal faith and obedience, but not with-
 out the regenerating influences of the Spirit
 of Christ.—T. SCOTT.

INFANTS.—The Smiles of
 The smiles of infants are said to be the
 first-fruits of human reason.—HUDSON.

INFERIORS.—Familiarity with
 I should commend a soul that knows
 both how to bend and slacken itself, that
 finds itself at ease in all conditions of for-
 tune, that can discourse with a neighbour
 of his building, or any little contention be-
 twixt him and another ; that can chat with
 a carpenter or gardener with pleasure. I
 envy them who can render themselves
 familiar with their own attendants ; and
 dislike the advice of Plato, that men should
 always speak in a magisterial tone to their
 servants, whether men or women, without
 being sometimes facetious and familiar.
 For, besides my reason, 'tis inhuman and
 unjust to set so great a value upon this pre-
 rogative of fortune.—MONTAIGNE.

INFERIORS.—The Treatment of
 Nor am I of that harsh and rugged temper
 As some great men are taxed with, who
 imagine
 They part from the respect due to their
 honours,
 If they use not all such as follow them,
 Without distinction of their births, like
 slaves.
 I am not so conditioned : I can make
 A fitting difference between my foot-boy
 And a gentleman by want compelled to
 serve me.—MASSINGER.

INFIDEL.—A Daring
 A daring infidel (and such there are,—
 From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,
 Or pure heroic defect of thought),
 Of all earth's madmen, most deserves a
 chain.—DR. E. YOUNG.

INFIDEL.—The Inconsistency of an
 This miserable man had an only daughter
 lying upon a sick-bed ; his wife, I may
 observe, who had died, was in her life-time
 a devoted, spiritual-minded, and praying
 Christian. When the daughter's death was
 very near, and all hope of restoration was
 utterly dissipated, she called her father to

her bed-side, and said—"My mother died a Christian some years ago, rejoicing in Jesus, and assured of heaven; *you* are a disbeliever in Christianity; I am going to make the last venture; am I to die in my mother's faith, or in yours? I beseech you to advise me," she said with earnestness and fervour, "whether I am to die in my mother's faith, or in yours." The father's struggle between affection to his only child and the pride of devotedness to his principles was tremendous; but at last, amid a burst of tears and in an agony of feeling, the hardened, yet melting, infidel said—"Die in your mother's faith." And she did die in her mother's faith. And yet the man, who gave that advice, lives to propagate infidelity in the world, and labours with all the energy he has to make men as contaminated as himself!—CUMMING.

INFIDELITY—Defined.

Infidelity is the want of faith in God, or the disbelief of the truths of Revelation, and the great principles of religion.—BUCK.

INFIDELITY.—The Nurse of

The nurse of infidelity is sensuality.—R. CECIL.

INFIDELITY.—The Pride of

Parts push us on to pride, and pride to shame;
Pert infidelity is wit's cockade
To grace the brazen brow that braves the sky.—DR. E. YOUNG.

INFIDELITY—the Spring of Cruelty.

It is infidelity which is the spring of all cruelty; so that wheresoever you can discover the face of one, you may also hear the sound of the other's feet.—W. SECKER.

INFIDELS.—The Character of

What sort of men are infidels? They are loose, fierce, overbearing men. There is nothing in them like sober and serious inquiry. They are the wildest fanatics on earth. Nor have they agreed among themselves on any scheme of truth and felicity.—R. CECIL.

INFIDELS—Divinely Foiled.

Gibbon, who, in his celebrated "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," has left a memorial of his enmity to the Gospel, resided many years in Switzerland, where, with the profits of his works, he purchased a considerable estate. This property has descended to a gentleman, who, out of his rents, expends a large sum annually in the promulgation of that very Gospel which his predecessor insidiously endeavoured to undermine.

Voltaire boasted that with one hand he would overthrow that edifice of Christianity which required the hands of twelve apostles to build up. The press which he employed at Ferney, for printing his blasphemies, was afterwards actually employed at Geneva in printing the Holy Scriptures: thus the very engine which he set to work to destroy the credit of the Bible, was employed in disseminating its truths.

It is a remarkable circumstance also, that the first meeting of an Auxiliary Bible Society in Edinburgh was held in the very room in which David Hume, the infidel, died.—ARVINE.

INFIDELS.—The Ingratitude of

The infidels, educated in Christian countries, owe what learning they have to Christianity, and act the part of those brutes, which, when they have sucked the dam, turn about and strike her.—JORTIN.

INFINITE.—The Exciting Power of the

The infinite which fills the soul and quenches its thirst, excites it in equal measure.—GASPARIN.

INFINITE.—The Name of the

The Infinite has sowed His name in the heavens in burning stars, but on the earth He has sowed His name in tender flowers.—RICHTER.

INFIRMITIES.—The Manifestation of

Do not suppose that infirmities are confined to the body; the fact is—infirmities are, more or less, manifest in all our thoughts, our purposes, our transactions, and even in our virtues; so that the saying of the wise man is, alas! too true:—"I have seen an end of all perfection."—DR. DAVIES.

INFLUENCE.—Female

If mankind had been perpetuated without their milder companions, a strong and iron race would have inhabited the earth. There is something in the active spirits and powers of the manly portion of our common species which loves difficulties, enterprise, exertion, dangers, and personal displays. These qualities and propensities would too often animate self-love and selfishness into continual strife, civil discord, and battle, if no softer and kinder companions were about such beings, to occupy some portion of their thoughts and attentions, to create and cherish milder and sweeter feelings, and to provide for them the more soothing happiness of a quiet home and a domestic life. Tenderness, sympathy, good humour, smiles, gentleness, benignity, and affection

INFLUENCE.

can diffuse pleasures more grateful than those of irritation and contest, and awaken the sensibilities that most favour intellectual and moral cultivation.—S. TURNER.

INFLUENCE.—The Meaning of

What is the proper meaning of influence? Originally, it certainly was used to denote some subtle mysterious agent flowing in upon some person or thing, something in the way that we conceive of an electric current, etc. Since, its meaning has been greatly extended; but still we do not extend it to every cause. As we should never speak of the influence of a stream carrying a man off, or of men who drag him to prison by physical force, so, neither should we speak of a man's being "influenced" by the demonstrations of Euclid. But in moral concerns we do speak of his being influenced by arguments; though we should oftener speak—and should consider ourselves as speaking more strictly—of the influence of various passions. But we always use the word, I think, in those cases to which our ancestors confined it, viz.—when we speak of one man having gained an influence over another of which no account can be given; when he sways him independently of the amount of love, fear, respect, etc., felt, and beyond what can be referred to his reason, or to regard for his interest, or to any intelligible motive. I think there must be a certain mesmeric power possessed by some people in reference to some others. Some can thus influence one, or a few; some, a great many; and some, none at all.—AEP. WHATELY.

INFLUENCE.—Personal

Oh, it is a terrible power that I have—this power of influence—and it clings to me! I cannot shake it off. It was born with me; it has grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength. It speaks, it walks, it moves; it is powerful in every look of my eye, in every word of my lips, in every act of my life. I cannot live to myself. I must either be a light to illumine, or a tempest to destroy. I must either be an Abel, who, by his immortal righteousness, being dead yet speaketh, or an Achan, the saddest continuance of whose otherwise forgotten name is the fact that man perishes not alone in his iniquity.—PUNSHON.

INFLUENCE—is Power.

Influence, whether derived from money, talents, or connections, is power. There is no person so insignificant but he has much of this power; the little Israelite maid in Naaman's family is an instance. Some,

INGRATITUDE.

indeed, suppose that they have more power than they really have; but we generally think we have less than in reality we have.—R. CECIL.

INFLUENCES.—Random

From art, from nature, from the schools,

Let random influences glance,

Like light in many a shivered lance,
That breaks upon the dappled pools.

TENNYSON.

INGENIOUS—apt to Trouble themselves.

The more ingenious men are, the more apt are they to trouble themselves.—SIR W. TEMPLE.

INGENUITY—Adhesive.

A principle that men scarcely ever shake off as long as they carry anything of human nature about them.—DR. SOUTH.

INGENUOUS.—The Candour of the

One who is ingenuous is actuated by a noble candour and love of truth, which makes him ready to confess his faults, and make known all his sentiments without reserve.—CRABBE

INGRATITUDE—Abhorred.

Nothing is more abhorred of God, or man, than ingratitude.—R. CECIL.

INGRATITUDE.—Causes of

There be three causes of ingratitude upon a benefit received:—envy, pride, covetousness; envy, looking more at others' benefit than our own; pride, looking more at ourselves than the benefit; and covetousness, looking more at what we would have than what we have.—BP. HALL.

INGRATITUDE—of Familiars.

As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with
him
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor
self,
A dedicated beggar to the air.

SHAKESPEARE

INGRATITUDE.—The Ill-Return of

Ingratitude is too base to return a kindness, and too proud to regard it; much like the tops of mountains, barren, indeed, but yet lofty; they produce nothing, they feed nobody, they clothe nobody, yet are high and stately, and look down upon all the world about them.—DR. SOUTH.

INGRATITUDE.—Left to Man.

Brutes leave ingratitude to man.—J. COTTON.

INGRATITUDE.—Practical.

The great bulk of mankind resemble the swine, which in harvest gather and fatten upon the acorns beneath the oak, but show to the tree which bore them no other thanks than rubbing off its bark, and tearing up the sod around it.—SCRIVER.

Humphrey Bannister and his father were both servants to, and raised by, the Duke of Buckingham; who, being driven to abscond, by an unfortunate accident befalling the army he had raised against the usurper, Richard III., he, without footman or page, retired to Bannister's house, near Shrewsbury, as to a place where he had all the reason in the world to expect security. Bannister, however, upon the king's proclamation, promising £1,000 reward to him that should apprehend the duke, betrayed his master to John Merton, High-Sheriff of Shropshire, who sent him under a strong guard to Salisbury, where the king then was; and there, in the market-place, the duke was beheaded. But divine vengeance pursued the traitor Bannister; for, demanding the £1,000 that was the price of his master's blood, King Richard refused to pay it, saying—"He that would be false to so good a master ought not to be encouraged."—RAPIN.

INGRATITUDE.—The Punishment of

Lycurgus, being asked why in his laws he had set down no punishment for ingratitude, answered—"I have left it to the gods to punish."—ABP. SANDYS.

INHERITANCE.—Defined.

Inheritance is nothing else than the hand of the father stretched out to his children through the portals of the tomb.—V. HUGO.

INJURIES.—The Forgiveness of

Let Luther hate me, and call me a devil a thousand times, yet I will love him, and acknowledge him to be a precious servant of God.—CALVIN.

INJURIES.—The Remembrance of

To store our memories with a sense of injuries, is to fill that chest with rusty iron which was made for refined gold.—W. SECKER.

INJURIES.—Schoolmasters.

Oh, to wilful men
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters!

SHAKESPEARE.

INJURY.—The Way to Treat an

It is manly to resent an injury, but it is God-like to forgive it.—WILMOT.

INJUSTICE.—Punished.

Cambyses, king of Persia, was remarkable for the severity of his government, and his inexorable regard to justice. This prince had a particular favourite, whom he made a judge; and this judge reckoned himself so secure in the credit he had with his master, that, without ceremony, causes were bought and sold in the courts of judicature as openly as provisions in the market. But when Cambyses was informed of these proceedings, enraged to find his friendship so ungratefully abused, the honour of his government prostituted, and the liberty and property of his subjects sacrificed to the avarice of this wretched minion, he ordered him to be seized and publicly degraded; after which he commanded his skin to be stripped over his ears, and the seat of government to be covered with it, as a warning to others. At the same time, to convince the world that this severity proceeded only from the love of justice, he permitted the son to succeed his father in the honours and office of prime minister.—STRETCH.

INK.—The Deep Taint of

Oh, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again!
SHAKESPEARE.

INK.—Described.

The coloured slave that waits upon thought.—MRS. BALFOUR.

INK.—The Power of

A drop of ink may make a million think.
BYRON.

INN.—Happiness in a Good

There is no private house in which people can enjoy themselves so well as at a capital inn. Let there be ever so great plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that everybody should be easy; in the nature of things it cannot be: there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests; the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him; and no man, but a very impudent dog indeed, can as freely command what is in another man's house as if it were his own: whereas at a tavern, there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome; and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servant

will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good inn.—DR. JOHNSON.

INN.—The Way-side

A region of repose it seems,
A place of slumber and of dreams,
Remote among the wooded hills!
For there no noisy railway speeds,
For rich-race scattering smoke and gleeds;
Its torches in the night the panting teams
Stop under the great oaks that throw
Tangles of light and shade below
On roofs, and doors, and window-sills:
Across the stalls, their mows of hay,
Their lines of side doors the breezes blow,
Through the wide struts to and fro,
The wattled coo by rain and shine,
And, half effaced by rain and shine,
The Red Horse pines on the sign.

LONGFELLOW.

INNOCENCE.—The Boast of
The day is not more clear than the bottom
of my heart.—RACINE.

INNOCENCE—a Heavenly Guest.
Innocence, child beloved, is a guest from the
world of the blessed,
Beautiful, and in her hand a lily;
Roaring billows on life's
Swings she in safety, she heedeth the storm not,
In the ships she is sleeping.
Calmly she gazes around in the turmoil of
men; in the desert
Angels descend and minister unto her; she
herself knoweth
Nought of her glorious attendance; but
follows faithful and humble,
Follows so long as she may her friend; Oh
do not reject her,
For she cometh from God, and she holdeth
the keys of the heavens!

LONGFELLOW.

INNOCENCE.—The Loss of

Innocence, that as a veil
Had shadowed them from knowing ill, was
gone,
Just confidence, and native righteousness,
And honour from about them.—MILTON.

INNOCENCE.—The Power of

The most ferocious natures are soothed
and tamed by innocence.—F. W. ROBERT-
SON.

INNOCENCE—Unmoved.

Innocence unmoved
At a false accusation, doth the more
Confirm itself.—NABB.

INNOCENCY—Well-Armed.

A naked man with innocency, is better
armed than Goliath in brass or iron.—BR.
REYNOLDS.

INNOCENT.—The Advantage of being

It is far better to be innocent than
penitent;—to prevent the malady than
invent the remedy.—W. SECKER.

INNOCENT.—Evil Spoken against the

There is none so innocent as not to be
evil spoken of; none so wicked as to want
all commendation. There are too many who
condemn the just, and not a few who justify
the wicked. I often hear both envy and
flattery speaking falsehoods of myself to
myself: and may not the like tongues per-
form the like task of others to others? I
will know others by what they do them-
selves; but not learn myself by what I
hear of others. I will be careful of mine
own actions, not credulous of others' rela-
tions.—A. WARWICK.

INNOCENT.—Providence Vindicating the

It is recorded in history that a beautiful
maiden named Blanche, the serf of an
ancient nobleman, was wooed by her mas-
ter's son. Not admiring his character,
she scorned his suit. Upon this, his course
of love turned to bitter hatred. Just then
a precious string of pearls confided to the
maiden's care was lost. Her pseudo-lover
charged her with the theft, and, in ac-
cordance with the customs of that rude age,
she was doomed to die. On the day of the
execution, as the innocent girl knelt to offer
her dying prayer, a flash of lightning struck
a statue of Justice, which adorned the
market-place, to the dust. From a scat-
tered bird's nest, built in a crevice of the
temple, dropped the lost pearls—thus de-
imagining her innocence. In a moment the
clamorous crowd rushed to the scaffold, de-
exulting her release. There she knelt
mending a block, pale and beautiful, and
beside the pile of peace upon her lips. They
with a smile answered not. They touched her
spoke—she dead! To preserve her memory,
—she was a statue there; and to this
they raised a gaze upon her image, they
day, when oppressor; they praise her
condemn her character; they recog-
nize the purity of Him whose lightnings
nize the justice of innocence.—W. SMITH.
testified to her innocence.

INNOVATION—Common are bad, is as much

To say all new things are bad, or at any event,
as to say all things are bad for of all the old
at their commencement; there is not one
things ever seen or heard of, whatever is now
that was not once new. W. 289

establishment was once *innovation*. He who on this ground condemns a proposed measure, condemns in the same breath whatsoever he would be most adverse to be thought to disapprove.—BENTHAM.

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We firmly believe that the Gospel received simply, never, since it was first preached, produced a single case of insanity: the admission that it has such a tendency ought never to have been made. It is the enemies of the Cross. We have been by the that fanaticism and superstition have granted insanity, as well they may ; nature has caused the derangement of the mind may often be caused by the terrors of the unknown ; but by the Gospel,—by a knowledge of the law ; but by in Jesus—NEVER.—DR. CHALMERS.

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Of all earthly horrors, that of insanity ranks in the first order. To be bereft of reason—that faculty which is the power to be so elevated and prostrated that its exercise is impossible, or worse than impossible, is a calamity without its parallel in the history of human experience.—DR. DAVIES.

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Inscriptions of various names I view'd
The greater part by hostile time subdued.
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What atom forms of insect life appear !
And who can follow Nature's pencil here !
Their wings with azure, green, and purple gloss'd,
Studded with colour'd eyes, with gems and bosses,
Inlaid with pearl, and mark'd with various stains
Of lively crimson, through their dusky veins ;
Some shoot like living stars athwart the night,
And scatter from their wings a vivid light,
To guide the Indian to his tent, or winny loves,
As through the woods with cautious step he moves.
See the proud giant of the beetle race,
What shining arms his polish'd limbs embrace !
Like some stern warrior, formidably bright,
His steely sides reflect a gleaming light ;
On his large forehead spreading horns he wears,
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O'er maps of an inch extends his wide domain,
And his rich treasury swells with hoarded grain.—BARBAULD.

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Toil on ! toil on ! ye ephemeral train,
Who build in the tossing and treacherous main ;
Toil on,—for the wisdom of man ye mock,
With your sand-based structures and domes of rock ;
Your columns the fathomless fountains lave,
And your arches spring up to the crested wave ;
Ye're a puny race, thus to boldly rear
A fabric so vast in a realm so drear !

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Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring,
Like the terraced pride of Assyria's king ;
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The sea-snatch'd isle is the home of men,
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 Like the tribes whom the desert devour'd
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 From the Land of Promise ye fade and die,
 Ere its verdure gleams forth on your weary
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 As the kings of the cloud-crown'd pyramid
 Their noteless bones in oblivion hid ;
 Ye slumber unmark'd 'mid the desolate
 main,
 While the wonder and pride of your works
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Let them enjoy their little day,
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 The life thou canst not give !
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Lo ! the bright train their radiant wings
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 With silver fringed, and freckled o'er with
 gold :
 On the gay bosom of some fragrant flower,
 They, idly fluttering, live their little hour ;
 Their life all pleasure, and their task all
 play,
 All spring their age, and sunshine all their
 day :
 Not so the child of sorrow, wretched man ;
 His course with toil concludes, with pain
 began,
 That his high destiny he might discern,
 And in misfortune's school this lesson
 learn—
 Pleasure's the portion of the inferior kind ;
 But glory, virtue, heaven for man design'd.
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 Came wing'd abroad ; by the light air up-
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 And secret corner, where they slept away
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 To higher life ; by myriads, forth at once,
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INSPIRATION.—The Organs of

The organs which the Holy Ghost illuminated and inspired to convey His truth to men retained their individual peculiarities, and remained within the sphere of the psychological laws of our being.—NEANDER.

INSPIRATION.—The Source of

Inspiration cometh from above,
And is no labour.—P. J. BAILEY.

INSPIRATION.—The Style and Manner of

Some men ask—If the prophets spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, why did they not all speak in the same manner? why these varieties of style? I will answer that by asking you another question:—Why do not all the pipes of that organ give one and the same sound? What awakens all the sounds but one and the same blast from the wind-chest? If there be a monoblast, why is there not a monotone? Because the pipes are of different shapes and different sizes: the awakening breath is one, the intonation varies with the shape and size of the pipe. The inspiration was one, but the style and manner varied with the disposition and character of the individual employed.—DEAN M'NEILE.

INSTINCT.—A Change of

The most curious instance of a change of instinct is mentioned by Darwin. The bees carried over to Barbadoes and the Western Isles ceased to lay up any honey after the first year, as they found it not useful to them. They found the weather so fine, and the materials for making honey so plentiful, that they quitted their grave, prudent, and mercantile character, became exceedingly profligate and debauched, eat up their capital, resolved to work no more, and amused themselves by flying about the sugar-houses, and stinging the blacks. The fact is, that by putting animals in different situations you may change, and even reverse, any of their original propensities. Spallanzani brought up an eagle upon bread and milk, and fed a dove on raw beef!—S. SMITH.

INSTINCT.—Closely Allied to Reason.

Far as creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends:

Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race,

From the green myriads in the peopled grass.

What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme—

The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam!

Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green;
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood:

The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:

In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew!

How instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!

'Twixt that and reason what a nice barrier!
For ever separate, yet for ever near!

POPE.

INSTINCT—Defined.

Instinct is that power of volition or impulse produced by the peculiar nature of an animal, which prompts it to do certain things independent of all instruction or experience and without deliberation, where such act is immediately connected with its own individual preservation, or with that of its kind.—MAUNDER.

INSTINCT.—God Taught

Who taught the nations of the field and wood

To shun their poison, and to choose their food?

Prescient the tides or tempests to withstand,

Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?

Who made the spider parallels design,

Sure as Demoivre, without rule or line?

Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore
Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before?

Who calls the councils, states the certain day?

Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

God, in the nature of each being, founds

Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds:
But as He framed a whole, the whole to bless,

On mutual wants built mutual happiness;

So from the first, eternal order ran,

And creature link'd to creature, man to man.

POPE.

INSTITUTIONS.—The Best

Other things being equal, yesterday's institutions are by far the best for to-day; they are the most ready, the most influential, the most easy to get obeyed, the most likely to retain the reverence which they alone inherit, and which every other must win.—BAGEHOT.

INSTITUTIONS.—Political

It is more difficult to understand the political institutions of some countries than for a worm to bore through box-wood.—**SIR S. BAKER.**

INSTRUCTION.—The Duty of

There is in every human heart
Some not completely barren part,
Where seeds of truth and love might grow,
And flowers of generous virtue flow ;
To plant, to watch, to water there,
This be our duty, be our care.—**BOWRING.**

INSTRUCTION.—Modes of

Wise men are instructed by reason ; men of less understanding, by experience ; the most ignorant, by necessity ; and beasts by nature.—**CICERO.**

INSTRUCTION.—The Recompense for

Sweet it is the growth to trace
Of worth, of intellect, of grace,
In bosoms where our labours first
Bid the young seed of spring-time burst,
And lead it on from hour to hour,
To ripen into perfect flower !—**BOWRING.**

INSTRUCTORS.—The Best

To each man his own experience,—his own mistakes are the best, perhaps the only real, instructors.—**LORD STANLEY.**

INSULTED.—Deserving to be

He who allows himself to be insulted, deserves to be so.—**CORNEILLE.**

INSULTS.—The Avengement of

Study to avenge the insults offered to God, rather than your own. Alas ! it is in this point that the whole world is mistaken ; for all men are more ready to avenge their own injuries than those of God.—**HUSS.**

INSURRECTIONS.—The Beginnings of

Insurrections of base people are commonly more furious in their beginnings, but are the reverse with the better people.—**LORD BACON.**

INTEGRITY—to be Like a Keepsake.

Perish what may,—gold, silver, houses, lands ; let the winds of misfortune dash our vessel on the sunken rock ; but let integrity be like the valued keepsake the sailor-boy lashed with the rope round his body, the only thing we care to save.—**MACDUFF.**

INTEGRITY.—Political

The borough of Hull, in the reign of Charles II., chose Andrew Marvell, a young gentleman of little or no fortune,

and maintained him in London for the service of the public. With a view to bribe him, his old school-fellow, the Lord Treasurer Danby, went to him in his garret. At parting, the lord treasurer slipped into his hands an order upon the treasury for £1,000, and then went into his chariot. Marvell looking at the paper, called after the treasurer—"My lord, I request another moment." They went up again to the garret, and the servant boy was called—"What had I for dinner yesterday?" "Don't you remember, sir, you had the little shoulder of mutton that you ordered me to bring from a woman in the market?" "Very right. What have I for dinner to-day?" "Don't you know, sir, that you made me lay up the blade-bone to broil?" "'Tis so : very right. Go away." "My lord, do you hear that? Andrew Marvell's dinner is provided ; there's your piece of paper, I want it not. I knew the sort of kindness you intended. I live here to serve my constituents. The ministry may seek men for their purpose ; I am not one."—**ARVINE.**

INTELLECT.—The Action of the

Every action of the intellect, save that which is purely scientific, is based upon some feeling. Ambition says to Intellect—"Look out for me ;" Fear cries—"Look out for me ;" Greed also—"Arouse, sharpen yourself ; pierce the darkness ; teach me how to gain ;" and Love cries passionately, pleadingly—"Awake, be my advocate, think for me !"—**H. W. BEECHER.**

INTELLECT.—The Decay of the

This, doubtless, is not uncommon ; but it is not universal. Newton was in his eighty-fifth year improving his chronology, and Waller at eighty-two, is thought to have lost none of his poetic powers.—**DR. JOHN-SON.**

INTELLECT.—Defined.

Intellect is that faculty of the human mind which receives or comprehends the ideas communicated to it, otherwise called the *understanding*.—**MAUNDER.**

INTELLECT.—The Employments of the

To perceive external objects, to conceive of them, to remember, to imagine, to compare, to judge, to abstract and to analyse, to connect thought with thought, according to the real relation between one notion and another ;—these are the employments of the intellectual powers ; and these occupations of the mind, though most often, if not always connected with, or preceded, or followed by desires or emotions, of some sort, are essentially different from loving, hating, fearing, hoping, etc.—**I. TAYLOR.**

INTELLECT.—The Pleasures of the

By the pursuit of the intellect the mind is always carried forward in search of something more excellent than it finds, and obtains its proper superiority over the common senses of life by learning to feel itself capable of higher aims and nobler enjoyments. In this gradual exaltation of human nature every art contributes its contingent towards the general supply of mental pleasure.—SIR J. REYNOLDS.

INTELLECT.—The Power of

Some men of a secluded and studious life have sent forth from their closet or their cloister, rays of intellectual light that have agitated courts, and revolutionized kingdoms; like the moon which, though far removed from the ocean, and shining upon it with a serene and sober light, is the chief cause of all those ebblings and flowings which incessantly disturb that restless world of waters.—COLTON.

INTELLECT.—The Right Use of the

The powers of the intellect are not given to man merely for self; they are not intended to aid his own cunning, and craft, and intrigues, and conspiracies, and enrichment. They will do nothing for these base purposes. The instinct of a tiger, a vulture, or a fox will do better. Genius and abilities are given as lamps to the world, not to self.—BRYDGES.

INTELLIGENCE AND COURTESY.

Intelligence and courtesy not always are combined;
Often in a wooden house a golden room we find.—LOGAN.

INTEMPERANCE.—The Companionship of

Intemperance is a hydra with a hundred heads. She never stalks abroad unaccompanied with impurity, anger, and the most infamous profligacies.—ST. CHRYSOSTOM.

INTEMPERANCE.—Excuses for

Alexis the poet, from every season of the year drew arguments to furnish a new title to his intemperance. "The spring," he said, "required liberal drinking in sign of joy for the renovation of nature; the summer, to temper our heat and refresh our thirst; it was due to autumn, because it is dedicated to the vintage; and winter required it to expel the cold, which would otherwise congeal the blood and spirits." Thus he pleaded for the allowance of his excess.—BUCK.

INTEMPERANCE.—The Hereditary Effect of

It is remarkable that all the diseases from drinking spirituous or fermented liquors are liable to become hereditary, even to the third generation; and gradually to increase, if the cause be continued, till the family becomes extinct.—DR. E. DARWIN.

INTEMPERANCE.—The Mental Effect of

The body overcharged with the excess of yesterday, weighs down the mind together with itself, and fixes to the earth that particle of the divine spirit.—HORACE.

INTEMPERANCE.—The Punishment of

By one of the laws of Pittacus, one of the seven wise men of Greece, every fault committed by a person when intoxicated, was deemed worthy of a double punishment.—ARVINE.

INTEMPERANCE.—The Trophies of

Like the skulls which a savage carries at his girdle, or sets up on poles in his palace-yard, and tells the traveller what a mighty warrior this or the other was till his axe or arrow laid him low; so, of all the sins, intemperance is the one which, reaped from the ranks of British genius, boasts the most crowded row of ghastly trophies. To say nothing of the many sorely wounded, amongst the actually slain it numbers the musician and the artist, the philosopher and the poet, the physician and the lawyer, the statesman and the judge.—DR. J. HAMILTON.

INTENTION.—A Good

A good intention will no more make a truth, than a fair mark will make a good shot.—SPURSTOWE.

INTENTION.—A Malicious

When a malicious act is proved, a malicious intention is implied.—SHERLOCK.

INTENTION.—not Prevailing.

We cannot prove any man's intention to be bad. You may shoot a man through the head, and say you intended to miss him; but the judge will order you to be hanged. An alleged want of intention, when evil is committed, will not be allowed in a court of justice.—DR. JOHNSON.

INTENTIONS.—Good

Good intentions are at least the seed of good actions; and every man ought to sow them, and leave it to the soil and the seasons whether they come up or no, and whether he or any other gathers the fruit.—SIR W. TEMPLE.

INTENTIONS.—Wicked

When men's intentions are wicked, their guilt haunts them ;
But when they 're just, they 're armed, and nothing daunts them.—T. MIDDLETON.

INTERCOURSE.—The Results of

The kindly intercourse will ever prove
A bond of amity and social love.
BLOOMFIELD.

The most certain softeners of a man's moral skin, is, I am sure, domestic intercourse in a happy marriage, and intercourse with the poor.—DR. ARNOLD.

INTERCOURSE.—The Sweetness of

Providence has taken care to secure that intercourse which is necessary to the existence of society, by rendering it the greatest sweetener of human life.—DR. KNOX.

INTEREST.—None of the Industries like

No blister draws sharper than *Interest* does. Of all industries, none is comparable to that of *Interest*. It works day and night, in fair weather or foul. It has no sound in its footsteps, but travels fast. It gnaws at a man's substance with invisible teeth. It binds industry with its film, as a fly is bound upon a spider's web.
—H. W. BEECHER.

INTEREST.—The Subtle Power of

Interest is the most prevailing cheat,
The sly seducer both of age and youth,
They study that and think they study truth :
When reason fortifies an argument
Weak reason serves to gain the will's ascent,
For souls already warped receive an easy bent.—DRYDEN.

INTERESTS.—Conflicting

I have long observed from all I have seen, or heard, or read in story, that nothing is so fallacious as to reason upon the counsels or conduct of princes or states, from what one conceives to be the true interest of their countries ; for there is in all places an interest of those that govern, and another of those that are governed ; nay, among these there is an interest of quiet men that desire to keep only what they have, and another of unquiet men, who desire to acquire what they have not, and by violent if they cannot by lawful means.
—SIR W. TEMPLE.

INTERJECTION.—The Office of an

The main office of an interjection is to paint sensation, whether from within or without, and to repeat sounds compound as

well as simple, of which therefore the images must be as common as their subjects. Thus, of vocal vibration or undulation, Laughter bursts into *ha-ha* ! Joy exults in *aha*, or *oh-oh* ! Fatigue sighs in *heigh-ho* ! Vociferation summons in *soho* or *halo* ! and Music trills or quavers, her notes in *fa-la*, etc.—ELPHINSTONE.

INTERPRETATION.—Looks Misquoted by

Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks.
SHAKSPEARE.

INTERPRETER.—Hard to Understand an

I think the interpreter is the hardest to be understood of the two !—SHERIDAN.

INTIMACY.—the Source of Enmity and Friendship.

Intimacy has been the source of the deadliest enmity, no less than of the firmest friendship ; like some mighty rivers, which rise on the same mountain, but pursue a quite contrary course.—COLTON.

INTOLERANCE—a Curse.

Intolerance is the curse of every age and state.—DR. DAVIES.

INTOLERANCE.—The Tenacity of

Nothing dies so hard, and rallies so often,
as intolerance.—S. SMITH.

INTRUDER.—The Work of an

You have displaced the mirth, broke the
good meeting
With most admired disorder.
SHAKSPEARE.

INVADERS.—A Patriot's Appeal against

My brave associates—partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame !—Can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts ?—No ! you have judged as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you. Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate their minds and ours. They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule—we, for our country, our altars, and our homes. They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate—we serve a monarch whom we love, a God whom we adore. Whene'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress ! whene'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship. They

boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error! Yes; they will give enlightened freedom to our minds who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride! They offer us their protection: yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them. They call upon us to barter all the good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better, which they promise. Be our plain answer this:—The throne we honour is the people's choice—the laws we reverence are our brave father's legacy—the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hopes of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them too, we seek no change; and least of all such change as they would bring us.—**SHERIDAN.**

INVENTION—Distinguished from Discovery.

Discovery is the finding out something already existing; whereas invention is a sort of creation. The finding out the polarity of the magnet was a discovery; the application of that discovery to the purposes of navigation, by suspending a magnetic wire on a pivot, over a circular index, was an invention.—**I. TAYLOR.**

INVENTION.—Poetical

Poetical invention is the bringing together images and sentiments adapted to excite certain pleasurable emotions, or to enkindle the imagination, and gratify taste; and it depends upon the ready perception of external resemblances, or apparent analogies.—**I. TAYLOR.**

INVENTIONS.—The Recompense for

Almost every one who has rendered a great service to mankind by striking out inventions, whose objects are misconceived or imperfectly understood by the world, has had to complain of the neglect or coldness of his own generation. Even his best friends are apt to suspect his motives and undervalue his labours. The real recompense in such circumstances, as in all others, is the consciousness of doing one's duty.—**J. STORY.**

INVESTIGATION.—The Duty of

No one ought to be satisfied with his opinions on any subject of importance; much less ought he to inculcate them on others, unless he can trace their connexion with self-evident principles.—**BAYLEY.**

IRELAND.

When Erin first rose from the dark-swelling flood,
God blessed the green island; He saw it was good:

The emerald of Europe, it sparkled, it shone,

In the ring of this world the most precious stone.

Arm of Erin! prove strong; but be gentle as brave,

And, uplifted to strike, still be ready to save;

Nor one feeling of vengeance presume to defile

The cause or the men of the Emerald Isle.
DRENNAN.

IRELAND.—A Poet's Love for

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great,
glorious, and free,

First flower of the earth, first gem of the sea,

I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,

But oh! could I love thee more deeply than now!—**T. MOORE.**

IRONY—a Kind of Ridicule.

Irony is a kind of ridicule which exposes the errors or faults of others by seeming to adopt, approve, or defend them; as, Nero was a very virtuous prince; Pope Hildebrand was remarkable for his meekness and humility. When irony is uttered, the dissimulation is generally apparent from the manner of speaking, as by a smile or an arch look, or perhaps by an affected gravity of countenance. Irony in writing may also be detected by the manner of expression.—**DR. WEBSTER.**

IRRESOLUTION.—The Evil Effects of

Irresolution loosens all the joints of a state; like an ague, it shakes not this or that limb, but all the body is at once in a fit.—**FELTHAM.**

IRRITABILITY.—The Hastiness of

Irritability urges us to take a step as much too soon, as sloth does too late.—**R. CECIL.**

IRRITABILITY.—The Self-Torment of

An irritable man lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way, tormenting himself with his own prickles.—**HOOD.**

ISAIAH.—The Prophet.

He was a prince amid a generation of princes—a Titan among a tribe of Titans; and, of all the prophets who rose on aspiring pinion to meet the Sun of Righteousness,

it was his—the Evangelical Eagle—to mount highest, and to catch on his wing the richest anticipation of his rising. It was his, too, to pierce most clearly down into the abyss of the future, and become an eye-witness of the great events which were enclosed in its womb. He is the most eloquent, the most dramatic, the most poetic—in one word, the most complete of the Bards of Israel. He has not the austere majesty of Moses—the gorgeous natural description of Job—Ezekiel's rough and rapid vehemence, like a red torrent from the hills seeking the Lake of Galilee in the day of storm—David's high gusts of lyric enthusiasm, dying away into the low wailings of penitential sorrow—Daniel's awful allegor—John's piled and enthroned thunders; his power is solemn, sustained, and majestic; his step moves gracefully, at the same time that it shakes the wilderness. We have little doubt that many of his visions became objective, and actually painted themselves on the prophet's eye. Would we had witnessed that awful eye as it was piercing the depths of time—seeing the future glaring through the thin mist of the present!—G. GILFILLAN.

ITALY.—A Poet's Love for

Ah heaven, bow down, be nearer! This is she
 Italia, the world's wonder, the world's
 care,
 Free in her heart ere quite her hands be
 free,
 And lovelier than her loveliest robe of
 air!
 The earth hath voice, and speech is in the
 sea,
 Sounds of great joy, too beautiful to
 bear;
 All things are glad because of her, but we
 Most glad, who loved her when the worst
 days were.
 O sweetest, fairest, first,
 O flower, when times were worst,
 Thou hadst no stripe wherein we had no
 share!
 Have not our hearts held close,
 Kept fast the whole world's rose?
 Have we not worn thee at heart whom
 none would wear?
 First love and last love, light of
 lands,
 Shall we not touch thee full-blown with our
 lips and hands?—SWINBURNE.

IVY.—The Perennial Nature of the

Whole ages have fled and their works de-
 cayed,
 And nations have scattered been;
 But the stout old Ivy shall never fade,
 From its hale and hearty green:

The brave old plant in its lonely days,
 Shall fatten upon the past;
 For the stateliest building man can raise,
 Is the Ivy's food at last:

Creeping on where time has been.

A rare old plant is the Ivy green,

DICKENS.

IVY.—The Tenacity of the

The ivy, like the spider, takes hold with her hands in king's palaces, as every twig is furnished with innumerable little fingers, by which it draws itself close, as it were, to the very heart of the old rough stone. Its clinging and beautiful tenacity has given rise to an abundance of conceits about fidelity, friendship, and woman's love, which have become commonplace simply from their appropriateness. It might also symbolize the higher love, unconquerable and unconquered, which has embraced this ruined world from age to age, silently spreading its green over the rents and fissures of our fallen nature, giving "beauty for ashes, and garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness."—MRS. STOWE.

J.

JANUARY.—The Month of

How beautiful thy frosty morn,
 When brilliant gem each feathery thorn!
 How fair thy cloudless noon!
 And through the leafless trees at night,
 With more than summer's softened light,
 Shines thy resplendent moon.—BARTON.

JARS.—Family

When such strings jar, what hope of
 harmony?—SHAKESPEARE.

JARS.—will Happen.

The best strings will jar in the best
 master's hand.—ROSCOMMON.

JEALOUSY.—The Belief of

With groundless fear he thus his soul de-
 ceives,
 What frenzy dictates, jealousy believes.
 GAY.

JEALOUSY.—The Cancer of

The cancer of jealousy on the breast can
 never wholly be cut out, if I am to believe
 great masters of the healing art.—RICHTER.

JEALOUSY.—A Caution against

O beware, my lord, of jealousy!
 It is the green-eyed monster which doth
 mock
 The meat it feeds on.—SHAKESPEARE.

JEALOUSY.—Definitions of

Jealousy is the apprehension of superiority.—SHENSTONE.

The injured lover's hell.—MILTON.

JEALOUSY.—Denounced.

Yet is there one more cursed than they all,
That canker-worm, that monster—Jealousy,
Which eats the heart and feeds upon the
gall,
Turning all love's delight to misery,
Through fear of losing his felicity :
O gods ! that ever ye that monster placed
In gentle love, that all his joys defaced.
SPENSER.

JEALOUSY.—the Greatest of Misfortunes.

Jealousy is the greatest of misfortunes,
and the least pitied by those who cause it.
—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

JEALOUSY.—Love without

Love may exist without jealousy, although this is rare ; but jealousy may exist without love, and this is common ; for jealousy can feed on that which is bitter, no less than on that which is sweet, and is sustained by pride as often as by affection.
—COLTON.

JEALOUSY.—The Origin of

'Tis a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.
SHAKESPEARE.

JEALOUSY.—The Service and Wages of

Of all the passions, jealousy is that which exacts the hardest service and pays the bitterest wages. Its service is—to watch the success of our enemy ;—its wages—to be sure of it.—COLTON.

JEHOVAH.—The Name

Jehovah is a name of great power and efficacy ;—a name that hath in it three syllables, to signify the Trinity of Persons. —the eternity of God, —One in Three and Three in One ; a name of such dread and reverence among the Jews, that they tremble to name it, and therefore they used the name—*Adonai*—Lord—in all their devotions.—RAYMENT.

JEREMIAH.—The Prophet

The first quality exhibited in Jeremiah's character and history is shrinking timidity. His first words are—"Ah ! Lord God, behold I cannot speak, for I am a child !"
The storm of inspiration had seized on a sensitive plant or quivering aspen, instead of an oak or a pine. And yet this very

weakness serves at length to attest the power and truth of the afflatus. Jeremiah, with a less pronounced personality than his brethren, supplies a better image of an instrument in God's hand, of one moved, tuned, taught, from behind and above. Strong in supernal strength, the child is made a "fenced city, an iron pillar, and a brazen wall." Traces, indeed, of his original feebleness and reluctance to undertake stern duties, are found scattered throughout his prophecy. But he is reassured by remembering that the Lord is with him as a "mighty terrible one." His chief power, besides pathos, is "impassioned exhortation. His prophecy is one long exhortation. He is urgent, vehement, to agony.—G. GILFILLAN.

JERUSALEM.—The City of

Jerusalem is seated on two hills,
Of height unlike, and turned side to side,
The space between a gentle valley fills,
From mount to mount expanded fair and
wide :
Three sides are sure imbar'd with crags
and hills ;
The rest is easy, scant to rise espy'd ;
But mighty bulwarks fence the plainer
part,
So Art helps Nature, Nature strengthens
Art.

The town is stored with troughs and cisterns, made
To keep fresh water ; but the country
seems
Devoid of grass, unfit for ploughman's
trade ;
Nor fertile, moist with rivers, wells or
streams,
There grow few trees to make the summer's
shade ;
Or shield the parched land from scorching
beams ;
Save that a wood stands six miles from
the town,
With aged cedars dark, and shadows
brown.—TASSO.

JERUSALEM.—The Golden.

I saw the city of the skies ;
And oft, by faith-light, gaze
From earth toward the great sunrise
Of everlasting days
And ponder 'mid the glittering domes
And spires of our eternal home.

It seemed as if on mountain height
I walked attent to view
Jerusalem, spread out in light,
And made in all things new
And holy, for the pure in heart
To dwell in and no more depart.

Far off, up in a silvery clime,
The sainted city lay,
Blazing in bright worlds not in time,
And not to pass away
Like earth and its revolving spheres,
Corroded, and grown dim with years.

'Twas founded deep in sacred ground,
And walled with jasper high,
To shine on heaven's remotest bound,
And down the steepy sky
To earth, where man may see the ray,
And traverse back its glorious way.

BRYAN

The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty city—boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far,
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
Far sinking into splendour without end !
Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
With alabaster domes and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted : here, serene pavilions bright
In avenues disposed : there, towers begirt
With battlements, that on their restless
fronts

Bore stars—illumination of all gems.

W. WORDSWORTH.

JEST.—A Friend Lost for a

He that will lose his friend for a jest
deserves to die a beggar by the bargain.
Yet some think their conceits, like mustard,
not good except they bite.—DR. FULLER.

JEST.—Life a

Life's a jest, and all things show it ;
I thought so once, and now I know it.

GAY.

JEST.—The Point of a

The jest loses its point when the wit is
the first to laugh.—SCHILLER.

JEST.—A Proper and an Improper

A jest should be such—that all shall be
able to join in the laugh which it occasions;
but if it bears hard upon one of the com-
pany, like the crack of a string, it makes
a stop in the music.—FELTHAM.

JEST.—A Rule to Hint a

Those who aim at ridicule
Should fix upon some certain rule,
Which fairly hints they are in jest.

DEAN SWIFT.

JEST.—A Scornful

Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest :
Fate never wounds more deep the generous
heart

Than when a blockhead's insult points the
dart.—DR. JOHNSON.

JESTER.—The

If he may have his jest he never cares
At whose expense ; nor friend nor patron
spares.—HOARE.

JESTS.—Wanton

Wanton jests make fools laugh and wise
men frown. Seeing we are civilized Eng-
lishmen, let us not be naked savages in our
talk.—DR. FULLER.

JESUS.—Benevolence toward

In John Falks' Refuge at Weimar, when
one of the boys had said the pious grace—
"Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest, and bless
what Thou hast provided," a little fellow
looked up and said—"Do tell me why the
Lord Jesus never comes." "Dear child,
only believe, and you may be sure He will
come ; for He does not despise our invita-
tion," was the answer given. "I shall set
Him a seat," said the little fellow ; and just
then there was a knock at the door. A
poor frozen apprentice entered, begging a
night's lodging. He was made welcome ;
the chair stood empty for him ; every
child wanted him to have his plate ; and
one was lamenting that his bed was too
small for the stranger, who was quite
touched by such uncommon attentions.
The little one had been thinking hard all
the time. "Jesus could not come, and so
He sent this poor man in His place ; is that
it ?" "Yes, dear child, that is just it. Every
piece of bread, and every drink of water,
that we give to the poor, or the sick, or
the prisoners, for Jesus' sake, we give to
Him. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto
one of the least of these My brethren, ye
have done it unto Me.'"—STEVENSON.

JESUS.—The Blood of

Poets have loved the music of the moun-
tain stream, as it tinkled down the hills
amidst the stones, or murmured under
leafy shades. Scripture speaks of the
voice of God as the voice of many waters.
So it is with the precious blood of Jesus :
it has a voice which God hears, speaking
better things than the blood of Abel, more
than restoring to Him again the lost music
of his primeval creation.—FABER.

JESUS.—The Greatness of

His greatness transcends everything that
is merely particular and individual. 'Tis
not the greatness of the lawgiver, or of the
hero,—the greatness of the thinker, or of
the artist ; nor is it the greatness in which

the spirit of one single nation is concentrated ; no, it is a perfect mirror of humanity—the greatness of the true and universal Human.—ULLMANN.

JESUS.—The Ideal formed of

One flaw or fault of temper, one symptom of moral impotence or of moral perversion, one hasty word, one ill-considered act, would have shattered the ideal for ever.—CANON LIDDON.

JESUS.—The Life of

The life of Jesus is not described to be like a picture in a chamber of pleasure, only for beauty and entertainment of the eye ; but like the Egyptian hieroglyphics, whose every feature is a precept, and the images converse with men by sense and signification of excellent discourses.—BP. TAYLOR.

His life resembled a polished mirror, which the foulest breath cannot stain, nor dim, beyond a passing moment.—DR. GUTHRIE.

JESUS.—The Manners of

To the great astonishment of the Jews, the manners of Jesus are familiar, yet dignified.—BUCKMINSTER.

JESUS.—The Name of

This name Jesus is compared to “oil poured out ;” oil being kept close, it sendeth not forth such a savour, as it doth being poured out ; and oil hath these properties, it suppleth, it cherisheth, it maketh look cheerfully ; so doth this name of Jesus, it suppleth the hardness of our hearts, it cherisheth the weakness of our faith, enlighteneth the darkness of our soul, and maketh man look with a cheerful countenance towards the throne of grace.—SUTTON.

To a sinner’s ear there is no music on earth, nor in the golden harps of heaven, like the name of Jesus.—DR. GUTHRIE.

JESUS.—A Pictured Representation of

We have seen but one pictured representation which answered to our ideal of the face and figure of Jesus. It was the work of an Italian master, whose name we have forgotten, and represented Christ talking to the woman of Samaria. It was a picture which might have converted a soul. There sat the wearied Saviour by the well-side—His eye full of a far look of love and sorrow, as if He saw the whole degraded species in the one sinner before Him, and His hand half open, as if it held in it

“the living water”—the woman listening with downcast looks, and tears trickling down her cheeks—her pitcher resting on the mouth of the well, and behind her, seen in the distance, the sunny sky and glowing mountains of Palestine.—G. GILLFILLAN.

JESUS.—The Sayings of

The most eminent illustrations of the widest wealth laid up in narrowest compass must naturally be found in single sayings of our Lord’s. How do they shine, like finely polished diamonds, upon every face ! how simple and yet how deep ! apparent paradoxes, and yet profoundest truths ! Every one can get something from them, and no one can get at all. He that gathers little has enough, and he that gathers much has nothing over ; every one gathers them according to his eating.—ABP. TRENCH.

JESUS —The Tears of

Those holy cheeks were still wet with human tears, while the loud Voice was crying — “Lazarus, come forth !”—BP. ELLICOTT.

JESUS.—The Word of

There was one lately who saw herself to be lost ; who, when told that Jesus’ own word was that He came to seek and to save the lost, and that He was there—willing to save her, *because He had said it*, exclaimed — “Then I take Him at His word. He is mine !”—J. H. WILSON.

JEWELS.—A Mother’s

A Campanian lady, who was very rich, and fond of pomp and show, being on a visit to Cornelia, the illustrious mother of the Gracchi, displayed the diamonds and jewels she possessed, with some ostentation, and then requested Cornelia to permit her to see *her* jewels. This eminent woman dexterously contrived to turn the conversation to another subject till her sons returned from one of the public schools, when she introduced them, saying—“These are *my* jewels.”—ARVINE.

JEWS.—The Antiquity of the

They are a piece of stubborn antiquity, compared with which Stonehenge is in its nonage. They date beyond the pyramids.—LAMB.

JEWS.—The Determined Blindness of the

At a solemn disputation which was held at Venice, in the seventeenth century, between a Jew and a Christian—the Christian strongly argued, from Daniel’s prophecy of the seventy weeks, that Jesus was the

Messiah whom the Jews had long expected from the predictions of their prophets:—the learned Rabbi who presided at this disputation, was so forcibly struck by the argument, that he put an end to the business by saying—"Let us shut up our Bibles, for if we proceed in the examination of this prophecy, it will make us all become Christians."—BP. WATSON.

JEWS.—The Prosperity of the

Talk what you will of the Jews—that they are cursed, they thrive wherever they come; they are able to oblige the prince of their country by lending him money; none of them beg; they keep together; and as for their being hated, why Christians hate one another as much.—SELDEN.

JOB.—The Character of

The character of Job has been divinely portrayed in three brief sentences:—"That man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God, and eschewed evil." This sketch is so perfect, that more cannot be said of him, and less would have been unjust.—E. DAVIES.

JOCULARITY.—Culpable

Jocularly is certainly culpable, and may be deemed a species of lying, when it is intended to deceive without any good end in view; and especially with the ungenerous one of diverting ourselves at the painful expense of another. This practice also may lead to more criminal falsehoods; and it is related with honour of Aristides, that he held truth to be so sacred—*ut ne joco quidem mentiretur*.—PERCIVAL.

JOHN.—St.

For depth of insight, for exalted spirituality, for that swift and sympathetic intuition which is the prerogative of love and like-mindedness, for symmetry of character, who can compare to Zebedee's younger son? * * * Paul is the hero, and Apollos is the orator, and Stephen is the martyr; but with all earthliness sublimed away and superseded by elements from another world, our associations with John are those of purest saintliness.—DR. J. HAMILTON.

JONATHAN.—Prince

He was the incarnation of all that is humanly beautiful, and noble, and good. Hence, he was not only the favourite of Saul's army, but the temporal saviour of David, and, best of all, the friend of God. His whole life, indeed, was as lovely and pleasant as his end was tragical and distressing.—DR. DAVIES.

JOSHUA—a Great Character.

Joshua was in every sense of the word a great character, a saintly hero,—the man not only of his age, but of many ages. If his name do not shine so conspicuously mid the galaxy of patriarchs and ancient worthies, it is very much because, as has been said of him—"the man himself is eclipsed by the brilliancy of his deeds;"—like the sun in a gorgeous western sky, when the pile of amber clouds—the golden linings and drapery with which he is surrounded—pale the lustre of the great luminary.—MACDUFF.

JOURNAL.—Writing in a

The great thing to be recorded is the state of your own mind; and you should write down everything that you remember, for you cannot judge at first what is good or bad; and write immediately while the impression is fresh, for it will not be the same a week afterwards.—DR. JOHNSON.

JOURNALISM.—The Progress of

Before this century shall run out, journalism will be the whole press. Mankind will write their book day by day, hour by hour, page by page. Thought will spread abroad with the rapidity of light: instantly conceived, instantly written, instantly understood at the extremities of the earth—it will spread from Pole to Pole, suddenly burning with the fervour of soul which made it burst forth—it will be the reign of the human mind in all its plenitude; it will not have time to ripen, to accumulate in the form of a book; the book will arrive too late; the only book possible from day to day is a newspaper.—LAMARTINE.

JOURNALIST.—A Description of a

He is a grumbler, a censurer, a giver of advice, a regent of sovereigns, a tutor of nations.—NAPOLEON I.

JOY—Defined.

Joy is a delight of the mind, from the consideration of the present or assured approaching possession of a good: and we are then possessed of any good when we have it so in our power that we can use it when we please. Thus a man almost starved has joy at the arrival of relief, even before he has the pleasure of using it; and a father, in whom the very well-being of his children causes delight, is always, as long as his children are in such a state, in the possession of that good; for he needs but to reflect on it, to have that pleasure.—LOCKE.

JOY.—Domestic

With secret course, which no loud storms
annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
DR. JOHNSON.

JOY.—Fear and Sorrow Increase

Who would ask a heart to dulness wed,—
The waveless calm, the slumber of the
dead?
No : the wild bliss of nature needs alloy,
And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy!
T. CAMPBELL.

JOY.—The Heartfelt

What nothing earthly gives, or can de-
stroy,—
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt
joy.—POPE.

JOY.—Partaker of

Who partakes in another's joy is a more
humane character than he who partakes in
his grief.—LAVATER.

JOY.—Relics of

Let fate do her worst, there are relics of
joy,
Bright dreams of the past which she can-
not destroy,
Which come in the night-time of sorrow
and care,
And bring back the features which joy
used to wear.—T. MOORE.

JOY.—The Sharing of

All who joy would win
Must share it—Happiness was born a twin.
BYRON.

JOY.—Taken Away.

There's not a joy the world can give
Like that it takes away.—BYRON.

JOY.—Worldly

Worldly joy is like the songs which
peasants sing, full of melodies and sweet
airs.—H. W. BEECHER.

JOYS.—The Home of

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam :
The world has nothing to bestow ;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.
DR. COTTON.

JOYS.—The Source of Unexpected

Joys unexpected, and in desperate plight,
Are still most sweet, and prove from
whence they come ;
When earth's still moon-like confidence in
joy

Is at her full : true joy descending far
From past her sphere, and from that
highest heaven
That moves and is not moved.—CHAPMAN.

JOYS.—The Wise have

The weak have remedies, the wise have
joys :
Superior wisdom is superior bliss.
DR. E. YOUNG.

JUDGE.—A Conscientious

Sir Matthew Hale, when Chief Baron of
the Exchequer, was very exact and impartial
in his administration of justice. He would
never receive any private addresses or re-
commendations from the greatest persons,
in any matter in which justice was con-
cerned. One of the first peers of England
went once to his chamber and told him—
“That having a suit in law to be tried
before him, he was there to acquaint him
with it, that he might the better under-
stand it when he should come to be heard
in court.” Upon which Sir Matthew in-
terrupted him, and said—“He did not deal
fairly to come to his chamber about such
affairs, for he never received any informa-
tion of causes but in open court, where both
parties were to be heard alike,” so he would
not suffer him to go on. Whereupon his
Grace (for he was a Duke) went away not
a little dissatisfied, and complained of it to
the King, as a rudeness that was not to be
endured. But his Majesty bade him con-
tent himself that he was no worse used,
and said—“He verily believed he would
have used himself no better, if he had gone
to solicit him in any of his own causes.”—
BUCK.

JUDGE.—A Disinterested

Aristides being judge between two pri-
vate persons, one of them declared that his
adversary had greatly injured Aristides.
“Relate rather, good friend,” said he,
interrupting him, “what wrong he hath
done to thee, for it is thy cause, not mine,
that I now sit judge of.”—ARVINE.

JUDGE.—A Good

A judge—a man so learn'd,
So full of equity, so noble, so notable ;
In the process of his life, so innocent ;
In the manage of his office so incorrupt ;
In the passage of state so wise ; in
Affection of his country so religious ;
In all his services to the king so
Fortunate and exploring, as envy
Itself cannot accuse, or malice vitiate.
CHAPMAN AND SHIRLEY.

JUDGE.—No Man to be his own

One of the first motives to civil society, and which becomes one of its fundamental laws, is *that no man should be judge in his own cause*. By this each person has at once divested himself of the first fundamental right of uncovenanted man, that is to judge for himself and to assert his own cause. He abdicates all right to be his own governor. He inclusively in a great measure abandons the right of self-defence, the first law of nature. Men cannot enjoy the rights of an uncivil and a civil state together. That he may obtain justice he gives up the right of determining what it is in points the most essential to him. That he may secure some liberty, he makes a surrender in trust of the whole of it.—BURKE.

JUDGE.—The Walk of a

A judge must walk with feet of lead.—
BP. JEWELL.

JUDGMENT.—Defined.

A judgment is the mental act by which one thing is affirmed or denied of another.
—SIR W. HAMILTON.

JUDGMENT.—Delay

Disdain hatreds; hear both sides, and delay judgment until reason has had time to resume her sway.—NAPOLEON I.

JUDGMENT.—The Hall of

Pass now between them, push the brazen doors,
And, standing on the polished marble floor,
Leave all the noises of the square behind;
Most calm that reverend chamber shall ye find;
Silent at first, but for the noise you made
When on the brazen door your hand you laid
To shut it after you; but now behold
The city rulers on their thrones of gold,
Clad in most fair attire, and in their hands
Strong, carven, silver-banded ebony wands.
W. MORRIS.

JUDGMENT.—Here.

But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught,
return
To plague the inventor. This even-handed
justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd
chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double
trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then as his
host,

Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this
Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek—hath
been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued,
against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim,
horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.
SHAKESPEARE.

JUDGMENT.—Mistrust of

I mistrust the judgment of every man in a case in which his own wishes are concerned.—WELLINGTON.

JUDGMENT.—A Reversal of

It is related of Philip, King of the Macedonians, that while one was pleading before him, he dropped asleep, and, waking on a sudden, passed sentence against the righteous cause: upon this the injured person cried out—"I appeal." The king, with indignation, asked—"To whom?" He replied—"From yourself sleeping to yourself waking;" and had the judgment reversed that was against him.—ARVINE.

JUDGMENT-DAY.—The Certainty of the

The day
Will come, when virtue from the cloud
shall burst
That long obscured her beams; when sin
shall fly
Back to her native hell; there sink eclipsed
In penal darkness, where no star shall rise,
Nor ever sunshine pierce the impervious
gloom.—GLYNN.

JUDGMENT-DAY.—Discoursing on the

When Jonathan Edwards preached at Enfield, there was "such a breathing of distress," that he was compelled to stop, and request the people to retain their composure. He discoursed on the judgment to come, as if he were standing on "the sides of eternity," and the people heard him as if they were listening to the sound of "the last trump," or to their own sentence of condemnation from the lips of the Son of God.—TURNBULL.

JULY.—The Month of

Then came hot July boiling like to fire,
That all his garments he had cast away:
Upon a lion raging yet with ire
He boldly rode, and made him to obey:

(It was the beast that awhile did foray
The Némæan forest, till the Amphytrionide
Him slew, and with his hide did him
array :)

Behind his back a scythe, and by his side
Under his belt he bore a sickle circling
wide.—SPENSER.

JUNE.—The Month of

Welcome, bright June, and all its smiling
hours,

With song of birds, and stir of leaves and
wings,

And run of rills, and bubble of cool
springs,

And hourly burst of pretty buds to flowers ;

And buzz of happy bees in violet bowers ;

And gushing lay of the loud lark, who
sings

High in the silent sky, and sleeks his wings
In frequent sheddings of soft falling showers ;

With plunge of struggling sheep in plashy
floods,

And timid bleat of shorn and shivering
lamb,

Answer'd in fondest yearnings by its dam ;

And cuckoo's call from solitary woods,

And hum of many sounds making one
voice,

That fills the summer air with most melo-
dious noise.—C. WEBBE.

JURISPRUDENCE.—Civil

In civil jurisprudence it too often happens
that there is so much law that there is no
room for justice, and that the claimant ex-
pires of wrong in the midst of right, as
mariners die of thirst in the midst of water.
—COLTON.

JURYMEN.—Grand

Judgment and reason have been grand
jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.—
SHAKSPEARE.

JUST.—The Actions of the

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

SHIRLEY.

JUST.—Need for being

We must be just before we can be grateful.
GOLDSMITH

JUSTICE.—The Beauty of

The only true way to make the mass of
mankind see the beauty of justice, is by
showing to them in pretty plain terms the
consequences of injustice.—S. SMITH.

JUSTICE.—Communicative

Communicative justice consists in fair
dealing in trade and mutual intercourse
between man and man.—DR. WEBSTER.

JUSTICE.—Conformity with

It is the pleasure of the gods—that what
is in conformity with justice, shall also be
in conformity to the laws.—SOCRATES.

JUSTICE.—Defined.

Justice is the support of all unfortunate
and oppressed persons.—ABD-UL-AZIZ.

JUSTICE.—Distributive

Distributive justice belongs to magistrates
or rulers ; and consists in distributing to
every man that right or equity which
the laws and principles of equity require,
or in deciding controversies according to
the laws and to principles of equity.—DR.
WEBSTER.

JUSTICE.—The Equity of

Justice proportions the smart to the fault ;
so that we may behold the greatness of the
offence in the fitness of the punishment.—
W. SECKER.

JUSTICE.—Lame and Blind.

Justice is lame, as well as blind, amongst
us.—OTWAY.

JUSTICE.—The Love of

The love of justice in most men is only
the fear of themselves suffering by injustice.
—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

JUSTICE.—The Sentence of

Justice gives sentence many times
On one man for another's crimes.

S. BUTLER.

JUSTICE.—The Tardiness of

Justice advances with such languid steps
that crime often escapes from its slowness.
Its tardy and doubtful course causes too
many tears to be shed.—CORNEILLE.

JUSTICE.—Two Things United in

To do justice, and to give birth to the
persuasion that justice is done, are two very
different things, which, if possible, ought
to be united.—LANGDALE.

JUSTIFICATION.—Legal

The showing of a sufficient reason in
court why a party accused did what he is
called to answer.—DR. WEBSTER.

JUSTIFICATION.—Theological

Justification, in its theological sense, is
the non-imputation of sin, and the imputa-
tion of righteousness.—DORAN.

K.

KEEP.—A

Why is the strongest part of a castle called a keep? The common notion seems to be that the name originated in the fact that prisoners were *kept* there. The French equivalent is *donjon*; and this may have suggested that etymology. I do not doubt that the baron who had a prisoner of mark would place him within the strongest walls which his feudal abode could supply; but for obvious reasons he would locate himself and his family there also. Now in our eastern, and several other provincial dialects, the usual sitting-room of a family is still called "the keeping-room." I think, therefore, the keep, or principal part of a castle, was so called because the lord and his domestic circle kept, abode, or lived there.—LOWER.

KEEPSAKE.—A

Oh! know'st thou why, to distance driven,
When Friendship weeps the parting hour,
The simplest gift that moment given,
Long, long retains a magic power?

It boots not if the pencill'd rose,
Or sever'd ringlet meet the eye,
Or India's sparkling gems enclose
The talisman of sympathy.

"Keep it—yes, keep it for thy sake!"
On fancy's ear still peals the sound;
Nor time the potent charm shall break,
Nor loose the spell by nature bound.

MRS. KNIGHT.

KINDNESS.—The Cause of

The shade by which my life was crossed,
Which makes a desert in the mind,
Has made me kindly with my kind.

TENNYSON.

KINDNESS.—Costless

Yes! you find people ready enough to
do the Samaritan without the oil and two-
pence.—S. SMITH.

KINDNESS.—The Cultivation of

Getting money is not all a man's busi-
ness: to cultivate kindness is a valuable
part of the business of life.—DR. JOHNSON.

KINDNESS.—The Milk of Human

Have I not seen
In thy swol'n eye the tear of sympathy—
The milk of human kindness?

DR. ROBERTS.

KINDNESS.—The Power of

Kindness has resistless charms,
All things else but weakly move:
Fiercest anger it disarms,
And clips the wings of flying love.

Beauty does the heart invade,
Kindness only can persuade,
It gilds the lover's servile chain,
And makes the slave grow pleased and
vain.—ROCHESTER.

KINDNESS.—Reminded of a

To remind a man of a kindness conferred,
and to talk of it, is little different from
reproach.—DEMOSTHENES.

KINDNESS.—Returned.

When the country near Albany was newly
settled, an Indian came to the inn at Lich-
field, and asked for a night's shelter, at
the same time confessing that from failure
in hunting he had nothing to pay. The
hostess drove him away with reproachful
epithets, and as the Indian was retiring sor-
rowfully,—there being no other inn for many
a weary mile,—a man who was sitting by
directed the hostess to supply his wants,
and promised to pay her. As soon as his
supper was ended, the Indian thanked his
benefactor, and said he would some day
repay him. Several years thereafter the
settler was taken a prisoner by a hostile
tribe, and carried off to Canada. How-
ever, his life was spared, though he himself
was detained in slavery. But one day an
Indian came to him, and giving him a
musket, bade the captive follow him. The
Indian never told where they were going,
nor what was his object; but day after day
the captive followed his mysterious guide,
till one afternoon they came suddenly on
a beautiful expanse of cultivated fields,
with many houses rising amongst them.
"Do you know that place?" asked the
Indian. "Ah, yes—it is Lichfield!" and
whilst the astonished exile had not recovered
his surprise and amazement, the Indian ex-
claimed—"And I am the starving Indian
on whom at this very place you took pity.
And now that I have paid for my supper,
I pray you go home!"—DR. DWIGHT.

KINDNESS.—Unrequited

Think too, how oft *in weak and sickly minds*,
The sweets of kindness, lavishly indulged,
Rankle to gall; and benefits too great
To be repaid, sit heavy on the soul,
As unrequited wrongs.—T. GRAY.

KINDNESSES.—The Memory of

Among the Alps, when the day is done,
and twilight and darkness are creeping over
fold and hamlet in the valleys below, Mont
Rosa and Mont Blanc rise up far above the
darkness, catching from the retreating sun
something of his light, flushed with rose-
colour, exquisite beyond all words or pencil
or paint, glowing like the gate of heaven.
And so past kindnesses lift themselves up

in the memory of noble natures, and long after the lower parts of life are darkened by neglect, or selfishness, or anger, former loves, high up above all clouds, glow with divine radiance and seem to forbid the advance of night any further.—H. W. BEECHER.

KING.—The Abdication of a

Though a king may abdicate for his own person, he cannot abdicate for the monarchy.—BURKE.

KING.—The Duties of a

Oh ! bright occasions of dispensing good,
How seldom used, how little understood !
To pour in virtue's lap her just reward,
Keep vice restrain'd behind a double guard ;
To quell the faction that affronts the throne,
By silent magnanimity alone ;
To nurse with tender care the thriving arts,
Watch every beam philosophy imparts ;
To give religion her unbridled scope,
Nor judge by stature a believer's hope ;
With close fidelity and love unfeign'd,
To keep the matrimonial bond unstain'd ;
Covetous only of a virtuous praise,
His life a lesson to the land he sways ;
To touch the sword with conscientious awe,
Nor draw it but when duty bids him draw,
To sheathe it in the peace—restoring close,
With joy, beyond what victory bestows,—
Blest country ! where these kingly glories
shine,
Blest England ! if this happiness be thine.

COWPER.

KING.—The Egotism of a

When King Theodore of Abyssinia received the answer of the Emperor of the French to his last embassy, he dashed it to the ground, saying—"Is this an answer to my letter? Napoleon may think himself great, but I am greater still ; his genealogy is only of yesterday ; mine I trace back to David and Solomon."—STERN.

KING.—The Eloquence of a

Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate ;
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say,—it hath been all in all his study ;
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music :
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter ; that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences ;
So that the art and practice part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoric.

SHAKSPEARE.

KING.—The Fall of a

A king ought not to fall from the throne except with the throne itself ; under its lofty ruins he alone finds an honoured death and an honoured tomb.—ALFIERI.

KING.—Falsehood from a

A falsehood from royal lips, is to a nation what the mistake of a signal is to an army.—DR. JOHNSON.

KING.—The Kingliest

They've battled best who've boldliest borne ;
The kingliest kings are crown'd with thorn.
MASSEY.

KING.—The Lot of a Dethroned

The lot of a dethroned king, who was born a king and nothing more, must be dreadful. The pomp of the throne, the gewgaws which surround him from his cradle, and which accompany him step by step throughout his life, become a necessary condition of his existence.—NAPOLEON I.

KING.—The Love-Sentiments of a

And Arthur, passing thence to battle, felt
Travail, and throes and agonies of the life,
Desiring to be join'd with Guinevere ;
And thinking as he rode—her father said—
"That there between the man and beast
they die :"

Shall I not lift her from this land of beasts
Up to my throne, and side by side with
me?

What happiness to reign a lonely king,
Vext—O ye stars that shudder over me !
O earth that soundest hollow under me !—
Vext with waste dreams ? for saving I be
joined

To her that is the fairest under heaven,
I seem as nothing in the mighty world,
And cannot will my will, nor work my
work

Wholly, nor make myself in mine own
realm

Victor and lord. But were I join'd with
her,

Then might we live together as one life,
And reigning with one will in everything
Have power on this dark land to lighten it,
And power on this dead world to make it
live.—TENNYSON.

KING.—Loyalty to a

We love

The king who loves the laws, respects his
bounds,

And reigns content within them. Him we
serve,

Freely and with delight, who leaves us
free ;

But, recollecting still that he is man,

We trust him not too far. King though he be,

And king in England too, he may be weak
And vain enough to be ambitious still,
And exercise amiss his proper powers,
Or covet more than freemen choose to grant :

Beyond that mark is treason. He is ours
To administer, to guard, to adorn the state,
But not to warp or change it. We are his
To serve him nobly in the common cause ;
True to the death, but not to be his slaves.

COWPER.

KING.—The Name of a

The king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse party want.

SHAKESPEARE.

KING.—The Reason for a

A king is a thing men have made for
their own sakes,—for quietness' sake. Just
as in a family one man is appointed to buy
the meat : if every man should buy, or if
there were many buyers, they would never
agree ; one would buy what the other liked
not, or what the other had bought before ;
so there would be confusion. But that
charge being committed to one, he, accord-
ing to his discretion, pleases all : if they
have not what they would one day, they
shall have it the next, or something as
good.—SELDEN.

KING.—A True

He's a king,
A true, right king, that dares do aught save
wrong :

Fears nothing mortal, but to be unjust ;
Who is not blown up with the flatt'ring
puffs

Of spongy sycophants ; who stands un-
moved,

Despite the jostling of opinion.—MARSTON.

KING.—The Wish to be a

Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain?—

Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
And fickle as a changeful dream ;—

Fantastic as a woman's mood,
And fierce as frenzy's fever'd blood :

Thou many-headed monster-thing,
Oh, who would wish to be a king !

SIR W. SCOTT.

KING.—The Word—

The origin of this word is derived from
the Saxon *cynig*, *cynig*, or *cynig*, signifying
“a chief, a leader, one that attracts or
draws,” and from *can*, “to bear” or “pro-
duce,” or *ken*, “knowledge,” wherewith
every king is supposed to be endowed.
The Latin *rex*, the Scythian *reix*, the Punic
resch, the Spanish *rey*, the Gaelic *ri*, and

the French *roi*—all these are said to come
from the Hebrew *rasch*, the literal meaning
of which is the “chief head.”—LOARING.

KINGS.—The Curse of

It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a
warrant.—SHAKESPEARE.

KINGS.—The Death of

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;

There is no armour against fate :

Death lays his icy hands on kings ;

Sceptre and crown

Must tumble down,

And in the dust be equal made

With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

SHIRLEY.

KINGS.—The Fallibility of

The wisest sovereigns err like private men,
And royal hand has sometimes laid the
sword

Of chivalry upon a worthless shoulder,
Which better had been branded by the
hangman :

What then ? Kings do their best, and they
and we

Must answer for the intent, and not the
event.—SIR W. SCOTT.

KINGS.—The Last Arguments of

Implements of war and subjugation are
the last arguments to which kings resort.—
PATRICK HENRY.

KINGS.—The Loneliness of

Methinks
There's something lonely in the state of
kings !

None dare come near them. As the eagle,
poised

Upon his sightless throne in upper air,
Scares gentler birds away ; so kings, cut off
From human kindred by the curse of power,
Are shunned and live alone. Who dare
come near

The region of a king ? There is a wall
Invisible, indeed, yet strong and high,
Which fences kings from close approach of
men :

They live respected ;—Oh that cheat—
respect!—

As if the homage which abases others
Could comfort him that has't. Alone—
alone

Prisoned in ermine and a velvet chair,
Shut out from hope, the height being all-
attained,

Yet touched by terrors,—what can soothe a
king?—W. B. PROCTER.

KINGS.—A Strange Wish of

Many kings are infected with a strange wish that their successors may turn out bad princes. Good kings desire it, as they imagine that their glory will appear the more splendid by the contrast; and the bad desire it, as they consider such kings will serve to countenance their own misdeemeanors.—ST. CHRYSOSTOM.

KINGS—not to be Surpassed.

Kings are willing to be aided, but not surpassed.—GRATIAN.

KINGS.—The Undeserved Gifts of

The most disinterested of all gifts are those which kings bestow on undeserving favourites; first, because they are purely at the expense of the donor's character; and secondly, because they are sure to be repaid with ingratitude. In fact, honours and titles so conferred, or rather so misplaced, dishonour the giver, without exalting the receiver; they are a splendid sign to a wretched inn; an illuminated frontispiece to a contemptible missal; a lofty arch overshadowing a gutter! Court minions lifted up from obscurity by their vices, and splendid only because they reflect the rays of royal munificence, may be compared to those fogs which the sun raises up from a swamp, merely to obscure the beams which were the cause of their elevation.—COLTON.

KINGS.—The Use of Men by

Kings who affect to be familiar with their companions make use of men as they do of oranges; they take oranges to extract their juice, and when they are well sucked they throw them away. Take care the king does not do the same to you; be careful that he does not read all your thoughts; otherwise he will throw you aside to the back of his chest, as a book of which he has read enough.—ALVA.

KINGS.—The Wish of

Kings wish to be absolute, and they are sometimes told that their best way to become so is to make themselves beloved by the people. This maxim is doubtless a very admirable one, and in some respects true; but unhappily it is laughed at in court — ROUSSEAU.

KIRK.—Love for the

Oh, sweeter than the marriage feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends;
Old men and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay.
S. T. COLERIDGE.

KISS.—All Things

See the mountain kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven
If it e'er disdain'd its brother:

And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea;—
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?—SHELLEY.

KISS.—A Baby's

As a boon the kiss is granted:
Baby-mouth, your touch is sweet,—
Takes the love without the trouble
From those lips that with it meet;
Gives the love, O pure! O tender!
Of the valley where it grows,
But the baby-heart receiveth
MORE THAN IT BESTOWS.

INGELOW.

KISS.—A Bridal

He took
The bride about the neck, and kissed her
lips
With such a clamorous smack, that at the
parting
All the Church echoed.—SHAKESPEARE.

KISS.—The Characteristics of a

There is a kiss of subjection and obedience, that is the subject's kiss; there is a kiss of dissimulation, that is the traitor's kiss; there is a kiss of tenderness, that is the brother's kiss; and there is a kiss of pity and forgiveness, that is the Christian's kiss.—ABP. SECKER.

KISSES.—Hearts Meet in

Leap hearts to lips, and in our kisses meet.
P. FLETCHER.

KISSES.—Love Manifest in

Kisses are pledges and incentives of love.
DR. COTTON.

KISSES.—Remembered

Dear as remembered kisses after death.
TENNYSON.

KISSING.—The Antiquity of

It is as old as the creation, and yet as young and fresh as ever. It pre-existed, still exists, and always will exist. Depend upon it—Eve learned it in Paradise, and was taught its beauties, virtues, and varieties by an angel, there is something so transcendent in it.—HALIBURTON.

KISSING—Universal.

Go where you will, to what country you will, you are perfectly sure to find kissing !
—COCKTON.

KISSING-CRUST.—The

A massy fragment—the rich kissing-crust, that hangs like a fretted cornice from the upper-half of the loaf.—W. HOWITT.

KNAVE.—The Character of a

His tongue and his heart are always at variance, and fall out like rogues in the street, to pick somebody's pocket. They never agree but—like Herod and Pilate—to do mischief. His conscience never stands in his light, when the devil holds a candle to him ; for he has stretched it so thin that it is transparent.—S. BUTLER.

KNAVERY.—Cunning Leads to

It is but a step from one to the other, and that very slippery ; lying only makes the difference ; add that to cunning, and it is knavery.—LA BRUYÈRE.

KNAVES.—The Most Successful

Always suspect a man who affects great softness of manner, an unruffled evenness of temper, and an enunciation studied, slow, and deliberate. These things are all unnatural, and bespeak a degree of mental discipline into which he that has no purposes of craft or design to answer cannot submit to drill himself. The most successful knaves are usually of this description, as smooth as razors dipped in oil, and as sharp. They affect the innocence of the dove, which they have not, in order to hide the cunning of the serpent, which they have.—COLTON.

KNIGHTHOOD.—Conferring the Order of

When the order of knighthood was conferred with full solemnity in the leisure of a court or city, imposing preliminary ceremonies were required of the candidate. He prepared himself by prayer and fasting, watched his arms at night in a chapel, and was then admitted with the performance of religious rites. Knighthood was conferred by the *accolade*, which from the derivation of the name, should appear to have been originally an embrace ; but afterwards consisted, as it still does in a blow of the flat of a sword on the back of the kneeling candidate.—BRANDE.

KNIGHTS.—The Honour of

The princes of Europe have found out a manner of rewarding their subjects, by presenting them with about two yards of blue ribbon, which is worn about the

shoulder. They who are honoured with this mark of distinction are called knights, and the king himself is always the head of the order. Should a nobleman happen to lose his leg in battle, the king presents him with two yards of ribbon, and he is paid for the loss of his limb. Should an ambassador spend all his paternal fortune in supporting the honour of his country abroad, the king presents him with two yards of ribbon, which is considered to be as equivalent to his estate. In short, while a European king has a yard of blue or green ribbon left, he need be under no apprehension of wanting statesmen, generals, and soldiers.—GOLDSMITH.

KNIGHTS.—The Rank of

When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth ;
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars ;
Not fearing death nor shrinking from distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.

SHAKESPEARE.

KNOCK.—The Postman's

No matter whether rich or poor,
The postman's knock comes to the door,
With joy and bliss, ruin or pain ;
Fortune is borne, or hopes are slain ;
Beggary here, or riches there,
And life's quick changes everywhere :
Earth's pleasures gild the infant's breath ;
Earth's sorrows shade the house of death.

HERDMAN.

KNOT.—The Gordian

According to ancient history, this knot was made in the harness of a chariot by Gordius, King of Phrygia, which knot was so intricate as to baffle every attempt to untie it, or even to find out where it began or ended. The oracle of the day having declared that he who succeeded in solving the complication should be the conqueror of the world, Alexander the Great determined to effect it if possible. Aware that if he failed his followers would be disappointed, he determined to separate it with his sword, and with one blow he cut the knot which was fraught with such interest to the whole world. The expression "cutting the Gordian knot," has consequently been used to signify eluding any difficulty or task by bold or unusual means.—LOARING.

KNOWLEDGE.—Defined.

Knowledge, which is the highest degree of the speculative faculties, consists in the

perception of the truth of affirmative or negative propositions.—LOCKE.

KNOWLEDGE.—The Desire of

For such the bounteous providence of Heaven,

In every breast implanting the desire
Of objects new and strange, to urge us on
With unremitted labour to pursue
Those sacred stores that wait the ripening soul

In Truth's exhaustless bosom. * * *

* * * For this the daring youth
Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,

In foreign climes to rove; the pensive sage,

Heedless of sleep, or midnight's harmful damp,

Hangs o'er the sickly taper; and untired
The virgin follows with enchanted step
The mazes of some wild and wondrous tale,
From morn to eve.—AKENSIDE.

KNOWLEDGE—in a Disciplined Mind.

Unreflective minds possess thoughts only as a jug does water, by containing them. In a disciplined mind knowledge exists like vital force in the physical frame, ready to be directed to tongue, or hand, or foot, hither, thither, anywhere, and for any use desired.—COLEY.

KNOWLEDGE—the Excellency of Man.

Knowledge is the excellency of man, whereby he is usually differenced from a brute.—SWINNOCK.

KNOWLEDGE.—The Extent of Personal

He that knoweth not what he ought to know, is a brute among men. He that knoweth no more than he hath need of, is a man among brute beasts. He that knoweth all that may be known, is a god among men.—ROBSON.

KNOWLEDGE.—Ingratitude for

Nothing will do in the pursuit of knowledge but the blackest ingratitude; the moment we have got up the ladder, we must kick it down;—as soon as we have passed over the bridge we must let it rot;—when we have got upon the shoulders of the ancients, we must look over their heads. The man who forgets the friends of his childhood in real life is base; but he who clings to the props of his childhood in literature, must be content to remain ignorant as he was when a child.—S. SMITH.

KNOWLEDGE.—The Love of

The love of knowledge comes with reading, and grows upon it. And the love of

knowledge, in a young mind, is almost a warrant against the inferior excitement of passions and vices.—H. W. BEECHER.

KNOWLEDGE.—Natural Benefits of

Nothing can be more important to the welfare of a community than the wide extension of rational curiosity in the desire of knowledge; it not only increases the comforts, enlivens the feelings, and improves the faculties of man, but it forms the firmest barrier against the love of pleasure, and stops the progress of corruption. Every nation has its chances for happiness increased, in proportion as it honours and rewards a spirit which, above all things, honours and rewards it.—S. SMITH.

KNOWLEDGE.—The Pillars of

Knowledge hath two pillars—learning and discretion. The greatest scholar, without his two eyes of discretion and honesty, is like blind Samson; apt to no good, able to much mischief.—T. ADAMS.

KNOWLEDGE.—The Pleasure of

The pleasure and delight of knowledge far surpasseth all other in nature. We see in all other pleasures there is satiety; and after they be used, their verdure departeth—which sheweth well that they be but deceits of pleasure, and not pleasures; and that it was the novelty which pleased, not the quality: and therefore we see that voluptuous men turn friars, and ambitious princes turn melancholy. But of knowledge there is no satiety—but satisfaction and appetite are perpetually interchangeable.—LORD BACON.

KNOWLEDGE.—Portable

The desirable and the useful thing is—that we should carry our knowledge about with us, as we carry our health about with us; that the one should be exhibited in the alacrity of our actions, and the other proved by the vigour of our thoughts.—S. SMITH.

KNOWLEDGE—is Power.

The father of the inductive philosophy says—"Knowledge is power." Truly; but it is power either to do extensive good or correspondent evil,—to disseminate the truths of heaven, or to propagate the lies of hell,—to become the angel, or sink into the demon!—DR. DAVIES.

KNOWLEDGE—without Practice.

Knowledge without practice is like a glass eye, all for show, and nothing for use.—SWINNOCK.

KNOWLEDGE.—The Progress of

Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts,

In fearless youth, we tempt the heights of art

While from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor see the lengths
behind ;

But, more advanced, behold with strange
surprise

New distant scenes of endless science rise !
So pleased at first the towering Alps we
try,

Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread
the sky ;

The eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem
the last :

But, those attained, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd
way ;

The increasing prospect tires our wandering
eyes,

Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps
arise !—POPE.

KNOWLEDGE.—The Reason why Men Want

The truth is, that most men want knowledge, not for itself, but for the superiority which knowledge confers ; and the means they employ to secure this superiority are as wrong as the ultimate object, for no man can ever end with being superior, who will not begin with being inferior.—S. SMITH.

KNOWLEDGE—by Rote.

To know by rote is no knowledge, it is only a retention of what is entrusted to the memory. That which a man truly knows may be disposed of without regard to the author, or reference to the book from whence he had it.—MONTAIGNE.

KNOWLEDGE.—The Search of

I persuade myself that the life and faculties of man, at the best but short and limited, cannot be employed more rationally than in the search of knowledge, and especially of that sort which relates to our duty, and conduces to our happiness. In these inquiries therefore, whenever I perceive any glimmering of truth before me, I readily pursue and endeavour to trace it to its source, without any reserve or caution of pushing the discovery too far, or opening too great a glare of it to the public. I look upon the discovery of anything which is true as a valuable acquisition to society ; which cannot possibly hurt or obstruct the good effect of any other truth whatsoever ; for they all partake of one common essence, and necessarily coincide with one another, and like the drops of rain which fall separately into the river, mix themselves at once with the stream, and strengthen the general current.—DR. MIDDLETON.

KNOWLEDGE.—The Sum of

The greater part of the sciences comprise but one single word—*perhaps* ; and the whole history of mankind contains no more than three :—they are *born, suffer, and die*.—DABSHELIM.

KNOWLEDGE.—The Value of

All knowledge is of itself of some value. There is nothing so minute, or inconsiderable, that I would not rather know it than not.—DR. JOHNSON.

KNOWLEDGE.—The Way to Obtain

Properly, there is no other knowledge but that which is got by working : the rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge ; a thing to be argued of in schools ; a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logic-vortices, till we try and fix it.—CARLYLE.

KNOWLEDGE AND LEARNING.

I make a distinction between knowledge and learning ; taking knowledge to be properly meant of things that we generally agree to be true, by consent of those that first found them out, or have since been instructed in them : but learning is the knowledge of the different and contested opinions of men in former ages, and about which they have perhaps never agreed in any ; and this makes so much of one and so little of the other in the world.—SIR W. TEMPLE.

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oft-times no connection. Knowledge
dwells

In heads replete with thoughts of other
men ;

Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
COWPER.

L.

LABOUR.—The Advantages of

What matter if we heave laborious breath,
And crack our hearts and sinews, groan
and weep ?

The pain of life but sweetens death ;
The hardest labour brings the soundest
sleep.—A. SMITH.

LABOUR—a Blessing.

This labour and sweat of our brows is so far from being a curse, that without it our very bread would not be so great a blessing. Is it not labour that makes the garlick and the pulse, the sycamore and the cresses,

the cheese of the goats, and the butter of the sheep, to be savoury and pleasant as the flesh of the roebuck, or the milk of the kine, the marrow of oxen, or the thighs of birds? If it were not for labour, men neither could eat so much, nor relish so pleasantly, nor sleep so soundly, nor be so healthful, nor so useful, so strong nor so patient, so noble nor so untempted.—BP. TAYLOR.

LABOUR.—Boasting of

Toil is polish'd man's vocation ;
Praises are the meed of skill ;
Kings may vaunt their crown and station,
We will vaunt our labour still.

MANGAU.

LABOUR.—Definitions of

Labour is the fabled magician's wand, the philosopher's stone, and the cap of Fortunatus.—J. JOHNSON.

Labour is the destiny of humanity.—
LORD STANLEY.

LABOUR.—The Encouragement of

For the encouragement of all labour there must be a previous accumulation of the results of labour, which becomes a real labour-fund for the payment of wages. Every saving of previous labour renders this fund more productive for the encouragement of future labour. * * *

Whatever diminishes the risk of the capitalist ensures a more constant demand for labour, and therefore increases the rate of wages.—C. KNIGHT.

LABOUR.—The End of

The end of labour is to gain leisure.—
ARISTOTLE.

LABOUR.—The Fruit of

The fruit derived from labour is the sweetest of all pleasures.—VAUVENARGUES.

LABOUR.—The Honours due to

Statues in every public place should record its wonders ; oratorios should be composed in its honour ; its insignia—the plough, the spade, and the loom—should decorate state carriages, and ornament churches and public halls ; while its successful votaries should wear the honoured decoration of "The Order of Industry."—J. JOHNSON.

LABOUR.—The Life-Character of

Labour is life : from the inmost heart of the worker rises his God-given force,—the sacred celestial life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God !—CARLYLE.

LABOUR.—A Miracle of

Generally speaking, the life of all the great men has been a life of intense incessant labour. They have commenced the first half of life in the gross darkness of indigent humility,—overlooked, mistaken, contemned, by weaker men thinking while others slept, reading while others rioted, feeling something within them that told them they should always be kept down among the dregs of the world ; and then, when their time came, and some little accident has given them their first occasion, they have burst out into the light and glory of public life rich with the spoils of time, and mighty in all the labours and struggles of the miracle. Then do the multitude cry out—"a miracle of genius !" Yes, he is a miracle of genius, because he is a miracle of labour, because, instead of trusting to the resources of his own single mind, he has ransacked thousand minds ; because he makes use of the accumulated wisdom of ages, and takes as his point of departure the very last limit and boundary to which science has advanced ; because it has ever been the object of his life to assist every intellectual gift of nature, however munificent, and however splendid, with every resource that art could suggest, and every attentive diligence could bestow.—S. SMITH.

LABOUR.—The Necessity for

Of the laws of nature, on which the condition of man depends, that which is attended with the greatest number of consequences, is the necessity of labour for obtaining the means of subsistence, as well as the means of the greatest part of our pleasures. This is, no doubt, the primary cause of government ; for, if nature had produced spontaneously all the objects which we desire, and in sufficient abundance for the desires of all, there would have been no source of dispute or of injury among men ; nor would any man have possessed the means of ever acquiring authority over another.—J. MILL.

LABOUR.—Physical and Mental

Physical labour requires simple rest ; mental labour should always be accompanied by daily physical exercise, not violent or fatiguing ; but sufficient only to secure the active transitions of metamorphoses of bodily structures, in order to keep Nature's laboratories in due health and activity.—
MR. RIDGE.

LABOUR.—A Royal Example of

When Cyrus conducted Lysander, the famous Lacedæmonian general, through his

n gardens, Lysander was struck at the charming prospect ; and still more on finding that the plan and order of all were drawn by Cyrus himself, and many of the trees planted with his own hands. "What!" said Lysander, viewing him from head to foot, "is it possible, with these purple robes and splendid vestments, those strings of jewels and bracelets of gold, that you could play the gardener, and employ your royal hands in planting trees?" "Does that surprise you?" said Cyrus. "I protest, with the utmost sincerity, that when my health admits, I never sit down to table without having made myself sweat with some fatigue or other, either in military exercise, rural labour, or some toilsome employment, to which I apply with pleasure and without sparing myself."—BUCK.

LABOUR.—Varieties of

To some we find
The ploughshare's annual toil assigned ;
Some at the sounding anvil glow ;
Some the swift-gliding shuttle throw ;
Some, studious of the wind and tide,
From pole to pole our commerce guide ;
Some taught by industry, impart
With hands and feet the works of art ;
While some of genius more refined,
With head and tongue assist mankind ;
Each aiming at one common end,
Proves on the whole a needful friend.

GAY.

LABOUR.—The Will to

What men want is, not talent, it is purpose ; not the power to achieve, but the will to labour.—LYTTON.

LACONIC.—The Derivation of the Term—

The term—laconic is derived from the Lacones, or Spartans, who affected to give short, pithy answers. Laconic, then, implies few words, and carries with it the idea of incivility or affectation.—DR. WEBSTER.

LACONIC.—Growing

I grow laconic even beyond laconicism.—POPE.

LADIES.—The Education of

Most ladies who have had what is considered as an education, have no idea of an education progressive through life. Having attained a certain measure of accomplishment, knowledge, manners, etc., they consider themselves as *made up*, and so take their station ; they are pictures which, being quite finished, are put in a frame—a gilded one, if possible, and hung up in permanence of beauty !—permanence, that is to say—till Old Time, with his rude

and dirty fingers, soil the charming colours.—FOSTER.

LADIES.—The Influence of

Man is but a rough pebble without the attrition received from contact with the gentler sex : it is wonderful how the ladies pumice a man down into a smoothness which occasions him to roll over and over with the rest of his species, jostling but not wounding his neighbours, as the waves of circumstances bring him into collision with them.—CAPT. MARRYAT.

LADIES—the Life of Conversation.

Society is nothing unless ladies are present. They are the life of conversation.—NAPOLEON I.

LADY.—A Beautiful

A damsel bright,
Dressed in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone ;
The neck that made that white robe wan,
Her stately neck and arms were bare ;
Her blue-veined feet unsandalled were,
And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her hair :
I guess 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly !—S. T. COLERIDGE.

LADY.—The Christian Conduct of a Celebrated

The incumbent of Osborne had occasion to visit an aged parishioner. On his arrival at the house, as he entered the door where the invalid was, he found sitting by the bed-side a lady in deep mourning, reading the Word of God. He was about to retire, when the lady remarked :—"Pray remain ; I should not wish the invalid to lose the comfort which a clergyman might afford." The lady retired, and the clergyman found lying on the bed a book with texts of Scripture adapted to the sick ; and he found that out of that book portions of Scripture had been read by the lady in black. That lady was the Queen of England !—HULEATT.

LADY.—The Old

If the old lady is a widow and lives alone, the manners of her condition and time of life are so much the more apparent. She generally dresses in plain silks, that make a gentle rustling as she moves about the silence of her room ; and she wears a nice cap, with a lace border, that comes under the chin. In a placket at her side is an old enamelled watch, unless it is locked up in a drawer of her toilet, for fear of accidents. She wears pockets, and uses them well too ;

in the one is her handkerchief, and any heavier matter that is not likely to come out with it, such as the change of a sixpence; in the other is a miscellaneous assortment, consisting of a pocket-book, a bunch of keys, a needle-case, a spectacle-case, crumbs of biscuit, a nutmeg and grater, a smelling-bottle, and, according to the season, an orange or apple, which, after many days, she draws out to give to some little child that has well behaved itself.—L. HUNT.

LADY.—A Young

She was in the lovely bloom and spring-time of womanhood; at that age, when, if ever angels be for God's good purposes enthroned in mortal forms, they may be, without impiety, supposed to abide in such as hers. Cast in so slight and exquisite a mould; so mild and gentle; so pure and beautiful, that earth seemed not her element, nor its rough creatures her fit companions.—DICKENS.

LAMBS—at Play.

Say, ye that know, ye who have felt and seen

Spring's morning smiles and soul enliv'ning green;

Say, did you give the thrilling transport way?

Did your eye brighten, when young lambs at play

Leap'd o'er your path with animated pride, Or gazed in merry clusters by your side?

Ye who can smile—to wisdom no disgrace—At the arch meaning of a kitten's face;

If spotless innocence, and infant mirth, Excites to praise, or gives reflection birth;

In shades like these pursue your favourite joy,

'Midst Nature's revels, sports that never cloy,

A few begin a short but vigorous race, And Indolence, abash'd, soon flies the place:

Thus challenged forth, see thither, one by one,

From every side, assembling playmates run; A thousand wily antics mark their stay,

A starting crowd, impatient of delay: Like the fond dove from fearful prison freed,

Each seems to say—"Come, let us try our speed."

Away they scour, impetuous, ardent, strong, The green turf trembling as they bound

along,

Adown the slope, then up the hillock climb,

Where every molehill is a bed of thyme; Then, panting, stop; yet scarcely can

refrain;

A bird, a leaf, will set them off again:

Or, if a gale with strength unusual blow,
Scatt'ring the wild-brier roses into snow,
Their little limbs increasing efforts try;
Like the torn flower, the fair assemblage fly:
Ah, fallen rose! sad emblem of their doom;
Frail as thyself, they perish while they
bloom!—BLOOMFIELD.

LAMENTATION.—An Agony of

From them rose

A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,

And, as it were one voice, an agony

Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills

All night in a waste land, where no one comes,

Or hath come, since the making of the world!—TENNYSON.

LAMENTATION AND GRIEF.

Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead;

Excessive grief the enemy of the living.

SHAKESPEARE.

LAND.—A Beautiful

I know a land where feathering palm-trees shade

To delicate twilight, suns benign as those

Whose dawning gilded Eden;—Nature, there,

Like a gay spendthrift in his flush of youth, Flings her whole treasure on the lap of

Time:

There, steeped in roseate hues, the lake-like sea

Heaves to an air whose breathing is ambrosia;

And, all the while, bright-winged and warbling birds,

Like happy souls released, melodious float Through blissful light, and teach the rav-

ished earth

How joy finds voice in heaven.—LYTTON.

LAND.—Joy in Owning

There is a distinct joy in owning land, unlike that which you have in money, in houses, in books, pictures, or anything else which men have devised. Personal property brings you into society with men. But land is a part of God's estate in the globe; and when a parcel of ground is deeded to you, and you walk over it, and call it your own, it seems as if you had come into partnership with the original Proprietor of the earth.—H. W. BEECHER.

LANDLORD.—A Resident

It is the proudest rank a country gentleman can hold—to live on his estates, and to diffuse happiness around him, by example, by encouragement, and by advice; to be the friend, the father of his dependants, and to

LANDSCAPE.

grow old among those whom he has known from the earliest dawn of recollection. In cities and at public places, the land-owner is frequently eclipsed by the successful votaries of trade and commerce ; but on his native domains, he resumes his consequence, and feels the importance of his situation.—MAVOR.

LANDSCAPE.—Feelings Created by a

I am so happy in such scenes as these,
And yet so sad, and so dissatisfied ;
I feel one moment I could leap for joy,
And in the next that I could lie me down
And weep that my enjoyment is so small,
And that such beauty and sublimity,—
Such glory and such wonder, should not be
Part of myself for ever !—MACKAY.

LANDSCAPE.—Never Tired of a

Ever charming, ever new,
Never will the landscape tire the view.

DYER.

LANGUAGE.—Definitions of

The brain's livery servant : the dress of thought.—DR. JOHNSON.

The machine of the poet.—MACAULAY.

The key to the sciences.—LA BRUYÈRE.

LANGUAGE.—Homely

A countryman is as warm in fustian as a king in velvet, and a truth is as comfortable in homely language as in fine speech. As to the way of dishing up the meat, hungry men leave that to the cook, only let the meat be sweet and substantial.—SPURGEON.

LANGUAGE—an Implement of Play.

Language in the mouths of the adult,—
Witness its insignificant result,—
Too often proves an implement of play,
A toy to sport with, and pass time away.

COWPER.

LANGUAGE.—Inspiration Necessary to

It must have come by inspiration. A thousand, nay, a million of children could not invent a language. While the organs are pliable, there is not understanding enough to form a language ; by the time that there is understanding enough the organs are become stiff. We know that after a certain age we cannot learn to pronounce a new language. No foreigner who comes to England when advanced in life ever pronounces English tolerably well ; at least such instances are very rare. When I maintain that language must have come by inspiration, I do not mean that inspiration is required for rhetoric, and all the beauties

LANGUAGE.

of language ; for when once man has language, we can conceive that he may gradually form modifications of it. I mean only that inspiration seems to me to be necessary to give man the faculty of speech—to inform him that he may have speech ; which I think he could no more find out without inspiration than cows or hogs would think of such a faculty.—DR. JOHNSON.

LANGUAGE.—National Importance of

The language of a people is no trifle. The national mind is reflected in the national speech. If the way in which men express their thoughts is slipshod and mean, it will be very difficult for their thoughts themselves to escape being the same. If it is high-flown and bombastic, a character for national simplicity and truthfulness cannot long be maintained.—DEAN ALFORD.

LANGUAGE.—Poets the Preservers of

You may translate books of science exactly. You may also translate history, in so far as it is not embellished with oratory, which is poetical. Poetry, indeed, cannot be translated ; and, therefore, it is the poets that preserve the languages ; for we would not be at the trouble to learn a language if we could have all that is written in it just as well in a translation. But as the beauties of poetry cannot be preserved in any language except that in which it was originally written, we learn the language.—DR. JOHNSON.

LANGUAGE.—Simplicity Enjoined in

Be simple, be unaffected, be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word where a short one will do. Call a spade a spade, not a *well-known oblong instrument of manual husbandry* ; let home be *home*, not a *residence* ; a place a *place*, not a *locality* ; and so of the rest. Where a short word will do, you always lose by using a long one. You lose in clearness ; you lose in honest expression of your meaning ; and, in estimation of all men who are qualified to judge, you lose in reputation for ability. The only true way to shine, even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a very thick crust, but, in the course of time, truth will find a place to break through. Elegance of language may not be in the power of all of us ; but simplicity and straightforwardness are. Write much as you would speak ; speak as you think. If with your inferiors, speak no coarser than usual ; if with your superiors, no finer. Be what you say ; and, within the rules of prudence, say what you are.—DEAN ALFORD.

LANGUAGE.—The Study of

The study of language seems to me as if it was given for the very purpose of forming the human mind in youth ; and the Greek and Latin languages, in themselves so perfect, and at the same time freed from the insuperable difficulty which must attend any attempt to teach boys philology through the medium of their own spoken language, seem the very instruments by which this is to be effected.—**DR. ARNOLD.**

LANGUAGES—once One.

Looking back to all the most ancient languages, I find that, although there were marked differences, which rendered them utterly unintelligible to one another, there were points in common which, when fairly examined, proved that those languages had all a common origin. The people separated—were divided ; some parts of the ancient language survived in one portion, some in another, and so on. None of the languages retained even any large part of the original, but each sufficient to identify it as part of one original language.—**HINCKS.**

All languages were originally united in one, and the separation between them must have been occasioned by some violent, unusual, and active force, sufficient to account at once for the resemblances and the differences.—**CARDINAL WISEMAN.**

LARK.—The Ascending

Lo ! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high.
SHAKESPEARE.

LARK.—The Constancy of the

It is true to the instincts of heaven and home.—**HERSCHL.**

LARK.—The Distinguishing Characteristic of the

The lark is distinguished from all other birds by the habit that, when about to sing, it does not seat itself upon the branch of a tree, or in a thorny bush, but soars in successive pitches, even higher and higher into the air, as if the longer it sang, the more desirous it grew to reach the heavens, and meant, in this way, to show in whose honour it pours forth its notes.—**SCRIVER.**

LARK.—The Song of the

Who is't now we hear?
None but the lark so shrill and clear :
Now at heaven's gate she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
LILLY.

LAST—not Least.

Yours,
Though last, not least.—**SHAKESPEARE.**

LASTING—not Living.

The man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives.
GIBBONS.

LATE.—Too

The switch-tender was weary, and, as he sat at his post, his eyes were heavy, and he fell asleep. The train came thundering along, and, as it neared the place, the man heard the whistle, and rose to adjust the switch for the train. He was just too late. He sprang aside ; the train moved on, was thrown from the line, and a scene of death and disaster was the consequence. It was only a little switch—a bar of iron, a few feet in length, which opened at one end *only an inch*, to allow the flange of the wheels to pass through the narrow way. *Only a few seconds more* would have placed the little bar at the right angle, and all would have been well. But the few seconds were lost ; the little bar was out of place, and the train, with its invaluable freight of life and property, was nearly all buried in a mass of death and ruin.—**HAVEN.**

Too late ! I will put back the hand of
Time :

Oh, think it not too late !—**FIELDING.**

LATITUDE.—Men of

They wished that things might have been carried with more moderation, and they continued to keep up a good correspondence with those who differed from them in opinion, and allowed a great freedom both in philosophy and divinity ; from whence they were called “men of latitude ;” and upon this, men of narrow thoughts fastened upon them the name of latitudinarians.—**BR. BURNET.**

LATITUDINARIANISM.—Fierce

Fierce sectarianism breeds fierce latitudinarianism.—**T. DE QUINCEY.**

LAUGHERS.—The

The laughers are a majority.—**POPE.**

LAUGHING—Peculiar to Man.

Laughing is peculiar to man ; but all men do not laugh for the same reason.—**GOLDONI.**

LAUGHING—Perfectly Justifiable.

Laughing is perfectly justifiable, since we are told that the gods themselves,

though they made us as they pleased, cannot help laughing at us.—STEEVENS.

LAUGHTER.—The Advantages of

Laughter is a most healthful exertion ; it is one of the greatest helps to digestion with which I am acquainted ; and the custom prevalent among our forefathers, of exciting it at table by jesters and buffoons, was founded on true medical principles.—DR. HUFELAND.

LAUGHTER—during Conversation.

Conversation never sits easier than when we now and then discharge ourselves in a symphony of laughter ; which may not improperly be called the chorus of conversation.—SIR R. STEELE.

LAUGHTER.—The Dread of

Learn from the earliest days to inure your principles against the perils of ridicule : you can no more exercise your reason, if you live in the constant dread of laughter, than you can enjoy your life if you are in the constant terror of death.—S. SMITH.

LAUGHTER.—The Power of

By means of laughter absolute monarchs have been controlled upon their thrones, demagogues have been checked in their career, and even Demos himself has been made to laugh at his own follies till he was almost shamed into good sense.—NEAVES.

LAW.—Blame in Breaking

He is most to blame who breaks the law, no matter what the provocation may be under which he acts.—WELLINGTON.

LAW—Defined.

Law is a rule of civil conduct prescribed by the supreme power in a state, commanding what is right, and prohibiting what is wrong.—BLACKSTONE.

LAW.—The Divine

It commands that which is good, and forbids that which is evil : it rewards and defends the godly, but punishes and resists the wicked.—LUTHER.

LAW.—The Effectual Parts of a

Of all the parts of a law, the most effectual is the *vindictory* ; for it is but lost labour to say—"Do this, or avoid that," unless we also declare—"This shall be the consequence of your non-compliance." The main strength and force of a law consists in the penalty annexed to it.—BLACKSTONE.

LAW—a Mystery.

Law, in its present state, like orthodoxy in religion, is a mystery where reason ends and faith begins. None of the uninitiated can enter even the vestibule of the temple. Law ought not to be a branch merely, but the chief branch of social ethics. Society knows nothing about it but by means of the lawyer. A digested code of plain, undeniable legal principles, founded on the morality of common sense, applied to every day's transactions, might render the whole community wiser, better, more prudent, more cautious, and less litigious. Men would be better able to judge when they ought, and when they ought not, to go to law. They would be better jurors, better arbitrators, wiser and better citizens.—COOPER.

LAW.—Never Go to

Whatever you do, never go to law ; submit rather to almost any imposition ; bear any oppression, rather than exhaust your spirits and your pocket, in what is called a court of justice.—WILLES.

LAW—must be Permanent.

Law, to have its effects, must be permanent and stable. It may be said, in the language of the schools—*Lex non recipit majus et minus*,—we may have a law, or we may have no law, but we cannot have half a law. We must either have a rule of action, or be permitted to act by discretion and by chance. Deviations from the law must be uniformly punished, or no man can be certain when he shall be safe.—DR. JOHNSON.

LAW.—The Principle of

If there be any one principle more widely than another confessed by every utterance, or more sternly than another imprinted on every atom of the visible creation, that principle is not liberty, but law.—RUSKIN.

LAW.—The Profession of the

The law is decidedly the best profession for a young man, if he has anything in him. In the Church a man is thrown into life with his hands tied, and bid to swim ; he does well if he keeps his head above water. But then in the law he must have a stout heart and an iron digestion, and must be regular as the town clock, or he may as well retire. Attorneys expect in a lawyer the constancy of the turtle-dove.—S. SMITH.

LAW.—Requisites for Going to

Wisely has it been said—that he who would go to law, must have a *good* cause,

a *good* purse, a *good* attorney, a *good* advocate, *good* evidence, and a *good* judge and jury—and having all these *goods*, unless he has also *good luck*, he will stand but a *bad* chance of success.—TRUSLER.

LAW.—The Sovereignty of

Sovereign law, that state's collected will
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
SIR W. JONES.

LAW.—True

True law is right reason conformably to nature, universal, unchangeable, eternal, whose commands urge us to duty, and whose prohibitions restrain us from evil.—CICERO.

LAW AND THE GOSPEL.—The

Luther compares the Law and the Gospel to earth and to heaven. We should walk in the earth of the Law, in point of obeying, and in the heaven of the Gospel, in point of believing.—W. SECKER.

LAW AND THE SWORD.—The

In all governments, there must of necessity be both the law and the sword; laws without arms would give us not liberty, but licentiousness; and arms without laws would produce not subjection, but slavery. The law, therefore, should be unto the sword what the handle is to the hatchet; it should direct the stroke, and temper the force.—COLTON.

LAWYER.—The Business of a

A lawyer has no business with the justice or injustice of the cause which he undertakes, unless his client asks his opinion, and then he is bound to give it honestly. The justice or injustice of the cause is to be decided by the judge. Consider what is the purpose of courts of justice: it is that every man may have his cause fairly tried by men appointed to try causes. A lawyer is not to tell what he knows to be a lie; he is not to produce what he knows to be a false deed; but he is not to usurp the province of the jury and of the judge, and determine what shall be the effect of evidence—what shall be the result of legal argument. As it rarely happens that a man is fit to plead his own cause, lawyers are a class of the community who by study and experience have acquired the art and power of arranging evidence, and of applying to the points at issue what the law has settled. A lawyer is to do for his client all that his client might fairly do for himself if he could. If by a superiority of attention, of knowledge, of skill, and a better method of com-

munication he has the advantage of his adversary, it is an advantage to which he is entitled. There must always be some advantage on one side or other, and it is better that advantage should be had by talents than by chance. If lawyers were to undertake no causes till they were sure they were just, a man might be precluded altogether from a trial of his claim, though, were it judicially examined, it might be found a very just claim.—DR. JOHNSON.

LAWYER.—The Dealings of a

A lawyer's dealings should be just and fair, Honesty shines with great advantage there.
COWPER.

LAWYERS.—Ancient

Adorned with philosophy, as well as law, they descended to the courts to defend their clients; not with the hope of a paltry fee, but induced by the pure motives of friendship and humanity,—by a desire of doing good, and a regard for public justice.—DR. KNOX.

LAZINESS.—The Slow Travel of

Laziness travels so slowly, that Poverty soon overtakes him.—DR. FRANKLIN.

LEAL.—The Land o' the

I'm wearin' awa',
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw,
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal:
There's nae sorrow there,
There's neither cauld nor care,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there,
She was baith gude and fair,
And oh! we grudg'd her sair
To the land o' the leal:
But sorrow's sel' wears past,
And joy's a comin' fast,
The joy that's aye to last
In the land o' the leal.—NAIRNE.

LEARNING.—The Annihilation of

Learning annihilates itself, and the most perfect is the first submerged; for the next age scales with ease the height which cost the preceding the full vigour of life.—BUNSEN.

LEARNING.—The Art of

The chief art of learning is to attempt but little at a time.—LOCKE.

LEARNING.—Business not Injured by

If any man maintaineth that learning takes up too much time that might otherwise be better employed, I answer that no man can be so straitened and oppressed with

business and an active course of life, but may have many vacant times of leisure, while he expects the returns and tides of business, except he be either of a very dull temper and of no dispatch, or ambitious, little to his credit and reputation, to meddle and engage himself in employment of all natures and matters above his reach. It remaineth therefore to be inquired—in what matter, and how, those spaces and times of leisure should be filled up and spent; whether in pleasures or study, sensuality or contemplation; as was well answered by Demosthenes to Æschines, a man given to pleasure, when he told him by way of reproach that his orations did smell of the lamp: “Indeed,” said Demosthenes, “there is a great difference between the things that you and I do by lamp-light.” Wherefore, let no man fear lest learning should expulse business; nay, rather it will keep and defend the possessions of the mind against idleness and pleasure; which otherwise, at unawares, may enter, to the prejudice both of business and learning.—LORD BACON.

LEARNING.—A Little

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.

POPE.

LEARNING.—Men of

Dante was, perhaps, more than any man of his age skilled in the learning of his times. He sustained, at the University of Paris, an argument against fourteen disputants. He was conqueror in all. Michael Angelo was the architect of St. Peter's; he also painted the roof of the Sistine Chapel; his sculptured monuments are amongst the greatest efforts of genius; and as a poet and philosopher he was excelled by none of his time. We are told some extraordinary things relative to the acquirements of James Crichton—surnamed the Admirable Crichton. Before his twentieth year he had run through the whole circle of the sciences; could speak and write ten languages; was distinguished for his skill in singing and playing upon all sorts of instruments. In Paris he disputed in Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, Greek, Latin, Spanish, French, Italian, English, Dutch, Flemish, and Slavonic; and, what is still more extraordinary, in either prose or verse. Biography tells us of Sir William Jones, who died comparatively young, and yet acquired a critical knowledge of eight languages—English, Latin, French, Italian, Greek, Arabic, Persian, and Sanscrit; he also knew eight others less perfectly, but was able to read them with the occasional use of a dictionary,—Spanish,

Portuguese, German, Runic, Hebrew, Bengalee, Hindostanee, Turkish; and he knew so much of twelve other tongues, that they were easily attainable by him, had life and leisure permitted his application to them,—Tibetian, Pâli, Phalavi, Deri, Russian, Syriac, Ethiopic, Coptic, Welsh, Swedish, Dutch, and Chinese.—J. JOHNSON.

LEARNING.—The Pleasure of

The struggle after learning is full of delight. The intellectual chase, not less than the material one, brings fresh vigour to our pulses, and infinite palpitations of strange and sweet suspense. The idea that is gained with effort affords far greater satisfaction than that which is acquired with dangerous facility. We dwell with more fondness on the perfume of the flower that we have ourselves tended, than on the odour which we cull with carelessness, and cast away without remorse. The strength and sweetness of our knowledge depend upon the impression which it makes upon our own minds. It is the liveliness of the ideas that it affords, which renders research so fascinating; so that a trifling fact or deduction, when discovered or worked out by our own brain, affords us infinitely greater pleasure than a more important truth obtained by the exertions of another.—C. FLEMING.

LEARNING.—The Pride of

I felt the ennobling pride of learning. It is a fine thing to know that which is unknown to others; it is still more dignified to remember that we have gained it by our energies.—C. FLEMING.

LEARNING.—The Privileges of

Learning raises up against us many enemies, yet does it invest us with grand and glorious privileges, and confers on us largeness of beatitude. We enter on our studies, and enjoy a society which we alone can bring together. We raise no jealousy by conversing with one in preference to another: we give no offence to the most illustrious, by questioning him as long as we will, and leaving him as abruptly. Diversity of opinion raises no tumult in our presence; each interlocutor stands before us, speaks, or is silent, and we adjourn or decide the business at our leisure. Nothing is past which we desire to be present: and we enjoy by anticipation somewhat like the power, which I imagine we shall possess hereafter, of sailing on a wish from world to world.—LANDOR.

LEARNING.—Reason for not

Some people will never learn anything, for this reason—that they understand everything too soon.—POPE.

LEARNING.—Success in

Dr. Samuel Lee, Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Cambridge, was the son of a poor widow, who did all she could for him by sending him to the charity school of the village, and apprenticing him, when twelve years of age, to a carpenter. Nevertheless he learned to love books, and some of those which came in his way containing Latin quotations, excited an intense desire to learn that language. At seventeen he purchased "Ruddiman's Latin Rudiments," which he soon committed to memory. He then possessed himself of "Corderius' Colloquies," "Entic's Dictionary," and "Beza's Testament." At this period Lee's wages were but six shillings per week; the next year, being his eighteenth, they were raised one shilling, and the following year another. Out of this miserable pittance he had to find food, washing, and lodging. No wonder that he had to sell one book before he purchased another. However, he conquered the Latin language. He next purchased a Greek Grammar, Testament, Lexicon, and Exercises, and soon Greek was mastered. Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac followed, so that when this son of toil and privation had reached his twenty-fifth year, he had, without the slightest help from anyone, mastered six languages. An incident then threw him in the way of the Oriental scholar—Dr. Jonathan Scott, who put into his hands elementary books in Arabic, Persian, and Hindostanee. Only a few months' diligence was required, not merely to enable him to master these languages, but absolutely to compose in them. Conquest followed conquest, until the apprentice lad attained his present proud position, adding dignity to the chair which so worthily elevated him.—J. JOHNSON.

LEARNING.—A Tax upon

Suppose we put a tax upon learning? Learning, it is true, is a useless commodity, but I think we had better lay it on ignorance; for learning being the property but of a very few, and those poor ones too, I am afraid we can get little among them; whereas ignorance will take in most of the great fortunes in the kingdom.—FIELDING.

LEAVES.—Blank

There are in man, in the beginning and at the end, as in books, two blank book-binder's leaves—childhood and age.—RICHTER.

LEAVES.—Cheer the Day.

A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day.—PARNELL.

LEAVES.—A Lesson from the

As the light leaves, whose fall to ruin
bears
Some trembling insect's little world of
cares,
Descend in silence, while around waves on
The mighty forest, reckless what is gone;
Such is man's doom—and ere an hour be
flown,
Reflect, thou trifler, such may be thine
own! —HEMANS.

LEBANON.—Mount

Though Lebanon has been consecrated by no great event, though no manifestation of God has made its soil sacred to the pilgrim, and though it has not that claim to a place among the list of immortal mountains that others possess, it is, nevertheless, mentioned so frequently in the Bible, and spoken of with such delight by prophets and kings, and, indeed, used by God so often Himself to illustrate His declarations to His people, that we have come to regard it as a holy mountain. Besides, the wood from Solomon's Temple was cut from its slopes, and many of the sacred utensils were made from its fragrant cedars. Christ and the Church are also likened to Lebanon, from their fruitfulness, fragrance, and glory. Even Jerusalem was sometimes called Lebanon, because the houses as well as the Temple were built almost entirely of its cedars.

Much of its original grandeur is gone; still, from the sea, it is glorious to behold. Rising ten thousand feet in the heavens, it rolls its white and ancient peaks along the sky, as if it constituted the outer wall of the earth. Running from the north-east to the south-west, it stretches from opposite Damascus to the plains of Esdraelon, into which it seems to sink. The great landmark of that country, being the highest mountain in Syria, it stands unwasted by the ravages of time. Nations may be born and die, at its base cities sink and rise, and the records of human history fail; yet, so long as the Bible remains, Lebanon shall stand as one of its witnesses, a perpetual memento of departed glory. Around its hallowed form rests an atmosphere of beauty; and, to the end of time, the traveller, pausing at its base, shall sigh as he remembers how the poets of Israel struck their lyres, and the prophets of God breathed forth their numbers, in its praise.—HEADLEY.

LEISURE.—The Desire of

The desire of leisure is much more natural than of business and care.—SIR W. TEMPLE.



POPE . SWIFT
ADDISON . DEFOE . STEELE
BARROW . BERKELEY

LEISURE—to be Enjoyed.

No man is obliged to do as much as he can do. A man is to have part of his life to himself. If a soldier has fought a good many campaigns, he is not to be blamed if he retires to ease and tranquillity. A physician, who has practised long in a great city, may be excused if he retires to a small town, and takes less practice. Now the good I can do by my conversation bears the same proportion to the good I can do by my writings, that the practice of a physician, retired to a small town, does to his practice in a great city.—**DR. JOHNSON.**

LEISURE.—Less at

I am never less at leisure than when at leisure, nor less alone than when I am alone.—**AFRICANUS.**

LENDING.—The Evils Attendant on

Lendest thou aught? so gettest thou it not again. Even if it be restored, it is not restored so soon as it ought to be, nor so well and good; and thou lovest a friend thereby.—**LUTHER.**

LENGTH.—Excessive

The sin of excessive length.—**SHIRLEY.**

LESSON.—The Force of a

The living lesson stole into the heart
With more prevailing force than dwells in
words.—**J. THOMSON.**

LETTER.—An Ill-tempered

An ill-tempered letter, once sent, will embitter a life-time. We once saw an old gentleman, with a wise, fine head, calm face, and most benevolent look, but evidently thin skinned and irascible, beg of a post-master to return him a letter which he had dropped into the box. To do so, as everybody knows, is illegal; but won over by the old gentleman's importunity, the post-master complied, upon full proof, in comparing the writing, etc., being given. Then, with a beaming face, the old gentleman tore the letter into fragments, and, scattering them to the wind, exclaimed—"Ah! I've preserved my friend." The fact is, he had written a letter in a state of irritation, which was probably unjust and hurtful, but which he had wisely recalled. "Written words remain," is not only a proverb, but a very grave caution; and hence the advice—never to write in anger, or, at any rate, to keep your letter till you are cool.—**FRISWELL.**

LETTER.—A Short

A short letter to a distant friend is, in my opinion, an insult like that of a slight bow

or cursory salutation;—a proof of unwillingness to do much, even where there is a necessity of doing something.—**DR. JOHNSON.**

LETTERS.—The Embassies of

They are those wing'd postilions that can
fly

From the Antarctic to the Arctic sky—
The heralds and swift harbingers that move
From east to west on embassies of love.

HOWELL.

LETTERS.—The Inventor of

The inventor of means to supply the defects of memory, and to preclude the possibility of deceit, was elevated by the exuberant gratitude of a rude age above the rank of humanity. To Theuth, the inventor of letters among the Egyptians, and to the same personage, under the name of Hermes among the Greeks, divine honours were paid; an apotheosis surely more justifiable, on principles of reason, than that of Bacchus, the cultivator of the vine, or of Hercules, the cleaner of a stable.—**DR. KNOX.**

LETTERS.—Labourled

Labourled letters, written like those of Pope, yet apparently in all the ease of private confidence, but which the writer meant one day to publish, may be compared to that dishabille in which a beauty would wish you to believe you have surprised her, after spending three hours at her toilette.—**COLTON.**

LETTERS.—The Style of

The style of letters ought to be free, easy, and natural.—**WALSH.**

LETTER-WRITING.—Our

Look at our letter-writing! Formerly, when two people loved each other much, they wrote twice a month, and got on very well; now, people between whom there is little love write to each other every morning, and get on no better. Formerly, mere acquaintance, nay, even lawyers, required some important motive to set their pens going; now, each interest, each anxiety, takes a steel beak and thrusts it into your nerves. Formerly, the post afforded time for reflection; one turned one's cross moods over and over in one's mind before giving them vent; many a sadness has been transformed into joy during the interval between one mail and the next; many difficulties have found their solution; people used to tell you of events when they had happened; now, they write them off while they are happening!—**GASPARIN.**

LEVELLER.—The Character Attributed to a

A leveller has long ago been set down as a ridiculous and chimerical being, who, if he could finish his work to-day, would have to begin it again to-morrow.—COLTON.

LEVELLERS.—The Absurd Doctrine of

There is one Mrs. Macaulay in this town, a great republican. One day when I was at her house, I put on a very grave countenance, and said to her—"Madam, I am now become a convert to your way of thinking. I am convinced that all mankind are upon an equal footing; and to give you an unquestionable proof, madam, that I am in earnest, here is a very sensible, civil, well-behaved fellow-citizen, your footman; I desire that he may be allowed to sit down and dine with us." I thus showed her the absurdity of the levelling doctrine. She has never liked me since. Sir, your levellers wish to level *down* as far as themselves; but they cannot bear levelling *up* to themselves. They would all have some people under them; why not then have some people above them?—DR. JOHNSON.

LEVITY AND GRAVITY.

Levity is often less foolish, and gravity less wise, than each of them appear.—COLTON.

LEVITY AND GUILT.

A land of levity is a land of guilt.—DR. E. YOUNG.

LIAR.—The Bravery and Cowardice of a

A liar would be brave toward God, while he is a coward toward men; for a lie faces God, and shrinks from man.—MONTAIGNE.

LIAR.—Falschood and Truth with a

A liar begins with making falschood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itself appear like falschood.—SHENSTONE.

LIARS—Silent in the Light of Truth.

Experience shows that frogs stop their mouths, and are silent the moment they perceive a torch by night; and even so must liars hold their peace when God brings forth the light of truth.—SCRIVER.

LIBEL.—The Description of a

A libel, according to Sir Francis Bacon, is a *lie*, a notorious untruth; and then a *bell* some loud and lewd tongue hath *toll'd*, yea, *rung* it out, and perchance was welcome music to some hearers thereof.—DR. FULLER.

LIBELS.—The Use to be Made of

Though some make slight of libels, yet you may see by them how the wind sits; as, take a straw and throw it up into the air, you shall see by that which way the wind is, which you shall not do by casting up a stone. More solid things do not show the complexion of the times so well as ballads and libels.—SELDEN.

LIBERALITY—Cast Away.

That liberality is but cast away
Which makes us borrow what we cannot pay.—DENHAM.

LIBERALITY.—Examples of

Lord Chief Justice Hale, Hammond, Doddridge, Baxter, and others, regularly gave a *tenth* of their income; Dr. Watts a *fifth*; Mrs. Rowe *one half*; Mr. Wesley *all* above actual necessities. The Countess of Huntingdon, though quite wealthy, regularly gave all she could save by a retired and economical life.—PLATT.

LIBERALITY.—The Office of

The office of liberality consisteth in giving with judgment.—CICERO.

LIBERALITY—a Virtue.

A generous virtue, of a vigorous kind,
Pure in the last recesses of the mind.
DRYDEN.

LIBERATOR.—The Merit of a

He who breaks the fetters of slavery, and delivers a nation from thralldom, forms, in my opinion, the noblest comment on the great law of love, whilst he distributes the greatest blessing which man can receive from man; but next to that is the merit of him, who, in times like the present, watches over the edifice of public liberty, repairs its foundations, and strengthens its cement, when he beholds it hastening to decay.—R. HALL.

LIBERTY.—The Blessedness of

O Liberty! thou goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eased of her load, subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day;

Thee, goddess, thee Britannia's isle adores ;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence
sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly
bought ;

On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to
wine ;

With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil ;
We envy not the warmer clime that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies ;
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads
shine ;

'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak
mountains smile.—ADDISON.

LIBERTY—must be Earned.

Liberty will not descend to a people, a
people must raise themselves to it. Liberty
must be earned before it can be enjoyed.—
COLTON.

LIBERTY.—A General Preference for

What is so beneficial to the people as
liberty, which we see not only to be greed-
ily sought after by men, but also by beasts,
and to be preferred to all things?—CICERO.

LIBERTY.—General Sympathy in

The name of liberty is so alluring, that
all who fight for it are sure of obtaining our
secret wishes in their favour : their cause is
that of the whole human race, and becomes
our own.—RAYNAL.

LIBERTY.—The Habitation of

Eternal spirit of the chainless mind !

Brightest in dungeons, Liberty ! thou
art ;

For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart, which love of thee alone can
bind ;

And when thy sons to fetters are con-
sign'd—

To fetters and the damp vault's dayless
gloom,

Their country conquers with their mar-
tyrdom,

And freedom's fame finds wings on every
wind.—BYRON.

LIBERTY—more Imaginary than Real.

A contented citizen of Milan, who had
never passed beyond its walls during the
course of sixty years, being ordered by the
governor not to stir beyond its gates,
became immediately miserable, and felt so
powerful an inclination to do that which he
had so long contentedly neglected, that,
on his application for a release from this

restraint being refused, he became quite
melancholy, and at last died of grief. The
pains of imprisonment also, like those of
servitude, are more in conception than in
reality. We are all prisoners. What is
life, but the prison of the soul? To some
men the wide seas are but narrow ditches,
and the world itself too limited for their
desires ; to roam from east to west, from
north to south, is their sole delight ; and
when they have put a girdle round the
globe, are discontented because they cannot
travel to the moon.—BURTON.

LIBERTY.—The Love of

Interwoven is the love of liberty with
everyligament of the heart.—WASHINGTON.

LIBERTY.—Natural and Civil

To do what we will—is natural liberty ;
to do what we will consistently with the
interests of the community to which we
belong—is civil liberty. * * * Natural
liberty is the right of common upon a
waste ; civil liberty is the safe, exclusive,
unmolested enjoyment of a cultivated en-
closure.—ADN. PALEY.

LIBERTY.—Political

Political liberty is only found in con-
stitutional governments.—MONTESQUIEU.

LIBERTY—a Priceless Treasure.

Liberty ! that precious ore,
That pearl, that gem, the tyrant covets
most ;
Yet can't enjoy himself—for which he
drains

His coffers of their coin—his land of blood ;
Goes without sleep—pines himself sorrow-
pale !—

Yea, makes a pawn of his own soul—lacks
ease—

Frets till the bile gnaws appetite away—
Forgets both heaven and hell, only to strip
The wearer of it !—J. S. KNOWLES.

LIBERTY.—The Right of

Liberty is the right to do what the laws
allow ; and if a citizen could do what they
forbid, it would be no longer liberty, be-
cause others would have the same powers.
—MONTESQUIEU.

LIBERTY.—True

This is true liberty—when free-born men,
Having to advise the public, may speak
out ;

Which he who can and will, deserves high
praise ;

Who neither can nor will, may hold his
peace :

What can be juster in a state than this ?

EURIPIDES.

LIBERTY—Worshipped.

'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, Liberty! whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change; no tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chemic power turn thy sceptre into iron: with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled.—STERNE.

LIBERTY AND INDEPENDENCE.

There are two things widely different, yet often confounded together—liberty and independence; and this confusion has done infinite mischief. Liberty is one thing—*independence* another: a man is free, politically, whose rightful energies are not cramped by the selfish, unjust claims of another. A man is independent, politically, when he is free from every tie that binds man to man. One is national blessedness, the other is national anarchy. Liberty makes you loyal to the grand law—"I ought:" independence puts you in a position to obey the evil law—"I will."—F. W. ROBERTSON.

LIBRARY.—An Addition to a

He who does not aspire to make some small addition to his library, were it only by a critical catalogue, must indeed be not more animated than a leaden Mercury. He must be as indolent as that animal called the sloth, who perishes on the tree he climbs, after he has eaten all its leaves.—I. DISRAELI.

LIBRARY.—An Address to a

Golden volumes! richest treasures!
Objects of delicious pleasures!
You my eyes rejoicing please,
You my hands in rapture seize!
Brilliant wits, and musing sages,
Lights who beamed through many ages:
Left to your conscious leaves their story,
And dared to trust you with their glory;
And now their hope of fame achieved,
Dear volumes! you have not deceived!
RANTZAU.

LIBRARY.—The Enjoyment of a

Literature, like virtue, is often its own reward, and the enthusiasm some experience in the permanent enjoyments of a vast library has far outweighed the neglect or the calamity of the world, which some of its votaries have received. From the time that Cicero poured forth his feelings in his oration for the poet Archias, innumerable are the testimonies of men of letters of the pleasurable delirium of their researches.

Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, and Chancellor of England so early as 1341, perhaps raised the first private library in our country. He purchased thirty or forty volumes of the Abbot of St. Albans for fifty pounds' weight of silver. He was so enamoured of his large collection, that he expressly composed a treatise on his love of books, under the title of "Philobiblion"; and which has been recently translated.—I. DISRAELI.

LIBRARY.—An Inscription over a

The medicine of the mind.—DIODORUS.

LIBRARY.—A Large

A large library is apt to distract rather than to instruct the learner: it is much better to be confined to a few authors than to wander at random over many.—SENECA.

LIBRARY.—A Licensor Necessary for a

In my humble opinion a licenser is as necessary for a circulating library as for dramatic productions intended for representation; especially when it is considered how young people often procure, and sometimes in a secret manner, books of so evil a tendency, that not only their time is most shamefully wasted, but their morals and manners tainted and warped for the remainder of their lives.—T. COOKE.

LIBRARY.—A Student's

He has his Rome, his Florence, his whole glowing Italy, within the four walls of his library. He has in his books the ruins of an antique world, and the glories of a modern one.—LONGFELLOW.

LIE.—The Cause of a

It is wilful deceit that makes a lie.—ADN. PALEY.

LIE.—A Practical

A man may act a lie, as by pointing his finger in a wrong direction when a traveller inquires of him his road.—ADN. PALEY.

LIE.—The Treatment due to a

A lie should be trampled on and extinguished wherever found. I am for fumigating the atmosphere when I suspect that falsehood, like pestilence, breathes around me.—CARLYLE.

LIE.—The Troublesomeness of a

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a

great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation.—ADDISON.

LIFE.—The Appearance of

Life is like a beautiful and winding lane, on either side bright flowers, and beautiful butterflies and tempting fruits, which we scarcely pause to admire and to taste, so eager are we to hasten to an opening which we imagine will be more beautiful still. But by degrees, as we advance, the trees grow bleak; the flowers and butterflies fail, the fruits disappear, and we find we have arrived—to reach a desert waste.—SALA.

LIFE.—The Art of

The art of life is more like the wrestler's art than the dancer's, in respect of this—that it should stand ready and firm to meet onsets which are sudden and unexpected.—ANTONINUS.

LIFE.—The Better Understanding of

We understand life better when we believe in a future state, and a God, and a Saviour who will judge the world.—ABP. THOMSON.

LIFE.—The Brevity of

If the first death be the mistress of mortals, and the empress of the universe, reflect then on the brevity of life. "I have been, and that is all," said Saladin the Great, who was conqueror of the East. The longest liver had but a handful of days, and life itself is but a circle, always beginning where it ends.—MAYHEW.

LIFE.—The Deceptiveness of

When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat;
Yet, fool'd with hope, men favour the deceit;—

Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay:
To-morrow's falser than the former day;
Lies worse; and while it says we shall be blest

With some new joys, cuts off what we possess.

Strange cozenage! none would live past years again,

Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain;
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give.—DRYDEN.

LIFE.—Defined.

Life consists in a faculty possessed by certain corporeal substances, of continuing

for a time under one determined form, by attracting incessantly from without, and identifying with the matter of their own composition, particles of extraneous substances, and by rendering to the surrounding elements portions of their own.—CUVIER.

LIFE.—Different Forms of

There are innumerable forms of life in creation. The first and lowest is the vegetable, the second is the animal, and the third and highest is the intellectual. And in every one of these manifestations there are several degrees, by which nature rises to the perfection of that kind which has some near resemblance of the next above it. For example:—some things without life are much larger and grander than others; some plants and flowers, too, surpass their neighbours both in loveliness and fragrance, and approach nearer to sense. There are also myriads of living creatures that occupy a position between the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and naturalists have not yet determined whether to rank them among plants or animals; while some animals are more apprehensive and docile than their fellows, and seem but one remove from intelligence itself.—DR. DAVIES.

LIFE.—A Dissipated

To lead a dissipated life may be called a kind of death.—OVID.

LIFE.—The Enjoyment of

How small a portion of our life it is that we really enjoy! In youth we are looking forward to things that are to come; in old age we are looking backwards to things that are gone past; in manhood, although we appear indeed to be more occupied in things that are present, yet even that is too often absorbed in vague determinations to be vastly happy on some future day when we have time.—COLTON.

LIFE.—The Everlasting

The prospect of that everlasting life, the perfect justice yet to come, the infinite progress before us, cheers and comforts the heart. Sad and disappointed, full of self-reproach, we shall not be so for ever. The light of heaven breaks upon the night of trial, sorrow, sin; the sombre clouds which overhung the east, grown purple now, tell us the dawn of heaven is coming in. Our faces gleamed on by that, smile in the new-born glow; we are beguiled of our sadness before we are aware. The certainty of this provokes us to patience; it forbids us to be slothfully sorrowful, it calls us to be up and doing.—T. PARKER.

LIFE.—Failure in

Many men fail in life from the want, as they are too ready to suppose, of those great occasions wherein they might have shown their trustworthiness and their integrity. But all such persons should remember—that in order to try whether a vessel be leaky, we first prove it with water before we trust it with wine. The more minute, trivial, and we might say vernacular opportunities of being just and upright, are constantly occurring to every one; and it is an unimpeachable character in these lesser things that almost invariably prepares and produces those very opportunities of greater advancement, and of higher confidence, which turn out so rich a harvest, but which those alone are permitted to reap who have previously sown.—COLTON.

LIFE—will Find its Level.

Life, like water, will
Find it last level; what level? The grave.

P. J. BAILEY.

LIFE—like a Froward Child.

When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward child that must be played with and humoured a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and the care is over.—SIR W. TEMPLE.

LIFE.—Friendship in the Middle Station of

There is a virtue that seems principally to lie among equals, and is, for that reason, chiefly calculated for the middle station of life. This virtue is friendship. I believe most men of generous tempers are apt to envy the great, when they consider the large opportunities such persons have of doing good to their fellow-creatures, and of acquiring the friendship and esteem of men of merit. They make no advances in vain, and are not obliged to associate with those whom they have little kindness for, like people of inferior stations, who are subject to have their proffers of friendship rejected, even where they would be most fond of placing their affections. But though the great have more facility in acquiring friendships, they cannot be so certain of the sincerity of them as men of a lower rank, since the favours they bestow may acquire them flattery, instead of good-will and kindness. It has been very judiciously remarked—that we attach ourselves more by the services we perform than by those we receive, and that a man is in danger of losing his friends by obliging them too far. I should therefore choose to lie in the middle way, and to have my commerce with my friend varied both by obligations given and received. I have too much pride that all the obliga-

tions should lie on my side; and should be afraid that, if they all lay on his, he would also have too much pride to be entirely easy under them, or have a perfect complacency in my company.—HUME.

LIFE.—The Great

Above the darksome sea of death
Looms the great life that is to be,
A land of cloud and mystery,
A dim mirage, with shapes of men
Long dead, and passed beyond our ken :
Awe-struck we gaze, and hold our breath
Till the fair pageant vanisheth,
Leaving us in perplexity,
And doubtful whether it has been
A vision of the world unseen,
Or a bright image of our own
Against the sky in vapours thrown.

ABP. VORAGINE.

LIFE.—Growth the Sign of

Growth in the animal and vegetable world is the sure sign, and only sure sign, of life. If a branch does not sprout and put forth leaf and blossom in the spring, we know that it is a dead branch; the sap which is the life of the tree does not reach it, is not circulating through it. If an infant lives, it grows, increases in stature daily, while its features fill out gradually into that definite shape which they are to wear through life.—DEAN GOULBURN.

LIFE.—Happiness in the Middle Station of

The middle station, as it is most happy in many respects, so particularly in this—that a man placed in it can, with the greatest leisure, consider his own happiness, and reap a new enjoyment from comparing his situation with that of persons above or below him.—HUME.

LIFE.—The Happy

Martial, the things that do attain

The happy life, be these, I find :—

The riches left, not got with pain ;

The fruitful ground, the quiet mind ;

The equal friend ; no grudge, no strife ;

No charge of rule, nor governance ;

Without disease, the healthful life ;

The household of continuance ;

The mean diet, no delicate fare ;

True wisdom joined with simpleness ;

The night discharged of all care ;

Where wine the wit may not oppress :

The faithful wife—without debate ;

Such sleeps as may beguile the night ;

Contented with thine own estate,

Nor wish for death, nor fear his might.

SURREY.

LIFE.

LIFE.—A Hard

A hard life is a macadamised road which always remains firm, and never becomes maddy.—DR. VINET.

LIFE.—A Holy

Life, that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes, say—"Welcome,
friend!"—CRASHAW.

LIFE.—The Incidents and Emotions of

How few the incidents of life—how multitudinous its emotions! How flat, monotonous, may be the circumstance of daily existence, and yet how various the thoughts which spring from it! Look at yonder landscape, broken into hill and dale, with trees of every hue and form, and water winding in silver threads through velvet fields. How beautiful, for how various! Cast your eye over that moor; it is flat and desolate—barren as barren rock. Not so! Seek the soil, and then, with nearer gaze, contemplate the wondrous forms and colours of the thousand mosses growing there: give ear to the hum of busy life sounding at every root of poorest grass. Listen! Does not the heart of the earth beat audibly beneath this seeming barrenness—audibly as where the corn grows and the grape ripens? Is it not so with the veriest rich and the veriest poor—with the most active, and apparently the most inert?—JERROLD.

LIFE.—The Inequalities of

The inequalities of life are real things; they can neither be explained away, nor done away. The things that constitute them are four:—strength, talent, riches, and rank. The two former would constitute inequalities in the rudest state of nature; the two latter more properly belong to a state of society more or less civilized and refined.—COLTON.

LIFE.—a Journey.

Life is a journey: on we go
Through many a scene of joy and woe.
COMBE.

LIFE.—Joy and Beauty in

Life is not a dreary waste; on the contrary, it is full of joy and beauty, and to the strong reliant soul, who has faith and hope, it is full of goodness; but beauty must be in the mind, and goodness in the heart, or neither will be seen to be in the world.—J. JOHNSON.

LIFE.—Leaving

Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it.
SHAKESPEARE.

LIFE.

LIFE.—The Length of

For the length of life there is no law. The weakest thread will draw itself out to an unexpected length, and the strongest is suddenly cut off by the scissors of Fate, who seems to take delight in contradictions.—GOETHE.

LIFE.—A Lesson for

Live a life of truest breath,
And teach true life to fight with mortal
wings.—TENNYSON.

LIFE.—The Love of

We ought to love life; we ought to desire to live here so long as God ordains it; but let us not so encase ourselves in time that we cannot break the crust and begin to throw out shoots for the other life.—H. W. BEECHER.

LIFE.—The Melancholy

The melancholy life is that of the professed merry-maker. This was the answer of the woe-begone stranger, when the physician advised him to go and hear the great comedian of the day—"You should go and hear Matthews:"—"Alas! Sir," said he, "I am Matthews!"—DR. J. HAMILTON.

LIFE—a Mirror.

The private life of man is a mirror in which we may see many useful lessons reflected.—NAPOLEON I.

LIFE—at Morn, Noon, and Night.

At morn—a mountain ne'er to be climbed
o'er,
A horn of plenty, lengthening evermore;
At noon—the countless hour-sands pouring
fast,
Waves that we scarce can see as they run
past;
At night—a pageant over ere begun,
A course not even measured, and yet run—
A short mysterious tale, suddenly done:
At first—a heap of treasure, heaven high;
At last—a failing purse, shrunk, lean, and
beggary.—MRS. BUTLER.

LIFE.—Never Tired of

It ought to be a matter of curiosity to die, that is to say, to be no longer a body, but to be merely a spirit. Man, however, though anxious for novelty, is not curious on this point: he never tires of life, he would consent, perhaps, to live always.—LA BRUYÈRE.

LIFE.—The Oneness of

This life and the life to come are not two, but one and the same. Death is not

the ending of the one, and resurrection the beginning of another; but through all there runs one imperishable life. * * *

It is one continuous whole, gathering up itself through all its course, and perpetuating its earliest features in its latest self: the child is in the boy, the boy is in the man; the man is himself for ever.—*ABB. MANNING.*

LIFE—Perfect in Slow Measures.

It is not growing like a tree,
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of light:
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.
JOHNSON.

LIFE.—The Philosophy of

The true philosophy of life is the endeavour to realize our aspirations—to live our best thoughts, which, like wandering angels, visit us in our better moments.—*J. JOHNSON.*

LIFE—a Pilgrimage.

Like pilgrims to th' appointed place we tend;
The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.—*DRYDEN.*

LIFE.—A Poem on

The following singular poem is a compilation of lines selected by Mrs. H. A. Deming, from thirty-eight of the standard authors of England and America. It is the result of a year's laborious research among their voluminous writings, and is a remarkable example of literary skill in selection and arrangement:—

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
[Dr. E. Young.]

Life's a shorter summer—man a flower,
[Dr. Johnson.]

By turns we catch the vital breath and die—
[Pope.]

The cradle and the tomb, alas! too nigh.
[Prior.]

To be is better far than not to be, *[Dr. Sewell.]*
Though all man's life may seem a tragedy.

[Spenser.]
But light cares speak when mighty cares are dumb;
[Daniel.]

The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
[Sir W. Raleigh.]

Your fate is but the common fate of all;
[Longfellow.]

Unmingled joys here to no man befall.

Nature to each allots his proper sphere:
[Southwell.]

Fortune makes folly her peculiar care:
[Congreve.]

Custom does often reason overrule,—
[Churchill.]

A cruel sunshine on a fool.
[Rochester.]

Live well—how long or short permit to Heaven;
[Milton.]

Those who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
[P. F. Bailey.]

Sin may be clasped so close you cannot see its face:
[Abb. Trench.]

Vile intercourse where virtue has no place.
[Somerville.]

Then keep each passion down, however dear,—
[F. Thomson.]

Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear:
[Byron.]

Her sensual snares let faithless pleasures lay,
[Smollett.]

With craft and skill—to ruin and betray.
[Crabbe.]

Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise,
[Massinger.]

We masters grow of all that we despise.
[A. Cowley.]

Oh, then, remove that impious self-esteem!
[Beattie.]

Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream:
[Cowper.]

Think not ambition wise, because 'tis brave;
[Davenant.]

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
[T. Gray.]

What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat,
[N. P. Willis.]

Only destruction on the brave and great:
[Addison.]

What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
[Dryden.]

The way to bliss lies not on beds of down:
[F. Quarles.]

How long we live not years but actions tell;
[Watkins.]

The man lives just who lives the first life well.
[Herrick.]

Make, then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,
[W. Mason.]

Whom Christians worship, yet none comprehend:
[A. Hill.]

The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just,
[R. A. Dana.]

For live how we can, yet die we must.
[Shakspeare.]

LIFE.—Political

Political life feels that its asperities are softened and its conditions enlarged whenever it touches upon the great spheres of literature and thought.—*HOUGHTON.*

LIFE.—The Purity and Continence of

Surely a day is coming when it will be known again what virtue is in purity and continence of life ;—how divine is the blush of young human cheeks ;—how high, beneficent, sternly inexorable is the duty laid on every creature in regard to these particulars. Well, if such a day never come, then I perceive much else will never come. Magnanimity and depth of insight will never come ; heroic purity of heart and of eye, how can they ever come ? The scandalous bronze-lacquer age of hungry animalisms, spiritual impotencies and mendacities, will have to run its course till the pit swallow it.—CARLYLE.

LIFE.—A Quiet Work of

Tiniest insects build up loftiest mountains. Broad bands of solid rock, which undergird the earth, have been welded by the patient, constant toil of invisible creatures, working on through the ages unceasing, unceasing, fulfilling their Maker's will. On the shores of primeval oceans, watched only by the patient stars, these silent workmen have been building for us the structure of the world. And thus the obscure work of unknown nameless ages appears at last in the sunlight, the adorned and noble theatre of that life of man, which, of all that is done in this universe, is fullest before God of interest and hope. It is thus too in life. The quiet moments build the years. The labours of the obscure and unremembered hours edify that palace of the soul in which it is to abide, and fabricate that organ whereby it is to work and express itself through eternity.—J. B. BROWN.

LIFE—in Relation to Eternity.

This life is the childhood of eternity.—ABP. MANNING.

LIFE—Re-Lived.

The little boy—son of Lady Duncan—beautifully dressed in the Highland dress, was carried to Vicky, and gave her a basket with fruit and flowers. I said to Albert—I could hardly believe that our child was travelling with us ; it put me so in mind of myself when I was the “little Princess.” Albert observed—that it was always said that parents lived their lives over again in their children, which is a very pleasant feeling.—QUEEN VICTORIA.

LIFE.—A Rule in

It should be an indispensable rule in life to contract our desires to our present condition, and whatever may be our expectations, to live within the compass of what

we actually possess. It will be time enough to enjoy an estate when it comes into our hands, but if we anticipate our good fortune we shall lose the pleasure of it when it arrives, and may possibly never possess what we have so foolishly counted upon.—ADDISON.

LIFE.—The Rulers of

At twenty years of age, the will reigns ; at thirty, the wit ; and at forty, the judgment.—GRATIAN.

LIFE.—Scenes of

As the stern grandeur of a Gothic tower
Awes us less deeply in its morning hour,
Than when the shades of Time serenely
fall

On every broken arch and ivy'd wall,
The tender images we love to trace,
Steal from each year a melancholy grace !
And as the sparks of social love expand,
And the heart opens in a foreign land ;
And, with a brother's warmth, a brother's
smile,
The stranger greets each native of his
isle ;
So scenes of life, when present and confest,
Stamp but their bolder features on the
breast ;
Yet not an image when remotely view'd,
However trivial and however rude,
But wins the heart and wakes the social
sigh,
With every claim of close affinity.

S. ROGERS.

LIFE.—The Seriousness of

I am convinced the world will get tired, at least, I hope so, of this eternal guffaw about all things. After all, life has something serious in it. It cannot be all comic history of humanity.—JERROLD.

LIFE.—Shakspeare's Teaching respecting

Far from fearing, as an inferior artist would have done, the juxtaposition of the familiar and the divine—the wildest and most fantastic comedy with the loftiest and gravest tragedy, Shakspeare not only made such apparently discordant elements mutually heighten and complete the general effect which he contemplated, but in so doing teaches us that, in human life, the sublime and ridiculous are always side by side, and that the source of laughter is placed close by the fountain of tears.—SHAW.

LIFE—a State of Operation.

Life is not a state of rest, but of incessant operation ; the most perfect *perpetuum mobile* ; a continual circulation of action

and being ; a compound of working powers, maintained by one principle, for one end.—STROVE.

LIFE—a Strong Current.

Oh, but life is strong ! and us
Bears with its currents onwards ;—us, who
fain
Would linger where our treasures have gone
down,
Though but to mark the ripple on the
wave,—
The small disturbing eddies that betray
The place of shipwreck. Life is strong,
and still
Bears onward to new tasks and sorrows
new,
Whether we will or no.—APP. TRENCH.

LIFE—Tedious as a Tale.

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.

SHAKESPEARE.

LIFE—a Tragedy.

Man's life's a tragedy ; his mother's womb,
From which he enters, is the tiring room ;
This spacious earth the theatre, and the
stage
That country which he lives in : Passions,
Rage,
Folly, and Vice are actors : the first cry
The Prologue to the ensuing tragedy.
The former act consisteth in dumb shows ;
The second, he to more perfection grows ;
I' th' third he is a man, and doth begin
To nurture vice, and act the deeds of sin :
I' th' fourth declines : i' th' fifth diseases
clog
And trouble him : then Death's his Epi-
logue.—SIR W. RALEIGH.

LIFE—Trained and Exercised.

Too often neglected and allowed to lapse
into weakness, trained and exercised, life
will quicken into grandeur. "It is better to
wear out than rust out," says a homely
proverb, with more meaning than people
commonly suppose. Rust consumes faster
than use. To "wear out," implies life and
its pleasures ; to "rust," the stagnation of
death.—GRINDON.

LIFE.—An Unostentatious

She, in her lowly cot, on the slope of a
little mountain-field, lived with child-like
simplicity, and all her homely cares em-
braced in that small world.—GOETHE.

LIFE.—The Vicissitudes of

Such are the vicissitudes of life, through
all its parts, that day and night, labour and
rest, hurry and retirement, endear each
other. Such are the changes that keep the

mind in action ; we desire, we pursue, we
obtain, we are satisfied ; we desire some-
thing else, and begin a new pursuit.—
DR. JOHNSON.

LIFE.—The Wave of

Whither, thou turbid wave ?
Whither, with so much haste,
As if a thief wert thou ?

I am the wave of life,
Stained with my margin's dust ;
From the struggle and the strife
Of the narrow stream I fly
To the sea's immensity,
To wash from me the slime
Of the muddy banks of Time.

LONGFELLOW.

LIFE.—The Way to Reason with

Reason thus with life :—
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep : a breath
thou art
(Servile to all the skiey influences),
That dost this habitation, where thou
keep'st,
Hourly afflict ; merely, thou art Death's
fool ;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to
shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou
art not noble ;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nursed by baseness. Thou art by no
means valiant ;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st ; yet grossly
fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art
not thyself ;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand
grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not ;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to
get ;
And what thou hast, forgett'st. Thou art
not certain ;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou art
poor ;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots
bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a
journey,
And death unloads thee.—SHAKESPEARE.

LIFE.—The Way to Write a

If a man is to write a *Panegyric*, he may
keep vices out of sight ; but if he professes
to write a *Life*, he must represent it really
as it was.—DR. JOHNSON.

LIGHT.

LIGHT.—An Address to the

All hail, pure Light ! bright, sacred, and
excelling,
Sorrow and care, darkness and dread dis-
pelling,—
God's eldest daughter : Oh, how thou art
full
Of grace and goodness ! Oh, how beautiful !
BARTAS.

LIGHT—the Best Reformer.

Light, whether it be material or moral,
is the best reformer ; for it prevents those
disorders which other remedies sometimes
cure, but sometimes confirm.—COLTON.

LIGHT—Blending with the Night.

Now, with religious awe, the farewell light
Blends with the solemn colouring of the
night.—W. WORDSWORTH.

LIGHT.—Children of

Flowers, leaves, fruit, are air-woven chil-
dren of light.—MOLESCHOTT.

LIGHT.—The Creation of

God said—"Let there be light,"
Grim darkness felt His might,
And fled away :
Then startled seas, and mountains cold,
Shone forth all bright, and blue, and gold,
And cried—" 'Tis day, 'tis day !"
"Hail, holy light," exclaimed
The thund'rous cloud that flamed
O'er daisies white ;
And lo ! the rose in crimson drest,
Leaned sweetly on the lily's breast,
And blushing, murmur'd—"Light !"
ELLIOTT.

LIGHT—Divided from Darkness.

God saw the light was good,
And light from darkness by the hemisphere
Divided : light the day, and darkness—
night,
He named. This was the first day, even
and morn.—MILTON.

LIGHT.—Mental and Moral

Science and art may invent splendid
modes of illuminating the apartments of the
opulent ; but these are all poor and worthless
compared with the light which the sun
sends into our windows,—which he pours
freely, impartially, over hill and valley,
which kindles daily the eastern and western
sky ; and so the common lights of reason,
and conscience, and love, are of more
worth and dignity than the rare endow-
ments which give celebrity to a few.—DR.
CHANNING.

LIGHTNING.

LIGHT.—The Sameness of

Light is presented to us in ever-varying
conditions, but it is always the same ; there
is a oneness in its essence after all. It is
the same light that glistens on the wings of
the fire-fly and blazes on the ruddy hearth-
stone, and sparkles on the jewels in the
diadem, and flashes in beauty in the morn-
ing.—PUNSHON.

LIGHT.—The Source of

He in whom "there is no darkness at
all," is the only Source of light—of light for
earth and for heaven—of light for nature
and for reason.—DR. DAVIES.

LIGHT.—Thankfulness for

We should render thanks to God for
having produced this temporal light, which
is the smile of heaven and joy of the world,
spreading it like a cloth of gold over the
face of the air and earth, and lighting it as
a torch, by which we might behold His
works.—CAUSSIN.

LIGHTHOUSE.—The

The rocky ledge runs far into the sea,
And on its outer point, some miles away,
The lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,
A pillar of fire by night, a cloud by day.
Steadfast, serene, immoveable, the same
Year after year, through all the silent
night
Burns on for evermore that quenchless
flame,
Shines on that inextinguishable light !
"Sail on !" it says, "sail on, ye stately
ships !
And with your floating bridge the ocean
span ;
Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,
Be yours to bring man nearer unto
man !" —LONGFELLOW.

LIGHTNING.—Different Kinds of

Ball-lightning is a rare form of lightning,
seen as a globe of fire moving from the
clouds to the earth ; chain-lightning is light-
ning in angular or zigzag form, and often
forked flashes ; heat-lightning is faint flashes
of light without thunder, seen near the
horizon especially at the close of a hot day,
as if the effect of a thunder-storm below
the horizon ; and sheet-lightning is a dif-
fused glow of electric light flashing out
from the clouds, and illuminating their out-
lines.—DR. WEBSTER.

LIGHTNING.—A Supposition on

Lightning must, I think, be the wit of
heaven.—S. SMITH.

LIKE--Coalesces with Unlike.

Like coalesces in this world with unlike. The strong and the weak, the contemplative and the active, bind themselves together. They are necessary for each other.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

LIKE.—Exactly

The one so like the other
As could not be distinguished but by names.
SHAKESPEARE.

LIKES.—Having no

You have no "likes" in your sermons. Christ taught that the kingdom of heaven was "like" to leaven hid in meal,—"like" to a grain of mustard-seed, etc. You tell us what things *are*, but never *what they are like*.—R. HALL

LILY.—The Gorgeousness of the

Though the loom
No virgin-fingers ply to swell her pride,
The lily shines, more gorgeously arrayed
Than monarchs, where the East, with hand
profuse,
Showers, on their pomp barbaric, pearl
and gold.—SMART.

LILY.—The Lore Graved on the

The sickliest leaf,
The feeblest efflorescence of the moss,
That drinks Thy dew reproves our unbelief.
The frail field-lily, which no florist's eye
Regards, doth win a garniture from Thee
To kings denied. So while to dust we bow,
Needy and poor, Oh bid us learn the lore
Graved on the lily's leaf, as fair and clear
As on yon disk of fire—to trust in Thee!—
SIGOURNEY.

LILY.—The Water

Oh beautiful thou art,
Thou sculpture-like and stately river-queen,
Crowning the depths, as with the light serene
Of a pure heart!
Bright lily of the wave!
Rising in fearless grace with every swell,
Thou seem'st as if a spirit meekly brave
Dwelt in thy cell.—HEMANS.

LIMNER.—An Unskilful

He is an unskilful limner who paints deformities in the fairest colours.—W. SECKER.

LION.—The Lordly

Fiercest of all, the lordly lion stalks,
Grimly majestic in his lonely walks;
When round he glares, all living creatures
fly.
He clears the desert with his rolling eye.
DR. E. YOUNG.

LIPS.—Prayer on Youthful

Upon those lips—the sweet fresh buds of
youth—
The holy dew of prayer lies, like pearl
Dropt from the opening eyelids of the
morn
Upon the bashful rose.—T. MIDDLETON.

LIPS.—The Teeth and the

The first thing noticeable in a person is a gleam of white teeth. This is a pleasant thing generally; yet its pleasantness depends upon the way the lips part over the ivory. There is a world of character discoverable in the curve of those soft lines.—WARNER.

LISTENERS.—Good

There are a few good listeners in the world, who make all the use they might make of the understandings of others, in the conduct of their own.—S. SMITH.

LISTENING.—The Crime and Punishment of

So certain is the crime of listening to carry its own punishment, that there is no pointed prohibition against it: we are commanded not to commit other sins; but this one draws down its own correction, and woe be to him who infringes it!—BLESSINGTON.

LISTENING.—Pleasing Others by

Were we as eloquent as angels, yet should we please some men, some women, and some children much more by listening than by talking.—COLTON.

LISTLESSNESS—not Childishness.

We call listlessness a state of childishness, but it is the same poor hollow mockery of it that death is of sleep. Where, in the sharp lineaments of rigid and unsightly death, is the calm beauty of slumber—telling of rest for the waking hours that are past, and gentle hopes and loves for those which are to come? Lay death and sleep down, side by side, and say who shall find the two akin. Send forth the child and the childish man together, and blush for the pride that libels our own happy state, and gives its title to an ugly and distorted image!—DICKENS.

LITERATURE.—The Charms of

Riches have no charms compared to the charms of literature.—RINGELBERGH.

LITERATURE.—Classical

Classical literature has one great merit which is not easily found elsewhere. Even those who feel most strongly the incomparably wider verge of modern thought will

seldom deny that in precision, conciseness, dignity of style, and verbal felicity, the great writers of ancient times have scarcely been equalled.—LORD STANLEY.

LITERATURE.—English

Our first literature consisted of saintly legends and romances of chivalry—though Chaucer gave it a more national and popular character, by his original descriptions of external nature, and the familiarity and gaiety of his social humour. In the time of Elizabeth, it received a copious infusion of classical images and ideas: but it was still intrinsically romantic, serious, and even somewhat lofty and enthusiastic. Authors were then so few in number that they were looked upon with a sort of veneration, and considered as a kind of inspired persons—at least they were not yet so numerous as to be obliged to abuse each other, in order to obtain a share of distinction for themselves; and they neither affected a tone of derision in their writings, nor wrote in fear of derision from others. They were filled with their subjects, and dealt with them fearlessly in their own way; and the stamp of originality, force, and freedom is consequently upon almost all their productions. In the reign of James I., our literature, with some few exceptions touching rather the form than the substance of its merits, appears to us to have reached the greatest perfection to which it has yet attained; though it would probably have advanced still further in the succeeding reign, had not the great national dissensions which then arose, turned the talent and energy of the people into other channels—first, to the assertion of their civil rights, and afterwards to the discussion of their religious interests. The graces of literature suffered of course in those fierce contentions, and a deeper shade of austerity was thrown upon the intellectual character of the nation. Her genius, however, though less captivating and adorned than in the happier days which preceded, was still active, fruitful, and commanding; and the period of the civil wars, besides the mighty minds that guided the public councils, and were absorbed in public cares, produced the giant powers of Taylor, and Hobbes, and Barrow, the muse of Milton, the learning of Coke, and the ingenuity of Cowley.—LORD JEFFREY.

LITERATURE.—A People's

The literature of a people must spring from the sense of its nationality; and nationality is impossible without self-respect, and self-respect is impossible without liberty.—MRS. STOWE.

LITERATURE.—Sensationalism in

Sensationalism in literature has ever been closely connected with sensuality in social life.—BROOKE.

LITERATURE.—Taste and Judgment in

In literature, our taste will be discovered by that which we give, and our judgment by that which we withhold.—COLTON.

LITERATURE.—The Wages of

Literature happens to be the only occupation in which wages are not given in proportion to the goodness of the work done.—FROUDE.

LITTLE.—A

A river's source is oft a tiny spring;
A mighty isle an ocean waif of yore;
The weakest to the strong must ever cling,
A little help will bridge thought's
current o'er;
A little acorn may become a tree,
A little bud may bloom a beauteous
flower;
Nothing is little in its own degree;
An age may be made famous in an hour:
A little seed, when placed in earth or brain,
Expands with time and quickens in the
soul,
So knowledge stagnant never can remain,
'Tis little atoms make the wondrous
whole:
A little learning never then despise,
There must be little ere there can be
more,—
The lightest things are those that highest
rise,
We can but reap where others sowed
before.—CARPENTER.

LITTLE.—The Blessedness of being

His overthrow heaped happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little.
SHAKESPEARE.

LITTLE.—Desiring

By desiring little, a poor man makes himself rich.—DEMOCRITUS.

LITURGY.—The Need for a

There is no Church without a liturgy, nor indeed can there be conveniently, as there is no school without a grammar. One scholar may be taught otherwise upon the stock of his acumen, but not a whole school. One or two that are piously disposed may serve themselves their own way, but hardly a whole nation.—SELDEN.

LITURGY.—An Unrivalled

I know of no liturgy in the world which breathes more of solid, scriptural, rational

piety, than the Common Prayer of the Church of England.—J. WESLEY.

LIVE.—The Desire to

There appears to exist a greater desire to live long than to live well. Measure by man's desires, he cannot live long enough; measure by his good deeds, and he has not lived long enough; measure by his evil deeds, and he has lived too long.—ZIMMERMAN.

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You must live for another, if you wish to live for yourself.—SENECA.

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Unworthy Him to make, we ought not
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Unworthy of our care; but though create
To serve or suffer, treat, as made by Him,
With high humanity.—P. J. BAILEY.

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The locomotive is the child of the river-steamer, which is the child of the mining steam-pump, which is the child of the thermometer and air-pump; and that brings us to the early part of the sixteenth century.—PROF. G. WILSON.

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LONDON.—The Magnitude of

If you wish to have a just notion of the magnitude of this city, you must not be satisfied with seeing its great streets and squares, but must survey the innumerable little lanes and courts. It is not in the showy evolutions of buildings, but in the multiplicity of human habitations, which are crowded together, that the wonderful immensity of London consists.—DR. JOHN-SON.

Of all the cities I was ever in, London is the most absolutely unmanageable, it takes so long to get anywhere. From the West End down into the City is a distance that seems all but interminable. And yet this monster city is stretching in all directions yearly, and where will be the end of it nobody knows!—MRS. STOWE.

LONDON.—The Mental Aspects of

Behold, now, this vast city,—a city of refuge, the mansion-house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with God's protection; the shop of war hath not the more anvils and hammers working to fashion out the plates and heads there sitting justice in defence of beleaguered truth, there lie pens and heads, musing, searching their studios lamps, and ideas wheeling their new notions and ideas wheeling to present, as with their homage to fealty, the approaching reformation as fast reaching, trying all things as the best of reason and common sense.

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are ministers of all denominations, and of various gifts, suited to the different sentiments, taste, and experience of hearers. Here are public meetings to inspire with ardour, and social companies to instruct and establish the mind. Here are friendly societies and charitable institutions, to excite generosity and move compassion. In this respect I look on London as superior to any city in the world, and wonder not at the partial attachment many possess to it. Nor is London less famous for learning. "The happiness of London," says Dr. Johnson, "is not to be conceived but by those who have resided in it. I will venture to say, there is more learning and science within the circumference of ten miles from where we sit, than in all the rest of the kingdom."—BUCK.

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We dwell in "a great city"—the greatest in the world, the greatest of any age. What a stupendous power this city has to be one thing or the other! What forces lie in her bosom!—some of them latent, but most of them active. What patriot—what Christian, will not lament with heavy and dolorous sorrow the strength and increase of the great sin-force of this city of our habitation! "The violence" of Nineveh would not be suffered in it. The vices of the Cities of the Plain, or some of them, would be hunted out of public sight as men hunt

wild beasts. But for all that, the terrible sin-breeding force is active and fruitful in a hundred ways. A luxury as enervating as that of Babylon is lolling or revelling in too many of her great houses. Impurities, like those of Corinth, stain—and consume while they stain—large portions of her society. A flippancy like that of Athens rules the most pretentious and popular parts of her literature. The selfishness of Cain walks the streets of London, saying all day long—"Am I my brother's keeper?" The rapacious greed of Ahab works along the lines of her commerce. The folly of the worst fools of old still laughs in her giddy, godless multitudes, who say—"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."—DR. RALEIGH.

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Behold, now, this vast city,—a city of refuge, the mansion-house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with God's protection; the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers working to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleaguered truth, than there be pens and heads there sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching reformation; others, as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and conviction. This is a lively and cheerful presage of our happy success and victory.—MILTON.

LONDON.—A Minister's Life in

London is very peculiar as a ministerial walk. Almost all a minister can do is by the pulpit and the pen. His hearers are so occupied in the world, that if he visit them,

piety, than the Common Prayer of the Church of England.—J. WESLEY.

LIVE.—The Desire to

There appears to exist a greater desire to live long than to live well. Measure by man's desires, he cannot live long enough; measure by his good deeds, and he has not lived long enough; measure by his evil deeds, and he has lived too long.—ZIMMERMAN.

LIVE.—A Disinterested Way to

You must live for another, if you wish to live for yourself.—SENECA.

LIVE.—Examples how Men

It is the greatest and first use of history to show us the sublime in morals, and to tell us what great men have done in perilous seasons. Such beings, and such actions, dignify our nature, and breathe into us a virtuous pride which is the parent of every good. Wherever you meet with them in the page of history, read them, mark them, and learn from them how to live and how to die; for the object of *common* men is only to live. The object of such men as I have spoken of, was to live grandly, and in favour with their own *difficult* spirits: to live, if in war, gloriously; if in peace, usefully, justly, and freely!—S. SMITH.

LIVES.—The Proper Treatment of

Lives God hath not thought Unworthy Him to make, we ought not deem

Unworthy of our care; but though create To serve or suffer, treat, as made by Him, With high humanity.—P. J. BAILEY.

LOAF.—The King's Last

Alfred the Great, who died in the year 900, was of a most amiable disposition, and, we would hope, of genuine piety. During his retreat at Athelney, in Somersetshire, after his defeat by the Danes, a beggar came to his little castle, and requested alms. His queen informed Alfred that they had but one small loaf remaining, which was insufficient for themselves and their friends, who were gone in search of food, though with little hope of success. The king replied—"Give the poor Christian one-half of the loaf. He that could feed five thousand men with five loaves and two fishes, can certainly make the half loaf suffice for more than our necessity." The poor man was accordingly relieved, and Alfred's people shortly after returned with a store of fresh provisions!—ARVINE.

LOCOMOTIVE.—The Pedigree of the

The locomotive is the child of the river-steamer, which is the child of the mining steam-pump, which is the child of the thermometer and air-pump; and that brings us to the early part of the sixteenth century.—PROF. G. WILSON.

LOGIC.—The Advantages of

Logic has, in modern times, been much neglected and despised, in consequence of the futile matter, or the unmeaning jargon, with which, formerly, it abounded. It is well that the ancient system of wrangling about trifles should be discarded; but it is nevertheless true that the mind may be greatly strengthened and aided by that sort of training and exercise which is scarcely at all attempted in modern education. A man may be both strong and brave who is taken, untrained, from the plough; but neither his strength nor courage will be of much service in a field of battle, until he has learned to employ both with the precision, promptitude, and subordination which are taught by the military exercise. And thus, too, good sense, and strength of mind, are often baffled or overthrown by the subtlety of a crafty reasoner, merely because the mind wants the training which a sound and rational system of logic might afford.—I. TAYLOR.

LOGIC.—Defined.

Logic, as it has ever been understood from the time of Aristotle downwards, is the art of reasoning. It is simply the reduction into recognized rule and method of the processes through which the mind necessarily and unconsciously passes when it reasons correctly.—E. GARBETT.

LOGIC.—The Use of

Logic is a large drawer, containing some useful instruments, and many more that are superfluous. But a wise man will look into it for two purposes:—to avail himself of those instruments that are really useful, and to admire the ingenuity with which those that are not so are assorted and arranged.—COLTON.

LONDON.—The Advantages of

As London is the grand emporium of the world, and a place where there is every advantage, it is no wonder it should be the resort of all ranks of people. Its religious advantages, however, are not less than its political and commercial. Here the Gospel is preached in all its purity, and vast multitudes flock to hear it. Here are lectures at all seasons, to accommodate the people, and to leave the ignorant without excuse. Here

are ministers of all denominations, and of various gifts, suited to the different sentiments, taste, and experience of hearers. Here are public meetings to inspire with ardour, and social companies to instruct and establish the mind. Here are friendly societies and charitable institutions, to excite generosity and move compassion. In this respect I look on London as superior to any city in the world, and wonder not at the partial attachment many possess to it. Nor is London less famous for learning. "The happiness of London," says Dr. Johnson, "is not to be conceived but by those who have resided in it. I will venture to say, there is more learning and science within the circumference of ten miles from where we sit, than in all the rest of the kingdom."—BUCK.

LONDON.—The Bustle of

Look at the bustle of Bond Street; drive from thence to the Royal Exchange; observe the infinite variety of occupations, movements, and agitations as you go along: nothing can appear more intricate,—more impossible to be reduced to anything like rule or system; and yet a very few elements put all this mass of human beings into action. If a messenger from heaven were on a sudden to annihilate the love of power, the love of wealth, and the love of esteem, in the human heart, in half an hour's time the streets would be as empty and as silent as they are in the middle of the night.—S. SMITH.

LONDON.—The Commerce of

Where has commerce such a mart,
So rich, so throng'd, so drain'd, and so
supplied,
As London, opulent, enlarged, and
Still increasing London?—COWPER.

LONDON.—The Glory of

Babylon of old
Not more the glory of the earth, than she
A more accomplish'd world's chief glory
now.—COWPER.

LONDON.—The Great Sin-Force of

We dwell in "a great city"—the greatest in the world, the greatest of any age. What a stupendous power this city has to be one thing or the other! What forces lie in her bosom!—some of them latent, but most of them active. What patriot—what Christian, will not lament with heavy and dolorous sorrow the strength and increase of the great sin-force of this city of our habitation! "The violence" of Nineveh would not be suffered in it. The vices of the Cities of the Plain, or some of them, would be hunted out of public sight as men hunt

wild beasts. But for all that, the terrible sin-breeding force is active and fruitful in a hundred ways. A luxury as enervating as that of Babylon is lolling or revelling in too many of her great houses. Impurities, like those of Corinth, stain—and consume while they stain—large portions of her society. A slippancy like that of Athens rules the most pretentious and popular parts of her literature. The selfishness of Cain walks the streets of London, saying all day long—"Am I my brother's keeper?" The rapacious greed of Ahab works along the lines of her commerce. The folly of the worst fools of old still laughs in her giddy, godless multitudes, who say—"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."—DR. RALEIGH.

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London is very peculiar as a ministerial walk. Almost all a minister can do is by the pulpit and the pen. His hearers are so occupied in the world, that if he visit them,

every minute perhaps brings in some interruption.—R. CECIL.

LONDON.—The Origin of the name—

The metropolis of England has four-and-twenty names, or, rather, variations of the same name. An antiquary has patiently searched these out, and published them for the benefit of all students in ancient things. "The first," he says, "relates to its mystic origin, as founded by Brutus, great-grandson of Æneas, of pious and Trojan memory, from whom the whole country was called Brutain, or Britain, and by whom London was founded, and called Troja Nova, Troy-novant, or New Troy. Spenser refers to this:—

"For noble Britons, sprung from Trojans bold,
And Troynovant was built of old Troye's
ashes cold."

Hence also, most likely, the half-Cornish, half-Latin name Tre-novant, the new city. Dian Belin, the city of Diana, is another appellation; then *Car Ludd*, the city of Ludd. The foregoing names are given by the fabulous writers, chiefly Welsh or British, but have been accepted by Milton, who supposes that these traditions had a nucleus of truth for their foundation. By Tacitus, Antoninus, and Ptolemy, our city was called Londinium; by A. Marcellinus, Lundinium; by Stephanus, Lindonium; by Bede, Lundonia; under Valentinian, and out of compliment to the Roman emperors, it took the name of Augusta. Next we have a whole flood of variations on the name. Alfred the Great called it Lunden-ceastre—London *castrum* or camp; Lunden, Lundenbyrig, Lundenberig, Lundenburg, Lundunes, Ludstoune (the *Car Ludd* of the old British), Lundene, and Lundenberk. The chief syllables, and, in fact, the whole emphasis of all these words, we have retained in its modern name London. Leigh Hunt accounts for the *r* which has crept into the French and Italian of the name—*Londres*, *Londra*—by supposing them to be shortened from *Londen-berig* or *burg*, in which case London would mean London borough. The meaning of the name, which everyone should ask for, seems to be either the city of the lake, or the city of ships. *Llyn-din*, lake city; *Llong-dinas*, a city of ships—which, by the way, would fit it excellently now. Or we may think, with Maitland, that it comes from *Lon*, a plain, and *Dun*, a hill. The learned Selden, a man of a calibre not often to be met with, seeing that conjecture is free, derives it from *Llan Dien*, the city of Diana. We shall see a reason for this shortly. The antiquary Loumer gives another excellent

origin, whether correct or not we leave our readers to say—*Llawm*, full, and *Dyn*, man—a swarm of men, in fact. How it now swarms we all know. There are two other Londons, or some near relatives to it, in the Old World (how many in those two new worlds—America and Australia—we forbear to say); these are Lunden in Sweden, the capital of the province of Schonen, and Lunden in Danish Holstein.—E. DAVIES.

LONDON.—Sunday in

I had the happiness of visiting London, and never shall I forget the emotion that overcame me as I beheld that city, so like the ancient metropolis of the waters portrayed by the prophets. There she was, that great queen of the seas, giving laws to islands and continents, extending far and wide over kings and peoples, no longer, as her predecessors, the iron rod of oppression, but the beneficent sceptre of her opulence and her liberty. I heard the roar and din of her vast and enormous labours, and along her streets there flowed a living stream of men and vehicles . . . and then a day dawned like the days of my infancy, a day unlike any others. The gigantic machinery which had groaned and thundered during the week suddenly paused as if before a vision of the Most High. Yes; the mighty momentum of England's industry was arrested, and I saw in her streets only families passing along happy and joyous, to the house of prayer. I look across the ocean, and there I find this same Anglo-Saxon race exhibiting the like greatness of character under forms the most diverse. Here it is not the middle ages and an aristocracy, it is the advancing power of the ship of modern civilization, transcending all former glories and enterprises onwards to an unknown future. This is a people I love to think of, chosen of God for the renovation of things and to prepare for truth and its institutions, which will never pass away, the garments of youth and strength. Ah! but the United States keep Sunday as we'll as England, and thus we behold across the Atlantic the same response given by this rest for God to the blasphemies of man.—HYACINTHE.

LONGEVITY.—Laughter conducive to

Democritus, who was always laughing, lived one hundred and nine years; Heraclitus, who never ceased crying, only sixty. Laughing, then, is best.—STEEVENS.

LONGEVITY.—One of the Penalties of

One of the penalties we pay for longevity is—the loss of those who have been dear to us in our pilgrimage.—HARRISON.

LOOK.—An Intelligent

An intelligent look in men is what regularity of features is in women: it is the kind of beauty to which the most vain may aspire.—LA BRUYÈRE.

LOOK.—A Man's

A man's look is the work of years. It is stamped on the countenance by the events of his life; nay, more, by the hand of Nature; and it is not to be got rid of easily. There is, as it has been remarked repeatedly, something in a person's appearance, at first sight, which we do not like, and which gives it an odd tinge, but which is overlooked in a multitude of other circumstances, till the mask is thrown off, and we see this lurking character verified in the plainest manner in the sequel. We are struck at first, and by chance, with what is peculiar and characteristic; also with permanent traits and general effects. These afterwards go off in a set of unmeaning and commonplace details. This sort of *prima facie* evidence, then, shows what a man is, better than what he says or does; for it shows us the habit of his mind, which is the same under all circumstances and disguises.—HAZLITT.

LOOKING-GLASS.—The Flattery of a

A well-bred instrument, and the greatest flatterer in the world; it tells every woman that she is a beauty, and never disparages behind the back.—FIELDING.

LOOKS.—Devout

Come, but keep thy wonted state
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commencing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes;
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble.—MILTON.

LOOKS.—Modest

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the
thorn.—GOLDSMITH.

LOQUACITY.—The Sin of

Persons addicted to loquacity must often go far beyond the truth: "in the multitude of words there wanteth not sin."—E. DAVIES.

LORD.—The Sins of a

The sins of a lord require lordly estates to support them.—DR. SOUTH.

LORDS.—The Lordliness of

How the sight
Of me, as of a common enemy,
So dreaded once, may now exasperate them
I know not: lords are lordliest in their
wine.—MILTON.

LOSS.—Consolation under

I have lost all, except what I have given away.—ANTONY.

LOSSES.—Blessing God under

Those who are found blessing God under all their losses, shall find God blessing them after all their losses.—W. SECKER.

LOST.—The Loved, not the

The loved, but not the lost,
Oh no! they have not ceased to be,
Nor live alone in memory;
'Tis we, who still are toss'd
O'er life's wild sea, 'tis *we* who die;
They only live whose life is immortality.
CANON DALE.

LOTTERIES The History of

The earliest lottery on record took place in the year 1569: it consisted of forty thousand lots, at ten shillings each. The prizes were silver plate; and the profits arising from it were applied to repair the havens of the kingdom. It was drawn at the west door of St. Paul's Cathedral; and the drawing, which began January 11th, continued incessantly day and night till May 6th, in the same year. There were then only two lottery offices in London.—LOARING.

LOVE.—The Abandonment of

Never self-possessed, or prudent, love is all abandonment.—EMERSON.

LOVE—in Action.

Love is the most active thing in all the world. See it in the conduct of a tender and faithful wife towards the husband of her heart. See it in the mother's sleepless activities towards the babe at her bosom. See it in the devoted servant towards the master of his choice. What will not love *do* in the way of constant, self-denying, untiring activity, or *bear* in the way of privation and suffering? How hardly, yet how willingly and cheerfully and pleasantly, it works for its object! Work is pleasure—labour is delight. Love seems to resemble the cherubic figure, having the courage of the lion, the patience of the ox, the wing of the eagle, and all directed by the intelligence and will of the man.—J. A. JAMES.

LOVE.—The Beginning of

A stirring of the heart, a quickening keen
Of sight and hearing to the delicate
Beauty and music of an altered world,
Began to walk in that mysterious light
Which doth reveal and yet transform; which
gives

Destiny, sorrow, youth, and death, and life,
Intenser meaning ; in disquieting
Lifts up ; a shining light : men call it Love.

INGELOW.

LOVE—Best in After-Life.

They err who deem love's brightest hour in
blooming youth is shown :
Its purest, tenderest, holiest power in after-
life is known,

When passions, chastened and subdued, to
riper years are given,
And earth, and earthly things, are viewed
in light that breaks from heaven.

BARTON.

LOVE—Betrayed.

Everything betrays love, — the voice,
silence, the eyes ; and its fires imperfectly
covered over only burst forth the more.—
RACINE.

LOVE.—Better

True, there is better love, whose balance
just
Mingles the soul's instinct with our grosser
dust,
And leaves affection, strengthening day by
day,
Firm to assault, impervious to decay.

NORTON.

LOVE—is Blind.

Her faults he knew not, Love is always
blind,
But every charm resolved within his mind.

POPE.

LOVE.—The Busy Kindness of

Yes, Love is ever busy with his shuttle,
Is ever weaving into life's dull warp
Bright, gorgeous flowers and scenes Ar-
cadian ;

Hanging our gloomy prison-house about
With tapestries, that make its walls dilate
In never-ending vistas of delight.

LONGFELLOW.

LOVE.—Celestial

Celestial love may be compared to a tree
with beautiful branches, leaves, and fruits.
The life's love is that tree ; the branches,
with the leaves, are the affections of good-
ness and truth, with their perceptions ; and
the fruits are the delights of the affections,
with their thoughts.—SWEDENBORG.

LOVE.—The Choice of

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity :
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the
mind ;
And therefore is winged Cupid painted
blind :
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment
taste ;

Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste ;
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.

SHAKSPEARE.

LOVE.—The Christian's

The Christian's love is a gift of the Holy
Spirit worked in the heart by a sense of
God's love to us in nature and providence,
but chiefly in redemption.—BP. JACKSON.

LOVE.—No Concealment for

There is no disguise which can long con-
ceal love when it does, or feign it when it
does not exist.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

LOVE.—The Conclusion of

Marriage has always been the conclusion
of love.—NAPOLEON I.

LOVE.—A Condition regarding

That which is to be loved long, must be
loved
With reason rather than with passion.

DR. JOHNSON.

LOVE—where Costliest.

True love shows costliest where the means
are scant,
And in her reckoning they abound who
want.—LAMB.

LOVE.—The Course of

Ay me ! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run
smooth.—SHAKSPEARE.

LOVE.—The Daring of

What love can do, that dares love attempt.

SHAKSPEARE.

LOVE—Defined.

It is a flame and ardour of the mind,
Dead in the proper corpse, quick in
another's :

Transfers the lover into the loved :
That he or she that loves, engraves or stamps
The idea of what they love, first in them-
selves ;

Or, like to glasses, so their minds take in
The forms of their beloved, and them re-
flect :

It is the likeness of affections :
Is both the parent and the nurse of love :
Love is a spiritual coupling of two souls,
So much more excellent as it least relates
Unto the body ; circular, eternal ;
Not feign'd or made, but born, and then so
precious,

As naught can value it but itself ; so free,
As nothing can command it but itself ;
And in itself so round and liberal,
As, where it favours, it bestows itself.
But we must take and understand this love

Along still as a name of dignity,
Not pleasure ;
True love hath no unworthy thought, no
light,
Loose, unbecoming appetite, or strain ;
But fix'd, constant, pure, immutable.

JONSON.

LOVE.—The Delicacy of

The passion of love, when developed according to the divine order, is, even in its physical relations, so holy that it cannot retain its delicacy under the sultry blaze of profane publicity.—C. STOWE.

LOVE.—The Demands of

There is no more terrible inquisition than that of affection ; for we all belong to it ; its treasure is in our heart, and to deprive it of that is to defraud it of its due. Those who love us insist upon reading us. Indifference may be diverted, love cannot ; love demands the reason of a sigh,—of a pale cheek, and at the same time that it makes our happiness obligatory, it insists upon full confession as equally a duty. Love, like the sun, absorbs all clouds ; to suffer in its presence is almost to do it wrong ; at least it is to own that it is powerless to fill the heart,—unskilled to heal it. There is occasionally a reproach, —there is almost always some concealment in the sadness of a beloved being.—GASPARIAN.

LOVE.—Determined to

When slight has followed slight, and insult has been added to insult, the love which is determined still to love on, assumes a character at once fearless and divine.—E. DAVIES.

LOVE.—Development of

Love's not a flower that grows in the dull earth,
Springs by the calendar ; must wait for sun,
For rain ; matures by parts—must take its time
To stem, to leaf, to bud, to blow : it owns A richer soil, and boasts a quicker seed.
You look for it, and see it not ; and lo !
E'en while you look, the peerless flower is up,
Consummate in the birth.

J. S. KNOWLES.

LOVE.—Dies with Hope.

If love live on hope, it dies with it ; it is a fire which goes out from want of fuel.
CORNEILLE.

LOVE.—The Difficulty of Saying Why we

That passion of love which springs spontaneously in the heart, is not, as is well

known, the result of merit in the individual. Fancy takes part in it ; and when some one pleases us, we have often difficulty to say why it is so.—MOLIERE.

LOVE.—The Disinterestedness of

The love which resides within, will walk through the world as men walk through a gallery of pictures, loving, and admiring, and expecting no return.—G. GILFILLAN.

LOVE—is Divine.

What thing is love, which naught can countervail ?

Naught save itself, ev'n such a thing is love :

And worldly wealth in worth as far doth fail,

As lowest earth doth yield to heav'n above :

Divine is love, and scorneth worldly pelf,
And can be bought with nothing but with self.—SIR W. RALEIGH.

LOVE.—Early

In childhood's dawn, when budding reason springs,

There the young passion spreads its cherub wings ;

Bids new and undefined emotions start,
Play in the mind, and flutter round the heart.—HOLLAND.

LOVE.—The Effects of

Various are love's effects ; but from one source

All issue, though they lead a different way.
ARIOSTO.

LOVE—the End and Reward of Life.

Love is life's end ; an end, but never ending ;

All joys, all sweets, all happiness, awarding ;

Love is life's wealth ; ne'er spent, but ever spending,

More rich by giving, taking by discarding ;
Love's life's reward, rewarded in rewarding :

Then from thy wretched heart fond care remove.

Ah ! should'st thou live but once love's sweets to prove,

Thou wilt not love to live, unless thou live to love.—SPENSER.

LOVE.—The Enticement of

He first approaches us
In childish play, wantoning in our walks ;
If heedlessly we wander after him,
As he will pick out all the dancing-way,
We're lost, and hardly to return again.

We should take warning : he is painted
blind,
To show us, if we fondly follow him,
The precipices we may fall into :
Therefore let virtue take him by the hand :
Directed so, he leads to certain joy.

DR. SOUTHEY.

LOVE.—The Expansion of

Self-love but serves the mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful
lake ;
The centre mov'd, a circle straight suc-
ceeds,
Another still, and still another spreads ;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will em-
brace ;
His country next, and next—all human
race :
Wide and more wide, th' overflowings of
the mind
Take every creature in, of every kind :
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty
blest,
And heaven beholds its image in his breast.

POPE.

LOVE—Extinguishes Fear.

Who the Creator love, created might
Dread not ; within their tents no terrors
walk.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

LOVE.—First

Why do people take to loving one another?
How does the love first come? Through
what mysterious process do young folks pass,
by steps rapid or slow, according to cir-
cumstances and their own idiosyncrasy, out
of the common world—the quiet, colourless,
every-day world—into that strange new
paradise from which there is no returning?
no, none ! We may be driven out of it by
an angel with a flaming sword—out into the
wilderness which we have to till and keep,
changing its thorns and thistles into beautiful
flowers ; we may pass out of it, calmly and
happily, into a new earth—safe, and sweet,
and home-like ; but this particular paradise
is never found again, never entered more.
Why should it be? All life is a mere pro-
gression—a pressing on and on ; and death
itself—we Christians believe—but a higher
development into more perfect life. Yet as
nothing good is ever lost, or wholly for-
gotten, one can imagine even a disembodied
spirit sitting glorious before the great white
throne, recalling with a tender sweetness,
the old earthly heaven which was first
created by that strange state of mind—that
intoxicating idealization of all things within
and without, as if everything were beheld
with new eyes—the eyes of a creature new-
born. First love has its weaknesses ; but
it has its divine side too, chiefly because
then, and not till then, comes the complete

absorption of self into some other being
dearer and better, higher and nobler than
oneself, or imagined so, which is the foun-
dation of everything divine in human
nature.—MURLOCK.

LOVE—not to be Forced.

Compel the hawk to sit that is unmann'd ;
Or make the hound, untaught, to draw
the deer ;
Or bring the free, against his will, in band ;
Or move the sad a pleasant tale to hear ;
Your time is lost, and you far from being
near !
So love learns not of force the heart to knit ;
She serves but those who feel sweet fancies
fit.—CHURCHYARD.

LOVE.—Fraternal

Timoleon, the Corinthian, was a noble
pattern of fraternal love. Being in battle
with the Argives, and seeing his brother fall
by the wounds he had received, he instantly
leaped over his dead body, and with his
shield protected it from insult and plunder ;
and though severely wounded in the gene-
rous enterprise, he would not on any ac-
count retreat to a place of safety, till he had
seen the corpse carried off the field by his
friends.—ARVINE.

LOVE.—Generous in

A man may be a miser of his wealth ; he
may tie up his talent in a napkin ; he may
hug himself in his reputation ; but he is
always generous in his love. Love cannot
stay at home ; a man cannot keep it to him-
self. Like light, it is constantly travelling.
A man must spend it, must give it away.—
MACLEOD.

LOVE—the Gift of Self.

Love is ever the gift of self. Its spirit
may vary in the degree of intensity, but
it is ever the same. It is always and
everywhere the sacrifice of self.—CANON
LIDDON.

LOVE—of God and Man.

True love of man cannot exist without
love of God, nor true love of God without
love of man.—DR. PUSEY.

LOVE—in the Heart.

When there is love in the heart, there are
rainbows in the eyes, which cover every
black cloud with gorgeous hues.—H. W.
BEECHER.

LOVE.—The Heralds of

Love's heralds should be thoughts
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's
beams,

Driving back shadows over louring hills :
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw
love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid
wings.—SHAKESPEARE.

LOVE.—The Home of

It is not in the mountains
Nor the palaces of pride,
That love will fold his wings up
And rejoicingly abide ;
But in meek and humble natures
His home is ever found,
As the lark that sings in heaven
Builds its nest upon the ground.
BLANCHARD.

LOVE—Honoured.

The reason why all men honour love, is
—because it looks up and not down ; as-
pires and not despairs.—EMERSON.

LOVE.—The Hope of

None without hope e'er loved the brightest
fair ;
But Love can hope, where Reason would
despair.—LYTTLETON.

LOVE—Human, Angelic, and Divine.

Happy the hours ; but happier far when
Eve
Was giv'n to love him and to be beloved :
No sweeter joy could God confer on man,
No higher bliss do angels know, than love ;
And God, in revelation of Himself,
Singles out love, from all His attributes,
As that by which He glories to be known.
MOON.

LOVE.—A Hymn of

Fain would I catch a hymn of love
From the angel-harps which ring above,
And sing it as my parting breath
Quiver'd and expired in death,
So that those on earth might hear
The harp-notes of another sphere,
And mark, when Nature faints and dies,
What springs of heavenly life arise,
And gather from the death they view
A ray of hope to light them through,
When they should be departing too.

EDMESTON.

LOVE—Influenced by Use.

Whatever we love for its uses, we love
for itself.—S. SMITH.

LOVE.—The Inspiration of

Love various minds does variously inspire ;
It stirs in gentle bosoms gentle fire,
Like that of incense on the altar laid ;
But raging flames tempestuous souls invade ;
A fire which every windy passion blows,
With pride it mounts, or with revenge it
glows.—DRYDEN.

LOVE.—The Joy and Woe of

The sweetest joy, the wildest woe, is love ;
The taint of earth, the odour of the skies,
is in it.—P. J. BAILEY.

LOVE.—The Kiss of

Eden revives in the first kiss of love.
BYRON.

LOVE.—Labour made Easy by

When Achilles was asked what enter-
prizes he found the most easy, he answered
—"Those which I undertake for my
friends." Jacob's seven years' service
seemed as nothing, because it was for one
he loved so much. St. Austin says—"All
things are easy to love."—W. SECKER.

LOVE.—The Law of

The fountains mingle with the river,
And the river with the ocean ;
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion ;
Nothing in the world is single ;
All things, by a law divine,
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine ?—SHELLEY.

LOVE—when Loveliest.

Love is loveliest when embalm'd in tears.
—SIR W. SCOTT.

LOVE.—The Might of

Mightier far
Than strength of nerve, or sinew, or the
sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love.—W. WORDSWORTH.

LOVE.—Mutual

Mutual love, the crown of all our bliss.
MILTON.

LOVE—a Mystery.

Love is a mystery, the greatest of all
mysteries, and the key to all mysteries,
having itself no key.—M. MARTIN.

LOVE.—A Noble

As a tree is known by its fruits, so a
noble love, be it happy or unhappy, en-
nobles a whole life.—MURLOCK.

LOVE—like a Painter.

Love is like a painter who, in drawing the
picture of a friend having a blemish in one
eye, would picture only the other side of
the face.—DR. SOUTH.

LOVE.—Perfect

Perfect love is ideal happiness.—NAPO-
LEON I.

LOVE—Placed in Heaven.

Since it hath pleased that first and supreme
Fair

To take that beauty to Himself again,
Which in this world of sense not to remain
But to amaze was sent, and home repair,
The love which to that beauty I did bear,
Made pure of mortal spots which did it

stain,
And endless, which e'en death cannot im-
pair,

I place on Him who will it not distain.
No shining eyes, no locks of curling gold,
No blushing roses on a virgin face,
No outward show, no, nor no inward grace,
Shall power have my thoughts henceforth
to hold :

Love here on earth huge storms of care
doth toss,

But placed above exempted is from loss.
SIR W. DRUMMOND.

LOVE—a Pleasure.

I love should be a pleasure, not a torment.
NAPOLEON I.

LOVE.—Pleasure Advantaged by

Love is the salt of life ; a higher taste
It gives to pleasure, and then makes it last.
BUCKINGHAM.

LOVE.—The Power and Preference of

Love is an alchymist that can transmute
poison into food,—and a spaniel, that pre-
fers even punishment from one hand than
caresses from another.—COLTON.

LOVE—a Primary and Secondary Passion.

Love is a primary passion in those who
love most, a secondary in those who love
least. He who is inspired by it in a great
degree, is inspired by honour in a greater.
—LANDOR.

LOVE.—The Purity of

O Love ! thy essence is thy purity !
Breathe one unhallowed breath upon thy
flame
And it is gone for ever, and but leaves
A sullied vase,—its pure light lost in
shame.—LANDOR.

LOVE.—Reasoning into

Bid physicians talk our veins to temper,
And with an argument new set a pulse ;
Then think, my lord, of reasoning into love.
DR. E. YOUNG.

LOVE.—The Recall of Vanished.

Call back the dew
That on the rose at morn was lying ;
When the day is dying,
Bid the sunbeam stay :

Call back the wave
E'en while the ebbing tide's receding.
Oh, all unheeding
Of thy voice are they !
As vain the call
Distraction makes on love departed,
When the broken-hearted
Bitter tears let fall :
Dew and sunshine, wave and flower,
Renew'd, return at destin'd hour,
But never yet was known the power
Could vanish'd love recall.

DICKENS.

LOVE—in Relation to Different Men.

Love is the occupation of the idle man,
the distraction of the warrior, the rock of
the sovereign.—NAPOLEON I.

LOVE.—Repining

Repining love is the stillest ; the shady
flowers in this spring, as in the other, shun
sunlight.—RICHTER.

LOVE—Returned.

Dr. Doddridge one day asked his little
daughter how it was that everybody loved
her : “ I know not,” said she, “ unless it
be that I love everybody.”—ARVINE.

LOVE.—The Rule of

In peace—Love tunes the shepherd's reed ;
In war—he mounts the warrior's steed ;
In halls—in gay attire is seen ;
In hamlets—dances on the green :
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above ;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

SIR W. SCOTT.

LOVE.—Sameness of the Game of

The game of love is the same, whether
the player be clad in velvet or in hodden
grey. Beneath the gilded ceilings of a
palace, or the lowly rafters of a cabin, there
are the same hopes and fears, the same
jealousies, and distrusts, and despondings ;
the wiles and stratagems are all alike ; for,
after all, the stake is human happiness,
whether he who risks it be a peer or a
peasant.—LEVER.

LOVE.—Schooling in

Thine eyes taught me the alphabet of love,
To ken my cros-rowe ere I learn'd to spell,
For I was apt, a scholar like to prove ;
Gave me sweet looks when as I learned
well :

Vowes were my vowels, when I then
beganne.

At my first lesson in thy sacred name ;
My consonants the next when I had done,
Words consonant, and sounding to thy
fame ;

My liquids then, were liquid christall
teares ;
My cares my mutes, so mute to crave
reliefe ;
My dolefull diphthongs were my life's
despaires ;
Redoubling sighes the accents of my grieve ;
My love's schole-mistresse now hath taught
me so,
That I can read a story of my woe.

DRAYTON.

LOVE.—Seeking to Quench

Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with
snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with
words. —SHAKSPEARE.

LOVE.—Shut out from

He that shuts Love out, in turn shall be
Shut out from Love, and on her threshold
lie
Howling in outer darkness. Not for this
Was common clay ta'en from the common
earth,
Moulded by God, and temper'd with the
tears
Of angels to the perfect shape of man.

TENNYSON.

LOVE.—The Sigh of

The first sigh of love is the last of wisdom.

BRET.

LOVE.—Silence in

Silence in love betrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty :
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity !

SIR W. RALEIGH.

By love's religion, I must here confess it,
The most I love, when I the least express it !
Small griefs find tongues ; full casks are
ever found

To give, if any, yet but little sound ;
Deep waters noiseless are ; and this we
know,

That chiding streams betray small depths
below :

So when love speechless is, she doth express
A depth in love, and that depth bottomless.

HERRICK.

LOVE.—The Slumber of

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory ;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose-leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed ;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on. —SHELLEY.

LOVE—will Subsist on Hope.

Love will subsist on wonderfully little
hope, but not altogether without it. —SIR
W. SCOTT.

LOVE—Superior to other Graces.

Love, amid other graces in this world, is
like a cathedral tower, which begins on the
earth, and, at first, is surrounded by the
other parts of the structure. But, at
length, rising above buttressed wall, and
arch, and parapet, and pinnacle, it shoots
spire-like many a foot right into the air, so
high that the huge cross on its summit
glows like a spark in the morning light,
and shines like a star in the evening sky,
when the rest of the pile is enveloped in
darkness. So Love, here, is surrounded by
other graces, and divides the honours with
them ; but they will have felt the wrap of
night and of darkness when it will shine,
luminous, against the sky of eternity. —
H. W. BEECHER.

LOVE.—The Sympathy of

There is a relic of humanness, after all,
lingering in every heart, like a dear gage of
affection, stealthily treasured amid divorce
and estrangement, and the far wards where
it is locked up from men, can be opened
only by the living sympathy of love. —
PUNSHON.

LOVE.—The Task of Conquering

But he who stems a stream with sand,
And fetters flame with flaken band,
Has yet a harder task to prove—
By firm resolve to conquer love !

SIR W. SCOTT.

LOVE.—Two Kinds of

There are two kinds of love : —love which
receives, and love which gives. The former
rejoices in the sentiment which it inspires,
and the sacrifice which it obtains ; the
second delights in the sentiment which it
experiences, and the sacrifice which it
makes. —MONOD.

LOVE—Unalterable.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,

Or bends with the remover to remove :

Oh, no ! it is an ever-fixed mark,

That looks on tempests, and is never
shaken ;

It is a star to every wandering bark,

Whose worth's unknown, although his
height be taken :

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips
and cheeks

Within his bending sickle's compass,
come ;
Love alters not with his brief hours and
weeks,
But bears it out c'en to the edge of
doom :

If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.
SHAKSPEARE.

LOVE.—The Waywardness of

Fie, fie ! how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the
nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod !
SHAKSPEARE.

LOVE—Well-placed.

Thy clear heart, fresh as e'er was forest
flower,
Still opens more to me its beauteous
dower :
But let praise hush ; love asks no evidence
To prove itself well-placed.—J. R. LOWELL.

LOVE.—What to

When we have not what we love, we
must love what we have.—BUSSY-RABUTIN.

LOVE.—The Wiles of

O subtle Love, a thousand wiles thou hast,
By humble suit, by service, or by hire,
To win a maiden's heart,—a thing soon
done :
For nature framed all women to be won.
TASSO.

LOVE.—Young and Old

Young love is a flame ; very pretty, often
very hot and fierce, but still only light and
flickering. The love of the older and
disciplined heart is as coals, deep-burning,
unquenchable.—H. W. BEECHER.

LOVE AND ENVY.

None of the affections have been noted
to fascinate and bewitch, but love and envy.
—LORD BACON.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

In love, as in every other passion of
which hope is the essence, we ought always
to remember the uncertainty of events.
There is, indeed, nothing that so much
seduces reason from vigilance, as the thought
of passing life with an amiable woman ; and
if all would happen that a lover fancies, I
know not what other terrestrial happiness
would deserve pursuit. But love and mar-
riage are different states. Those who are
to suffer the evils of life together, and to
suffer often for the sake of one another,
soon lose that tenderness of look, and that
benevolence of mind, which arose from the

participation of unmingled pleasure and
successive amusement. A woman, we are
sure, will not be always fair ; and man can-
not retain through life that respect and
assiduity by which he pleases for a day or
for a month. I do not, however, pretend
to have discovered that life has anything
more to be desired than a prudent and vir-
tuous marriage ; therefore know not what
counsel to give.—DR. JOHNSON.

LOVERS.—Devotedly Attached

They loved ; but such their guileless passion
was—
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of innocence and undissembling truth :
'Twas friendship heighten'd by the mutual
wish ;
The enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer self ;
Supremely happy in the awaken'd power
Of giving joy.—J. THOMSON.

LOVERS.—The Growth of Love between

With every morn their love grew tenderer,
With every eve deeper and tenderer still ;
He might not in house, field, or garden stir ;
But her full shape would all his seeing fill ;
And his continual voice was pleasanter
To her, than noise of trees or hidden rill ;
Her lute-string gave an echo of his name,
She spoilt her half-done 'broidery with the
same.

He knew whose gentle hand was at the
latch,
Before the door had given her to his eyes ;
And from her chamber window he would
catch
Her beauty farther than the falcon spies ;
And constant at her vespers would he watch,
Because her face was turned to the same
skies ;
And with such longing all the night outwear,
To hear her morning step upon the stair.
KEATS.

LOVERS.—The Impatience of

Lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time ;
So much they spur their expedition.
SHAKSPEARE.

LOVERS.—The Tale Breathed out by

O happy love ! where love like this is found !
O heart-felt raptures ! bliss beyond com-
pare !
I've paced much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this de-
clare :—
If heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure
spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,

'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In others' arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents
the evening gale.—R. BURNS.

LOWLINESS—Independent of Outward Things.

Nature may be vain-glorious, well as art :
We may as lowly before God appear
Drest with a glorious pearl, as with a tear.
CLEVELAND.

LUCKY AND THE UNLUCKY.—The

The lucky have whole days, which still
they choose ;
Th' unlucky have but hours, and those
they lose.—DRYDEN.

LUST—a Pleasant Madness.

Lust yielded to is a pleasant madness ;
but it is a desperate madness when op-
posed.—BP. HALL.

LUTHER—at Worms.

There he stands !—in superhuman calm
Concenter'd and sublime : round him, pomp
And blaze imperial ; haughty eyes, and
tongues
Whose tones are tyranny, in vain attempt
The heaven-born quiet of his soul to move ;
Crown'd with the grace of everlasting truth
And more than monarch among kings he
stood :
And, while without the ever-deep'ning mass
Of murmur'ing thousands on the windows
watch'd
The torchlight gleaming through the crim-
soned glass
Of that throng'd hall, where Truth on trial
was,
Seldom on earth did ever sun go down
Or evening mantle o'er a grander scene.
There, priests and barons, counts and dukes
were met,
Landgraves and margraves, earls, electors,
knights,
And Charles the Splendid, in the burning
pride
Of princely youth, with Empires at his feet ;
And there—the Miner's Son, to match
them all ;
With black robe belted round his manly
waist,
Before that bar august he stood serene,
By self-dominion reining down his soul.
Melancthon wept, and Spalatinus gazed
With breathless wonder on that wondrous
man ;
While, mute and motionless, a grim array
Of priests and monks, in combination dire,
On Luther fasten'd their most blood-hound
gaze
Of bigotry : but not one rippling thought
disturb'd

The calm of heaven on his commanding
face.

Meek, but majestic—simple, but sublime
In aspect, thus he braved the awe of Rome
With brow unshrinking, and with eyes that
flash'd

As if the spirit in each glance were sheath'd.
And then, with voice that seem'd a soul in
sound

Made audible, he pled the Almighty's cause
In words almighty as the cause he pled,
The Bible's !—God's religion, not the priest's,
By craft invented, and by lucre saved.

For this, life, limb, and liberty he vow'd
To sacrifice ; though earth and hell might
rage,

Nor Pope nor canon, council nor decree,
Would shake him ; from the throne of that
resolve,

By fiend nor angel would his heart be hurl'd ;
Truth and his conscience would together
fight,

The world 'gainst them—and they against
the world !

And then, with eyeballs flashing intellectual
fire,

Full in the face of that assembly roll'd
The fearless Monk those ever-famous
words—

“God help me ! Here I stand alone.
Amen !”—R. MONTGOMERY.

LUXURY.—The Enticement of

Luxury is an enticing pleasure, a bastard
mirth, which hath honey in her mouth, gall
in her heart, and a sting in her tail.—
V. HUGO.

LUXURY.—The Fatal Effects of

The luxury of Capua destroyed the
bravest army which Italy ever saw, flushed
with conquest and commanded by Han-
nibal. The moment Capua was taken, that
moment the walls of Carthage trembled.
They caught the infection, and grew fond
of pleasure, which rendered them effemi-
nate, and, of course, an easy prey to their
enemies.—STRETCH.

LUXURY—Necessary.

In the present imperfect condition of
society, luxury, though it may proceed from
vice or folly, seems to be the only means
that can correct the unequal distribution of
property. The diligent mechanic and the
skilful artist who have obtained no share in
the division of the earth, receive a volun-
tary tax from the possessors of land ; and
the latter are prompted by a sense of
interest to improve those estates with whose
produce they may purchase additional plea-
sures.—GIBBON,

LYING.—The Cowardice of

Lying's a certain mark of cowardice.—
SOUTHERN.

LYING.—The Criminality of

Lying is a crime the least liable to variation in its definitions. A child will, upon the slightest temptation, tell an untruth as readily as the truth; that is, as soon as he can suspect that it will be to his advantage; and the dread that he afterwards has of telling a lie is acquired principally by his being threatened, punished, and terrified by those who detect him in it; till at length, a number of painful impressions are annexed to the telling of an untruth, and he comes even to shudder at the thought of it. But where this care has not been taken, such a facility in telling lies and such an indifference to truth are acquired, as is hardly credible to persons who have been differently educated.—PRIESTLEY.

LYING.—Living by

He that lives by lying will never be scrupulous in making money by his reputation.—S. BUTLER.

LYING.—The Reason for

There are people who lie simply for the sake of lying.—PASCAL.

LYING.—The Shame of

Every brave man shuns more than death the shame of lying.—CORNEILLE.

LYRE.—The

The lyre was the peculiar instrument of Apollo—the tutelary god of music and poetry. It gave name to the species of verse called lyric, to which it originally furnished an accompaniment.—DR. WEBSTER.

M.

MACHINE.—The Calculating

What a satire, by the way, is that machine on the mere mathematician! A Frankenstein monster, a thing without brains and without heart, too stupid to make a blunder; that turns out formulæ like a corn-sheller, and never grows any wiser or better, though it grind a thousand bushels of them!—DR. HOLMES.

MACHINERY.—Benefit in

There is this immense benefit in machinery—that it carries on those operations

which debase the mind and injure the faculties.—DAVY.

MACHINERY.—The Requirements of

While machinery dispenses with a vast amount of physical labour, it nevertheless makes an enormous demand upon the intellect of man:—first, it calls into full exercise his inventive genius; then it requires his mechanical skill; and lastly, it needs his close and constant attention.—
E. DAVIES.

MADMAN.—The Conceptions of a

A madman has the conception of all the pageantry of a court; and so may any man in his senses; the difference is—the one knows it to be only a creation of his mind, the other really believes he sees dukes, and marquises, and all the splendour of a real court. If he is not very far gone, he pays some attention to the objects of sense about him, and tells you that he is confined in this sorry situation by the perfidy and rebellion of his subjects. As the disease further advances, he totally neglects the objects of his senses;—does not see that he sleeps on straw and is chained down, but abandons himself wholly to the creations of his mind, and riots in every extravagance of thought.—S. SMITH.

MADMAN.—The Sight of a

This sight was the saddest seen in time :—
A man, to-day, the glory of his kind,
In reason clear, in understanding large,
In judgment sound, in fancy quick, in hope
Abundant, and in promise like a field
Well cultured, and refreshed with dews
from God;
To-morrow, chained, and raving mad, and whipped
By servile hands; sitting on dismal straw,
And gnashing with his teeth against the chain,—
The iron chain that bound him hand and foot;
And trying whiles to send his glaring eye
Beyond the wide circumference of his woe;
Or, humbling more, more miserable still,
Giving an idiot laugh that served to show
The blasted scenery of his horrid face;
Calling the straw his sceptre, and the stone,
On which he pinioned sat, his royal throne!
R. POLLOK.

MADNESS.—Defined.

When a man mistakes his thoughts for persons and things, this is madness.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

MADNESS.—The Degradation of

Madness is the last stage of human degradation. It is the abdication of humanity. Better to die a thousand times !—**NAPOLEON I.**

MADNESS.—The Evil Effect of

Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown !
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.—**SHAKESPEARE.**

MADNESS.—Method in

Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't.—**SHAKESPEARE.**

MADNESS.—Unobserved.

Many a man is mad in certain instances, and goes through life without having it perceived. For example, a madness has seized a person of supposing himself obliged literally to pray continually ; had the madness turned the opposite way, and the person thought it a crime ever to pray, it might not improbably have continued unobserved.—**DR. JOHNSON.**

MAGISTRACY.—The Discovery made by

Magistracy discovers what a man is ; for as empty vessels, though they have some crack in them, while they are empty, do not discover their flaws, but when they are filled with liquor immediately show their defects ; so happens it with ill-disposed and corrupt minds, which seldom discover their vices till they are filled with authority.—**BIAS.**

MAGISTRATE.—A Courageous

One of the favourites of King Henry V., when Prince of Wales, having been indicted for some misdemeanour, was condemned, notwithstanding all the interest he could make in his favour ; and the Prince was so incensed at the issue of the trial that he struck the judge on the bench. This magistrate, whose name was Sir William Gascoign, acted with a spirit becoming his character. He instantly ordered the Prince to be committed to prison ; and young Henry, sensible by this time of the insult he had offered to the laws of his country, suffered himself to be quietly conducted to jail by the officers of justice. The king, Henry IV., who was an excellent judge of mankind, was no sooner informed of this transaction, than he cried out in a transport of joy—"Happy is the king who has a magistrate possessed of courage to execute the laws ; and still more happy in having a son who will submit to such chastisement !" —**ARVINE.**

MAGISTRATE.—Mercy Becomes a

Mercy more becomes a magistrate
Than the vindictive wrath which men call justice !—**LONGFELLOW.**

MAGISTRATES AND MINISTERS.

It is reported of Queen Elizabeth, that coming in her progress into the county of Suffolk, when she observed that the gentlemen of the county who came out to meet her had every one his minister by his side, said—"Now I have learned why my county of Suffolk is so well governed ; it is because the magistrates and ministers go together." And most true it is, that they are the two legs on which a Church and State do stand ; and whosoever he be that would saw off the one, cannot mean well to the other. An anti-ministerial spirit is an anti-magistratical spirit. The pulpit guards the throne ; he but once persuaded to take that away, and you give the magistrates' enemies room to fetch a full blow at them, as the Duke of Somerset, in King Edward the Sixth's days, by consenting to his brother's death, made way for his own by the same axe and hand.—**SPENCER.**

MAHOMET.—The Genius of

According to the tradition of his companions, Mahomet was distinguished by the beauty of his person—an outward gift which is seldom despised, except by those to whom it has been refused. Before he spoke, the orator engaged on his side the affections of a public or private audience. They applauded his commanding presence, his majestic aspect, his piercing eye, his gracious smile, his flowing beard, his countenance that painted every sensation of the soul, and his gestures that enforced each expression of the tongue. In the familiar offices of life he scrupulously adhered to the grave and ceremonious politeness of his country : his respectful attention to the rich and powerful was dignified by his condescension and affability to the poorest citizens of Mecca : the frankness of his manner concealed the artifice of his views ; and his habits of courtesy were imputed to personal friendship or universal benevolence. His memory was capacious and retentive, his wit easy and social, his imagination sublime, his judgment clear, rapid, and decisive. He possessed the courage both of thought and action ; and, although his designs might gradually expand with his success, the first idea which he entertained of his divine mission bears the stamp of an original and superior genius. The son of Abdallah was educated in the bosom of the noblest race, in the use of the purest dialect of Arabia ; and the fluency of his speech

was corrected and enhanced by the practice of discreet and seasonable silence.—GIBBON.

MAHOMET.—The Religion of

From his earliest youth Mahomet was addicted to religious contemplation: each year, during the month of Ramadan, he withdrew from the world and from the arms of Cadijah: in the cave of Hera, three miles from Mecca, he consulted the spirit of fraud or enthusiasm, whose abode is not in the heavens, but in the mind of the prophet. The faith which, under the name of Islam, he preached to his family and nation, is compounded of an eternal truth, and a necessary fiction—that there is only one God, and that Mahomet is the apostle of God.—GIBBON.

MAID.—Advice to a

Life swarms with ills; the boldest are afraid;
Where, then, is safety for a tender maid?
Unfit for conflict, round beset with woes,
And man, whom least she fears, her worst of foes!
When kind, most cruel; when oblig'd the most,
The least obliging; and by favours lost:
Cruel by nature, they for kindness hate;
And scorn you for those ills themselves create:
If on your fame our sex a blot has thrown,
'Twill ever stick, through malice of your own.
Most hard! in pleasing your chief glory lies;
And yet from pleasing your chief dangers rise:
Then please the best; and know, for men of sense,
Your strongest charms are native innocence:
Arts on the mind, like paint upon the face,
Fright him that's worth your love from your embrace:
In simple manners all the secret lies;
Be kind and virtuous, you'll be blest and wise.—DR. E. YOUNG.

MAID.—A Virtuous

Sweet stream, that winds through yonder glade,
Apt emblem of a virtuous maid,
Silent and chaste she steals along,
Far from the world's gay busy throng;
With gentle yet with prevailing force,
Intent upon her destined course;
Graceful and useful all she does,
Blessing and blest where'er she goes;
Pure-blossom'd as that watery glass,
And heaven reflected in her face.

COWPER.

MAIDEN.—A Quiet

A maiden never bold,
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blushed at itself.—SHAKSPEARE.

MAILS.—The Steeds of the

Covetousness and curiosity are the two steeds by which most of the mails are drawn.—SCRIVER.

MAJORITY.—The Voice of the

The voice of the majority is no proof of justice.—SCHILLER.

MAJORITY AND SUPERIORITY.

Majority is applied to number, and superiority to power.—DR. JOHNSON.

MALACHI.—The Prophet

The word means—"My angel or messenger." Hence some have contended that there was no such person as Malachi, but that Ezra was the author of the book bearing his name. Origen even maintains that the author was an incarnate angel. The general opinion, however, is, that he was a real personage, who flourished about four hundred years before Christ. It was meet that the ancient dispensation should close amid such cloudy uncertainties. It had been all along the "religion of the veil." There was a veil, verily, upon more than the face of Moses. Everything from Sinai—its centre, down to the last bell or pomegranate—wore a veil. Over Malachi's face, form, and fortunes, it hangs dark and impenetrable. A masked actor, his tread and his voice are terrible. The last pages of the Old Testament seem to stir as in a furious wind, and the word "curse," echoing down to the very roots of Calvary, closes the record.—G. GILFILLAN.

MALEVOLENCE.—The Bitterness of

Malevolence is, in point of fact, a real colocynth juice; for, if it once infect the heart, nothing in a neighbour any longer pleases. If he walk, his gait is proud and haughty; if he laugh, he is derisive; if he weep, he is hypocritical; if he look grave, he is insolent. Every fault swells into magnitude, and every virtue shrinks into littleness.—SCRIVER.

MALICE.—Defined.

Malice is a deliberate determination to revenge or do hurt to another. It is a most hateful temper in the sight of God, disgraceful to rational creatures, and every way inimical to the spirit of Christianity.—BUCK.

MALICE.—The Fatal Flattery of

Deadly malice lurks under fair compliments, and, while it flatters, killeth.—
BP. HALL.

MALICE.—The Ready Belief of

Malice will with joy the lie receive,
Report, and what it wishes true, believe.
VALDEN.

MAMMON.—The Delusions of

Do not believe the impotent idol. His golden mountains are but the ocean's foam; his paradises deceptive phantoms.—KRUM-MACHER.

MAMMON.—Portrayed.

Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven; for even in heaven his looks
and thoughts
Were always downward bent; admiring
more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden
gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed
In vision beatific: by him first
Men, also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransacked the centre, and with impious
hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treasures better hid.—MILTON.

MAMMON.—The Triumph of

Mammon wins his way where seraphs
might despair.—BYRON.

MAN.—Apostrophized.

The great Pan of old, who was clothed
in a leopard skin to signify the beautiful
variety of things, and the firmament his
coat of stars, was but the representative of
thee, O rich and various man! thou palace
of sight and sound, carrying in thy senses
the morning and the night, and the un-
fathomable galaxy; in thy brain, the geo-
metry of the city of God; in thy heart, the
power of love and the realms of right and
wrong!—EMERSON.

Man!

Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and a tear.
BYRON.

MAN.—The Busy

Striving against his quiet all he can,
For the fine notion of a busy man;
And what is that at best but one whose
mind
Is made to tire himself and all mankind?
DRYDEN.

MAN.—A Cautious and Cunning

He will take care not to embarrass his
life, nor expose himself to calumny, nor

let his conscience grow too strong for his
interest: he never crosses a prevailing mis-
take, nor opposes any mischief that has
numbers and prescription on its side. His
point is to steal upon the blind side, and
apply to the affections; to flatter the vanity
and play upon the weakness of those in
power or interest, and to make his fortune
out of the folly of his neighbours.—COL-
LIER.

MAN.—The Clever

The clever man is he who conceals his
passions, who understands his own inter-
ests, who sacrifices much to them, who has
known to acquire wealth or to keep it.—
LA BRUYÈRE.

MAN.—A Cold-hearted

A man whose blood
Is very snow-broth.—SHAKSPEARE.

MAN.—A Complimentary

All of us like a polite man, and most
of us are susceptible of a compliment; yet
there seems to be a general feeling that a
man or woman who is complimentary is
false. It is not often, nor is it necessarily
so. A man may be a complimentary man
simply out of the benevolence of his heart:
he may say pleasant things to you because he
really thinks so. His praise may take the
highest form of compliment, and be actually
false and exaggerated as regards the object,
yet, as regards himself, quite true.—FRIS-
WELL.

MAN.—Contrasts in the Nature of

He is of the earth, but his thoughts are
with the stars. Mean and petty his wants
and his desires; yet they serve a soul ex-
alted with grand, glorious aims,—with
immortal longings,—with thoughts which
sweep the heavens, and wander through
eternity. A pigmy standing on the out-
ward crest of this small planet, his far-
reaching spirit stretches outward to the
infinite, and there alone finds rest.—
CARLYLE.

MAN.—A Covetous

It is a known thing—that the covetous
man is one of the devil's martyrs. His
heart, divided between the desire of keep-
ing and acquiring, experiences a continual
fever, mixed with a mortal cold, as he
burns for other people's property, and
trembles with the apprehension of losing
his own. He is hungry, but does not eat;
he is thirsty, and does not drink; he is
always needy, and his mind knows no re-
pose. He is never free from alarms. A rat
does not move in the silence of the night,
without the noise filling him with appre-

hensions that a thief is breaking into his house. No strong wind can blow, that, in his imagination, does not threaten the wreck of one of his trading ships. He is continually meditating new hiding-places for his treasure, which he frequently visits, doubtful of finding the money in the hiding-place, but always sure of finding his heart in the money. He views it with anxious concern, and sometimes will not venture to touch it, lest it should crumble to ashes beneath his fingers. Thus rich in possessions, and a martyr to fears, his days pass away, till, as it happened with the King of Agag, the fatal hour of punishment arrives. Can a man's life be more unhappy?—FEYJOO.

MAN.—The Creation of

He was created in the image of God, and this consisted in the spirituality of his nature, his moral integrity and holiness, and his dignity and authority.—PROF. HODGE.

MAN.—The Destiny of

Man is not pre-ordained to be the victim of sin and corruption, but to be made happy through his perfections. If he firmly wills it, he can attain this perfection in all the relations of life. He may know beforehand, that, when he feels sorrow or suffering, there is something in himself which is not as it ought to be. The sorrow and suffering are in themselves his certain guides to happiness. This is his *destiny*!—ZSCHOKKE.

MAN.—The Dignity of

His dignity consists in the right direction of his mind, and the exercise of his intellect in the study of himself, his Author, and his end.—PASCAL.

MAN.—The Discreet

It is the discreet man, not the witty, nor the learned, nor the brave, who guides the conversation, and gives measures to society.—ADDISON.

MAN.—The Disposition of a

His disposition, though so easily excited to joy or grief, is nevertheless linked to a strength of mind all but omnipotent.—HUMBOLDT.

MAN.—A Double-Minded

"A double-minded man," it is true all the world over, is "unstable in all his ways," like a wave upon the streamlet, tossed hither and thither with every eddy of its tide.—PUNSHON.

MAN.—The Effects of a Lonely

It is a very touching thing, I think, to turn over the repositories of a lonely man

after he is dead. You come upon so many little indications of all his little ways and arrangements. In the case of men who have been the heads of large families, this work is done by those who have been most nearly connected with them, and who knew their ways before; and such men, trained hourly to yield their own wishes in things small and great, have comparatively few of those little peculiar ways in which so much of their individuality seems to make its touching appeal to us after they have gone. But lonely men not merely have very many little arrangements of their own, but have a particular reserve in exhibiting these: there is a strong sensitiveness about them: you know how they would have shrunk in life from allowing anyone to turn over their papers, or even to look into the arrangements of their wardrobe and their linen-press. I remember once, after the sudden death of a reserved old gentleman, being one of two or three who went over all his repositories. The other people who did so with me were hard-headed lawyers, and did not seem to mind much; but I remember that it appeared to me a most touching sight we saw. All the little ways into which he had grown in forty lonely years, all those details about his property (a very large one), which in life he had kept entirely to himself—all these we saw. I remember, lying on the top of the documents contained in an iron chest, a little scrap of paper, the back of an ancient letter, on which was written a note of the amount of all his wealth. There you saw at once a secret which in life he would have confided to no one. I remember the precise arrangement of all the little piles of papers, so neatly tied up in separate parcels. I remember the pocket-handkerchiefs, of several different kinds, each set wrapped up by itself in a piece of paper. It was curious to think he had counted and sorted these handkerchiefs, and now he was so far away! What a contrast,—the little cares of many little matters like that, and the solemn realities of the unseen world!—BOYD.

MAN.—the End of Animated Creation.

Man is the end towards which all the animal creation has tended.—AGASSIZ.

Man is the sum-total of all the animals.—PROF. OKEN.

MAN.—The Envious

The envious man is in pain upon all occasions which ought to give him pleasure. The relish of his life is inverted; and the objects which administer the highest satis-

faction to those who are exempt from this passion, give the quickest pangs to persons who are subject to it. All the perfections of their fellow-creatures are odious. Youth, beauty, valour, and wisdom, are provocations of their displeasure. What a wretched and apostate state is this—to be offended with excellence, and to hate a man because we approve him! The condition of the envious man is the most emphatically miserable; he is not only incapable of rejoicing in another's merit or success, but lives in a world wherein all mankind are in a plot against his quiet, by studying their own happiness and advantage.—SIR R. STEELE.

MAN.—An Extraordinary

The meaning of an extraordinary man is—that he is *eight* men; not one man; that he has as much wit as if he had no sense, and as much sense as if he had no wit; that his conduct is as judicious as if he were the dullest of human beings, and his imagination as brilliant as if he were irretrievably ruined.—S. SMITH.

MAN—a Fallen God.

Bounded in his nature, infinite in his views, man is a fallen god, who remembers heaven, his former dwelling-place.—LAMARTINE.

MAN—Fitted for all Climates.

In the diversity of the regions which he is capable of inhabiting, the lord of the creation holds the first place among animals. His frame and nature are stronger and more flexible than those of any other creature; hence he can dwell in all situations on the surface of the globe. The neighbourhood of the pole and equator, high mountains and deep valleys are occupied by him; his strong but pliant body bears cold, heat, moisture, light or heavy air; he can thrive anywhere, and runs into less remarkable varieties than any other animals which occupy so great a diversity of abodes; a prerogative so singular that it must not be overlooked.—LAWRENCE.

MAN.—A Fortunate

I know not yet what grief is, yet have sought
A hundred ways for its acquaintance: with me
Prosperity hath kept so close a watch,
That ev'n those things that I have meant a cross,
Have that way turn'd a blessing.

ROWLEY.

MAN,—in his Fury

It is dangerous to wake the lion from his sleep; terrific are the fangs of the tiger;

but worse than both united is man in his delirious fury.—SCHILLER.

MAN.—The Gallant

The gallant man, though slain in fight he be,
Yet leaves his nation safe, his children free.

POPE.

MAN.—The Grandeur of

What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving—how express and admirable! in action—how like an angel! in apprehension—how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!—SHAKESPEARE.

MAN.—The Grandeur and Meanness of

An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god!—DR. E. YOUNG.

The glory and scandal of the universe.

PASCAL.

MAN.—The Greatest

If I am asked who is the greatest man, I answer—the best; and if I am required to say who is the best, I reply—he that has deserved most of his fellow-creatures.—SIR W. JONES.

MAN.—The Happy

My conscience is my crown,
Contented thoughts my rest;
My heart is happy in itself,
My bliss is in my breast:
Enough I reckon wealth,
A mean the surest lot;
That lies too high for base contempt,
Too low for envy's shot.

SOUTHWELL.

MAN.—The Ideal

Every man has at times in his mind the ideal of what he should be, but is not. This ideal may be high and complete, or it may be quite low and insufficient; yet, in all men that really seek to improve, it is better than the actual character. Perhaps no one is so satisfied with himself that he never wishes to be wiser, better, and more holy. Man never falls so low that he can see nothing higher than himself. This ideal man which we project, as it were, out of ourselves, and seek to make real—this wisdom, goodness, and holiness, which we aim to transfer from our thoughts to our life—has an action more or less powerful on each man, rendering him dissatisfied with present attainments, and restless, unless he is becoming better. With some men it takes the rose out of the cheek, and forces them to wander a long pilgrimage of

temptations before they reach the Delectable Mountains of tranquillity and find "rest for the soul," under the tree of life.—T. PARKER.

MAN.—The Immortality of

As every instinct, or sense, has an end or design, and every emotion in man has its object and direction, we must conclude that the desire of communing with God is but a test of his being destined for a future existence, and the longing after immortality the promise of it.—SIR C. BELL.

MAN.—The Independent

The man who by his labour gets
His bread in independent state,
Who never begs, and seldom eats,
Himself can fix, or change his fate.

PRIOR.

MAN—made for Industry.

What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure He who made us with such large
discourse,
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and God-like reason
To rust in us unused.—SHAKESPEARE.

MAN.—The Ingratitude of

There is something harder to bear than
the reverses of fortune; it is the ingratitude
of man.—NAPOLÉON I.

MAN.—A Jealous

A jealous man sleeps dog's sleep.

OVERBURY.

MAN—a Kingdom within Himself.

Reason, as the princess, dwells in the
highest and inwardmost room; the senses are
the guard and attendants on the court,
without whose aid nothing is admitted
into the presence; the supreme faculties
are the Peers; the outward parts and in-
ward affections are the Commons.—BP.
HALL.

MAN.—The Last

A strange story is related respecting the
great earthquake of 1747. It is said that
all the inhabitants of Callao, except one
man, lost their lives during this earthquake.
This man was standing on the fort which
overlooked the harbour, when he saw the
sea retire to a great distance, and then
come sweeping back like a vast mountain
of water. A cry of "Miserere!" arose
from all parts of the town, "and then in a
moment all was silent"—where the town
had once flourished there was a wide ex-
panse of sea. But the same green wave

which destroyed the town swept towards
him a small boat, into which he leaped,
and so escaped.—W. BROCK.

MAN.—A Little, yet a Great

Sir Christopher Wren was of low stature,
his forehead broad and fair, his nose
slightly aquiline, the eyes large and expres-
sive, and the whole aspect stamped with
intelligence and talent. He was light and
active of body, walked with a certain state-
liness of air, and his constitution, rather
delicate than robust, was saved, it is said,
from consumption, by habits of regularity
and temperance. That he was a little man,
a tradition preserved by Seward sufficiently
shows. Charles II., on walking through
his newly-erected hunting-place at New-
market, said—"These rooms are too low."
Wren went up to the King and replied—
"An' please you Majesty, I think them
high enough." Whereupon Charles, stoop-
ing down to Sir Christopher's stature,
answered with a smile—"On second
thoughts I think so too." He had that
calm and philosophic temper which contra-
diction could not disturb; he heard his
opinions questioned, and even saw his
designs deformed by the envious or the
ignorant, without change of mood or a
snappish remark.—A. CUNNINGHAM.

MAN—Loves Military Glory.

Man is a military animal,
Glories in gunpowder, and loves parade:
Prefers them to all things.—P. J. BAILEY.

MAN.—The Melancholy

He is one that keeps the worst company
in the world, that is, his own; and though
he be always falling out and quarrelling with
himself, yet he has not the power to endure
any other conversation. His head is haunted
like a house, with evil spirits and apparitions,
that terrify and fright him out of
himself, till he stands empty and forsaken.
—S. BUTLER.

MAN.—A Merry

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

SHAKESPEARE.

MAN—a Miserable Thing.

What a miserable thing is man! The
smallest fibre in his body, assailed by dis-

case, is sufficient to derange his whole system. * * * What a curious machine is this earthly clothing !—NAPOLÉON I.

MAN.—Nature Serves

For me kind Nature wakes her genial power,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower ;
Annual for me the grape, the rose, renew
The juice nectarious and the balmy dew :
For me the mine a thousand treasures brings ;
For me health gushes from a thousand springs ;
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise ;
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies.

POPE.

MAN.—Our Need of

There is no man whose kindness we may not some time want, or by whose malice we may not some time suffer.—DR. JOHNSON.

MAN.—An Obstinate

He is resolved to understand no man's reason but his own, because he finds no man can understand his but himself. His wits are like a sack, which the French proverb says is tied faster before it is full than when it is ; and his opinions are like plants that grow upon rocks, that stick fast though they have no rooting. His understanding is hardened like Pharaoh's heart, and is proof against all sorts of judgments whatsoever.—BP. BUTLER.

MAN.—The Occupation of a

Whatever the occupation of a man is, to it he should give his first and greatest attention.—BLACKSTONE.

MAN.—A Perfect

If moral could be combined with mental excellence ; if the native vigour of genius could submit to be guided and restrained by the decision of well-conducted art ; then would be supplied, what none will venture to expect, the grand desideratum in morals and literature—a perfect man.—DR. KNOX.

MAN.—A Poor

Life to him has been one long path across a moor—a flat unbroken journey ; the eye uncheered, the heart unsatisfied. Coldness and sterility have compassed him round. Yet, has he been subdued to the blankness of his destiny? Has his mind remained the unwrit page that schoolmen talk of—has his heart become a clod? Has he been made by poverty a moving image—a plough-guiding, corn-thrashing instrument? Have not unutterable thoughts

sometimes turned within his brain—thoughts that elevated, yet confused him with a sense of eternal beauty—coming upon him like the spiritual presences to the shepherds? Has he not been beset by the inward and mysterious yearning of the heart towards the unknown and the unseen? Who shall say that the influence of Nature—that the glories of the rising sun—may not have called forth harmonies of soul from the rustic drudge, the moving statue of a man? —JERROLD.

MAN.—The Power of

He conquers the sea and its storms. He climbs the heavens, and searches out the mysteries of the stars. He harnesses the lightning. He bids the rocks dissolve, and summons the secret atoms to give up their names and laws. He subdues the face of the world, and compels the forces of the waters and the fires to be his servants. He makes laws, hurls empires down upon empires in the fields of war, speaks words that cannot die, sings to distant realms and peoples across vast ages of time ; in a word, he executes all that is included in history, showing his tremendous energy in almost everything that stirs the silence, and changes the conditions of the world. Everything is transformed by him, even up to the stars. Not all the winds, and storms, and earthquakes, and seas, and seasons of the world, have done so much to revolutionize the world as he has done since the day he came forth upon it, and received, as he is most truly declared to have done, dominion over it.—BUSHELL.

MAN.—A Sadder and a Wiser

He went like one that had been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn :
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

MAN.—The Sameness of

Such as man now is, man has always been.—ARGYLL.

MAN.—Sinned Against.

I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning.
SHAKESPEARE.

MAN.—Six Species of

According to Linnaeus and Buffon, there are six different species among mankind. The first comprehend the Laplanders, the Esquimaux Indians, the Samoied Tartars, the inhabitants of Nova Zembla, Borandians, Greenlanders, and the people of Kamtschatka. The second are the Tartar race, comprehending the Chinese and the

Japanese. The third are the southern Asiatics, or the inhabitants of India. The negroes of Africa constitute the fourth striking variety in the human species. The natives of America are the fifth race of men. And the Europeans may be considered as the sixth and last variety of the human kind.—BUCK.

MAN.—The Standard of the

Had I an arm to reach the skies,
Or grasp the ocean in a span,
I'd not be measur'd by my size,
The mind's the standard of the man.

DR. WATTS.

MAN.—The Superiority of

The great source of man's superiority is the immense and immeasurable disproportion of those faculties, of which nature has given the mere rudiments to brutes; that this disproportion has made man a speculative animal, even where his mere existence is not concerned; that it has made him a progressive animal; that it has made him a religious animal; and that upon that mere superiority, and on the very principle that the chain of mind and spirit terminates here with man, the best and the most irrefragable arguments for the immortality of the soul are founded, which natural religion can afford: that independent of revelation, it would be impossible not to perceive that man is the object of the creation, and that he, and he *alone*, is reserved for another and a better state of existence.—S. SMITH.

MAN.—Unconnected.

A man unconnected is at home everywhere; unless he may be said to be at home nowhere.—DR. JOHNSON.

MAN.—The Unity of

Unity, absolute unity of the human species, and *variety* of its races, as a final result, is the general and certain conclusion of all the facts acquired concerning the natural history of man.—FLOURENS.

MAN.—The Unpunctual

He is a general disturber of others' peace and serenity. Everybody with whom he has to do is thrown from time to time into a state of fever; he is systematically late; regular only in his irregularity.—SMILES.

MAN.—A Vulgar

A vulgar man is captious and jealous, eager and impetuous about trifles. He suspects himself to be slighted, thinks everything that is said meant at him: if the company happens to laugh, he is persuaded they laugh at him: he grows angry and testy, says something very impertinent,

and draws himself into a scrape, by showing what he calls a proper spirit, and asserting himself.—CHESTERFIELD.

MAN.—The Wants of

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

GOLDSMITH.

MAN.—A Weak

A sort of intermediate being between the two sexes.—HUMBOLDT.

MAN.—The Wise

The wise man is but a clever infant spelling letters from a hieroglyphical prophetic book, the lexicon of which lies in eternity.—CARLYLE.

MANDRAKES.—A Curious Legend about

It was thought that this man-like root, when torn from the ground, uttered shrieks,—

"That living mortals hearing them, ran mad."—PROF. BALFOUR.

MANHOOD.—The Criterion of

The criterion of true manhood is to feel those impressions of sorrow which it endeavours to resist.—MELMOTH.

MANHOOD.—A True and Thorough

Nothing can be nobler than a true and thorough manhood, where, amid the seductions of sense, the soul still retains the mastery of itself by retaining its loyalty to God. Such men are always impressive: men like Blake, content with the softest plank for a pillow; men like Havelock, who, never thinking of comfort, never lost sight of duty; men like Grimshaw, who, with meat to eat that others knew not, would dine on a crust of bread, then preaching the love of Jesus till the tears ploughed white channels in the grimy faces of the Yorkshire colliers, would turn into his hay-loft and find it Eden in his dreams; men like Milton, of maidenly purity of heart, and heroic grandeur of purpose, "himself a true poem, that is, a composition of the best and honourablest things," and flowing forth accordingly in the stately song which still ennobles English literature; men like Paul, who, "keeping the body under, and bringing it into subjection," was enabled to bring myriads in subjection to the Saviour, and perform those prodigies of daring and devotion at which the world will wonder evermore.—DR. J. HAMILTON.

MANIFESTOES.—War

There are no manifestoes like cannon and musketry.—WELLINGTON.

MANKIND.—The Fantastical Relations of

By what curious links; and fantastical relations, are mankind connected together! At the distance of half the globe, a Hindoo gains his support by groping at the bottom of the sea for the morbid concretion of a shell-fish, to decorate a London alderman's wife.—S. SMITH.

MANKIND.—Inconsistencies of

Mankind is made up of inconsistencies.—CHESTERFIELD.

MANKIND—Merry and Serious.

Mankind may be divided into the merry and the serious, who, both of them, make a very good figure in the species, so long as they keep their respective humours from degenerating into the neighbouring extreme; there being a natural tendency in the one to melancholy moroseness, and in the other to fantastic levity.—ADDISON.

MANNERS—Beautiful in their Season.

Every stage of life has its own set of manners that is suited to it and best becomes it. Each is beautiful in its season.—BP. HURD.

MANNERS—Defined.

Manners are the shadows of virtues.—S. SMITH.

MANNERS.—The Ease of

The manners are least easy and disengaged, when the mind, conscious and impatient of its imperfections, is stretching all its faculties to their full growth.—BP. HURD.

MANNERS.—The Effect of

I have seen manners that make a similar impression with personal beauty, that give the like exhilaration and refine us like that; and in memorable experiences they are suddenly better than beauty, and make that superfluous and ugly. But they must be marked by fine perception, the acquaintance with real beauty. They must always show control; you shall not be facile, apologetic, or leaky, but king over your word; and every gesture and action shall indicate power at rest. They must be inspired by the good heart. There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behaviour like the wish to scatter joy, and not pain, around us.—EMERSON.

MANNERS.—The Formation of the

The forming the manners is as necessary to a finished education as furnishing the minds of youth.—J. MASON.

MANNERS.—The Importance of

Manners makyth man.—WILLIAMS OF WYKEHAM.

MANNERS.—Manly

He is neither vulgar nor genteel, nor any compound of these two kinds of vulgarity. He has the manners of no class, but something of quite a different order. His manners are *a part of his soul*, like the style of a writer of genius. His manners belong to *the individual*. He makes you think neither of clown nor gentleman, but of MAN.—FOSTER.

MANNERS—Neglected.

The manners, which are neglected as small things, are often those which decide men for or against you. A slight attention to them would have prevented their ill judgments. There is scarcely anything required to be believed proud, uncivil, scornful, disobliging—and still less to be esteemed quite the reverse of all this.—LA BRUYÈRE.

MANNERS.—Pleasing

Take my word for it, pleasing manners are often the colour and gilding which beautify the timber image.—SCRIVER.

MANNERS—Tinctured from our Own.

All manners take a tincture from our own, Or come discolour'd through our passions shown;
Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, invests, and gives ten thousand dyes.—POPE.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS—a Century Ago.

At that time the dinner-table presented a far less splendid appearance than it does now. It was considered to be a place intended to hold solid meat and pudding, rather than flowers, fruit, and decorations. Nor was there much glitter of plate upon it; for the early hour rendered candlesticks unnecessary, and silver forks had not come into general use, while the broad rounded end of the knives indicated the substitute which was generally used instead of them. The dinners themselves were more homely, though not less plentiful and savoury; and the bill of fare in one house would not be so like that in another as it is now, for family receipts were held in high estimation. A grandmother of culinary talent could bequeath to her descendant fame for some particular dish, and might influence the family dinner for many generations.

*Dos est magna parentium
Virtus.*

One house would pride itself on its ham, another on its game-pie, and a third on its superior fumity, or tansey-pudding. Vegetables were less plentiful and less various. Potatoes were used, but not so abundantly as now; and there was an idea that they were to be eaten only with roast meat. They were novelties to a tenant's wife, who when advised to plant them in her own garden replied—"No, no! they are very well for gentry, but they must be terribly costly to rear." But a still greater difference would be found in the furniture of the rooms, which would appear to us lamentably scanty. There was a general deficiency of carpeting in sitting-rooms, bed-rooms, and passages. A pianoforte, or rather a spinnet or harpsichord, was by no means a necessary appendage. It was to be found only where there was a decided taste for music, not so common then as now, or in such great houses as would probably contain a billiard-table. There would often be but one sofa in the house, and that a stiff, angular, uncomfortable article. There were no deep easy chairs, nor other appliances for lounging; for to lie down, or even to lie back, was a luxury permitted only to old persons or invalids. It was said of a nobleman, a personal friend of George III. and a model gentleman of his day, that he would have made the tour of Europe without ever touching the back of his travelling carriage. But perhaps we should be most struck with the total absence of those elegant little articles which now embellish and encumber our drawing-room tables. We should miss the sliding book-cases and picture-stands, the letter-weighting machines and envelope cases, the periodicals and illustrated newspapers—above all, the countless swarm of photograph books which now threaten to swallow up all space. A small writing desk, with a smaller work-box, or netting-case, was all that each young lady contributed to occupy the table; for the large family work-basket, though often produced in the parlour, lived in the closet.—AUSTEN.

MANSION.—The Old

Now stain'd with dews, with cobwebs darkly hung,
Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung;
When round yon ample board, in due degree,
We sweeten'd every meal with social glee:
The heart's light laugh pursued the circling
 jest;
And all was sunshine in each little breast.
'Twas here we chased the slipper by its
 sound,
And turned the blindfold hero round and
 round.
As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,

Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend:
The storied arras, source of fond delight,
With old achievement charms the wilder'd
 sight;
And still, with heraldry's rich hues impress'd,
On the dim window glows the pictured crest:
The screen unfolds its many-colour'd chart;
The clock still points its moral to the heart:
That faithful monitor 'twas heaven to hear!
"When soft it spoke a promised pleasure near:
And has its sober hand, its simple chime,
Forgot to trace the feather'd feet of Time?
That massive beam with curious carvings
 wrought,
Whence the caged linnet soothed my pen-
 sive thought;
Those muskets cased with venerable rust,
Those once-loved forms, still breathing
 through their dust,
Still from the frame, in mould gigantic cast,
Starting to life—all whisper of the past!
S. ROGERS.

MARCH.—The Month of

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind and cloud, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.
Ah, passing few are they who speak—
Wild stormy month!—in praise of thee;
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou to northern lands again
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast join'd the gentle train,
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.
BRYANT.

MARINER.—The Shipwrecked

Motionless he sits,
As is the rock his seat, gazing whole days
With wandering eye on all the watery waste,
Now striving to believe the albatross
A sail appearing on the horizon's verge;
Now vowing ne'er to cherish other hope
Than hope of death. Thus pass his weary
 hours,
Till welcome evening warn him that 'tis time
Upon the shell-notched calendar to mark
Another day, another weary day.
* * * But yet by him,
The hermit of the deep, not unobserved
The Sabbath passes. 'Tis his great delight:
Each seventh eve, he marks the farewell ray,
And loves, and sighs to think,—that setting
 sun
Is now empurpling Scotland's mountain tops,
Or higher risen slants athwart her vales,
Tinting with yellow light the quivering throat

Of day-spring lark, while woodland birds
below

Chant in the dewy shade. Thus all night
long

He watches, while the rising moon describes
The progress of the day in happier lands :

And now he almost fancies that he hears
The chiming from his native village church ;
And now he sings and fondly hopes the
strain

May be the same that sweet ascends at home
In congregation full—where not without a
tear,

They are remember'd, who in ships behold
The wonders of the deep.—GRAHAME.

MARINER.—The Song of the

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,

A wind that follows fast,

And fills the white and rustling sail,

And bends the gallant mast ;

And bends the gallant mast, my boys,

While, like the eagle free,

Away the good ship flies, and leaves

Old England on the lee.

“Oh for a soft and gentle wind !”

I heard a fair one cry ;

But give to me the snoring breeze

And white waves heaving high ;

And white waves heaving high, my boys,

The good ship tight and free—

The world of waters is our home,

And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,

And lightning in yon cloud ;

And hark the music, mariners,—

The wind is piping loud ;

The wind is piping loud, my boys,

The lightning flashing free—

While the hollow oak our palace is,

Our heritage the sea !

A. CUNNINGHAM.

MARRIAGE.—Advice on

An Athenian who was hesitating whether to give his daughter in marriage to a man of worth with a small fortune, or to a rich man who had no other recommendation, went to consult Themistocles on the subject. “I would bestow my daughter,” said Themistocles, “upon a man without money, rather than upon money without a man.”—ARVINE.

Never marry but for love ; but see that thou lovest what is lovely.—PENN.

MARRIAGE.—The Benefit of

A married man falling into misfortune is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one, chiefly because his spirits are soothed and retrieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect, kept alive

by finding that although all abroad be darkness and humiliation, yet there is a little world of love at home over which he is a monarch.—BP. TAYLOR.

MARRIAGE—without Children.

Marriage without children is the world without the sun !—LÜTHER.

MARRIAGE.—An Effect of

An idol may be un-deified by many accidental causes. Marriage in particular is a kind of counter-apotheosis, or a deification inverted. When a man becomes familiar with his goddess, she quickly sinks into a woman.—ADDISON.

MARRIAGE.—A Fruit of

Love is often a fruit of marriage.—MOLIÈRE.

MARRIAGE.—A Happy

A marriage of love is pleasant ; a marriage of interest—easy ; and a marriage where both meet—happy.—ADDISON.

MARRIAGE.—Hesitation respecting

Marriage is a desperate thing. The frogs in Æsop were extremely wise ; they had a great mind to some water ; but would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again.—SELDEN.

MARRIAGE—a Lawful Conjunction.

Marriage is a lawful conjunction of one man and one woman, that they two may be one flesh, or, as it were, incarnated one to another.—STOCK.

MARRIAGE.—A Maiden's Trust in

There is no one thing more lovely in this life, more full of the divine courage, than when a young maiden, from her past life, from her happy childhood, when she rambled over every field and moor around her home ; when a mother anticipated her wants and soothed her little cares, when her brothers and sisters grew from merry playmates to loving, trustful friends ; from Christmas gatherings and romps, the summer festivals in bower or garden ; from the rooms sanctified by the death of relatives ; from the secure backgrounds of her childhood, and girlhood, and maidenhood, looks out into the dark and unilluminated future away from all that, and yet unterrified, undaunted, leans her fair cheek upon her lover's breast, and whispers—“Dear heart ! I cannot see, but I believe. The past was beautiful, but the future I can trust—with thee !”—HUNT.

MARRIAGE.—A Mean

Were I a man of rank, I would not let a daughter starve who had made a mean marriage; but having voluntarily degraded herself from the station which she was originally entitled to hold, I would support her only in that which she herself had chosen, and would not put her on a level with my other daughters. You are to consider that it is our duty to maintain the subordination of civilized society; and when there is a gross and shameful deviation from rank, it should be punished so as to deter others from the same perversion.—DR. JOHNSON.

MARRIAGE.—Personal Obligations of

Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species, with a design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, have, in that action, bound themselves to be good-humoured, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient, and joyful, with respect to each other's frailties and perfections, to the end of their natural lives.—ADDISON.

MARRIAGE.—Reasons for

Frequently, if men could be catechised and compelled to confession, they would have to own that they were marrying, not character and heart, but regularity of feature, bloom of countenance, grace of figure, or a sweet voice, or a power of dexterous manipulation of the piano, or some other accomplishment or pretty trifle having as little permanent influence on the happiness of marriage; and some would even have to admit that they were marrying, not the woman, but some money-bags she happens to possess, and were for gold selling themselves into a life-long slavery. Need I point out to *men* the infinite degradation of thus drifting into marriage, or of entering upon it for motives so inadequate? Should a man marry the first female he meets with, as water in a gutter runs down the first sink it comes to? Should a man do that which, if it were expressed in words, would not be—"I take this *woman* to be my wedded wife," but "I take this straight nose," or "these regular teeth," or "these ringlets," or "this pretty foot," or "this musical skill," or "these railway shares and scrip"?—BERTRAM.

MARRIAGE.—The Resemblance of

It resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing anyone who comes between them.—S. SMITH.

MARRIAGE.—A Second

Disagreeable suspicions are the usual fruits of a second marriage.—RACINE.

MARRIAGE.—like a Sky-Rocket.

I have often thought that marriage resembled a sky-rocket. How brilliantly and aspiringly it commences, grasping another element in its ascent, as though this flat dull earth could not content its aspirations, nor afford space for its display! Then how dazzlingly it blazes for a moment! and that moment past, how one by one its star-like fires go out! until at length down-tumbling, dark, and dangerous, falls back all that is left of the false meteor—a few floating ashes and a smoking stick!—PARDOE.

MARRIAGE.—The Time for

The best time for marriage will be towards thirty; for as the younger times are unfit either to choose or to govern a wife and family, so, if thou stay long, thou shalt hardly see the education of thy children, who, being left to strangers, are in effect lost: and better were it to be unborn than ill-bred; for thereby thy posterity shall either perish, or remain a shame to thy name and family.—SIR W. RALEIGH.

MARRIAGE.—Women Fitted for

Perhaps in a century or two, seeing that these are progressive times, it will be found that men need, not wingless butterflies, not animated dolls, not miracles of house-keepers, but women who, while they have all true refinement and practical wisdom, also have their intellects informed, their moral judgments enlightened, their sensibilities and affections purified and deepened, and who on these accounts shall be fitted for that "mutual society, help, and comfort, both in prosperity and adversity," which is the chief end of marriage. Far be it from me to assert that such women, in all stations of life, may not now be found; but had the proper views of marriage their rightful ascendancy, yet more frequently would the world be glorified by their presence.—BERTRAM.

MARRIAGES.—Unsuitable

Marriages are styled matches; yet amongst those many that are married, how few are there that are matched! Husbands and wives are like locks and keys, that rather break than open, except the wards be answerable.—W. SECKER.

MARRIED.—Blessing the

Though twain, yet one, and running to one goal,
As chariot wheels, though twain, together roll;

MARRIED.

Light be your load of life, your pathway clear,
Your common goal when furthest seem most near.—CALDWELL.

I wish you all the joy that you can wish.
—SHAKESPEARE.

MARRIED.—The Bliss of the

There is bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told

When two that are link'd in that heavenly tie,

With heart never changing, and brow never cold,

Love on through all ills, and love on till they die !

One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss ;

And, oh ! if there be an Elysian on earth,
It is this, it is this !—T. MOORE.

MARRIED—in Haste.

Grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure—

Married in haste, we repent at leisure.

CONGREVE.

MARTYR.—The Chains of the

Ecclesiastical history mentions that a knight of France, when he was led with other martyrs to the place of execution for faith in Christ, was not, like the others, bound with cords—he had been spared that degradation on account of his station in life. But on his way to execution, he cried out—“Give me my chains too ; let me be a knight of the same order as my fellow-martyrs.” Truly it is an honour to be counted vile for Christ's sake !—MANTON.

MARTYR.—Coveting the Fate of a

The fatal pile

Would be to me a car of joyful triumph,

Mounted more gladly than the laurelled hero

Vaults to his envied seat.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

MARTYR.—The Honour of being a

Queen Anne Boleyn, the mother of the blessed Queen Elizabeth, when she was to be beheaded in the Tower, thus remembered her thanks to the King :—“From a private gentlewoman, he made me a marchioness ; from a marchioness, he made me a queen ; and, now he hath left no higher degree of earthly honour for me, he hath made me a martyr.”—SIR R. BAKER.

MARTYR.—The Spirits of the

When the mariner undertakes a voyage,
he is tossed on the billows of the troubled

MARTYRS.

seas ; yet, in the midst of all, he beareth up his spirits with this consideration—that ere long he shall come into his quiet harbour : so I am now sailing upon the troubled sea, but ere long my ship shall be in a quiet harbour ; and I doubt not, but through the grace of God, I shall endure the storm : only I would entreat you to help me with your prayers.—BILNEY.

MARTYR.—A Voluntary

We have seen one of these objects, self-condemned never to lie down during forty years, and there remained but three to complete the term. He had travelled much, was intelligent and learned, but far from having contracted the moroseness of the recluse, there was a benignity of mien, and a suavity and simplicity of manner in him, quite enchanting. He talked of his penance with no vain-glory, and of its approaching term without any sensation. The resting position of this Druid (*vana-perist*) was by means of a rope suspended from the bough of a tree, in the manner of a swing, having a cross-bar, on which he reclined. The first years of this penance, he says, were dreadfully painful ; swollen limbs affected him to that degree that he expected death ; but this impression had long since worn off. “Even in this is there much vanity ;” and it would be a nice point to determine whether the homage of man, or the approbation of the Divinity, most sustains the energies under such appalling discipline.—TOD.

MARTYRS.—The Heroism of

When the executioner went behind Jerome of Prague to set fire to the pile—“Come here,” said the martyr, “and kindle it before my eyes ; for, if I dreaded such a sight, I should never have come to this place when I had a free opportunity to escape.” The fire was kindled, and he then sung a hymn, which was soon finished by the encircling flames.—ARVINE.

Bishop Hooper was condemned to be burned at Cloucester, in Queen Mary's reign. A gentleman, with the view of inducing him to recant, said to him,—“Life is sweet, and death is bitter.” Hooper replied—“The death to come is more bitter, and the life to come more sweet. I am come hither to end this life, and suffer death, because I will not gainsay the truth I have here formerly taught you.” When brought to the stake, a box, with a pardon from the queen in it, was set before him. The determined martyr cried out—“If you love my soul, away with it ! if you love my soul, away with it !”—ARVINE.

MARTYRS.—The Names of

Even in this world they will have their judgment-day, and their names, which went down in the dust like a gallant banner trodden in the mire, shall rise again all glorious in the sight of nations.—MRS. STOWE.

MARTYRS.—The Number of the

According to the calculation of some, about two hundred thousand suffered death in seven years, under Pope Julian; no less than a hundred thousand were massacred by the French in the space of three months; the Waldenses who perished amounted to one million; within thirty years, the Jesuits destroyed nine hundred thousand; under the Duke of Alva, thirty-six thousand were executed by the common hangman; a hundred and fifty thousand perished in the Inquisition; and a hundred and fifty thousand by the Irish massacre; besides the vast multitude of whom the world could never be particularly informed, who were proscribed, banished, burned, starved, buried alive, smothered, suffocated, drowned, assassinated, chained to the galleys for life, or immured within the horrid walls of the Bastille, or others of their church or state prisons. According to some, the whole number of persons massacred since the last few centuries, amounts to fifty millions!—ARVINE.

MASSACRE.—The Horrors of a

No age was spared, nor sex, nay, no degree; Not infants in the porch of life were free; The sick, the old, who could but hope a day Longer by Nature's bounty, not let stay; Virgins and widows, matrons, pregnant wives; All died; 'twas crime enough that they had lives: To strike but only those who could do hurt, Was dull and poor. Some fell to make the number, As some the prey.—DR. JOHNSON.

MASTER.—Educating One to be his own

I have always said that the greatest object in education is to accustom a young man gradually to be his own master.—S. SMITH.

MASTER.—The Last Wish of a

Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but like a master
Married to your good service, stay till
death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no
more,
And the gods yield you for 't.

SHAKSPEARE.

MASTERS.—All Cannot be

We cannot all be masters,
Nor all masters cannot be truly followed.
SHAKSPEARE.

MASTERS.—Servants Injure their

From kings to cobblers 'tis the same;—
Bad servants wound their masters' fame.
GAY.

MATERIALISTS.—The Doctrine held by

Materialists say that the mind grows and dies with the body—that the mind is infantile with the infant body,—full grown in the adult,—wasted by disease, debilitated by age; and therefore, it must be, as the natural sequence, annihilated by death. They maintain—that the analogy that subsists between the body and the soul, or the intimacy between the one and the other, is so entire, that we find at each step the mind and body going hand in hand in a common equal progressive destiny, so that the mind is infantile with the infant body, full grown in the adult, wasted by disease, debilitated by age; and therefore the presumption is,—that it dies when the body dies.—CUMMING.

MATERIALISTS.—The Insupportable Doctrine of the

The doctrine of the materialists was always, even in my youth, a cold, heavy, dull, and insupportable doctrine to me, and necessarily tending to atheism. When I heard with disgust, in the dissecting-rooms, the plan of the physiologist, of the gradual secretion of matter, and its becoming endued with irritability, ripening into sensibility, and acquiring such organs as were necessary, by its own inherent forces, and at last rising into intellectual existence, a walk into the green fields, or woods, by the banks of rivers, brought back my feelings from nature to God. I saw in all the powers of matter the instruments of the Deity; the sunbeams, the breath of the zephyr, awakened animation in forms prepared by Divine Intelligence to receive it; the insensate seed, the slumbering egg, which were to be vivified, appeared like the new-born animal, works of a divine mind; I saw love as the creative principle in the material world, and this love only as a divine attribute.—DAVY.

MATHEMATICS.—The Study of

If a man's wits be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again.—LORD BACON.

MATTER.—Epistolary

Epistolary matter usually compriseth three topics :—news, sentiment, and puns.—**LAMB.**

MATTER.—The Power of Mind over

When we consider the extent to which man changes the material world—from the most gigantic of his works to the most minute of his experiments in the laboratory itself, there can be no truth more evident than that mind moves and changes matter—even that frail mind which constitutes the man. It is no drawback to this argument to say that matter resists and often overwhelms man, because that proves only that man's power to move and change matter is limited. It tells us of a measure to the power ; but no one will imagine that the measure of a thing annihilates the thing itself. Finding that in the human, and even in the animal sphere, the living spirit moves and changes matter ; and that with man matter is to so great an extent at his will, as Grove says, we are irresistibly led up to the infinitely greater mind in God, at whose rule its movements and changes must lie infinitely more fully than they are at the will of man. It is not easy to look at a piece of matter and say what change man may not make on it. But when such is the case with the incalculably inferior mind, who shall rationally say what are, and what are not, the possibilities of movement and change in matter which lie at the will of the Infinite One? If we trace the history of human discovery as to matter, we find ourselves in a region of facts in which we constantly seem to be about to reach a limit beyond which human dominion over matter can go no farther, but the horizon is constantly receding. The more we discover, the more wide the possibilities seem to be of future discovery. Who shall say what even man may not yet do, in the way of adapting the material universe to himself and to his happiness? But all that he can ever do will be necessarily only an infinitesimal part of what *that mind* can do, to whose originating *fiat* we are compelled to trace the very being of the universe ; and this we are compelled to do from the moment when we infer that matter cannot move or change, far less *create itself*. When we have got thus far we have made a great step in the philosophy of prayer. We are now in that field of control within which He is a free and almighty agent who is requested to act in all cases of true prayer for such things as involve material changes. Here, however, we only glance at that which will appear more fully afterwards.—**PROF. KIRK.**

MATTER.—The Supposed Eternity of

The eternity of matter was the universal belief of the philosophers of antiquity, and, indeed, of most reasoning minds where the Bible has not been known. The grand argument by which this opinion was sustained is the well-known *ex nihilo nihil fit*—nothing produces nothing. Hence men inferred that not even the Deity could create matter out of nothing ; and therefore it must be eternal.—**PROF. HITCHCOCK.**

MATTHEW.—St.

Few stars in the firmament of the Church shine brighter than that of St. Matthew, one of the twelve Apostles, and the Evangelist of what may be called the mother Gospel. And what was St. Matthew originally? A man conversant, not with rural, but city life ; not with contemplation, but with business ; not an unsophisticated fisherman, like the rest of his colleagues, but a collector of taxes for the Roman Government—one who sat daily at the receipt of custom, driving a trade essentially secular. Yet God Incarnate crossed his path, and singled him out of the throng as one who should draw many souls, minted anew with the image and superscription of the heavenly King, into the treasury of God ; and sat at meat in his house in company with many publicans and sinners ; and set him upon one of the twelve thrones which Apostles shall visibly occupy in the regeneration of all things ; and placed around his brow, as a coronet, the Pentecostal tongue of fire.—**DEAN GOULBURN.**

MAXIM.—An Adopted

It is their maxim—Love is love's reward.
DRYDEN.

MAXIM.—The Definition of a

A maxim is a conclusion upon observations of matters of fact, and is merely speculative.—**S. T. COLERIDGE.**

MAY.—A Morning in

All the earth is gay :
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday ;—
Thou child of joy
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts,
Thou happy shepherd boy !

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make ; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your
jubilee ;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,

The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel
it all.

O evil day ! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning

This sweet May morning ;
And the children are pulling

On every side,

In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines
warm,

And the babe leaps up on his mother's
arm ;—

I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !

W. WORDSWORTH.

MAYOR.—The Title of

This title is derived from the ancient word—*maier*, which means—able or potent. In 1189, Richard I. changed the bailiffs into mayors ; and the title of lord was prefixed to that of mayor in 1381, in consequence of Walworth, mayor of London, having, by a blow of his dagger, felled the celebrated Wat Tyler to the ground, while in conference with Richard II., in Smithfield.—E. DAVIES.

MEALS.—Eaten in Company.

The meals which are eaten in company are always better digested than those which are taken in solitude.—DR. COMBE.

MEALS.—Temperate

Now mark what blessings flow
From temperate meals : and first, they can
bestow

That prince of blessings—health.

HORACE.

MEAN.—The Golden

The man, within the golden mean
Who can his boldest wish contain,
Securely views the ruin'd cell
Where sordid want and sorrow dwell,
And, in himself serenely great,
Declines an envied room of state.

HORACE.

MEANS.—Conduct respecting

I would neither have you be *idle* in the means, nor make an *idol* of the means. Though it be the mariner's duty to weigh his anchor, and spread his sails ; yet he cannot make his voyage until the winds blow. The pipes will yield no conveyance, unless the springs yield their concurrence.—W. SECKER.

MEANS.—Demoralizing

No moral end can be obtained by demoralizing means.—BURRITT.

MEANS.—Fair and Spotless

Him only pleasure leads, and peace attends,
Him, only him, the shield of Jove defends,
Whose means are fair and spotless as his
ends.—W. WORDSWORTH.

MEASURES.—Changing

Changing hands without changing measures, is as if a drunkard in a dropsy should change his doctors and not his diet.—SAVILLE.

MEASURES—not Men.

Measures, not men, have always been my
mark.—GOLDSMITH.

MEDAL.—The Faithfulness of the

The medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Through climes and ages bears each form
and name :

In one short view subjected to our eye,
Gods, emperors, heroes, sages, beauties lie ;
With sharpen'd sight, pale antiquaries pore,
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore ;
This, the blue varnish, that, the green en-
dears,

The sacred rust of twice ten hundred
years.—PRIOR.

MEDIATOR.—The

By way of eminence, Christ is called—
The Mediator.—DR. WEBSTER.

MEDIATOR.—The Definition of a

A mediator is a middle person, who steps in between two parties where there has been disagreement ; and his work is to effect reconciliation.—DR. R. NEWTON.

MEDICINES.—Aversion to

"It is almost beyond my power to take medicines," said Napoleon. "The aversion I feel for them is almost inconceivable. I exposed myself to dangers with indifference : I saw death without emotion ; but I cannot, notwithstanding all my efforts, approach my lips to a cup containing the slightest preparation. True it is that I am a spoiled child, who has never had anything to do with physic."—DR. AN TOMMARCHI.

MEDICINES.—The Best

Joy, temperance, and repose.—LOGAU.

MEDIOCRITY—not to be Endured.

There are certain things in which mediocrity is not to be endured, such as poetry, music, painting, public speaking.—LA BRUYÈRE.

MEDIOCRITY.—An Honest.

Let me be neither happy nor unhappy, that is—neither rich nor poor : I take sanctuary in an honest mediocrity.—LA BRUYÈRE.

MEDITATION.—Acquiring the Habits of

To set about acquiring the habits of meditation late in life, is like getting into a

go-cart with a grey beard, and learning to walk when we have lost the use of our legs.—**BOLINGBROKE.**

MEDITATION.—The Benefits of

By meditation we ransack our deep and false hearts, find out our secret enemies, buckle with them, expel them, arm ourselves against their re-entrance. By this we make use of all good means, fit ourselves to all good duties; by this we desecrate our weaknesses, obtain redress, prevent temptations, cheer up our solitariness, temper our occasions of delight, get more light into our knowledge, more heat to our affections, more life to our devotion. By this we see our Saviour with Stephen, we talk with God as Moses did, and by this we are ravished with blessed Paul into Paradise, and see that heaven we are loath to leave, but cannot utter.—**BP. HALL.**

MEDITATION—Defined.

Meditation is partly a passive, partly an active state. Whoever has pondered long over a plan which he is anxious to accomplish, without distinctly seeing at first the way, knows what meditation is. The subject itself presents itself in leisure moments spontaneously; but then all this sets the mind at work—contriving, imagining, rejecting, modifying. It is in this way that one of the greatest of English engineers, a man uncouth and unaccustomed to regular discipline of mind, is said to have accomplished his most marvellous triumphs. He threw bridges over almost impracticable torrents, and pierced the eternal mountains for his viaducts. Sometimes a difficulty brought all the work to a pause; then he would shut himself up in his room, eat nothing, speak to no one, abandon himself intensely to the contemplation of that on which his heart was set; and at the end of two or three days, would come forth serene and calm, walk to the spot, and quietly give orders which seemed the result of superhuman intuition. This was meditation.—**F. W. ROBERTSON.**

MEDITATION.—The Enjoyment of

Last night when with a draught from that cool fountain
I had my wholesome sober supper crown'd;
As is my stated custom, forth I walk'd
Beneath the solemn gloom and glittering sky;
To feed my soul with prayer and meditation;
And thus to inward harmony composed,
That sweetest music of the grateful heart,
Whose each emotion is a silent hymn,
I to my couch retired.—**MALLET.**

MEDITATION.—The Ultimate Use of

At the end of your meditation, gather up the chief practical lessons, and imprint them

on your memory. As a writer quaintly says—"Make a bouquet of the best thoughts you have met with in your meditations, and take it with you to refresh yourself with during the day."—**HOW.**

MEED.—Honourable

Thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.
SHAKESPEARE.

MEEK.—The Blessing of the

It is in the lowly valley that the sun's warmth is truly genial; unless, indeed, there are mountains so close and abrupt as to overshadow it. Then noisome vapours may be bred there: but otherwise in the valley may we behold the meaning of the wonderful blessing bestowed upon the meek, that they shall inherit the earth. It is theirs for this very reason—because they do not seek it. They do not exalt their heads like icebergs, which by-the-bye are driven away from earth, and cluster, or rather jostle, around the pole; but they flow along the earth humbly and silently; and wherever they flow, they bless it; and so all its beauty and all its richness is reflected in their pure, calm, peaceful bosoms.—**ADN. HARE.**

MEEKNESS—Defined.

A boy was once asked what meekness was. He thought for a moment and said—"Meekness gives smooth answers to rough questions."—**MRS. BALFOUR.**

MEEKNESS.—The Excellency of

The two goats that met upon the narrow bridge, were both in danger had they quarrelled, but they were both preserved by the condescension of one that lay down, and let the other go over him. It is the evil tendency of passion that it turns our friends into enemies; but it is the excellency of meekness that it converts our enemies into friends, which is an effectual way of conquering them.—**M. HENRY.**

MEEKNESS.—The Flower of

The flower of meekness grows on a stem of grace.—**J. MONTGOMERY.**

MEEKNESS—Inculcated.

To Christian meekness sacrifice thy spleen,
And strive thy neighbour's weaknesses to screen.—**SMOLLETT.**

MEETING.—The Joys of

The joys of meeting pay the pangs of absence;
Else who could bear it?—**ROWE.**

MEETING-PLACE.—The Finat

Where a blasted world shall brighten
 Underneath a bluer sphere,
 And a softer, gentler sunshine
 Shed its healing splendour here :—
 Where earth's barren vales shall blossom,
 Putting on their robe of green,
 And a purer, fairer Eden
 Be where only wastes have been :—
 Where a King in kingly glory,
 Such as earth has never known,
 Shall assume the righteous sceptre,
 Claim and wear the holy crown :—
 Brother ! we shall meet and rest,
 'Mid the holy and the blest.

DR. BONAR.

MELANCHOLY—a Characteristic.

Melancholy is a characteristic of all profound natures.—DR. VINET.

MELANCHOLY.—Divers Forms of

I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation ; nor the musician's, which is fantastical ; nor the courtier's, which is proud ; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious ; nor the lawyer's, which is politic ; nor the lady's, which is nice ; nor the lover's, which is all these : but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects ; and indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.—SHAKESPEARE.

MELANCHOLY—an Enemy.

Melancholy is an enemy to gifts and grace, a great friend to unbelief, as I have often found in my experience.—BOSTON.

MELANCHOLY.—The Glance of

The glance
 Of melancholy is a fearful gift :
 What is it but the telescope of truth,
 Which strips the distance of its fantasies,
 And brings life near in utter nakedness,
 Making the cold reality too real ?—BYRON.

MELANCHOLY.—The Sweet Notes of

With eyes uprais'd, as one inspired,
 Pale Melancholy sat retired ;
 And from her wild sequester'd seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul :
 And dashing soft from rocks around
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
 Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,

Round an holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace, and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.

COLLINS.

MELODY.—A Simple

That simple melody
 Comes on the heart like infant innocence—
 Pure feeling pure.—P. J. BAILEY.

MEMORIES.—Fragrant

Long long be my heart with such memories
 fill'd,
 Like the vase in which roses have once been
 distill'd !
 You may break, you may shatter the vase
 if you will,
 But the scent of the roses will hang round
 it still.—T. MOORE.

MEMORIES.—Powerful

Dr. Johnson, it is said, never forgot anything that he had seen, heard, or read. Burke, Clarendon, Gibbon, Locke, Tillotson, were all distinguished for strength of memory. When alluding to this subject, Sir William Hamilton observes—For intellectual power of the highest order, none were distinguished above Grotius and Pascal ; and Grotius and Pascal forgot nothing they had ever read or thought. Leibnitz and Euler were not less celebrated for their intelligence than for their memory ; and both could repeat the whole of the *Æneid*. Donellus knew the *Corpus Juris* by heart ; and yet he was one of the profoundest and most original speculators in jurisprudence. Ben Jonson tells us, that he could repeat all that he had ever written, and whole books that he had read. Themistocles could call by their names the twenty thousand citizens of Athens. Cyrus is reported to have known the name of every soldier in his army. Hortensius (after Cicero, the greatest orator of Rome), after sitting a whole day at a public sale, correctly enunciated from memory all the things sold, their prices, and the names of their purchasers. Niebuhr, the historian, was not less distinguished for his memory than for his acuteness. In his youth he was employed in one of the public offices of Denmark. Part of a book of accounts having been destroyed, he restored it by an effort of memory.—DR. F. WINSLOW.

MEMORIES.—Short

"Great wits have short memories," is a proverb, and as such has undoubtedly some foundation in nature. The case seems to be—that men of genius forget things of common concern, unimportant facts and circumstances, which make no slight impression in

every-day minds. But sure it will be found that all wit depends on memory ; that is—on the recollection of passages either to illustrate or contrast with any present occasion. It is probably the fate of a common understanding—to forget the very things which the man of wit remembers. But an oblivion of those things which almost every one remembers, renders his case the more remarkable, and thus explains the mystery.—SHENSTONE.

MEMORY.—The Advantages of

Thou first, best friend that Heaven assigns below,

To soothe and soften all the cares we know ;
Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,
When nature fades, and life forgets to charm ;
What softened views thy magic glass reveals.
When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight steals !

As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
Long on the wave reflected lustres play ;
Thy tempered gleams of happiness resigned,
Glance on the darkened mirror of the mind.

S. ROGERS.

MEMORY.—A Bad

A gentleman had so bad a memory, and so circumscribed, that he scarce knew what he read. A friend knowing this, lent him the same book to read seven times over ; and being asked afterwards how he liked it, replied—"I think it is an admirable production ; but the author sometimes repeats the same things."—THIÉBAULT.

MEMORY.—Definitions of

Memory is the scribe of the soul.—ARISTOTLE.

Memory is the conservative faculty.—SIR W. HAMILTON.

Memory is the custodier of the collected treasures.—DR. J. HAMILTON.

MEMORY.—A Friend and a Foe.

Memory is the friend of wit, but the treacherous ally of invention.—COLTON.

MEMORY.—The Life and Death of

Of all the faculties of the mind, memory is the first that flourishes, and the first that dies.—COLTON.

MEMORY—not to be Over-Filled.

Memory is like a purse ; if it be overfull, that it cannot be shut, all will drop out of it. Marshal thy notions into handsome method. A man will carry twice more weight, trussed and packed up in bundles, than when it lies untowardly flapping and hanging about his shoulders.—DR. FULLER.

MEMORY.—The Pleasures of

Hail, Memory, hail ! in thy exhaustless mine,

From age to age, unnumbered treasures shine !

Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,

And place and time are subject to thy sway !

Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone,—

The only pleasures we can call our own :
Lighter than air, Hope's summer visions die,

If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky ;

If but a beam of sober Reason play,

Lo ! Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away !

But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,

Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour ?

These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,

Pour round her path a stream of living light ;

And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,

Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest !—S. ROGERS.

MEMORY.—A Strong

Experience teaches that a strong memory is often joined to a weak judgment.—MONTAIGNE.

MEMORY.—The Way to Store the

The best way to remember a thing is thoroughly to understand it, and often to recall it to mind. By reading continually with great attention, and never passing a passage without understanding and considering it well, the memory will be stored with knowledge ; and things will occur at times when we want them, though we can never recollect the passages or from whence we draw our ideas.—TRUSLER.

MEN—but Children.

Men are but children of a larger growth.—DRYDEN.

How many superior men are children more than once in a day !—NAPOLEON I.

MEN.—Conceited

Conceited men often seem a harmless kind of men, who, by an overweening self-respect, relieve others from the duty of respecting them at all.—H. W. BEECHER.

MEN.—Great

The great men of history are commonly made by the great occasions they fill. They are the men who had faith to meet such

occasions, and therefore the occasions marked them, called them to come and be what the successes of their faith would make them.—BUSHNELL.

MEN.—Insane

Every man is a divinity in disguise, a god playing the fool. It seems as if heaven had sent its insane angels into our world as to an asylum. And here they will break out into their native music, and utter at intervals the words they have heard in heaven; then the mad fit returns, and they mope and wallow like dogs!—EMERSON.

MEN—Meteor-Like.

Great men are like meteors, which shine and consume themselves to enlighten the earth.—NAPOLEON I.

MEN.—Self-Made

Columbus was a weaver. Franklin was a journeyman printer. Massillon, as well as Fletcher, arose amidst the humblest vocations. Niebuhr was a peasant. Sixtus V. was employed in keeping swine. Rollin was the son of a cutler. Ferguson and Burns, Scottish poets, were—the former a ploughman, the latter a shepherd. Æsop was a slave. Homer was a beggar. Daniel Defoe was apprenticed to a hosier. Demosthenes was the son of a cutler. Virgil was the son of a baker. Hogarth was an engraver of pewter pots. Gay was an apprentice to a silk mercer. Ben Jonson was a bricklayer. Porson was the son of a parish clerk. Prideaux was employed to sweep Exeter College. Akenside was the son of a butcher. Pope was the son of a merchant. Cervantes was a private soldier. Gifford and Bloomfield were shoemakers. Howard was apprenticed to a grocer. Halley was the son of a soap-boiler. Sir Richard Arkwright was a barber for a number of years. Belzoni was the son of a barber. Blackstone was the son of a linendraper. Blacklock was in a distressed state of poverty. Buchanan was a private soldier. Butler was the son of a farmer. Canova was the son of a stone-cutter. Sir Humphry Davy was the son of a carver. Dodsley was a stocking-weaver. Haydn was the son of a poor cartwright. Herschel was the son of a musician. Johnson was the son of a bookseller. Milton was a schoolmaster. Allan Ramsay was the son of a miner. Parks was the son of a small grocer. Raffaele was the son of a peasant. Richardson was the son of a joiner.—W. ANDERSON.

MEN.—The Sneers of

What would the nightingale care if the toad despised her singing? She would still

sing on, and leave the cold toad to his dark shadows. And what care I for the sneers of men who grovel upon earth? I will still sing on in the ear and bosom of God.—H. W. BEECHER.

MEN—the Sport of Circumstances.

Men are the sport of circumstances, when The circumstances seem the sport of men.

BYRON.

MEN.—Superficially Entertaining

Some men are very entertaining for a first interview; but after that they are exhausted, and run out; on a second meeting we shall find them very flat and monotonous; like hand-organs, we have heard all their tunes; but unlike those instruments, they are not new-barrelled so easily.—COLTON.

MEN—who Support a Bad Cause.

There are some men who continue to astonish and please the world, even in the support of a bad cause. They are mighty in their fallacies, and beautiful in their errors.—S. SMITH.

MEN.—Tall, Short, and Moderate

Men of extraordinary tallness, though otherwise little deserving, are made porters to lords, and those of unusual littleness are made ladies' dwarfs, whilst men of moderate stature may want masters: thus many, notorious for extremities, may find favourers to prefer them, whilst moderate men, in the middle course, may want any to advance them.—DR. FULLER.

MEN.—Two Kinds of Successful

There are but two kinds of men who succeed as public characters:—men of no principle, but of great talent, and men of no talent, but of one principle,—that of obedience to their superiors.—COLTON.

MEN.—The Virtues and Vices of

Men have their virtues, their vices, their heroism, their perverseness: they possess and exercise all that is good and all that is bad in this world.—NAPOLEON I.

MEN.—Unmarried

Unmarried men are best friends, best masters, best servants; but not always best subjects; for they are light to run away; and almost all fugitives are of that condition.—LORD BACON.

MERCHANT.—The Gentlemanliness of the

A true-bred merchant is the best gentleman in the nation: in knowledge, in manners, in judgment, he outdoes many of the nobility.—DEFOE.

MERCHANT.—The Varied Fortune of the

The restless merchant, he that loves to steep
His brains in wealth, and lays his soul to
sleep

In bags of bullion, sees th' immortal crown,
And fain would mount, but ingots keep him
down :

He brags to-day, perchance, and begs to-
morrow :

He lent but now, wants credit now to
borrow.

Blow, winds, the treasure 's gone, the mer-
chant 's broke ;

A slave to silver 's but a slave to smoke.

F. QUARLES.

MERCHANTS—Live upon Confidence.

There is no class in society who can so
ill afford to undermine the conscience of the
community, or to set it loose from its moor-
ings in the eternal sphere, as merchants,
who live upon confidence and credit. Any-
thing which wakens or paralyses this, is tak-
ing beams from the foundations of the mer-
chant's own warehouse.—H. W. BEECHER.

MERCIES—are Manifold.

As John Bunyan says, all the flowers in
God's garden are double; there is no single
mercy; nay, they are not only double
flowers, but they are manifold flowers.
There are many flowers upon one stalk, and
many flowers in one flower. You shall
think you have but one mercy, but you
shall find it to be a whole flock of mercies.
Our beloved is unto us a bundle of myrrh,
a cluster of camphire. When you lay hold
upon one golden link of the chain of grace,
you pull, pull, pull, but lo ! as long as your
hand can draw, there are fresh "linked
sweetnesses" of love still to come. Mani-
fold mercies ! Like the drops of a lustre,
which reflect a rainbow of colours when
the sun is glittering upon them, and each
one, when turned in different ways, from
its prismatic form, shows all the varieties
of colour, so the mercy of God is one and
yet many, the same, yet ever changing, a
combination of all the beauties of love
blended harmoniously together.

SPURGEON.

MERCIES.—The Way to Increase

To bless God for mercies, is the way to
increase them.—W. SECKER.

MERCY.—The Becoming Grace of

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,—
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed
sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's
robe,—

Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.—SHAKSPEARE.

MERCY.—The Day of

The day of mercy has an evening, when
the light of it begins to vanish away, and a
night beyond—after which—when cometh
morning ?—DR. RALEIGH.

MERCY—Defined.

Mercy is the forgiveness of an injury ;
mercy is the pardon of a sinner. Smiling
when justice frowns, and extending her
favours out and beyond those who are
merely without merit, she bestows them on
those who are full of demerit. On her
wings man rises to his loftiest elevation,
and makes his nearest approach and
similitude to God.—DR. GUTHRIE.

MERCY.—The Divine Characteristics of

Mercy is an essential perfection of the
Deity. Hence, in Scripture language, He
is spoken of as being "plenteous in mercy,"
"great in mercy," and "rich in mercy."
Dryden even affirms—that "sweet mercy"
is His "darling attribute." And, in truth,
it would appear so ; for in the one hundred
and thirty-sixth Psalm, "His mercy" is
said to be the grand motive of all His
varied goodness to man. Six-and-twenty
times this precious fact is asserted therein !
And does not human experience, world-
wide, most emphatically confirm it ? As a
mighty river, His loving-kindness is ever
flowing towards us. We can no more drain
it, than we can the divine and everlasting
source whence it springs. And it is as
free as it is exhaustless. Like the air,
which penetrates every dwelling indepen-
dent of the status of its habitant, it comes
to all without fee or reward. "The earth
is *full* of the mercy of the Lord."—DR.
DAVIES.

MERCY.—The Door of

The door of mercy has hinges, and it may
be shut, and then locked with the adaman-
tine key of justice.—DR. RALEIGH.

MERCY—a Good Servant.

Mercy is so good a servant, that it will
never suffer its master to die a beggar.—W.
SECKER.

MERCY.—Showing and Receiving

He that sheweth mercy when it may be
best spared, will receive mercy when it shall
be most needed.—W. SECKER.

MERCY.—The Unstrained Quality of

The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that
takes :

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his
crown :
His sceptre shows the force of temporal
power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of
kings ;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway :
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings ;
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest
God's,
When mercy seasons justice.

SHAKSPEARE.

MERCY.—The Want of

He shall never want mercy who does not
wanton with mercy.—W. SECKER.

MERIT.—Deserved

Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
Oh that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not derived corruptly ! and that clear
honour
Were purchased by the merit of the
wearer !
How many then should cover that stand
bare !
How many be commanded that command !

SHAKSPEARE.

MERIT.—Distinguished

Distinguished merit will ever rise superior
to oppression, and will draw lustre from re-
proach. The vapours which gather round
the rising sun, and follow him in his course,
seldom fail at the close of it to form a
magnificent theatre for his reception, and
to invest with variegated tints and with a
softened effulgence the luminary which they
cannot hide.—R. HALL.

MERIT.—Real

Real merit is not in the success, but in
the endeavour.—PUNSHON.

MERIT—should be Rewarded.

Merit, however inconsiderable, should be
sought for and rewarded.—NAPOLÉON I.

MERITS.—Personal

On their own merits modest men are
dumb.—G. COLMAN.

MERRY.—Perpetually

When faith heals the conscience, and
grace husheth the affections, and composeth
all within, what should ail such a man not
to be perpetually merry ?—TRAPP.

METAPHOR.—The Pre-eminence of

Metaphor is the figure most suitable for
the orator, as men find a positive pleasure
in catching resemblances for themselves.—
ARISTOTLE.

**METAPHYSICIANS.—The Power and
Weakness of**

Metaphysicians can unsettle things, but
they can erect nothing. They can pull
down a church, but they cannot build a
hovel.—R. CECIL.

METAPHYSICS.—Puzzled with

Most men take least notice of what is
plain, as if that were of no use ; but puzzle
their thoughts, and lose themselves in those
vast depths and abysses which no human
understanding can fathom.—SHERLOCK.

METAPHYSICS—a Science.

Metaphysics, in whatever latitude the
term be taken, is a science or complement
of sciences exclusively occupied with mind.
—SIR W. HAMILTON.

METAPHYSICS.—The Tendency of

Metaphysics tend only to benight the
understanding in a cloud of its own making,
to lose it in a labyrinth of its own con-
trivance.—DR. KNOX.

METEORS.—The Lustre of

While meteors keep above in the firma-
ment, they yield a pleasing lustre ; but
when they decline, and fall to the earth,
they come to nothing.—W. SECKER.

METHOD—the Hinge of Business.

Method is the very hinge of business.
H. MORE.

METHOD.—The Importance of

From the cotter's hearth, or the workshop
of the artisan, to the palace or the arsenal,*
the first merit, that which admits neither
substitute nor equivalent, is—that *everything*
is in its place. Where this charm is wanting,
every other merit either loses its name, or
becomes an additional ground of accusation
and regret. Of one by whom it is eminently
possessed, we say proverbially, he is like
clockwork. The resemblance extends be-
yond the point of regularity, and yet falls
short of the truth. Both do, indeed, at
once divide and announce the silent and
otherwise indistinguishable lapse of time.
But the man of methodical industry and
honourable pursuits does more : he realizes
its ideal divisions, and gives a character and
individuality to its moments. If the idle
are described as killing time, he may be
justly said to call it into life and moral

being, while he makes it the distinct object not only of the consciousness, but of the conscience. He organizes the hours, and gives them a soul; and that, the very essence of which is to fleet away, and evermore *to have been*, he takes up into his own permanence, and communicates to it the imperishableness of a spiritual nature. Of the good and faithful servant whose energies, thus directed, are thus methodised, it is less truly affirmed that he lives in time than that time lives in him. His days, months, and years, as the stops and punctual marks in the records of duties performed, will survive the wreck of worlds, and remain extant when time itself shall be no more!—S. T. COLERIDGE.

METHOD.—Progress in

All method is a rational progress, a progress toward an end.—SIR W. HAMILTON.

METHOD.—Slaves to

Of method this may be said—if we make it our slave, it is well, but it is bad if we are slaves to method. A gentleman once told me—that he made it a regular rule to read fifty pages every day of some author or other, and on no account to fall short of that number, nor to exceed it. I silently set him down for a man who might have taste to read something worth writing, but who never could have genius himself to write anything worth reading.—COLTON.

MIDNIGHT.—The Moon and Stars at

'Tis midnight: on the mountains brown
The cold round moon shines deeply down;
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright!—BYRON.

MIDNIGHT.—The Terrible Actualities of

'Tis now the noon of night; yet timid sleep
To me brings not the opiate of repose;
And restless Fancy points my thoughts to those
Who at this hour a gloomy reckoning keep;
Like sullen sentinels, how minutes creep!
I see the robber at the widow's door;
The murd'rer with his hands fresh dyed in gore;
The wretch whom frightful ruin wakes to weep!
The villain plotting to oppress the poor;
The traitor, brooding o'er some fell design:
The prisoner breaking from his dark confine;
The heart that's broken to be healed no more;
These their lone vigils keep at this still hour,
Nor woo, or vainly woo, O sleep! thy power!—MILLHOUSE.

MILITIA.—The

The whole body of the militia has been denounced by some peace-at-any-price politicians as a national burden from which we derive no national advantage. But this is an assertion without proof. True, the expense is great; but let the time come, and no doubt British hearts will, as they have ever done, prompt to deeds of valour which will be alike the glory of their arms and the boast of the people.—DR. DAVIES.

MILLENNIUM.—Animal Life during the

The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead;
The steer and lion in one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet;
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forked tongues shall innocently play.—POPE.

MILLENNIUM.—The Blessedness of the

Then shall, gorgeous as a gem,
Shine thy mount, Jerusalem;
Then shall in the desert rise
Fruits of more than Paradise;
Earth by angel feet be trod,
One great garden of her God;
Till are dried the martyr's tears
Through a glorious thousand years!
CROLY.

MILTON.—John

From childhood he had listened to the sounds of the organ; doubtless himself often gave breath to the sound-board with his hands on the lever of the bellows, while his father's

Volant touch,
Instinct through all proportions low and high,
Fled and pursued transverse the resonant fugue;

and the father's organ-harmony we yet hear in the son's verse as in none but his. Those organ-sounds he has taken for the very breath of his speech, and articulated them. He had education and leisure, freedom to think, to travel, to observe; he was more than thirty before he had to earn a mouthful of bread by his own labour. Rushing at length into freedom's battle, he stood in its storm with his hand on the wheel of the nation's rudder, shouting many a bold word for God and the Truth, until, fulfilled of experience as of knowledge, God set up before him a canvas of utter darkness; he had to fill it with creatures

of radiance. God blinded him with His hand, that, like the nightingale, he might "sing darkling." Beyond all, his life was pure from his childhood, without which such poetry as his could never have come to the birth. It is the pure in heart who shall see God at length ;—the pure in heart who now hear his harmonies. More than all yet, he devoted himself from the first to the will of God, and his prayer that he might write a great poem was heard.

The unity of his being is the strength of Milton. He is harmony, sweet and bold, throughout. Not Philip Sidney, not George Herbert, loved words and their melodies more than he ; while in their use he is more serious than either, and harder to please, uttering a music they have rarely approached. Yet even when speaking with "most miraculous organ," with a grandeur never heard till then, he overflows in speech more like that of other men than theirs—he utters himself more simply, straightforwardly, dignifiedly, than they. His modes are larger and more human, more near to the forms of primary thought. Faithful and obedient to his art, he spends his power in no diversions. Like Shakespeare, he can be silent, never hesitating to sweep away the finest lines should they mar the intent, progress, and flow of his poem. Even while he sings most abandonedly, it is ever with a care of his speech, it is ever with ordered words ; not one shall dull the clarity of his verse by unlicensed, that is, needless presence. But let not my reader fancy that this implies laborious utterance and strained endeavour. It is weakness only which by the agony of visible effort enhances the magnitude of victory. The trained athlete will move with the grace of a child, for he has not to seek how to effect that which he means to perform. Milton has only to take good heed, and with no greater effort than it costs the ordinary man to avoid talking like a fool, he sings like an archangel.—DR. MACDONALD.

He rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of the abyss to spy :
He pass'd the flaming bounds of Space and
Time,
The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze ;
He saw ; but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.—T. GRAY.

MIMIC.—A Good

To be a good mimic requires great powers ;—great acuteness of observation, great retention of what is observed, and great pliancy of organs to represent what is observed.—DR. JOHNSON.

MIND.—Absence of

Robert Simson used to sit at his open window on the ground-floor, as deep in geometry as a Robert Simson ought to be. There he would be accosted by a beggar ; he would rouse himself, hear a few words of the story, make his donation and dive. Some wags one day stopped a mendicant on his way to the window with "Now ! do as we tell you, and you will get something from that gentleman, and a shilling from us besides. He will ask you who you are, and you will say Robert Simson, son of John Simson, of Kirtonhill." The man did as he was bid. Simson gave him a coin, and dropped off. He soon roused himself, and said—"Robert Simson ! son of John Simson, of Kirtonhill ! why that is myself ! That man must be an impostor !"—BROUGHAM.

MIND.—The Advance of the

The mind is continually labouring to advance, step by step, through successive gradations of excellence towards perfection, which is dimly seen at a great though not hopeless distance, and which we must always follow because we never can attain ; but the pursuit rewards itself ; one truth teaches another, and our store is always increasing, though nature can never be exhausted.—SIR J. REYNOLDS.

MIND.—The Amusement of the

Whatever be the amusements you choose, return not slowly from those of the body to the mind ; exercise the latter night and day. The mind is nourished at a cheap rate ; neither cold nor heat, nor age itself, can interrupt this exercise ; give, therefore, all your cares to a possession which ameliorates even in its old age.—SENECA.

MIND.—A Beautiful

Too rarely is a beautiful mind the lowly tenant of a beautiful body.—J. A. JAMES.

MIND.—The Capacities of the

As spiritual beings, we have capacities to visit scenes and persons separated from us by countless leagues : mind defies both time and space. On the wings of thought it can cross centuries in a moment, and visit scenes which no human eye hath seen.—DR. THOMAS.

MIND.—A Contented

Obscured life sits down a type of bliss :
A mind content both crown and kingdom
is.—GREENE.

MIND.—The Contraction of the

He who cannot contract the sight of his mind as well as dilate it, wants a great talent in life.—LORD BACON.

MIND.—The Decay of the

The vigour of the mind decays with that of the body ; and not only humour and invention, but even judgment and resolution change and languish with ill constitution of body and of health.—SIR W. TEMPLE.

MIND—Defined.

Mind is that which perceives, feels, remembers, acts, and is conscious of continued existence.—I. TAYLOR.

MIND.—Diseases of the

It is with diseases of the mind as with those of the body,—we are half dead before we understand our disorder, and half cured when we do.—COLTON.

MIND.—The Elevation of the

It is necessary to the happiness of individuals, and still more necessary to the security of society, that the mind should be elevated to the idea of general beauty, and the contemplation of general truth ; by this pursuit the mind is always carried forward in search of something more excellent than it finds, and obtains its proper superiority over the common senses of life by learning to feel itself capable of higher aims and nobler enjoyments. In this gradual exultation of human nature every art contributes its contingent towards the general supply of mental pleasure. Whatever abstracts the thoughts from sensual gratifications, whatever teaches us to look for happiness within ourselves, must advance in some measure the dignity of our nature.—SIR J. REYNOLDS.

MIND.—Evil Approved by the

There's nought so monstrous but the mind of man,
In some conditions, may be brought to approve ;—
Theft, sacrilege, treason, parricide,
When flattering opportunity enticed,
And desperation drove, have been committed
By those who once would start to hear
them named.—LILLY.

MIND.—The Flights of the

The end which at present calls forth our efforts will be found when it is once gained to be only one of the means to some remoter end. The natural flights of the human mind are not from pleasure to pleasure, but from hope to hope.—DR. JOHNSON.

MIND.—A Full

A full mind takes away the body's appetite, no less than a full body makes a dull and unwieldy mind.—J. HALL.

MIND.—Gifts of the

Your minds are endowed with a vast number of gifts of totally different uses—limbs of mind, as it were, which, if you don't exercise, you cripple. One is curiosity ; that is a gift, a capacity of pleasure in knowing, which if you destroy, you make yourselves cold and dull. Another is sympathy ; the power of sharing in the feelings of living creatures, which if you destroy, you make yourselves hard and cruel. Another is admiration ; the power of enjoying beauty or ingenuity, which if you destroy, you make yourself base and irreverent. Another is wit ; or the power of playing with the lights on the many sides of truth ; which if you destroy, you make yourselves gloomy, and less useful and cheering to others than you might be.—RUSKIN.

MIND.—A Great

A great mind may change its objects, but it cannot relinquish them ; it must have something to pursue ; variety is its relaxation, and amusement its repose.—COLTON.

MIND.—The Growth of

Mind makes itself like that it lives amidst,
And on ; and thus, among dreams, imaginings,

And scenes of awe, and purity, and power,
Grows sternly sweet and calm—all beautiful
With God-like coldness and unconsciousness
Of mortal passion, mental toil ; until,
Like to the marble model of a god,
It doth assume a firm and dazzling form,
Scarcely less incorruptible than that
It emblems.—P. J. BAILEY.

MIND.—A Happy State of

There is a state of mind in which the soul may be aptly called—the Garden of the Lord ; when, answering to His culture, it brings forth fruits and flowers for His pleasure.—WARNER.

MIND.—An Inconstant

An inconstant and wavering mind, as it makes a man unfit for society, so, besides that, it makes a man ridiculous, it hinders him from ever attaining any perfection in himself ; yea, it keeps him from enjoying that which he hath attained ; for it keeps him ever in work ; building, pulling down, selling, changing, buying, commanding, forbidding. So, whilst he can be no other man's friend, he is the least his own. It is the safest course for a man's profit, credit, and ease, to deliberate long, to resolve surely ; hardly to alter, not to enter upon that whose end he foresees not answerable ; and when he is once entered, not to surcease till he have attained the end he foresaw.

So may he, to good purpose, begin a new work when he hath well finished the old.—BP. HALL.

MIND.—The Integrity of the

A mind that is conscious of its integrity, scorns to say more than it means to perform.—R. BURNS.

MIND.—The Kingdom of the

Place me on some desert shore
Foot of man ne'er wandered o'er ;
Lock me in a lonely cell
Beneath some prison citadel ;
Still, here or there, within I find
My quiet kingdom of the mind ;
Nay, 'mid the tempest fierce and dark,
Float me in peril's frailest bark,
My quenchless soul could sit and think,
And smile at danger's dizziest brink ;
And wherefore ? God, my God, is still
King of Kings in good and ill ;
And where He dwelleth—everywhere—
Safety supreme and peace are there ;
And where He reigneth—all around—
Wisdom, and love, and power are found ;
And, reconciled to Him and bliss,
" My mind to me a kingdom is."—TUPPER.

MIND.—A Malignant

It is the mark of a malignant mind,
When one, not raised above the common
rank,
Scorns to obey his rulers.—SOPHOCLES.

MIND.—A Mediocre

One of the surest marks of a mediocre mind is to be always prosing.—LA BRUYERE.

MIND.—Men of

Men of mind are mountains, and their
heads
Are sunned long ere the rest of earth.
P. J. BAILEY.

MIND.—Nobility of

True nobility of mind consists in the humbleness of the mind.—W. SECKER.

MIND.—Overtasking the

Overtasking the mind is an unwise act ;
when nature is unwilling, the labour is vain.
—SENECA.

MIND.—The Pleasure of the

The pleasure which affects the human mind with the most lively and transporting touches, is the sense that we act in the eye of infinite wisdom, power, and goodness, that will crown our virtuous endeavours here with happiness hereafter, large as our desires, and lasting as our immortal souls.

Without this the highest state of life is insipid, and with it the lowest is a paradise.
—ABP. TILLOTSON.

MIND.—Presence of

Presence of mind is courage.—BYRON.

A quality which is the opposite to surprise.—LYTTON.

An officer of the Rifle Brigade had been out shooting, and with his companions had been sitting on the grass, partaking of "tiffin." When about to resume their sport, and in the act of rising, this young man placed his right hand on the grass beside him. He instantly became aware that, in doing so, he had placed it on a large grass-snake. He felt the reptile trying to drag its neck and head from beneath his grasp ; at the same time it wound its body and tail closely round his arm. His companion, seeing this, became so stupefied from fright, that he could render no assistance, and sat in mute horror, which was, however, soon turned alternately to wonder, admiration, and thankfulness. His friend, feeling the position he was in, instantly pressed his hand firmer on the snake, instead of suddenly withdrawing it, as ninety-nine out of a hundred persons, under the same circumstances, would have done, and, having ascertained that he had luckily placed it on the back of the snake's head and neck, he thus prevented it from drawing itself through his grasp. With his left hand he then felt his pockets, and with it drew from one of them his large hunting-knife ; and seizing the blade of it with his teeth, he thus opened it, and then turning round with perfect nonchalance and sang-froid, he by one sure stroke severed the snake's head from its body, and thus saved his own life and that of his companion.—FLEMING, THE TRAVELLER.

MIND.—A Pure

The agreement between a blameless life and moral teaching can rightly be ascribed only to a mind of purest disposition, when there is no proof to the contrary.—KANT.

MIND.—The Spiritual

When at any time they find their souls under the blessed empire and dominion of a spiritual mind—when spirituality wholly rules and denominates them—are not their souls the very region of life and peace ?—both these in conjunction, life and peace ? not raging life, not stupid peace, but a placid peaceful life, a vital, vigorous rest and peace. It is not the life of a fury, nor

peace of a stone ; life that hath peace in it, and peace that hath life in it. Now can the soul say—"I feel myself well ; all is now well with me." Nothing afflicts the spiritual mind, so far and while it is such : it is wrapt up and clothed in its own innocence and purity, and hereby become invulnerable, not liable to hurtful impressions.—HOWE.

MIND.—Strength of

What we call strength of mind implies the prevalence of the calm passions above the violent.—S. SMITH.

MIND.—The Superiority of

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich ;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

SHAKESPEARE.

MIND.—A Teachable

A teachable mind will hang about a wise man's neck, and thereby they come to cleave and cling as fast together as the soul of Jonathan did unto the soul of David.—BP. PATRICK.

MIND.—The Visions of the

As sweeps the bark before the breeze,
While waters coldly close around,
Till of her pathway through the seas,
The track no more is found ;
Thus passing down oblivion's tide,
The beauteous visions of the mind
Fleet as this ocean pageant glide,
And leave no trace behind.—MALCOLM.

MIND AND CHARACTER.—The Development of

An English barrister, who was accustomed to train students for the practice of law, and who was not himself a religious man, was once asked—why he put students, from the very first, to the study and analysis of the most difficult parts of the Sacred Scriptures : "Because," said he, "there is nothing else like it, in any language, for the development of mind and character."—HAVEN.

MIND AND CONDUCT.—The Mutual Influence of the

Faults in the life breed errors in the brain,
And these reciprocally those again :
The mind and conduct mutually imprint
And stamp their image in each other's mint.

COWPER.

MINISTER.—The Meanness of the

The meanness of the earthen vessel, which conveys to others the Gospel treasure,

takes nothing from the value of the treasure. A dying hand may sign a deed of gift of incalculable value. A shepherd's boy may point out the way to a philosopher. A beggar may be the bearer of an invaluable present.—R. CECIL.

MINISTER.—The Position of a Wise

A wise minister stands between practical Atheism and religious enthusiasm.—R. CECIL.

MINISTER.—The Power of the

In his power over the conscience, the minister has a government which no man shares, and, as a Czar of many lands, he wields the sceptre over the master-faculty of man.—PUNSHON.

MINISTER.—An Unholy

An unholy minister unravels in his actions his most accurate discourses in the pulpit ; and like a carbuncle, that seems animated with the light and heat of fire, but is a cold dead stone, so, though with apparent earnestness he may urge men's duties upon them, yet he is cold and careless in his own practice, and his example enervates the efficacy of his sermons.—DR. BATES.

MINISTERS.—A Great Comfort to

It is a great comfort to Christ's ministers in their administration of the outward signs, that He whose ministers they are can confer the grace signified thereby, and so put life, and soul, and power into their ministrations ; —can speak to the heart what they speak to the ear, and breathe upon the dry bones on which they prophesy.—M. HENRY.

MINISTERS.—The Reproaches of

There are some diseases that are called the reproaches of physicians ; and there are some people that may be truly called the reproaches of ministers ; and those are they who are great hearers, and talkers, and admirers of ministers, but never obey the doctrines delivered by them.—T. BROOKS.

MINISTRY.—A Commanding

One great want of the times is a commanding ministry—a ministry of a piety at once sober and earnest, and of mightiest moral power. Give us these men, "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost," who will proclaim old truths with new energy, not cumbering them with massive drapery, nor hiding them 'neath piles of rubbish. Give us these men ! men of sound speech, who will preach the truth as it is in Jesus, not with faltering tongue and averted eye, as if the mind blushed at its own credulity ; not distilling it into an essence so subtle,

and so speedily decomposed, that a chemical analysis alone can detect the faint odour which tells it has been there, but who will preach it apostle-wise, that is, "first of all," at once a principle shrined in the heart, and a motive mighty in the life—the source of all morals, and the inspiration of all charity—the sanctifier of every relationship, and the sweetener of every toil. Give us these men! men of dauntless courage, from whom God-fear has banished man-fear; who will stand unblenched before the pride of birth, and the pride of rank, and the pride of office, and the pride of intellect, and the pride of money, and will rebuke their conventional hypocrisies, and demolish their false confidences, and sweep away their refuges of lies. Give us these men! men of tenderest sympathy, who dare despise none, however vile and crafty, because the "one blood" appeals for relationship in its sluggish or fevered flow, who deal not in fierce reproofs nor haughty bearing, because their own souls have just been brought out of prison; by whom the sleeper will not be harshly chided, and who will mourn over the wanderer—"My brother—ah! my brother!" Give us these men! men of zeal untiring; whose hearts of constancy quail not, although dull men sneer, and proud men scorn, and timid men blush, and cautious men deprecate, and wicked men revile; who, though atrophy wastes the world, and paralysis has settled on the Church, amid hazard and hardship, are "valiant for the truth upon the earth;"

"And think
What others only dreamed about, and do
What others did but think, and glory in
What others dared but do."

Give us these men! in whom Paul would find congenial reasoners; whom the fervent Peter would greet with a welcome sparkle in the eye; to whom the gentle John would be attracted as to twin-souls which beat like his own—all lovingly. Give us these men! and you need speak no more of the faded greatness and prostrate might of the pulpit—the true God-witnesses shall be re-instated in their ancient moral sovereignty, and "by manifestation of the truth, shall commend themselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God."—PUNSHON.

MINISTRY.—The Laborious Cares of the

I may say to him that snatcheth at the ministry, as Henry IV. did to his son that hastily snatched at the crown—"He little knows what a heap of cares and toils he snatcheth at." The labours of the ministry will exhaust the very marrow from your bones, hasten old age and death.—FLAVEL.

MINSTREL.—The Last

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek and tresses grey
Seemed to have known a better day:
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy:
The last of all the bards was he,
Who sang of border chivalry;
For well-a-day their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead,
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them and at rest.
SIR W. SCOTT.

MINSTRELS—Described.

The wandering children of music and song.—E. DAVIES.

MINUTE.—The Preciousness of each

Man's life being
So short, and then the way that leads unto
The knowledge of ourselves so long and
tedious,
Each minute should be precious.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

MINUTE.—The Usage of every

The ill-usage of every minute is a new record against us in heaven.—ZIMMERMAN.

MINUTES.—Vacant

If you are careful of your vacant minutes, you may advance yourself more than many do who have every convenience afforded them.—DR. T. YOUNG.

MIRACLE.—Definitions of a

A miracle is divine power setting its seal to divine revelation.—CUMMING.

A miracle is the pet child of faith.

GOETHE.

MIRACLE.—The Greatest

The greatest miracle that the Almighty could perform, would be to make a bad man happy, even in heaven: He must unparadise that blessed place to accomplish it.—COLTON.

MIRACLES.—Denying

Denying the possibility of miracles seems to me quite as unjustifiable as speculative Atheism.—PROF. HUXLEY.

MIRACLES—Necessary.

Man violently sundered his union with God, his true element of life, in which the Supernatural and the Natural were in perfect harmony; it was necessary, therefore, that the former should reveal itself in opposition to the latter—that Miracles should be

opposed to Nature—in order that Nature might be brought back to her original harmony with God.—NEANDER.

MIRTH.—Discretion in

Laugh not too much ; the witty man laughs least ;

For wit is news only to ignorance :

Less at thine own things laugh ; lest in the jest

Thy person share, and the conceit advance :

Make not thy sport abuses ; for the fly

That feeds on dung, is coloured thereby ;

Pick from thy mirth, like stones out of the ground,

Profaneness, filthiness, abusiveness :

These are the scum with which coarse wits abound :

The fine may spare this well, yet not go less.

All things are big with jest : nothing that's plain,

But may be witty, if thou hast the vein.

G. HERBERT.

MIRTH.—Harmless

Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits. — DR. FULLER.

MIRTH.—The Value of

Man hardly hath a richer thing

Than honest mirth, the which well-spring

Watereth the roots of rejoicing,

Feeding the flowers of flourishing.

J. HEYWOOD.

MIRTH—the Wine of Life.

Mirth is the sweet wine of human life. It should be offered sparkling with zestful life unto God. He desires no emasculated or murdered offerings.—H. W. BEECHER.

MISANTHROPE.—A Description of the

He is a man who avoids society only to free himself from the trouble of being useful to it. He is a man who considers his neighbours only on the side of their defects, not knowing the art of combining their virtues with their vices, and of rendering the imperfections of other people tolerable by reflecting on his own. He is a man more employed in finding out and inflicting punishments on the guilty, than in devising means to reform them. He is a man who talks of nothing but banishing and executing ; and who, because he thinks his talents are not sufficiently valued and employed by his fellow-citizens, or rather because they know his foibles, and do not choose to be subject to his caprice, talks of quitting cities, towns, and societies, and of living in dens or deserts.—SAURIN.

MISCHIEF.—The Criminality of

It is criminal, not only to do mischief, but even to wish it.—DEMOCRITUS.

MISCHIEF.—Intended

Intended mischief stayed in time,
Has all the moral guilt of finished crime.

JUVENAL.

MISCHIEF.—The Opportunity to do

The opportunity to do mischief is found a hundred times a day, and that of doing good once a year.—VOLTAIRE.

MISCHIEF.—The Pleasures of

School-boys climb walls and trees because it is agreeable to them to be afraid of tumbling ; and this explains the pleasures of mischief.—S. SMITH.

MISER.—The Avarice of the

The avarice of the miser may be termed the grand sepulchre of all his other passions, as they successively decay. But, unlike other tombs, it is enlarged by repletion, and strengthened by age.—COLTON.

MISER.—A Graphic Sketch of the

The poor shrivell'd wretch
Had nought that he desired in earth or heaven—

No God, no Saviour, but that sordid pelf,
O'er which he starved and gloated. I have seen him

On the exchange, or in the market-place,
When money was in plenteous circulation,
Gaze after it with such Satanic looks
Of eagerness, that I have wonder'd oft
How he from theft and murder could refrain.

'Twas cowardice alone withheld his hands,
For they would grasp and grapple at the air,

When his grey eye had fixed on heaps of gold,

While his clench'd teeth, and grinning,
yearning face,

Were dreadful to behold ! The merchants oft

Would mark his eye, then start and look again,

As at the eye of basilisk or snake.

His eye of greyish green ne'er shed one ray
Of kind benignity or holy light

On aught beneath the sun. Childhood,
youth, beauty,

To it had all one hue. Its rays reverted
Right inward, back upon the greedy heart
On which the gnawing worm of avarice
Preyed without ceasing—straining every sense

To that excruciable and yearning core.

HOGG.

MISER.

MISER.—The Miserableness of the

He finds himself miserable even in the very glut of his own delights.—L'ESTRANGE.

MISER.—A Notorious

There have been few persons in whom avarice has predominated more than in the late Mr. Elwes. His mother, indeed, was excessively avaricious; and though she was left nearly £100,000 by her husband, yet she absolutely starved herself to death. Mr. Elwes seemed not less wretched than his mother. At his house at Stoke, in Suffolk, if a window were broken, it was mended by a piece of brown paper, or by patching it with a small bit of glass: and this had been done so frequently, and in so many shapes, that it would have puzzled a mathematician to say what figure they represented. To save fire, he would walk about the remains of an old greenhouse, or sit with a servant in the kitchen! In the advance of the season his morning employment was to pick up chips, bones, or anything he could find, and carry them home in his pocket for his fire! One day he was surprised by a neighbouring gentleman in the act of pulling down, with great difficulty, a crow's nest for this purpose; and when the gentleman wondered why he should give himself so much trouble, "O, Sir," replied Elwes, "it is really a shame that these creatures should do so; do but see what waste they make. They don't care how extravagant they are." He would almost eat anything to save expense. At a time when he was worth eight hundred thousand pounds he would eat game in the last state of putrefaction, and meat that no other person could touch! As to his dress, anything would do. He wore a wig for a fortnight which he picked up in a rut in a lane, when riding with another gentleman. His shoes he never suffered to be cleaned, lest they should be worn out the sooner. As the infirmities of old age came upon him, he began to be more wretched. It is said, that he was heard frequently at midnight as if struggling with some one in his chamber, and crying out—"I will keep my money; nobody shall rob me of my property." There are many other remarkable circumstances related of him, but what we have already quoted afford a striking proof of the vanity of sublunary things, and of the insufficiency of riches to render mankind happy.—BUCK.

MISER.—The Pains of the

The aged man that coffers up his gold
Is plagued with cramps, and gouts, and
painful fits;
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,

MISFORTUNE.

But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
And useless barns the harvest of his wits;
Having no other pleasure of his gain
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

SHAKESPEARE.

MISERABLE.—Compassion to the

When fortune or the gods afflict mankind,
Compassion to the miserable is due;
But when we suffer what we may prevent,
At once we forfeit pity and esteem.

HIGGONS.

MISERY.—The Cause of

It is not fatal necessity, but a wilful
choice that has made thee miserable.—
HOWE.

MISERY.—The Origin of

It has been well observed—that the
misery of man proceeds not from any single
crush of overwhelming evil, but from small
vexations continually repeated.—DR. JOHN-
SON.

MISERY.—Unrelieved.

Misery is trodden down by many,
And, being low, never relieved by any.
SHAKESPEARE.

MISERY AND HAPPINESS.

The misery of human life is made up of
large masses, each separated from the other
by certain intervals. One year the death of
a child; years after a failure in trade; after
a longer or shorter interval, a daughter may
have married unhappily: in all but the
singularly, unfortunate, the integral parts
that compose the total of the unhappiness
of a man's life are easily counted and dis-
tinctly remembered. The happiness of life,
on the contrary, is made up of minute frac-
tions; the little soon-forgotten charities of
a kiss, a smile, a kind look, a heartfelt
compliment in the disguise of playful rail-
lery, and the countless other infinitesimals
of pleasurable thought and genial feeling.—
GOLDSMITH.

MISFORTUNE.—The Benefits Derived from

If misfortune comes, she brings along
The bravest virtues.—J. THOMSON.

MISFORTUNE.—The Effect of

The effect of supreme and irrevocable
misfortune is to elevate those souls which it
does not deprive of all virtue.—GUIZOT.

MISFORTUNE.—The Knowledge of Men in

When I was happy, I thought I knew
men; but it was fated that I should know
them in misfortune only.—NAPOLEON I.

MISFORTUNE.—The Teachings of

Even should misfortune come,
I, here who sit, hae met wi' some,
An's thankfu' for them yet;
They gie the wit of age to youth,
They let us ken oursel';
They mak' us see the naked truth,
The real guid an' ill.—R. BURNS.

MISFORTUNES.—Blind to

What ignorance attends the human mind!
How oft we are to our misfortunes blind!
OVID.

MISFORTUNES.—Opinions concerning

When misfortunes happen to such as dissent from us in matters of religion, we call them judgments; when to those of our own sect, we call them trials; when to persons neither way distinguished, we are content to impute them to the settled course of things.—SHENSTONE.

MISFORTUNES.—Preference for

If all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division.—SOCRATES.

MISFORTUNES.—Talking of

Depend upon it, that if a man *talks* of his misfortunes, there is something in them that is not disagreeable to him; for where there is nothing but pure misery, there never is any recourse to the mention of it.—DR. JOHNSON.

MISHAPS—Mastered.

Mishaps are mastered by advice discreet,
And counsel mitigates the greatest smart.
SPENSER.

MISSIONARIES—are Moral Conquerors.

These are the moral conquerors, and belong
To them the palm-branch and triumphal
song,—
Conquerors, and yet the harbingers of peace!
LONDON.

MISSIONARIES.—The Sufferings and Sacrifices of

Strange scenes, strange men, untold, untold
distress;
Pain, hardships, famine, cold and nakedness,
Diseases; death, in every hideous form,
On shore, at sea, by fire, by flood, by storm;
Wild beasts, and wilder men: unmoved
with fear,
Health, comfort, safety, life they count not
dear,

May they but hope a Saviour's love to show,
And warn one spirit from eternal woe:
Nor will they faint, nor can they strive in
vain,
Since thus to live is Christ, to die is gain.
J. MONTGOMERY.

MISSIONARIES.—The Work of

The missionaries found the poor heathen—men and women—naked, and taught them to clothe themselves; they found them living together like brutes, and united them in marriage; they found them in ignorance, and introduced them to knowledge; they found them in barbarous superstitions, and threw on them the light of the Gospel.—MONTALEMBERT.

MISTAKE.—Few will Own a

There are few, very few, that will own themselves in a mistake, though all the world see them to be in downright nonsense.—DEAN SWIFT.

MISTAKES.—The Condemnation of

We condemn mistakes with asperity, where we pass over sins with gentleness.—BUCKMINSTER.

MISUNDERSTANDING.—The Cause of a

It is surprising how soon a misunderstanding may exist, and what a trivial circumstance will cause it:—sometimes an unguarded expression, a cold look, or an ungraceful act.—E. DAVIES.

MISUNDERSTANDING.—The Evil of a

A misunderstanding will create more uneasiness in the world than deception or artifice, or, at least, its consequences are more universal.—GOETHE.

MOB.—A Description of a

Lords of anarchy,
Chaos of power, and privileged destruction;
Outlaws of nature!—DRYDEN.

MOB.—The Existence and Uncertainty of a

A mob is usually a creature of very mysterious existence, particularly in a large city. Where it comes from, or whither it goes, few men can tell. Assembling and dispersing with equal suddenness, it is as difficult to follow to its various sources as the sea itself; nor does the parallel stop here, for the ocean is not more fickle and uncertain, more terrible when roused, more unreasonable or more cruel.—DICKENS.

MODERATION.—The Bounds of

To go beyond the bounds of moderation is to outrage humanity.—PASCAL.

MODERATION.—The Excellency of

The silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.—BP. HALL.

MODERATION.—Liberty Conducive to

Till men have been some time free, they know not how to use their freedom. The natives of wine countries are generally sober. In climates where wine is a rarity intemperance abounds. A newly liberated people may be compared to a Northern army encamped on the Rhine or the Xeres. It is said that, when soldiers in such a situation first find themselves able to indulge without restraint in such a rare and expensive luxury, nothing is to be seen but intoxication. Soon, however, plenty teaches discretion ; and after wine has been for a few months their daily fare, they become more temperate than they had ever been in their own country. In the same manner, the final and permanent fruits of liberty are wisdom, moderation, and mercy.—MACAULAY.

MODESTY.—The Charm of

Modesty's the charm
That coldest hearts can quickest warm ;
Which all our best affections gains,
And, gaining, ever still retains.

PAULDING.

MODESTY.—The Effects of

A just and reasonable modesty does not only recommend eloquence, but sets off every talent which a man can be possessed of. It heightens all the virtues which it accompanies.—ADDISON.

MODESTY.—False

False modesty is the last refinement of vanity. It is a lie.—LA BRUYÈRE.

MODESTY—the Guard to Virtue.

Modesty was designed by Providence as a guard to virtue, and that it might be always at hand 'tis wrought into the mechanism of the body. 'Tis likewise proportioned to the occasions of life, and strongest in youth when passion is so too.—COLLIER.

MODESTY.—The Offices of

There are two offices belonging to it, viz.—to think meanly of ourselves, and to be moderate in desiring honour ; to grant it freely to another.—LIMBORCH.

MODESTY—Second of the Virtues.

The first of all virtues is innocence ; the next is modesty. If we banish modesty out of the world, she carries away with her half the virtue that is in it.—ADDISON.

MODESTY.—The Want of

Nothing can atone for the want of modesty, without which beauty is ungraceful and wit detestable.—ADDISON.

MODULATION.—The Charm of

'Tis not enough the voice be sound and clear,
'Tis modulation that must charm the ear.
LLOYD.

MOMENT.—The Flight of a

The moment in which I am speaking is already far from me.—BOILEAU.

MOMENT.—The Importance of a

In the span of a moment the eternal destiny of a soul may be decided !—DR. DAVIES.

MOMENT.—The Might of a

The present moment is a powerful deity.
—GOETHE.

MONARCH.—An Absolute

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute ;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
COWPER.

MONARCH.—A Half-Dethroned

A monarch who submits to a single insult is half dethroned.—COLTON.

MONARCHIES.—The Ruin of

The cause of the ruin or decline of monarchies are exorbitant subsidies ; monopolies, chiefly those relating to corn ; neglect of merchandise, trade, agriculture, arts, and manufactures ; the great number of public employments, the fees and excessive authority of men in office ; the cost, the delay, and the injustice of tribunals ; idleness, luxury, and all that is connected with it,—debauchery and corruption of manners, confusion of ranks, changes of the value of money, unjust and imprudent wars, the despotic power of sovereigns, their blind adherence to particular persons, their prejudice in favour of particular conditions, or professions ; the greediness of ministers and favourites ; the degradation of persons of quality ; contempt or neglect of men of letters ; the connivance at bad customs, and infraction of good laws ; and obstinate adherence to customs, either mischievous or indifferent ; and the multiplicity of edicts and useless regulations.—SULLY.

MONARCHS.—No Rivals for

For monarchs ill can rivals brook,
Even in a word, or smile, or look.
SIR W. SCOTT.

MONASTERY.—Evening at a

Slowly, slowly, up the wall
 Steals the sunshine, steals the shade ;
 Evening damps begin to fall,
 Evening shadows are displayed :
 Round me, o'er me, everywhere,
 All the sky is grand with clouds,
 And athwart the evening air
 Wheel the swallows home in crowds :
 Shafts of sunshine from the west
 Paint the dusky windows red ;
 Darker shadows, deeper rest,
 Underneath and overhead :
 Darker, darker, and more wan,
 In my breast the shadows fall ;
 Upward steals the life of man,
 As the sunshine from the wall :
 From the wall into the sky,
 From the roof along the spire ;
 Ah, the souls of those that die
 Are but sunbeams lifted higher !

ABP. VORAGINE.

MONASTERY.—Experience in a

There are among us
 Learned and holy men. Yet in this age
 We need another Hildebrand, to shake
 And purify us like a mighty wind.
 The world is wicked, and sometimes I wonder
 God does not lose His patience with it wholly,
 And shatter it like glass! Even here, at times,
 Within these walls, where all should be at
 peace,

I have my trials. Time has laid his hand
 Upon my heart gently, not smiting it,
 But as a harper lays his open palm
 Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.
 Ashes are on my head, and on my lips
 Sackcloth, and in my breast a heaviness
 And weariness of life, that makes me ready
 To say to the dead Abbots under us—
 "Make room for me!" Only I see the dusk
 Of evening twilight coming, and have not
 Completed half my task; and so at times
 The thought of my short-comings in this life
 Falls like a shadow on the life to come.

ABP. VORAGINE.

MONASTICISM.—Reasons for

I do not wonder that, where the monastic
 life is permitted, every order finds votaries,
 and every monastery inhabitants. Men will
 submit to any rule by which they may be
 exempted from the tyranny of caprice and
 of chance. They are glad to supply by ex-
 ternal authority their own want of constancy
 and resolution, and court the government
 of others, when long experience has con-
 vinced them of their own inability to govern
 themselves.—DR. JOHNSON.

MONEY.—The Abuse of

To hoard money is to abuse it.
 To make the possession of money the chief

basis of social preference is to abuse money.
 Money cannot make a lady nor a gentleman.
 A leper may put on jewels; but a jewelled
 leper is a leper still.

Money is abused when lifted above its
 sphere. To stake our happiness on the
 possession of a certain amount of money,
 or on the incessancy of accumulation, is
 unduly to exalt money.

Money is abused when pursued by means
 that are evil in themselves or injurious in
 their effects, and when it is so employed
 as inevitably to inflict personal and social
 mischief.—S. MARTIN.

MONEY.—Advice respecting

Make all you can; save all you can;
 give all you can.—J. WESLEY.

MONEY.—Carefulness for

When life is full of health and glee,
 Work thou as busy as a bee;
 And take the gentle hint from me—
 Be careful of your money.

But do not shut sweet Mercy's doors
 When Sorrow pleads or Want implores;
 To help to heal Misfortune's sores,
 Be careful of your money.—MACLAGAN.

MONEY.—The Effect of

Oh, what a world of vile ill-favour'd
 faults
 Looks handsome in three hundred pounds
 a year!—SHAKSPEARE.

MONEY—almost Everything.

Wisdom, knowledge, power—all combined.
 BYRON.

MONEY.—Fear of being Corrupted by

Alexander being asked why he did not
 gather money and lay it up in a public trea-
 sury, "For fear," said he, "lest, being
 keeper thereof, I should be infected and
 corrupted."—VENNING.

MONEY.—Happiness not Produced by

As for money, don't you remember the
 old saying—"Enough is as good as a
 feast"? Money never made a man happy
 yet; nor will it. There is nothing in its
 nature to produce happiness. The more a
 man has, the more he wants. Instead of
 its filling a vacuum, it makes one. If it
 satisfies one want, it doubles and trebles
 that want another way. That was a true
 proverb of the wise man—"Better is a
 little with the fear of the Lord, than great
 treasure and trouble therewith."—DR.
 DOUDNEY.

MONEY.—The Influence of

The influence of money on a man will be
 according to the man's state of mind; ac-

cording to the condition of his heart and affections, his estimate and plan of life.—BINNEY.

MONEY.—The Introduction of

A long period of time must have intervened between the first introduction of the precious metals into commerce and their becoming generally used as money. The peculiar qualities which so eminently fit them for this purpose would only be gradually discovered. They would probably be first introduced in their gross and unpurified state. A sheep, an ox, a certain quantity of corn, or any other article, would afterwards be bartered or exchanged for pieces of gold or silver in bars or ingots, in the same way as they would formerly have been exchanged for iron, copper, cloth, or anything else. The merchants would soon begin to estimate their proper value, and, in effecting exchanges, would first agree upon the quality of the metal to be given, and then the quantity which its possessor had become bound to pay would be ascertained by weight. This is the manner, according to Aristotle and Pliny, in which the precious metals were originally exchanged in Greece and Italy. The same practice is still observed in different countries. In many parts of China and Abyssinia the value of gold and silver is always ascertained by weight. Iron was the first money of the Lacedæmonians, and copper of the Romans.—G. M. BELL.

MONEY.—Laughter occasioned by

Money makes a man laugh. A blind fiddler playing to a company, and playing but coarsely, the company laughed at him; his boy that led him, perceiving it, cried—"Father, let us be gone, they do nothing but laugh at you." "Hold thy peace, boy," said the fiddler; "we shall have their money presently, and then we will laugh at them."—SELDEN.

MONEY.—The Love of

The avaricious love of gain, which is so feelingly deplored, appears to us a principle which, in able hands, might be guided to the most salutary purposes. The object is to encourage the love of labour, which is best encouraged by the love of money.—S. SMITH.

MONEY.—Manages Love.

This is the way all parents prove,
In managing their children's love;
That force 'em t' intermarry and wed,
As if th' were burying of the dead;
Cast earth to earth, as in the grave,
And join in wedlock all they have;

And when the settlement's in force,
Take all the rest for better or worse :
For money has a power above
The stars and fate to manage love ;
Whose arrows, learned poets hold,
That never miss, are tipp'd with gold.
S. BUTLER.

MONEY.—The Name of

We sometimes give the name of money to any material which rude nations use as a medium of trade ; but among modern commercial nations, gold, silver, platinum, and copper, are the only metals used for this purpose.—DR. WEBSTER.

MONEY.—The Place for

A wise man should have money in his head, but not in his heart.—DEAN SWIFT.

MONEY.—The Possession of

Whereunto is money good ?
Who has it not wants hardihood,
Who has it has much trouble and care ;
Who once has had it has despair.
LOGAN.

MONEY.—The Power of

Money will purchase occupation ; it will purchase all the conveniences of life ; it will purchase variety of company ; it will purchase all sorts of entertainment.—DR. JOHNSON.

See what money can do ; that can change
Men's manners ; alter their conditions !
How tempestuous the slaves are without
it !

O thou powerful metal ! what authority
Is in thee ! thou art the key of all men's
Mouths ; with thee a man may lock up the
jaws

Of an informer, and without thee, he
Cannot open the lips of a lawyer.—BROOME.

'Tis true, w' have money, th' only pow'r
That all mankind fall down before ;
Money, that, like the swords of kings,
Is the last reason of all things.

S. BUTLER.

MONEY.—The Use of

A man cannot make a bad use of his money, so far as regards society, if he do not hoard it ; for if he either spends it or lends it out, society has the benefit. It is in general better to spend money than to give it away ; for industry is more promoted by spending money than by giving it away. A man who spends his money is sure he is doing good with it : he is not sure when he gives it away. A man who spends ten thousand a year, will do more good than a man who spends two thousand and gives away eight.—DR. JOHNSON

MONEY.—The Value of

If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing.—DR. FRANKLIN.

MONEY.—The Want of

He that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends.—SHAKESPEARE.

MONEY.—The Way to Get

To get money, study and act out the Book of Proverbs.—S. MARTIN.

MONEY-GETTERS.—Pity for

There be many men that are by others taken to be serious and grave men, whom we condemn and pity. Men that are taken to be grave, because nature hath made them of a sour complexion, money-getting men, men that spend all their time first in getting, and next in anxious care to keep it; men that are condemned to be rich, and then always busy or discontented: for these poor, rich men, we anglers pity them perfectly, and stand in no need to borrow their thoughts to think ourselves so happy. No, we enjoy a contentedness above the reach of such dispositions.—WALTON.

MONITORS.—Eminent Persons have had

Persons of the greatest eminence have anciently had their monitors. Agathocles, a Sicilian prince, had his earthen plate set before him, to remind him that he had been a potter. The Roman triumvirs, in the meridian of their splendour, had a servant behind them, crying to each—"Memento te esse hominem," that is—Remember that you are only a man.—W. SECKER.

MONKS.—Original

As for their food, the grass was their cloth, the ground their table, herbs and roots their diet, wild fruits and berries their dainties, hunger their sauce, their nails their knives, their hands their cups, the next well their wine-cellar; but what their bill-of-fare wanted in cheer it had in grace, their life being constantly spent in prayer, reading, musing, and such like pious employments. They turned solitariness into society; and, cleaving themselves asunder by the divine art of meditation, did make, of one, two or more, opposing, answering, moderating in their own bosoms, and busying themselves with variety of heavenly recreations. It would do one good even but to think of their goodness, and at the rebound and second-hand to meditate on their meditations; for if ever poverty was to be envied, it was here. But

they did not bind themselves with a wilful vow to observe poverty, but poverty rather vowed to observe them, waiting constantly upon them. Neither did they vow chastity, though keeping it better than such as vowed it in after ages. As for the vow of obedience, it was both needless and impossible in their condition, having none beneath or above them, their whole convent, as one may say, consisting of a single person.—DR. FULLER.

MONOMANIAC.—The Cure of a

Some people are paralysed for life by some monomania. They remind us of an invalid who was afflicted by the delusion that he was made of pipe-clay, and if violently struck against any object, he would snap into fragments! He was only cured by a friend, who drove him into a meadow, and managed to upset the vehicle in the right place. The poor monomaniac shrieked frightfully as the carriage went over; but he rose from the ground sound in mind as well as in body.—CUYLER.

MONTHS.—The Derivation of the

January is derived from Janus, a heathen deity, who was supposed to preside over the gates of heaven. He was represented with two faces, one looking towards the old year, the other towards the new. He was the first king of Italy, and the ancient Romans used to give the doors in their houses the name of Janua. The heathens of old used to celebrate the festival of New Year's Day with every sort of veneration, and the primitive Christians kept it as a solemn fast, which is still partially observed in England. The Saxon name of January means "Wolf month," as the wolves at that season are desperately mischievous, from being unable to procure food. *February* is derived from Februo, to purify, because the feasts of purification were celebrated at this season; but the Romans offered sacrifice to their goddess Februo for the spirits of their departed friends. In the Saxon language its name implies "colewort," or "spring-wort," because worts begin to spring about this time. *March* was originally the first month in the Roman year, and was dedicated to Mars, the god of war. Its Saxon name means "lengthening month," as the days begin visibly to lengthen; rather, the days begin to be longer than the nights. *April* is so called from *aperio*, which signifies to open, because nature now begins to reveal its hidden charms, and expand its beauties. In Saxon it was called "Oster," or "Easter Monat," because the feast of their goddess Eastre was then celebrated. *May* was so named by Romulus, the founder of Rome, in

honour of Maia, the mother of Mercury ; but its Saxon name signifies "three milkings," as they then milked their cows three times daily. *June* was so termed by the Romans, in honour of Mercury, who was represented as a juvenile figure, to which they applied the word *Junius*. The Saxons called it "weyd," or "meadow" month, because their cattle were then turned out to feed in the meadows. *July* was originally called by the Romans—*Quintilis*, being the fifth month of their year, but was changed to *Julius* in honour of *Julius Caesar*. In Saxon it was called "hay month," as they used to cut their hay at this season. *August* was anciently called by the Romans—*Sextis* or sixth month from *March* ; but in honour of *Augustus Caesar*, second emperor of *Rome*, it was changed to *August*. The Saxons called it "arn-monat," or "barn-month," because they then filled their barns. *September* was derived from *Septem*, the seventh month of the Roman year, and *imber*, which means a shower. The Saxons named it "grist-month," as they then carried their new corn to the mill. *October* was the eighth month of the Roman year, reckoning from *March*. In Saxon, its name denotes "wine-month," because their grapes were then pressed to make wine ; or "winter-month," as the winter commenced with the full moon of this month. *November* is derived from *novem* and *imber*, or the ninth month of the Roman year. In Saxon, it was sometimes called "blot-monat," or "blood-month," from the number of cattle slain and stored for winter provisions ; others named it "windy-month," because of the high winds common in this month. And *December*, from *decem*, the tenth month of the Roman year ; the Saxons called it "winter-month," from the intensity of the cold, or "holy-month," on account of the nativity of *Christ*.—*LOAR-ING*.

MONUMENT.—An Everlasting

I have completed a monument more lasting than brass, and more sublime than the regal elevation of the pyramids, which neither the wasting shower, the unavailing north-wind, nor an innumerable succession of years, and the flight of seasons, shall be able to demolish.—*HORACE*.

MONUMENT.—Mournful Epitaphs on a

On your families' old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

SHAKSPEARE.

MONUMENTS.—The Need of

Monuments themselves memorials need.

CRABBE.

MOON.—An Address to the

Fair moon ! that at the chilly day's decline
Of sharp December, through my cottage
pane
Dost lovely look, smiling though in thy
wane,
In thought, to scenes serene and still as
thine,
Wanders my heart, whilst I by turns
survey
Thee slowly wheeling on thy evening
way ;
And this my fire whose dim unequal light,
Just glimmering bids each shadowy image
fall
Sombrous and strange upon the darken-
ing wall,
Ere the clear tapers chase the deepening
night !
Yet thy still orb, seen through the freezing
haze,
Shines calm and clear without ; and whilst
I gaze,
I think around me in this twilight gloom,
I but remark mortality's sad doom ;
Whilst hope and joy, cloudless and soft,
appear
In the sweet beam that lights thy distant
sphere. *C. BOWLES.*

MOON.—Benefits Derived from the

O Moon ! the oldest shades 'mong oldest
trees
Feel palpitations when thou lookest in ;
O Moon ! old boughs lisp forth a holier
din
The while they feel thine airy fellowship :
Thou dost bless everywhere, with silver lip,
Kissing dead things to life. The sleeping
kine,
Couch'd in thy brightness, dream of fields
divine :
Innumerable mountains rise and rise,
Ambitious for the hallowing of thine eyes ;
And yet thy benediction passeth not
One obscure hiding-place, one little spot
Where pleasure may be sent. The nested
wren
Has thy fair face within its tranquil ken,
And from beneath a sheltering ivy leaf
Takes glimpses of thee ; thou art a relief
To the poor patient oyster, where it sleeps
Within its pearly house ;—the mighty
deeps,
The monstrous sea is thine—the myriad
sea !
O Moon ! far-spooning ocean bows to thee,
And *Tellus* feels his forehead's cumbrous
load. *KEATS.*

MOON.—The Charms of the

Oh, still beloved ! for thine, meek power,
are charms
That fascinate the very babe in arms,

While he, uplifted towards thee, laughs outright,
Spreading his palms in his glad mother's sight.—W. WORDSWORTH.

MOON.—The Harvest

All hail ! thou lovely queen of night,
Bright empress of the starry sky !
The meekness of thy silv'ry light
Beams gladness on the gazer's eye :
While from thy peerless throne on high,
Thou shinest bright as cloudless noon,
And bidd'st the shades of darkness fly
Before thy glory—harvest moon !

In the deep stillness of the night,
When weary labour is at rest,
How lovely is the scene ! how bright
The wood, the lawn, the mountain's breast,
When thou, fair moon of harvest ! hast
Thy radiant glory all unfurl'd,
And sweetly smilest in the west,
Far down upon the silent world !

T. MILLER.

MOON.—The Paleness of the

Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth ;
And ever-changing, like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy ?

SHELLEY.

MOON.—The Power of the

As the ample moon,
In the deep stillness of a summer even,
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
Burns, like an unconsuming fire of light,
In the green trees ; and, kindling on all sides

Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
Into a substance glorious as her own,—
Yea, with her own incorporated, by power
Capacious and serene ; like power abides
In man's celestial spirit ; virtue thus
Sets forth and magnifies herself ; thus feeds
A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,
From the incumbrances of mortal life,
From error, disappointment,—nay, from guilt ;
And sometimes, so relenting justice wills,
From palpable oppressions of despair.

W. WORDSWORTH.

MOON.—The Rising of the

Slowly, solemnly,
As riseth from the sea the sacred moon,
Stately and still, she grows upon the night.

P. J. BAILEY.

MOON.—The Setting of the

The Queen of Night, whose large command
Rules all the sea, and half the land,

And over moist and crazy brains
In high spring-tides at midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the west
To go to bed, and take her rest.

S. BUTLER.

MOON.—The Use of the

The use of the moon is not confined to light-giving. As a mechanical power, it is of much service. To the moon is chiefly assigned the task of raising the tides of the ocean. In a sanitary point of view, she may be regarded as the great scavenger of our globe. Twice every day, she flushes, with sea-water in abundance, the rivers on which our towns are situated, and keeps them comparatively pure. By her mechanical skill she also bears ships on the crest of the tidal wave, deep into the heart of the country, where the centres of commerce are often found. Insignificant streams are thus rendered navigable, and cities brought into immediate connexion with the ocean—the highway of commerce.—LEITCH.

MOONLIGHT—Beautiful.

The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful !
I linger yet with nature, for the sight
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man ; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness
I learn'd the language of another world.

BYRON.

MORALITY—is not Christianity.

Morality is not Christianity, though there can be no true Christianity without morality.—BOGATZKY.

MORALITY—Defined.

Morality, or ethics, is the art of living, or rather the art of submitting one's life to the authority of conscience,—of subjecting it to principles elevated and powerful enough to dominate existence.—DR. VINET.

MORALITY.—The Insufficiency of

The Rev. F. Taylor, the founder of the Boston Sailors' Home, on one occasion preaching of the insufficiency of the moral principles without religious feelings, exclaimed—"Go heat your ovens with snow-balls ! What ! shall I send you to heaven with such an icicle in your pocket ? I might as well put a millstone round your neck to teach you to swim !" —JAMESON.

MORALITY.—The Need of

Morality has need, that it may be well received, of the mask of fable and the charm of poetry.—BOUFFLERS.

MORALITY.—Pure

Pure morality is a plant which grows in heaven.—**DR. VINET.**

MORALITY—without Religion.

Morality must not be without religion; for, if so, it may change as I see convenience. Religion must govern it.—**SELDEN.**

MORALITY.—The Teacher of

The view of the Crucified One is the great teacher of morality.—**J. H. EVANS.**

MORIAH.—Mount

Mount Moriah stands just without Jerusalem, and is now crowned with the mosque of St. Omar, whose entrance has long been forbidden to the Christian, and kept sacred for the followers of Mahomet. It stands where the rude altar of Abraham rose nearly four thousand years ago. The proud city has risen and fallen beside it, the generations of men come and gone, and whole dynasties of kings disappeared one after another; yet there it stands, as it stood in the wilderness when it was trodden only by the wild beast of the forest. The sacrifice of Abraham which consecrated Mount Moriah, is to me one of the most touching events of human history. I can never read over the unostentatious, brief account given in the Bible, without the profoundest emotions. Knowing that parental feeling and human nature are the same in all ages, my imagination immediately fills up the sketch in all its thrilling details. The shock of the announcement by God, the farewell with Sarah, the three days' lonely journey, the unconscious playfulness of Isaac on the way, and the stern struggle of the father's heart to master its emotions, all rise up before me, and I seem to hold my breath in suspense till the voice of the angel breaks the painful spell, and the uplifted knife is stayed.—**HEADLEY.**

MORN.—The Dawn of the

It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious
streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east!
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund
day

Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain's top.

SHAKESPEARE.

MORN.—The Melodies of

But who the melodies of morn can tell?

The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;

The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;

The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide

The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crown'd with her pail the tripping milk-maid sings;

The whistling ploughman stalks afield;
and hark!

Down the rough slope the ponderous
waggon rings;

Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd
springs;

Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy
hour;

The partridge bursts away on whirling
wings;

Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd
bower,

And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial
tour.—**BEATTIE.**

MORN—Waked by the Hours.

Morn

Waked by the circling Hours, with rosy
hand

Unbarr'd the gates of light.—**MILTON.**

MORNING.—The Future

In the light of that morning, thousands of earnest eyes flash with renewed brightness, for they have longed for the coming of the day. And, in the light of that morning, things that nestle in dust and darkness cower and flee away. Morning for the toil-worn artisan! for oppression and avarice, and gaunt famine, and poverty are gone, and there is social night no more. Morning for the meek-eyed student! for scowling doubt has fled, and sophistry is silenced, and the clouds of error are lifted from the fair face of Truth for aye, and there is intellectual night no more. Morning for the lover of man! for wrongs are redressed, and contradictions harmonised, and problems solved, and men summer in perpetual brotherhood, and there is moral night no more. Morning for the lover of God! for the last infidel voice is hushed, and the last cruelty of superstition perpetrated, and the last sinner lays his weapons down, and Christ the crucified becomes Christ the crowned. Morning! Hark how the earth rejoices in it, and its many minstrels challenge the harpers of the sky—"Sing with us, ye heavens! The morning cometh, the darkness is past, the shadows flee away, the true light shineth now." Morning! Hark how the sympathetic heavens reply—"Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon with-

draw herself, for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended!"—PUNSHON.

MORNING.—The Hallowedness of the
How hallow'd is the hour of morning!
meet—
Ay, beautifully meet—for the pure prayer!
N. P. WILLIS.

MORNING.—The Hunter beholding the
High life of a hunter! He meets on the hill
The new-waken'd daylight, so bright and so still;
And feels, as the clouds of the morning unroll,
The silence, the splendour, ennoble his soul:
'Tis his o'er the mountains to stalk like a ghost,
Enshrouded with mist, in which Nature is lost,
Till he lifts up his eyes, and flood, valley, and height,
In a moment all swim in an ocean of light;
While the sun, like a glorious banner unfurl'd,
Seems to wave o'er a new, more magnificent world!—J. WILSON.

MORNING.—The Occupations of the
Wish'd morning's come; and now upon the plains,
And distant mountains, where they feed their flocks,
The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day:
The lusty swain comes with his well-filled scrip
Of healthful viands, which, when hunger calls,
With much content and appetite he eats,
To follow in the field his daily toil,
And dress the grateful glebe that yields him fruits:
The beasts that under the warm hedges slept,
And weather'd out the cold bleak night, are up;
And, looking towards the neighbouring pastures, raise
Their voice, and bid their fellow-brutes good-morrow:
The cheerful birds, too, on the tops of trees,
Assemble all in choirs; and with their notes
Salute and welcome up the rising sun.
OTWAY.

MORNING.—The Splendour of
Night wanes—the vapours round the mountains curl'd,
Melt into morn, and light awakes the world.

Man has another day to swell the past,
And lead him near to little, but his last;
But mighty Nature bounds as from her birth;
The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth;
Flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,
Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream:
Immortal man! behold her glories shine,
And cry, exulting inly—"They are mine!"
Gaze on, while yet thy gladden'd eye may see;
A morrow comes when they are not for thee;
And grieve what may above thy senseless bier,
Nor earth nor sky will yield a single tear;
Nor cloud shall gather more, nor leaf shall fall,
Nor gale breathe forth one sigh for thee, for all;
But creeping things shall revel in their spoil,
And fit thy clay to fertilise the soil.

BYRON.

MORNING—after a Storm.

There was a roaring in the wind all night;
The rain came heavily, and fell in floods;
But now the sun is rising calm and bright;
The birds are singing in the distant woods;
Over his own sweet voice the stock-dove broods!
The jay makes answer as the magpie chatters;
And all the air is fill'd with pleasant noise of waters.

All things that love the sun are out of doors;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
The grass is bright with rain-drops; on the moors
The hare is running races in her mirth;
And with her feet she from the plashy earth
Raises a mist, that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.—W. WORDSWORTH.

MORNING—in Summer.

Morning in summer is soft without melancholy, and brilliant without glare.—FOSTER.

MORNING.—Thoughts for the

In the morning when thou risest unwillingly, let these thoughts be present:—
I am rising to the work of a human being.
Why, then, am I dissatisfied if I am going

do the things for which I exist, and for which I was brought into the world?—
ANTONINUS.

MORNING.—The Value of the

The morning hour has gold in its mouth.
—DR. FRANKLIN.

MORTALITY.—Emblems of

Like as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonah had—
Even such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done :
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes,—and man he dies !

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like a bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearled dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan—
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death :
The grass withers, the tale doth end,
The bird is flown, the dews ascend,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death,—man's life is
done !—F. QUARLES.

MORTALITY.—All Shrouded in

All human divinity will soon be shrouded in mortality. Death levels the highest mountains with the lowest valleys. He mows down the fairest lilies as well as the foulest thistles. The robes of illustrious princes, and the rags of homely peasants, are both laid aside in the wardrobe of the grave.—W. SECKER.

MORTALITY.—The Soul Foretelling the End of

The life of all his blood
Is touched corruptibly ; and his pure brain,
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

SHAKESPEARE.

MOSES.—The Character of

He undoubtedly was the Homer, as well as the Solon of his country. We can never separate his genius from his character, so meek, yet stern ;—from his appearance, so gravely commanding, so spiritually severe ;—from his law, " girt with dark thunder and embroidered fires ;"—and from certain

incidents in his history—his figure in the ark, when, at the sight of the strange, richly-attired lady, " behold the babe wept"—his attitude beside the bush that burned in the wilderness—his sudden entrance into the presence of Pharaoh—his lifting up, with that sinewy, swarthy hand, the rod over the Red Sea—his ascent up the black precipices of Sinai—his death on Pisgah, with the Promised Land full in view—his mystic burial in a secret vale by the hand of the Eternal—his position as the leader of the great Exodus of the tribes, and the founder of a strict, complicated, and magnificent polity—all this has given a supplemental and extraordinary interest to the writings of Moses. He is the sternest of all the Scripture writers, and the most laconic. His writings may be called hieroglyphics of the strangest and greatest events in the early part of the world's history.—G. GILFILLAN.

MOSESSES.—The Endurance of

In one sense the humblest, in another they are the most honoured of the earth-children. Unfading as motionless, the worm frets them not, and the autumn wastes not. Strong in lowliness, they neither blanch in heat nor pine in frost. To them, slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is entrusted the weaving of the dark, eternal tapestries of the hills ;—to them, slow-pencilled, iris-dyed, the tender framing of their endless imagery. Sharing the stillness of the unimpassioned rock, they share also its endurance ; and while the winds of departing spring scatter the white hawthorn blossom like drifted snow, and summer dims on the parched meadow the drooping of its cowslip-gold,—far above, among the mountains, the mosses rest on the stone, and the gathering stain upon the edge of yonder western peak reflects the sunsets of a thousand years.—RUSKIN.

MOSESSES.—Indescribable.

Meek creatures ! the first mercy of the earth, veiling with hushed softness its dintless rocks ; creatures full of pity, covering with strange and tender honour the scarred disgrace of ruin,—laying quiet finger on the trembling stones, to teach them rest. No words that I know of will say what these mosses are. None are delicate enough, none perfect enough, none rich enough. How is one to tell of the rounded bosses of furred and beaming green,—the starred divisions of rubied bloom, fine-filmed, as if the Rock Spirits could spin porphyry as we do glass,—the tracerics of intricate silver, and fringes of amber, lustrous, arborescent, burnished through every fibre into fitful brightness and glossy traverses of silken change, yet all subdued and pensive, and

framed for simplest, sweetest offices of grace? They will not be gathered, like the flowers, for chaplet or love-token; but of these the wild bird will make its nest, and the wearied child his pillow.—RUSKIN.

MOTHER.—All

"The bust," was the artless commentary of a little girl one day, as she stood gazing alternately on a picture and on a marble bust of her poet-mother, the one exhibiting on the glowing canvas the sweet play of womanly affection, and the other only the colder majesty of her genius,—*"The bust is the poetess, but the picture is all mother."*
—JOHN BAILLIE.

MOTHER.—The Beautiful Term—

How resonant are the Scriptures with that sweet and tender vocable—how redolent with the fragrance of that odoriferous word—how rich with the ornament of that beautiful term—mother!—J. A. JAMES.

MOTHER.—The Bliss of a

What tongue!—no tongue, shall tell what bliss o'erflowed
The mother's tender heart, while round her hung
The offspring of her love, and lisp'd her name;—
As living jewels dropped unstained from heaven,
That made her fairer far, and sweeter seem,
Than every ornament of costliest hue!
R. POLLOK.

MOTHER.—The Daring of a

In Scotland a peasant woman had a child a few weeks old, which was seized by one of the golden eagles, the largest in the country, and borne away in its talons to its lofty eyrie on one of the most inaccessible cliffs of Scotland's bleak hills; the mother, perceiving her loss, hurried in alarm to its rescue, and the peasantry, among whom the alarm spread, rushed out to her aid; they all came to the foot of the tremendous precipice; the peasants were anxious to risk their lives in order to recover the little infant; but how was the crag to be reached? One peasant tried to climb, but was obliged to return; another tried, and came down injured; a third tried, and one after another failed, till a universal feeling of despair and deep sorrow fell upon the crowd as they gazed upon the eyrie where the infant lay. At last a woman was seen, climbing first one part and then another, getting over one rock and then another; and while every heart trembled with alarm, to the amazement of all they saw her reach the loftiest crag, and clasp the infant rejoicingly in her bosom. This heroic female began to

descend the perilous steep with the child; moving from point to point; and while everyone thought that her next step would precipitate her and dash her to pieces, they saw her at length reach the ground with the child safe in her arms. Who was this female? why did she succeed when others failed? It was THE MOTHER OF THE CHILD.—CUMMING.

MOTHER.—The Death of a

The summer day dies calmly; over hill
And valley like a drooping bird she sinks,
While her tir'd purple pinions drop pale
stars,
The first-born stars of night. Ten thousand tears
Tell her departing; all her children turn
Their weeping eyes to her fair, fading face,
Which smiles upon their tears. Such death
is calm.
So parts the Christian mother from her babes,
And leaves them as they weep; a thousand eyes
From heaven are watching over them.

TATHAM.

MOTHER.—A Good, Kind

Happy he
With such a mother! Faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things
high
Comes easy to him, and, though he trip
and fall,
He shall not blind his soul with clay.

TENNYSON.

MOTHER.—The Holy Influence of a

I believe I should have been swept away by the flood of French infidelity, if it had not been for one thing—the remembrance of the time when my sainted mother used to make me kneel by her side, taking my little hands folded in hers, and caused me to repeat the Lord's prayer.—RANDOLPH.

MOTHER.—An Insane

I have never met with any loss so great, as that of losing the care and instructions of my mother during my childhood, in consequence of her having lost her reason. But I can recollect that, when a very little child, I was standing at the open window, at the close of a lovely summer's day. The large, red sun was just sinking away behind the western hills; the sky was gold and purple commingled; the winds were sleeping, and a soft, solemn stillness seemed to hang over the earth. I was watching the sun, as he sent his yellow rays through the trees, and felt a kind of awe, though I knew not wherefore. Just then my mother came to me. She was raving with frenzy—for reason

had long since left its throne, and her,—a victim of madness. She came up to me, wild with insanity. I pointed to the glorious sun in the west, and in a moment she was calm. She took my little hands within hers, and told me that "the great God made the sun, the stars, the world—everything; that He it was who made her little boy, and gave him an immortal spirit; that yonder sun, and the green fields, and the world itself, will one day be burned up; but that the spirit of her child will then be alive, for he must live when heaven and earth are gone; that he must pray to the great God, and love and serve Him for ever!" She let go my hands,—madness returned,—she hurried away. I stood with my eyes filled with tears, and my bosom heaving with emotion, which I could not have described; but I can never forget the impressions which that conversation of my poor mother left upon me.—TODD.

MOTHER.—Instinctive Turning to a

They tell us of an Indian tree,
Which, howsoever the sun and sky
May tempt its boughs to wander free,
And shoot and blossom wide and high,
Far better loves to bend its arms
Downward again to that dear earth,
From which the life that fills and warms
Its grateful being first had birth:
'Tis thus, though woo'd by flattering
friends,
And fed with fame—if fame it be—
This heart, my own dear mother, bends,
With love's true instinct, back to thee.

T. MOORE.

MOTHER.—The Kiss of a

That kiss made me a painter.—WEST.

MOTHER.—Love for a

When Napoleon, with his army of invasion, lay at Boulogne, an English sailor who had been captured tried to escape in a little raft or skiff which he had patched together with bits of wood and the bark of trees. Hearing of his attempt, the First Consul ordered him to be brought into his presence, and asked if he really meant to cross the channel in such a crazy contrivance. "Yes, and if you will let me, I am still willing to try." "You must have a sweetheart whom you are so anxious to re-visit." "No," said the young man; "I only wish to see my mother, who is old and infirm." "And you shall see her," was the reply, "and take to her this money from me; for she must be a good mother who has such an affectionate son." And orders were given to send the sailor with a flag on board the first British cruiser which came near enough.—CASAS.

MOTHER.—The Love of a

There is in all this cold and hollow world
no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that
within
A mother's heart.—HEMANS.

The love of a mother is never exhausted, it never changes, it never tires. A father may turn his back on his child, brothers and sisters may become inveterate enemies, husbands may desert their wives, wives their husbands. But a mother's love endures through all; in good repute, in bad repute, in the face of the world's condemnation, a mother still loves on, and still hopes that her child may turn from his evil ways and repent; still she remembers the infant smiles that once filled her bosom with rapture, the merry laugh, the joyful shout of childhood; the opening promise of his youth; and she can never be brought to think him unworthy.—W. IRVING.

MOTHER.—The Love and Care of a

You know what it would be to spend one of your winter evenings in a chamber without a fire on the hearth or a carpet on the floor; even though the furniture were costly and the friends congenial, nothing could impart the lacking comfort or diffuse the wonted radiance. And in this wintry world, a tender mother's love and a pious mother's care are the carpet on the floor, and the blaze on the evening hearth. To life's latest moment they mingle in every picture of pre-eminent happiness.—DR. J. HAMILTON.

MOTHER.—The Result of the Piety of a

Lying one night in bed, Richard Cecil was contemplating the case of his mother. "I see," said he within himself, "two unquestionable facts:—First, my mother is greatly afflicted, in circumstances, body and mind; and yet I see that she cheerfully bears up under all, by the support she derives from constantly retiring to her closet and her Bible. Secondly, that she has a secret spring of comfort of which I know nothing; while I, who give an unbounded loose to my appetites, and seek pleasure by every means, seldom or never find it. If, however, there is any such secret in religion, why may not I attain it as well as my mother?—I will immediately seek it of God." He instantly rose in his bed, and began to pray. But he was soon damped in his attempt, by recollecting that much of his mother's comfort seemed to arise from her faith in Christ. "Now," thought he, "this Christ have I ridiculed: He stands much in my way, and can form no part of

my prayers." In utter confusion of mind, therefore, he lay down again. Next day, however, he continued to pray to "the Supreme Being:" he began to consult books and to attend preachers: his difficulties were gradually removed, and his objections answered; and his course of life began to amend. He now listened to the pious admonitions of his mother, which he had before affected to receive with pride and scorn; yet they had fixed themselves in his heart, like a barbed arrow; and, though the effects were at the time concealed from her observation, yet tears would fall from his eyes as he passed along the streets, from the impression she had left on his mind. Now, he would discourse with her, and hear her without outrage; which led her to hope that a gracious principle was forming in his heart, and more especially as he then attended the preaching of the Word. Thus he made some progress; but felt no small difficulty in separating from his favourite connections. Light, however, broke into his mind, till he gradually discovered that Jesus Christ, so far from "standing in his way," was *the only Way, the Truth, and the Life*, to all that come unto God by Him.—PRATT.

MOTHER.—A True Estimate of a

There is no velvet so soft as a mother's lap, no rose so lovely as her smile, no path so flowery as that imprinted with her footsteps.—ABP. THOMSON.

MOTHER.—A Youthful

There is a sight all hearts beguiling—
A youthful mother to her infant smiling,
Who with spread arms and dancing feet,
And cooing voice, returns its answer sweet.
JOANNA BAILLIE.

MOTHERS.—A Testimony concerning

France needs nothing so much to promote her regeneration as good mothers.—NAPOLEON I.

MOTION.—Graceful

Grace is either the beauty of motion, or the beauty of posture. Graceful motion is motion without difficulty or embarrassment; or that which, from experience, we know to be connected with ingenuous modesty, a desire to increase the happiness of others, or any beautiful moral feeling. A person walks up a long room, observed by a great number of individuals, and pays his respects as a gentleman ought to do;—why is he graceful? Because every movement of his body inspires you with some pleasant feeling; he has the free and unembarrassed use of his limbs; his motions do not indicate forward boldness, or irra-

tional timidity;—the outward signs perpetually indicate agreeable qualities. The same explanation applies to grace of posture and attitude: that is a graceful attitude which indicates an absence of restraint; and facility, which is the sign of agreeable qualities of mind: apart from such indications, one attitude I should conceive to be quite as graceful as another.—S. SMITH.

MOTION.—Spontaneous

What shall we say of spontaneous motion, wherewith we find also creatures endowed that are so weak and despicable in our eyes, as well as ourselves; that is—that so silly a thing as a fly, a gnat, etc., should have power in it to move itself, or stop its own motion, at its own pleasure! How far have all attempted imitations in this kind fallen short of this perfection! and how much more excellent a thing is the smallest and most contemptible insect than the most admired machine we ever heard or read of!—HOWE.

MOTIVE.—Disinterested

It is a motive alone that gives real value to the actions of men, and disinterestedness puts the cap to it.—LA BRUYÈRE.

MOTIVE.—The Only Right

In the higher sense, there is no right action without right motive, and the only right motive is—*love to God*.—H. W. BEECHER.

MOTIVES.—The Importance of

Motives are everything with God; and, as far as we are upright, they are everything to us.—J. H. EVANS.

MOTIVES.—Locked up.

Prudent men lock up their motives; letting familiars have a key to their heart, as to their garden.—SHENSTONE.

MOUNTAIN.—Flowers and Trees of the

Boon Nature scatter'd, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child:
Here eglantine embalm'd the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
The primrose pale and violet flower
Found in each cliff a narrow bower;
Night-shade and fox-glove, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Group'd their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain;
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Gray birch and aspen wept beneath:
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And higher yet the pine-tree hung

His scatter'd trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrow sky.

SIR W. SCOTT.

MOUNTAINS.—The Characteristic Attractions of the

Like the islands the mountains dwell apart, and like them they give asylum from a noisy and irreverent world. In their silence many a meditative spirit has found leisure for the longest thought, and in their Patmos-like seclusion the brightest visions and largest projects have evolved; whilst by a sort of over-mastering attraction they have drawn to themselves the most memorable incidents which variegated our history. And, as they are the natural haunts of the highest spirits, and the appropriate scenes of the most signal occurrences, so they are the noblest cenotaphs. Far off they arrest the eye; and though their hoary chronicle tells its legend of the past, their heaven-pointing elevations convey the spirit onward towards eternity.—DR. J. HAMILTON.

MOUNTAINS.—The Design of the

They seem to have been built for the human race, as at once their schools and cathedrals; full of treasures of illuminated manuscript for the scholar, kindly in simple lessons to the worker, quiet in pale cloisters for the thinker, glorious in holiness for the worshipper. And yet of these great cathedrals of the earth, with their gates of rock, pavements of cloud, choirs of stream and stone, altars of snow, and vaults of purple traversed by the continual stars, it was written by one of the best of the poor human race for whom they were built, wondering in himself for whom their Creator *could* have made them, and thinking to have entirely discerned the divine intent in them—"They are inhabited by the beasts!"—RUSKIN.

MOUNTAINS—make Enemies.

Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.

COWPER.

MOUNTAINS.—The Superiority of the

The superiority of the mountains to the lowland is as measurable as the richness of a painted window matched with a white one, or the wealth of a museum compared with that of a simply furnished chamber.—RUSKIN.

MOUNTAINS.—The Testimonials of the

The mountains are Nature's testimonials of anguish. Nature's stern agony writes itself on their furrowed brows of gloomy stone. Their reft and splintered crags stand the dreary images of patient sorrow, existing

verdureless and stern, because exist they must. In them hearts that have ceased to rejoice and have learned to suffer, find kindred; and here, an earth worn with countless cycles of sorrow, utters to the stars her voices of speechless despair.—C. STOWE.

MOUNTAINS.—A View from the

A step—

A single step, that freed me from the skirts
Of the blind vapour, open'd to my view,
Glory beyond all glory ever seen
By waking sense, or by the dreaming soul!

* * * * *

Oh, 'twas an unimaginable sight!
Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks, and
emerald turf,
Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky,
Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,
Molten together, and composing thus.
Each lost in each, that marvellous array
Of temple, palace, ciadel, and huge
Fantastic pomp of structure without name,
In fleecy folds voluminous, inwrapp'd.

W. WORDSWORTH.

MOURN.—Blessed are they that

Oh, deem not that earth's crowning bliss
Is found in joy alone;
For sorrow, bitter though it be,
Hath blessings all its own;
From lips divine, like healing balm,
To hearts oppress'd and torn,
This heavenly consolation fell—
"Blessed are they that mourn!"

As blossoms smitten by the rain,
Their sweetest odours yield—
As where the ploughshare deepest strikes,
Rich harvests crown the field;
So, to the hopes by sorrow crush'd,
A nobler faith succeeds;
And life, by trials furrow'd, bears
The fruit of loving deeds.—BURLEIGH.

MOURN.—The Need to

He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to
mend:

Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure
For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel
them.

Where sorrow's held intrusive and turned
out,

There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
Nor aught that dignifies humanity.

J. TAYLOR.

MOURNER.—Advice to the

Forbear, mourner! nor be by fancy led
To hold mysterious converse with the dead;
For sure at length thy thoughts, thy spirits'
pain,
In the sad conflict, will disturb thy brain:
All have their tasks and trials; these are
hard;

But short the time, and glorious the reward :
Thy patient spirit to thy duties give ;
Regard the dead, but, to the living—live.

CRABBE.

MOUSE.—An Address to a

Sly little, cowering, timorous beastie !
Oh what a panic 's in thy breastie !
You need not start away so hasty,
With bickering speed :
I should be lothe to run and chase thee,
I should indeed !

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Hath broken Nature's social union,
And justifies that ill-opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
And fellow mortal.

Sometimes, I doubt not, thou dost thief ;
What then ? poor beastie, thou must live ;
A little barley in the shieve
Is small request ;
And all thou tak'st, I do believe,
Will ne'er be missed.

R. BURNS.

MOUSE.—The Country

The country mouse stole out from his
hiding-place, and bidding the city mouse
good-bye, whispered in his ear—"Oh, my
good sir ! this fine mode of living may do
for those who like it ; but give me my
barley-bread in peace and security, before
the daintiest feast where fear and care are
in waiting."—ÆSOP.

MULTITUDE.—The Instability of the

O stormy people, unsad and ever untrue,
And indiscreet, and changing as a fane,
Delighting ever in rumbel that is new,
For like the moonë waxen ye and wane !
Aye full of clapping, dear enough a jane,
Your doom is false, your constance evil
preveth,
A fule great fool is he that on you 'lieveth.

CHAUCER.

MULTITUDE.—The Practice of the

It is the practice of the multitude to
bark at eminent men, as little dogs do at
strangers.—SENECA.

MUMMIES.—An Inspection of

Of some of these tombs many persons
could not withstand the suffocating air,
which often causes fainting. A vast quan-
tity of dust rises, so fine that it enters the
throat and nostrils, and chokes the nose
and mouth to such a degree, that it requires
great power of lungs to resist it and the
strong effluvia of the mummies. This is
not all : the entry or passage where the
bodies are is roughly cut in the rocks, and

the falling of the sand from the upper part
or ceiling of the passage causes it to be
nearly filled up. In some places there is
not more than a vacancy of a foot left,
which you must contrive to pass through in
a creeping posture like a snail, on pointed
and keen stones that cut like glass. After
getting through these passages, some of
them two or three hundred yards long, you
generally find a more commodious place,
perhaps high enough to sit. But what a
place of rest ! Surrounded by bodies, by
heaps of mummies in a' directions, which
previous to my being accustomed to the
sight, impressed me with horror ! The
blackness of the walls, the faint light given
by the candles or torches for want of air,
the different objects that surrounded me,
seeming to converse with each other, and
the Arabs with the candles or torches in
their hands, naked and covered with dust,
themselves resembling living mummies,
absolutely formed a scene that cannot be
described.—BELZONI.

MURDER.—The Adherence of

How the bloody clot clings and cleaves
to the soul, and will not out night or day !
—T. ALEXANDER.

MURDER.—The Crime of

One murder made a villain,
Millions a hero. Princes were privileg'd
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime :
Ah ! why will kings forget that they are
men,
And men—that they are brethren ?

BP. PORTEUS.

MURDER.—The First

The deed is done. Blood stains Cain's
hands. Ocean, now, with all its waves,
cannot wash out that dye. Rolling ages
cannot sweep it away. Agonies of remorse
cannot recall it. No angel's efforts can re-
move the weight of guilt. The sin is sinned.
Account must now be given. The murderer
hears the searching question—for God will
speak—"Where is Abel, thy brother ?"
"What hast thou done ?" But the hardened
heart breaks not. The sullen lips pour
forth no cry for pardon. No contrition asks
for mercy. He stands an icy pillar of de-
spair. Hope tenders no support. No pro-
spect brings a ray to cheer. He knows not
how to bear his being ; but forth he must
go to reap the harvest sown by sin.—DEAN
LAW.

MURDER—a Part of Worship.

In India there is a class called Thugs,
who fancy they shall get an addition to
their happiness hereafter for every human

being they murder; so that murder is not only their trade, but is actually part and parcel of their daily worship!—CUMMING.

MURDER.—The Punishment of

Murder may pass unpunish'd for a time,
But tardy justice will o'ertake the crime.
DRYDEN.

MURDER.—The Shriek of

Other sins only speak; murder shrieks out:
The element of water moistens the earth,
But blood mounts upward.—J. WEBSTER.

MURDERER.—Shielding a

He who by shielding a murderer encourages the crime, is only one degree less culpable than he who commits it.—DERBY.

MURDERER.—Shrinking from a

How we shrink back with horror from the very thought of touching him, as if the stain of blood that is on him would communicate itself to us!—T. ALEXANDER.

MURMUR.—An Injunction not to

Murmur at nothing; if our ills are repairable, it is ungrateful; if remediless, it is in vain.—COLTON.

MURMUR.—The Reason why we

We murmur because we are in want, and therefore want because we murmur.—W. SECKER.

MURMURERS.—Resemble Satan.

Murmuring is the first-born of the devil; and nothing renders a man more like to him than murmuring. Constantine's sons did not more resemble their father, nor Aristotle's scholars their master, nor Alexander's soldiers their general, than murderers do resemble Satan.—T. BROOKS.

MUSE.—The Influence of the

I am the holy Muse
Whom all the great and bright of spirit choose:
It is I who breathe my soul into the lips
Of those great lights whom death nor time eclipse;
It is I who wing the loving heart with song,
And set its sighs to music on the tongue;
It is I who watch, and, with sweet dreams, reward
The starry slumbers of the youthful bard.
P. J. BAILEY.

MUSIC.—Affecting

The most affecting music is generally the most simple.—MITFORD.

MUSIC.—Benefits Derived from

Most of the pleasurable diversions have a tendency, when pursued with ardour, not only to relax in a proper degree, but totally to enervate. They indispose the mind for manly virtue, and introduce a tenderness of feeling ill-suited to encounter the usual asperities of common life. But music touches the soul, elevates and refines its nature, infuses the noblest thoughts, urges to the most animated action, calms the ruffled spirits, and eradicates every malignant propensity.—DR. KNOX.

MUSIC.—The Charm of

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm;
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.—POPE.

MUSIC.—Cheerful Church

When the poet Carpani inquired of his friend Haydn, how it happened that his church music was always so cheerful, the great composer made a most beautiful reply. "I cannot," said he, "make it otherwise, I write according to the thoughts I feel; when I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be pardoned me that I serve him with a cheerful spirit."—ARVINE.

MUSIC.—Defined.

An art which strengthens the bonds of civilized society, humanizes and softens the feelings and dispositions of man, produces a refined pleasure in the mind, and tends to raise up in the soul emotions of an exalted nature.—BROUGHAM.

MUSIC.—Devoid of

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.—SHAKSPEARE.

MUSIC.—The Effect of

Admiration and feeling are very distinct from each other. Some music and oratory enchant and astonish, but they speak not to the heart. I have been overwhelmed by Handel's music; the Dettingen *Te Deum* is perhaps the greatest composition in the world; yet I never in my life heard Handel but I could think of something else at the same time. There is a kind of music that

will not allow this. Dr. Worgan has so touched the organ at St. John's, that I have been turning backward and forward over the prayer-book for the first lesson in Isaiah, and wondered that I could not find Isaiah there. The musician and the orator fall short of the full power of their science, if the hearer is left in possession of himself.—R. CECIL.

MUSIC.—Enjoyed by All.

Music!—the tender child of rudest times,—
The gentle native of all lands and climes,—
Who hymns alike man's cradle and his grave,
Lulls the low cot, or peals along the nave.
NORTON.

MUSIC.—Good or Bad.

Music is good or bad as the end to which it tendeth.—FELTHAM.

MUSIC.—The Great Master of

He is one who, through the whole maze of his creation, from the soft whispering to the mighty raging of the elements, makes us conscious of the unity of his conceptions.—PRINCE ALBERT.

MUSIC.—The Laws of

Music goes on certain laws and rules. Man did not make these laws of music; he has only found them out; and if he be self-willed and break them, there is an end of his music instantly; all he brings out is discord and ugly sounds. The greatest musician in the world is as much bound by those laws as the learner in the school, and the greatest musician is the one who, instead of fancying that because he is clever he may throw aside the laws of music, knows the laws of music best, and observes them most reverently. And therefore it was that the old Greeks, the wisest of all the heathens, made a point of teaching their children *music*; because, they said, it taught them not to be self-willed and fanciful, but to see the beauty of order, the usefulness of rule, the divineness of laws.—CANON KINGSLEY.

MUSIC.—The Love of

Music is universally appreciated and practised. The English plough-boy sings as he drives his team, happily ignorant whether protection or free trade is the best; the Scotch Highlander makes the glens and grey moors resound with his beautiful song; the Swiss, Tyrolese, and Carpathians lighten their labour by music; the muleteer of Spain cares little who is on the throne or behind it, if he can only have his early carol; the vintager of Sicily has his evening hymn, even beside the fire of the burning mount; the fisherman of

Naples has his boat-song, to which his rocking boat beats time on that beautiful sea; and the gondolier of Venice still keeps up his midnight serenade.—CUMMING.

MUSIC.—Melody and Harmony in

There are two things which help to make music—melody and harmony. Now, as most of you know, there is melody in music when the different sounds of the same tune follow each other so as to give us pleasure; there is harmony in music when different sounds, instead of following each other, come at the same time so as to give us pleasure.—CANON KINGSLEY.

MUSIC.—The Poet's Wish for

And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;—
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on his bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have set quite free
His half-regained Eurydice:
These delights, if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.—MILTON.

MUSIC.—The Power of

By music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low:
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft persuasive voice applies;
Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs;
Warriors she fires with animated sounds,
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds;
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
List'ning Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine wars no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions hear away their rage.
POPE.

We are never merry when we hear sweet music:

The reason is, our spirits are attentive;
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neigh-
ing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood,
If they but hear perchance a trumpet-sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,

You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
 Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
 By the sweet power of music : therefore,
 the poet
 Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones,
 and floods ;
 Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of
 rage,
 But music for the time doth change his
 nature. SHAKESPEARE.

MUSIC.—The Pursuit of

All musical people seem to me happy ;
 it is the most engrossing pursuit ; almost
 the only innocent and unpunished passion.
 —S. SMITH.

MUSIC.—The Sacredness of

All good music is sacred, if it is heard
 sacredly, and all poor music is execrably
 unsacred.—H. W. BEECHER.

MUSIC.—The Strength of

Where painting is weakest, namely—in
 the expression of the highest moral and
 spiritual ideas, there music is sublimely
 strong.—MRS. STOWE.

MUSIC—in all Things.

There's music in the sighing of a reed ;
 There's music in the gushing of a rill ;
 There's music in all things, if men had
 ears. BYRON.

MUSIC.—Time Broke in

How sour sweet music is
 When time is broke, and no proportion
 kept !
 So it is in the music of men's lives.
 SHAKESPEARE.

MUSIC—in the Twilight Hour.

Is it not sweet, when music's melting tone
 Falls in sweet cadence on the heart alone,
 To hear in twilight hour the echoes float
 Of pensive lyre, or clarion's wilder note ?
 Now with the whispering breeze the mur-
 murs die,
 Now gush again in fuller melody ;
 Each wooded hill the trembling notes pro-
 long,
 Whose bubbling waters mingle with the
 song ;
 Fainter and fainter on the anxious ear
 Swells the rich strain—though distant, ever
 clear,
 Till, lightly floating up the winding glen,
 Where jutting rocks reflect them back again,
 The echoes die, as when low winds inspire
 The softest cadence of the Æolian lyre :
 Scarce breathe the lips—scarce dare the
 bosom swell,

For now the lowest sigh would break the
 spell ;
 Still hopes the heart to catch one murmur
 more,
 Yet hopes in vain, the sounds have died
 before. COCHRANE.

MUSIC—a Universal Language.

Music forms the universal language
 which, when all other languages were con-
 founded, the confusion of Babel left un-
 confounded. The white man and the black
 man, the red man and the yellow man, can
 sing together, however difficult they may
 find it to be to talk to each other : and
 both sexes and all ages may thus express
 their emotions simultaneously.—PROF. G.
 WILSON.

MUSIC.—Vocal and Instrumental

Vocal music ought to be as universal a
 branch of education as reading and writing ;
 and instrumental music should be as exten-
 sively cultivated. If I could have my wish,
 the violin—the best musical instrument
 ever invented—should be played in every
 family in the civilized world.—GRAHAM.

MUSICIAN.—The Unrivalled

There is no musician like him who doth
 by a holy life, to the tune of truth in the
 inward parts, sing forth the praises of his
 God.—SWINNOCK.

MUTES—Described.

Solemn funeral performers, who mimic
 sorrow when the heart is not sad.—
 MADDEN.

MYRTLE.—The

Dark green, and gemm'd with flowers of
 snow,

With close uncrowded branches spread,
 Not proudly high nor meanly low,
 A graceful myrtle rear'd its head.

Its mantle of unwithering leaf
 Seem'd, in my contemplative mood,
 Like silent joy or patient grief,
 The symbol of pure quietude.

Still, life, methought, is thine, fair tree !
 Then plucked a sprig ; and, while I
 mused,

With idle hands, unconsciously,
 The delicate small foliage bruised.

Odours, by my rude touch set free,
 Escaped from all their secret cells ;
 Quick life, I cried, is thine, fair tree !
 In thee a soul of fragrance dwells,—

Which outrage, wrongs, nor death destroy ;
 These wake its sweetness from repose :
 Ah ! could I thus Heaven's gifts employ,
 Worth seen, worth hidden, thus disclose !

J. MONTGOMERY.

MYSTERY.—The Effect of

Mystery magnifies danger, as a fog the sun ;—the hand that warned Belshazzar derived its horrifying influence from the want of a body.—COLTON.

MYSTERY.—The Universality of

There is mystery in all things and in all beings :—in star and atom—in ocean and dew-drop—in tree and flower—in animal and worm—in man and angel—in Bible and God ! Not a world exists in which there is not mystery.—DR. DAVIES.

MYSTERY.—A Wondrous

That wondrous mystery—the mystery of our own hearts !—J. H. EVANS.

N.

NAME.—The Burden of a

What a heavy burden is a name that has become too soon famous !—VOLTAIRE.

NAME.—Filching a

Who steals my purse, steals trash : 'tis something, nothing ;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands ;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

SHAKSPEARE.

NAME.—A Good

A good name is properly that reputation of virtue that every man may challenge as his right and due in the opinions of others, till he has made forfeit of it by the viciousness of his actions.—DR. SOUTH.

Good name in man and woman,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.

SHAKSPEARE.

NAME.—A Great

What should be in that Cæsar ?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;
Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.

SHAKSPEARE.

NAME.—The Influence of a

Names, by an involuntary suggestion, produce an extraordinary illusion. Favour or disappointment has often been conceded as the name of the claimant has affected us ; and the accidental affinity or coincidence of a name, connected with ridicule or hatred, with pleasure or disgust, has operated like magic.—I. DISRAELI.

He left a name, at which the world grew pale,

To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

DR. JOHNSON.

What's in a name ? that which we call a rose

By any other name would smell as sweet :
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,

Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title.—SHAKSPEARE.

NAME.—Jesting on a

It was not indeed polite to take the liberty of jesting on my name ; for a man's name is not like a mantle which merely hangs about him, and which one perchance may safely twitch and pull, but a perfectly fitting garment, which, like the skin, has grown over and over him, at which one cannot rake and scrape without injuring the man himself.—GOETHE.

NAME.—Making a

There is no employment in the world so laborious as that of making to oneself a great name.—LA BRUYÈRE.

NAME.—A Virtuous

A virtuous name is the precious only good for which queens and peasants' wives must contest together.—SCHILLER.

NAPOLEON—the Champion and the Child.

Yes ! where is he—the champion and the child

Of all that's great or little, wise or wild ?—
Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones,

Whose table earth—whose dice were human bones ?

BYRON.

NAPOLEON AND WELLINGTON.

The personal and moral character of the two chiefs was strikingly opposed and emblematic of the sides they severally led. Both were distinguished by the unwearied perseverance, the steady purpose, the magnanimous soul which are essential to glorious achievements ; both were provident in council and vigorous in execution ; both possessed personal intrepidity in the highest degree ; both were indefatigable in activity.

and iron in constitution ; both enjoyed the rarer qualities of moral courage and fearless determination. But in other respects their minds were as opposite as are the poles asunder. Napoleon was covetous of glory, Wellington was impressed with duty ; Napoleon was reckless of slaughter, Wellington was sparing of blood ; Napoleon was careless of his word, Wellington was inviolate in faith. Treaties were regarded by the former as binding only when expedient—alliances valid only when useful ; obligations were regarded by the latter as obligatory though ruinous—conventions as sacred even when disgraceful. Napoleon's wasting warfare converted allies into enemies ; Wellington's protecting discipline changed enemies into friends. The former fell because all Europe rose up against his oppression ; the latter triumphed because all Europe joined to place itself under his guidance. There is not a proclamation of Napoleon to his soldiers in which glory is not mentioned, nor one in which duty is alluded to ; there is not an order of Wellington to his troops in which duty is not inculcated, nor one in which glory is mentioned. The intellectual character of the two heroes exhibited the same distinctive features as their military career and moral qualities. No man ever surpassed Napoleon in the clearness of his ideas, or the stretch of his glance into the depths of futurity ; but he was often misled by the vigour of his conceptions, and mistook the dazzling brilliancy of his own genius for the steady light of truth. With less ardour of imagination, less originality of thought, less creative genius, Wellington had more justness of judgment and a far greater power of discriminating error from truth. The young and the ardent who have life before them will ever turn to the St. Helena Memoirs for the views of a mind of the most profound and original cast on the most important subjects of human thought. The mature and the experienced, who have known its vicissitudes, will rest with more confidence on the "Maxims and Opinions" of Wellington, and marvel at the numerous instances in which his instinctive sagacity and prophetic judgment had, in opposition to all around him, beheld the shadow of coming events amidst the clouds with which he was surrounded. No one can read the speculations of the French Emperor without admiration at the brilliancy of his ideas and the originality of his conceptions ; none can peruse the maxims of the English general without closing the book at every page to meditate on the wisdom and justice of his opinions. The genius of the former shared in the fire of Homer's imagination ; the mind of the latter exhi-

bited the depth of Bacon's intellect. But it was in the prevailing moral principles by which they were regulated that the distinctive character of their minds was most striking and important. Singleness of heart was the characteristic of the British hero, a sense of duty his ruling principle ; ambition pervaded the French conqueror, a thirst for glory was his invariable incentive ; but he veiled it to others, and perhaps to himself, under the name of patriotic spirit. The former proceeded on the belief that the means, if justifiable, would finally work out the end ; the latter, on the maxim that the end would in every case justify the means. Napoleon placed himself at the head of Europe, and desolated it for fifteen years with his warfare ; Europe placed Wellington at the head of its armies, and he gave it thirty years of unbroken peace. The former thought only in peace of accumulating the resources of future war, the latter sought only in war the means of securing future peace and finally sheathing the sword of conquest. The one exhibited the most shining example of splendid talents devoted to temporal ambition and natural aggrandizement, the other the noblest instance of moral influence directed to exalted purposes and national preservation. The former was in the end led to ruin while blindly pursuing the meteor of worldly greatness, the latter was unambitiously conducted to final greatness while only following the star of public duty. The struggle between them was the same at bottom as that which, anterior to the creation of man, shook the power of heaven ; and never was such an example of moral government afforded as the final result of their immortal contest. Wellington was a warrior, but he was so only to become a pacificator ; he has shed the blood of man, but it was only to stop the shedding of human blood ; he has borne aloft the sword of conquest, but it was only to plant in its stead the emblems of mercy. He has conquered the love of glory,—the last infirmity of noble minds, by the love of peace, the first grace of the Christian character.—ALISON.

NARROW-MINDEDNESS.—Religious

A person sees religion not as a *sphere*, but as a *line* ; and it is the identical line in which *he* is moving. He is like an African buffalo—sees right forward, but nothing on the right hand or the left. He would not perceive a legion of angels or of devils at the distance of ten yards, on the one side or the other.—FOSTER.

NATION.—The Collective Character of a

In the order of nature, the collective character of a nation will as surely find its

befitting results in its law and government, as water finds its own level.—SMILES.

NATION.—The Future of a

A nation must have a future before it ; a future which can rebuke its despondency, and can direct its enthusiasm ; a future for which it will prepare itself ; a future which it will aspire to control. Unless it would barter away the vigorous nerve of true patriotism for the feeble pedantry of a soulless archæology, a nation cannot fall back altogether upon the centuries which have flattered its ambition, or which have developed its material well-being. Something it must propose to itself as an object to be compassed in the coming time. It will enlarge its frontier ; or it will develop its commercial resources ; or it will extend its schemes of colonization ; or it will erect its overgrown colonies into independent and friendly states ; or it will bind the several sections of a divided race into one gigantic nationality that shall awe, if it do not subdue, the nations around. Or perchance its attention will be concentrated on the improvement of its social life, and on the details of its internal legislation. It will extend the range of civil privileges ; it will broaden the basis of government ; it will provide additional encouragements to, and safeguards for, public morality ; it will steadily aim at bettering the condition of the classes who are forced, beyond others, to work and to suffer. Woe indeed to the country which dares to assume that it has reached its zenith, and that it can achieve or attempt no more !—CANON LIDDON.

NATION.—The Government of a

The government of a nation itself is usually found to be but the reflex of the individuals composing it. The government that is ahead of the people will be inevitably dragged down to their level, as the government that is behind them will in the long run be dragged up.—SMILES.

NATION.—The Life of a

The life of a nation is to me almost as distinct as that of an individual. —DR. ARNOLD.

NATION.—The Progress of a

National progress is the sum of individual industry, energy, and uprightness, as national decay is of individual idleness, selfishness, and vice.—SMILES.

NATIONS.—The Law of

By the law of nations, we are to understand that code of public instruction which

defines the rights and prescribes the duties of nations in their intercourse with each other.—KENT.

NATIONS.—The Names of

These are derived principally from some particular cause or object. For instance—*Ireland* (which Julius Cæsar first called *Hibernia*) is a kind of modification of *Erin*, or the country of the west. *Scotland*, from *Scotia*, a tribe which originally came from Ireland. It was anciently called *Caledonia*, which means a mountainous country, forests, and lands. *Portugal*, the ancient *Lusitania*, was so named from a town on the river Douro, called *Cale*, opposite to which the inhabitants built a city called *Porto*, or *Oporto* ; and when the country was recovered from the Moors, the inhabitants combined the words, and called it the kingdom of *Portucale*—hence *Portugal*. *Spain* (the ancient *Iberia*, from the river *Iberus*), or *Hispania*, from the Phœnician *Spaniga*, which signifies abounding with rabbits, which animals are very numerous in that country—hence *Spain*. *France*, from the Franks, a people of Germany, who conquered that country. Its ancient name was *Celta*, Gaul, or *Gallia-Bracchata*, the latter signifying striped breeches, which were worn by the natives. *Switzerland*, the ancient *Helvetia*, was so named by the Austrians, who called all the inhabitants of these mountainous countries *Schweitzers*. *Italy* received its present name from a renowned prince called *Italus*. It was called *Hesperia*, from its western locality. *Holland*, the ancient *Batavi*, a warlike people, was so named from the German word *hohl*, the English of which is hollow, implying a very low country. The inhabitants are called *Dutch*, from the German *deutsch*, or *teutsch*. *Sweden* and *Norway* were anciently called *Scandinavia*, which the northern antiquarians think means a country the woods of which had been burnt or destroyed. The appellation, *Sweden*, is derived from *Sictuna*, or *Suithood*. The native term, *Norway*, or the northern way, explains itself. *Prussia*, from *Pruzi*, a Slavonic race ; but some writers suppose it took its name from *Russia*, and the Slavonic syllable *po*, which means adjacent, or near. *Denmark* means the marches, territories, or boundaries of the Danes. *Russia* is the ancient *Sarmatia*, which has been subsequently named *Moscovy*. It derived its present name from *Russi*, a Slavonic tribe, who founded the Russian monarchy ; the original savage inhabitants used to paint their bodies, in order to appear more terrible in battle. They generally lived in the mountains, and their chariots were their only habitations.

Turkey took its name from the Turks, or Turcomans, which signifies wanderers, and originally belonged to the Scythians or Tartars. It is sometimes called the Ottoman Empire, from Othoman, one of their principal leaders.—**LOARING.**

NATURE.—Astonishing Changes in

Three astonishing changes present themselves to our view in the kingdom of Nature. The first is—when a small seed dies in the lap of earth, and rises again in the verdant and flowery splendour of a youthful tree. The next is—when under a warm and feathery covering life develops itself in an egg, and a winged bird breaks singing through the shell. The third is—when a creeping caterpillar is transformed into a butterfly, which with glittering and delicate wing rocks itself upon the lovely flowers. —**KRUMMACHER.**

NATURE.—The Beauty of

The various productions of Nature were not made for us to tread upon, nor only to feed our eyes with their grateful variety, or to bring a sweet odour to us; but there is a more internal beauty in them for our minds to prey upon, did we but penetrate beyond the surface of these things into their hidden properties.—**BP. PATRICK.**

NATURE.—The Calm of

It seems as if it were Nature's ain Sabbath, and the verra waters were at rest. Look down upon the vale profound, and the stream is without motion! No doubt, if you were walking along the bank, it would be murmuring with your feet. But here—here up among the hills, we can imagine it asleep, even like the well within reach of my staff.—**PROF. WILSON.**

NATURE.—The Christian Contemplating and Claiming

He looks abroad into the varied field
Of Nature; and though poor, perhaps,
 compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his
 sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own:
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers; his to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—"My Father made them
 all!" **COWPER.**

NATURE.—Consolation Derivable from

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou would'st forget;

If thou would'st read a lesson that will
 keep
The heart from fainting, and the soul from
 sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

LONGFELLOW.

NATURE.—The Corruption of

If we did not take great pains, and were not at great expense to corrupt our nature, our nature would assuredly never corrupt us.—**CLARENDON.**

NATURE.—Ecclesiastical Art Indebted to

The Gothic church plainly originated in a rude adaptation of the forest trees, with all their boughs, to a festal or solemn arcade, as the bands about the cleft pillars still indicate the green withes that tied them. No one can walk in a road cut through pine woods without being struck with the architectural appearance of the grove, especially in winter, when the bareness of all other trees shows the low arch of the Saxons. In the woods, on a winter afternoon, one will see as readily the origin of the stained glass window, with which the Gothic cathedrals are adorned, in the colours of the western sky seen through the bare and crossing branches of the forest; nor can any lover of nature enter the old piles of Oxford and the English cathedrals without feeling that the forest overpowered the mind of the builder, and that his chisel, his saw, and plane, still re-produced its forms, its spikes of flowers, its locust, its pine, its oak, its fir, its spruce. The Gothic cathedral is a blossoming in stone, subdued by the insatiable demand of harmony in man. The mountain of granite blooms into an eternal flower, with the lightness and delicate finish as well as the aerial proportions and perspective of vegetable beauty.—**EMERSON.**

NATURE.—The Face of

I will not pine—it is the careless brook,
These amber sunbeams slanting down
 the vale;
It is the long tree-shadows, with their look
Of natural peace, that makes my heart
 to fail:
The peace of Nature—no, I will not
 pine—
But Oh the contrast 'twixt her face and
 mine! **INGELOW.**

NATURE.—Few Contemplate

How few people seem to contemplate nature with their own eyes! I have "brushed the dew away" in the morning; but pacing over the fruitless grass, I have

wondered that, in such delightful situations, the sun was allowed to rise in solitary majesty, while my eyes alone hailed its beautiful beams. The webs of the evening have still been spread across the hedged path, unless some labouring man, trudging to work, disturbed the fairy structure: yet, in spite of this supineness, when I joined the social circle, every tongue rang changes on the pleasures of the country.—WOLSTONE-CRAFT.

NATURE.—The Flexibility of Human

There is no degree of disguise, or distortion, which human nature may not be made to assume from habit; it grows in every direction in which it is trained, and accommodates itself to every circumstance which caprice or design places in its way. It is a plant with such various aptitudes, and such opposite propensities, that it flourishes in a hot-house, or the open air; is terrestrial or aquatic, parasitical or independent; looks well in exposed situations, thrives in protected ones; can bear its own luxuriance, admits of amputation; succeeds in perfect liberty, and can submit to be bent down into any of the forms of art: it is so flexible and ductile, so accommodating and vivacious, that of two methods of managing it—completely opposite, neither the one nor the other need to be considered as mistaken or bad.—S. SMITH.

NATURE.—The Force of

Nature always springs to the surface, and manages to show what she is. It is vain to stop or try to drive her back. She breaks through every obstacle, pushes forward, and at last makes for herself a way.—BOILEAU.

NATURE.—The Friendship of

Read Nature; Nature is a friend to truth.—DR. E. YOUNG.

NATURE.—The Frugality of

Nature is avariciously frugal; in matter it allows no atom to elude its grasp; in mind no thought or feeling to perish. It gathers up the fragments that nothing be lost.—DR. THOMAS.

NATURE.—God in the Voice of

The Almighty King

Not always in the splendid scene of pomp
Tremendous, on the sounding tempest rides,
Or sweeping whirlwind; nor in the awful
peal

Of echoing thunder is He always heard,
Or seen in lightning's vivid flames; but
oft,

When every turbid element is hushed,
In the still voice of Nature stands confest
The Lord Omnipotent!—HAYES.

NATURE.—Good

Good nature is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance which is more amiable than beauty. It shows virtue in the fairest light, and takes off in some measure from the deformity of vice, and makes even folly and impertinence supportable.—ADDISON.

NATURE.—Gradual Development of

Gradual development appears to be the law of Nature. The day does not rush into light, nor blaze upon a dazzled world with the flash of an explosion; but the sky brightens overhead, and the various features of the landscape grow more and more distinct below, as the first streaks of morning are developing into a perfect day. Neither do the birds burst into song, nor buds into leaf, nor flowers into full-blown beauty. From her grave she comes forth at the voice of Spring, but not all of a sudden, like the sepulchred Lazarus, at the call of Jesus. The season advances with a steady march—by gradual and graceful steps. From the first notes that break the long winter silence, till groves are ringing with songs; from the first bud which looks out on departing storms, till woods are robed in their varied foliage; from the first sweet flower—welcome harbinger of spring—that hangs its white bell beside the lingering snow, till gardens and meadows bloom, and earth offers incense to her God from a thousand censers; from summer's first ripe fruit, till autumn sheaves fall to the reaper's song, and fields are bare, and stack-yards are full, and every farm keeps "harvest home"—all is progressive.—DR. GUTHRIE.

NATURE.—The Imitation of

Nature imitates herself. A grain thrown into good ground brings forth fruit: a principle thrown into a good mind brings forth fruit. Everything is created and conducted by the same Master: the root, the branch, the fruits;—the principles, the consequences.—PASCAL.

NATURE.—The Intention of

Nature intends that, at fixed periods, men should succeed each other by the instrumentality of death. We shall never outwit Nature; we shall die as usual.—FONTENELLE.

NATURE.—The Joyfulness of

What throbbings of deep joy
Pulsate through all I see; from the full bud
Whose unctuous sheath is glittering in the
moon,
Up through the system of created things
Even to the flaming ranks of seraphim!

DEAN ALFORD.

NATURE.—The Justice of

Nature is just towards men. It recompenses them for their sufferings ; it renders them laborious, because to the greatest toils it attaches the greatest rewards.—MONTESQUIEU.

NATURE.—Kindness of

I do fear thy nature ;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness.
SHAKESPEARE.

NATURE.—The Laws of

Nature produced us with mutual love, and made us social. According to her laws it is a more wretched thing to do an injury than to suffer death.—SENECA.

NATURE.—The Light of

The only way to judge of the sufficiency on the one hand, and of the defects on the other, of the light of Nature, is to examine whether it brightly shined, or was greatly shaded, in such as had nothing else to illuminate them, and who yet had as clear intellects, as great knowledge of the world, as any now ; and who, in learning and politeness, exceeded many of our new luminaries, or rather comets, who, instead of increasing our light, weary the world, and spread error and irreligion. If it is thus tried, the light of Nature will not be found to resemble the sun when, crowned with surpassing glory, it illuminates the earth, but rather to be like it, when, in dim eclipse, it sheds gloom and twilight over some parts of the world, and so puzzles and perplexes such as are not acquainted with the natural causes of its being darkened, and throws them into a state of doubt and uncertainty.—A TAYLOR.

The insufficiency of the light of Nature is supplied by the light of Scripture.—HOOKER.

NATURE.—The Love of

The presence of the love of Nature is an invariable sign of goodness of heart and justness of moral perception, though by no means of moral practice. When it is originally absent from any mind, that mind is in many respects hard, worldly, and degraded.—RUSKIN.

By swift degrees the love of Nature
works,
And warms the bosom ; till, at last sub-
limed
To rapture and enthusiastic heat,
We feel the present Deity, and taste
The joy of God to see a happy world !
J. THOMSON.

NATURE.—A Man's

A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds ; therefore let him seasonably water the one and destroy the other.—GETHIN.

NATURE.—The Music of

Music of the bough that waves
As the wind plays lightly o'er ;
Music of the stream, that laves
Pebbly marge or rocky shore !
Sweet your melody to me,
Singing to the soul,—the tone
Exceeds by far the minstrelsy
Of halls wherein bright harpers shone ;
For ye attune His praise who made
The wondrous perfect frame we view,
Each hill, and plain, and leafy shade,
And yon fair canopy of blue.

EDMESTON.

Nature is like an *Æolian* harp, a musical instrument, whose tones are the re-echo of higher strings within us.—NOVALIS.

NATURE—but a Name.

Nature is but a name for an effect
Whose cause is God. COWPER.

NATURE.—The Nobility of our

The nobility of our nature consists in doing good for the good's sake ; either from an interiorly recognized law of pure duty, or from a feeling of the exalted nature and attractive beauty of virtue. It is only these motives which show the character to be itself great and noble ; and only these react upon and improve it.—HUMBOLDT.

NATURE.—A Noble

A noble nature can alone attract the noble, and alone knows how to retain them.—GOETHE.

NATURE.—Organic

Such is the condition of organic nature, that its first law is "eat and be eaten," and which would seem to be one great slaughter-house, one universal scene of rapacity and injustice ! All organized nature is either stationary or locomotive : the former are called *vegetables*, and the latter, *animals*. The nutritious part of vegetables consists of aliment secreted from vegetable blood, as honey, oil, and mucilage, and laid up in reservoirs for the future sustenance of their embryo or infant progeny ; which reservoirs are plundered by locomotive animals, and devoured along with the progeny they were designed to support. Add to this, that the stronger locomotive animals devour the weaker ones without mercy.—DR. DARWIN.

NATURE.—A Pleasurable View of

A glorious sight, if glory dwells below,
Where Heaven's munificence makes all the
show,

On every field and golden prospect found,
That glads the ploughman's Sunday morn-
ing's round,

When on some eminence he takes his stand,
To judge the smiling product of the land.
Here vanity sinks back, her head to hide :
What is there here to flatter human pride ?
The tow'ring fabric, or the dome's loud
roar,

And steadfast columns, may astonish more,
Where the charm'd gazer long delighted
stays,

Yet traced but to the architect the praise ;
Whilst here, the veriest clown that treads
the sod,

Without one scruple gives the praise to
God ;

And twofold joys possess his raptured mind,
From gratitude and admiration join'd.

BLOOMFIELD.

NATURE.—A Poet's Obligations to

A poet ought not to pick Nature's pocket.
Let him borrow, and so borrow as to repay
by the very act of borrowing. Examine
Nature accurately, but write from recollection,
and trust more to the imagination than
the memory.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

NATURE.—The Sense of Beauty in

The sense of beauty in Nature, even
among cultured people, is less often met
with than other mental endowments.—I.
TAYLOR.

NATURE—the Servant of Man.

For look now around then on the universe,
behold how all things serve thee ;

The teeming soil, and the buoyant sea, and
undulating air,

Golden crops, and bloomy fruits, and
flowers, and precious gems,

Choice perfumes, and fair sights, soft
touches, and sweet music :

For thee, shoaling up the bay, crowd the
finny nations,

For thee, the cattle on a thousand hills live,
and labour, and die :

Light is thy daily slave, darkness inviteth
thee to slumber ;

Thou art served by the hands of beauty,
and sublimity kneeleth at thy feet.

TUPPER.

NATURE.—The Sovereign of

The key of Nature is laid at man's feet,
because he is its divinely-constituted sove-
reign.—E. DAVIES.

NATURE.—The Study of

The observation of the calm energetic
regularity of Nature, the immense scale of
her operations, and the certainty with which
her ends are attained, tends irresistibly to

tranquillize and re-assure the mind, and
renders it less accessible to repining and
turbulent emotions. And this it does, not
by debasing our nature into weak compli-
ances, but by fitting us as from an inward
spring with a sense of nobleness and power,
which enables us to rise superior to them,
by showing us our strength and innate
dignity, and by calling upon us for the
exercise of those powers and faculties by
which we are susceptible of the comprehen-
sion of so much greatness, and which form,
as it were, a link between ourselves and
the best and noblest benefactors of our
species, with whom we hold communion in
thoughts, and participate in discoveries,
which have raised them above their fellow
mortals, and brought them nearer to their
Creator.—HERSCHEL.

NATURE AND THE BIBLE.—The God of

The God of Nature and the Bible is one.
He who inspired histories, and psalms, and
prophecies, and epistles, was He who made
stars and flowers ; and the works of His
hands never look so fair as when studied in
the light of His Word. Nature is not so
much a book by which we can find out God,
as a book from which we may gather illus-
trations of what God is, having learned His
perfections from His revealed truth. It is
said of Archbishop Usher, when he grew
old, and spectacles could not help his failing
sight, that a book was dark except beneath
the strongest light of the windows. And
the aged man would sit against the case-
ment, with his outspread volume before
him, till the sunshine flitted to another
opening, when he would change his place,
and put himself again under the brilliant
rays ; and so he would move about with the
light till the day was done, and his studies
ended. And truly, we may say our weak
eyes will not suffice to make out the in-
scription on the page of nature, unless we
hold it up in a divine light—unless we get
near the window of Scripture, where God
pours in upon us the radiance of His spirit.
And wherever it shines let us follow it,
knowing that nowhere but in its illumina-
tion can we study the spiritual meanings
of nature so well.—STOUGHTON.

NAVIGATION.—The Result of

Navigation, that withstood
The mortal fury of the flood,
And prov'd the only means to save
All earthly creatures from the wave,
Has, for it, taught the sea and wind
To lay a tribute on mankind,
That by degrees has swallow'd more
Than all it drowned once before.

S. BUTLER.

NEAT.—Surprisingly

If you were to see her, you would wonder what poor body it was that was so surprisingly neat.—DEAN LAW.

NEATNESS.—an Infallible Test.

Neatness is an infallible test both of personal respect and moral character.—DR. DAVIES.

NECESSITY.—a Bad Recommendation.

Necessity is a bad recommendation to favours of any kind, which as seldom fall to those who really want them, as to those who really deserve them.—FIELDING.

NECESSITY.—Fancy Resolved into

What was once to me
Mere matter of the fancy, now has grown
The vast necessity of heart and life.

TENNYSON.

NECESSITY.—a Peacemaker and Prompter.

Necessity—thou best of peacemakers,
As well as surest prompter of invention.
SIR W. SCOTT.

NECESSITY.—The Strength of

Necessity is stronger than human nature.
DIONYSIUS.

NECESSITY.—Virtue made of

Orpheus, who found no remedy,
Made virtue of necessity.—BR. KING.

NECROMANCY.—The Art of

Spirits, they say,
Flit round invisible, as thick as motes
Dance in the sunbeam. If that spell,
Or necromancer's sigil, can compel them,
They shall hold council with me.—J. DUFF.

NECTAR.—Described.

The drink of the gods.—DR. WEBSTER.

NECTAR.—The Power of

Nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
TALFOURD.

NEED.—Nature's

Oh, reason not the need! our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous :
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beasts' ; thou art a
lady ;

If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous
wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.

SHAKSPEARE.

NEEDLE.—The Faithfulness of the

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun.—BOOTH.

NEEDLE.—The Peril of the

I pity those women whose staff is their needle ; for when they lean upon it, it pierces, not their side, but their heart. The devil's broadsword, in this world, has often been the needle with which a woman sews to earn her daily bread. I think the needle has slain more than the sword of war.—H. W. BEECHER.

NEGATION.—The Power of

The purity of moral habits is, I am afraid, of very little use to a man unless it is accompanied with that degree of firmness which enables him to act up to what he may think right, in spite of solicitation to the contrary. Very few young men have the power of negation in any great degree at first. It increases with the increase of confidence, and with the experience of those inconveniences which result from the absence of this virtue. Every young man must be exposed to temptation : he cannot learn the ways of men without being witness to their vices. If you attempt to preserve him from danger by keeping him out of the way of it, you render him quite unfit for any style of life in which he may be placed. The great point is, not to turn him out too soon, and to give him a pilot at first.—S. SMITH.

NEGLECT.—Conduct under

When you meet with neglect, let it rouse you to exertion, instead of mortifying your pride. Set about lessening those defects which expose you to neglect, and improve those excellences which command attention and respect.—S. SMITH.

NEGLECT.—A Little

A little neglect may breed great mischief. For want of a nail the shoe was lost ; for want of a shoe the horse was lost ; and for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy.—DR. FRANKLIN.

NEGLIGENT.—The Position of One who is

He that thinks he can afford to be negligent, is not far from being poor.—DR. JOHNSON.

NEGLIGENT.—The Result of being

A man of knowledge that is negligent, cannot but grow wild and godless.—BR. HALL.

NEGROES—Described.

Images of God cut in ebony.—DR. FULLER.

NEGROES.—The Faces of

I have felt yearnings of tenderness towards some of these faces—or rather masks—that have looked out kindly upon one in casual encounters in the streets and highways.—LAMB.

NEIGHBOUR.—A Good

Themistocles, intending to sell a farm, caused the crier to proclaim that it had, among other commodities, a good neighbour, as being assured that this one circumstance would be advantageous to the sale, and much induce the chapman to purchase it.—PLUTARCH.

NEIGHBOUR.—Our

Our neighbour is man! wherever he may be found, whatever may be the colour of his skin, into whatever pit of misery and degradation he may have fallen. Neither principalities, nor powers, nor things present or to come, can ever break up that heaven-created relation.—BURRITT.

NEIGHBOURHOOD.—A Law of

There is a law of neighbourhood which does not leave a man perfectly master on his own ground.—BURKE.

NEPTUNE.—The Trident of

The trident of Neptune is the sceptre of the world.—LEMIERRE.

NERVOUSNESS.—A State of

A man in a state of hot-brain nervousness is burning up. He is like a candle in a hot candlestick, which burns off at one end and melts down at the other.—H. W. BEECHER.

NERVOUSNESS.—The Subjects of

They possess a condition of body characterised by fine hair, thin skin, small muscles, quickness of motion, and a general predominance of mental manifestations.—MAYNE.

NEST.—A Bird's

It wins my admiration
To view the structure of this little work—
A bird's nest. Mark it well, within, without;
No tool had he that wrought; no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join; his little beak was all;
And yet how neatly finish'd! What nice hand,

And every implement and means of art,
And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,
Could make me such another? Fondly
then
We boast of excellence, whose noblest
skill
Instinctive genius foils.—HURDIS.

NETTLE.—The Head of a

And there, with whorls encircling graced,
Of white and purple-tinted red,
The harmless nettle's helmet 'ead;
Less apt with fragrance to delight
The smell, than please the curious sight.
BP. MANT.

NETTLE.—The Treatment of a

Tender-handed, stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.

A. HILL.

NEUTERS.—The Negative Character of

Neuters, in their middle way of steering,
Are neither fish nor flesh.—DRYDEN.

NEUTRALITIES.—God-Despised.

God will have all or none; serve Him, or
fall
Down before Baal, Bel, or Belial;
Either be hot or cold; God doth despise,
Abhor, and reject all neutralities.

HERRICK.

NEWS.—The Bringer of Unwelcome

The first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.
SHAKSPEARE.

NEWS—Defined.

The manna of the day.—M. GREEN.

NEWS.—Evil and Good

Of bad the sooner;
For evil news rides post, while good news
baits.—MILTON.

NEWS.—The Evil of Haste respecting

The hasty divulgers of news generally
bring on themselves the trouble of contra-
dicting it.—FIELDING.

NEWS.—Longing for

The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them
all.—COWPER.

NEWSMAN.—The Country

Hark ! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright ;
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen locks ;
News from all nations lumbering at his back ;
True to his charge, the close-pack'd load behind,
Yet careless what he brings ; his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn,
And, having dropp'd th' expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful ; messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some ;
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks ;
Births, deaths, and marriages ; epistles wet
With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks,
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill ;
But, oh, th' important budget ! usher'd in
With such heart-shaking music ; who can say
What are its tidings?—COWPER.

NEWSPAPER.—Life Represented by a

This folio of four pages, happy work !
Which not even critics criticize, that holds
Inquisitive attention while I read—
What is it but a busy map of life,
Its fluctuations and its vast concerns ?

COWPER.

NEWSPAPERS.—Editors of

They preach to the people daily, weekly ;
admonishing kings themselves ; advising
peace or war with an authority which only
the first Reformers and a long-past class of
Popes were possessed of ; inflicting moral
censure ; imparting moral encouragement,
consolation, edification ; in all ways dili-
gently "administering the discipline of the
Church." It may be said, too, that in
private disposition the new preachers some-
what resemble the mendicant Friars of old
times ; outwardly, full of holy zeal ; in-
wardly, not without stratagem, and hunger
for terrestrial things.—CARLYLE.

NEWSPAPERS.—The Fear of

Four hostile newspapers are more to be
feared than a thousand bayonets.—NAPO-
LEON I.

NEWSPAPERS.—The History of

It appears from Suetonius that a species
of journal or newspaper, was first used
among the Romans, during the government

of Julius Cæsar, who ordered that the acts
and harangues of the senators should be
copied out and published, as our parliamen-
tary debates are printed for the benefit of
the public at the present day. This practice
was continued to the time of Augustus, who
discontinued it. It was, however, resumed
in the reign of Tiberius. The title—
Gazette, which was applied to a paper that
came out every month, about 1600, in
Venice, is supposed to be derived from
gazetta, a small piece of Italian money, in
value about a penny. There are some who
think the name is from the Latin *gaza*,
signifying a little treasury of news. The
first English newspaper was *The English
Mercurie*, printed at London, 1588, and
the first number of the *London Gazette* was
published November 7th, 1665. Gazettes
were first introduced into France 1631 ; in
Leipsic, 1715 ; in Amsterdam, 1732 ; at
the Hague, 1735 ; at Cologne, 1756 ; and
the Lower Rhine, 1764.—LOARING.

NEWSPAPERS.—The Uses of

These papers of the day have uses more
adequate to the purposes of common life
than more pompous and durable volumes.
If it is necessary for every man to be more
acquainted with his contemporaries than
with past generations, and to rather know
the events which may immediately affect his
fortune or quiet, than the revolutions of
ancient kingdoms, in which he has neither
possessions nor expectations ; if it be pleas-
ing to hear of the preferment and dismissal
of statesmen, the birth of heirs, and the
marriage of beauties, the author of journals
and gazettes must be considered as a liberal
dispenser of beneficial knowledge.—DR.
JOHNSON.

NEWTON.—Sir Isaac

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night :
God said—"Let Newton be !" and all was
light. POPK.

Lo ! Newton—Priest of Nature—shines afar,
Scans the wide world, and numbers every
star. T. CAMPBELL.

He also fix'd our wand'ring Queen of Night,
Whether she wanes into a scanty orb,
Or, waxing broad, with her pale shadowy
light
In a soft deluge overflows the sky.
J. THOMSON.

NIAGARA.—The Fall of

There's nothing great or bright, thou
glorious Fall !
Thou may'st not to the fancy's sense recall ;
The thunder-riven cloud—the lightning's
leap—

NICKNAMES.

The stirring of the chambers of the deep—
Earth's emerald green, and many-tinted
dyes—

The fleecy whiteness of the upper skies—
The tread of armies, thick'ning as they
come,

The boom of cannon, and the beat of
drum—

The brow of beauty, and the form of
grace—

The passion and the prowess of our race—

The song of Homer in its loftiest hour—

Th' unresisted sweep of Roman power—

Britannia's trident on the azure sea—

America's young shout of Liberty.

Oh, may the wars that madden in thy deeps,
There spend their rage, nor climb th' en-
circling steep;

And, till the conflict of thy surges cease,
The nations on thy banks repose in peace!

CARLISLE.

The thoughts are strange that crowd into
my brain,

While I look upward to thee. It would
seem

As if God pour'd thee from his "hollow
hand,"

And hung his bow upon thine awful front;
And spoke in that loud voice, which seem'd
to him

Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,

"The sound of many waters;" and had bade

Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,

And notch his cent'ries in the eternal rocks.

"Deep calleth unto deep." And what are
we,

That hear the question of that voice sublime?

Oh! what are all the notes that ever rung
From War's vain trumpet, by thy thunder-
ing side!

Yea, what is all the riot man can make

In his short life, to thy unceasing roar!

And yet, bold babblers, what art thou to Him,

Who drown'd a world, and heap'd the
waters far

Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave,

That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's
might!

BRAINARD.

NICKNAMES.—The Adhesiveness of

The most ridiculous nicknames are the
most adhesive.—HALIBURTON.

NICKNAMES.—The Lastingness of

Nicknames last for ever.—ZIMMERMAN.

NIGGARDLINESS—Condemned.

Niggardliness is not good husbandry.—
Aldison.

Where the owner of the house is bounti-
ful, it is not for the steward to be niggardly.

—BP. HALL.

NIGHT.

NIGHT.—The Advance of

The sun grew low, and left the skies,
Put down, some write, by ladies' eyes;
The moon pull'd off her veil of light,
That hides her face by day from sight
(Mysterious veil, of brightness made,
That's both her lustre and her shade),
And in the lanthorn of the night,
With shining horns hung out her light;
For darkness is the proper sphere,
Where all false glories use t' appear:
The twinkling stars began to muster,
And glitter with their borrow'd lustre,
While sleep the wearied world relieved,
By counterfeiting death revived.

S. BUTLER.

NIGHT—the Bringer of Dreams.

O blessed Night! that comes to rich and
poor

Alike, bringing us dreams that lure

Our hearts to One above!—HIRST.

NIGHT.—A Fair Good

To all, to each, a fair good night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light.

SIR W. SCOTT.

NIGHT—Invoked.

Break, phantasy, from thy cave of cloud,

And spread thy purple wings;

Now all thy figures are allow'd,

And various shapes of things;

Yet, let them like an odour rise

To all the senses here,

And fall like sleep upon the eyes,

Or music in the ear.—JONSON.

NIGHT.—The Majesty of

O majestic Night!

Nature's great ancestor! day's elder born!

And fated to survive the transient sun!

By mortals and immortals seen with awe:

A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,

An azure zone thy waist; clouds, in heaven's
loom

Wrought through varieties of shape and
shade,

In ample folds of drapery divine,

Thy flowing mantle form, and, heaven
throughout,

Voluminously pour thy pompous train:

Thy gloomy grandeurs—Nature's most
august,

Inspiring aspect!—claim a grateful verse;

And, like a sable curtain starr'd with gold,

Drawn o'er my labours past, shall close the
scene.—DR. E. YOUNG.

NIGHT.—Meditation at

'Tis night, when Meditation bids us feel

We once have loved, though love is at an
end;

The heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,

NIGHT.

Though friendless now, will dream it had a friend :

Who with the weight of years would wish to bend,

When youth itself survives young love and joy ?

Alas ! when mingling souls forget to blend, Death has but little left him to destroy :

Ah, happy years ! once more who would not be a boy ?—BYRON.

NIGHT.—A Moonlight

How beautiful on yonder casement panes

The wild moon gazes,—mark !

With what a lovely and majestic step

She treads the heavenly hills !

And, oh ! how soft, how silently she pours

Her chasten'd radiance on the scene below ;

And hill, and dale, and tower

Drink the pure flood of light !

Roll on—roll thus, queen of the midnight hour,

For ever beautiful !—NEELE.

NIGHT—Preferred for Study.

There is a reason why students prefer the night to the day for their labours. Through the day their thoughts are diverted into a thousand streams ; but at night they settle into pools which, deep and undisturbed, reflect the stars. But night labour, in time, will destroy the student ; for it is marrow from his own bones with which he fills his lamp.—H. W. BEECHER.

NIGHT.—The Restful Power of

O thou pale sober Night,
Thou that in sluggish fumes all sense dost steep ;

Thou that givest all the world full leave to play,

Unbend'st the feeble'd veins of sweaty labour :

The galley slave, that all the toilsome day

Lugs at the oar against the stubborn wave,

Straining his rugged veins, snores fast ;

The stooping scythe-man, that doth barb the field,

Thou makest wink sure.—MARSTON.

NIGHT—Set in.

The sun was sunk, and after him the star

Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring

Twilight upon the earth, short arbiter

'Twixt day and night ; and now from end

Night's hemisphere had veil'd the horizon round.—MILTON.

NIGHT.—The Silence of

How absolute and omnipotent is the silence of night ! And yet the stillness seems almost audible ! From all the measureless depths of air around us comes a half-sound,

NIGHTINGALE.

a half-whisper, as if we could hear the crumbling and falling away of earth and all created things, in the great miracle of Nature—decay and re-production, ever beginning, never ending !—LONGFELLOW.

NIGHT.—A Stormy

A dreadful night
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and
roars

As doth the lion.—SHAKESPEARE.

NIGHT.—A Winter

A winter night ! the stormy wind is high,
Rocking the leafless branches to and fro ;

The sailor's wife shrinks as she hears it blow,

And mournfully surveys the starless sky :

The hardy shepherd turns out fearlessly

To tend his fleecy charge in drifted snow,

And the poor homeless, houseless child
of woe

Sinks down, perchance, in dumb despair to die !

Happy the fire-side student ; happier still

The social circle round the blazing
hearth—

If, while these estimate aright the worth
Of every blessing which their cup may fill,
Their grateful hearts with sympathy can thrill

For every form of wretchedness on earth.

BARTON.

NIGHTINGALE.—The

The seraph of the grove

MRS. EMERSON.

NIGHTINGALE.—The Nest of the

How curious is the-nest ! No other bird

Uses such loose materials, or weaves

Its dwelling in such spots ! Leaden oaken
leaves

Are placed without, and velvet moss within ;
And little scraps of grass, and scant and
spare,

What hardly seem materials—down and
hair :

Snug lie her curious eggs, in number—five,
Of deadened green, or rather olive brown ;
And the old prickly thorn doth guard them
well :

So here we'll leave them, still unknown to
wrong,

As the old woodman's legacy of song.

CLARE.

NIGHTINGALE.—The Song of the

Up this green woodland ride let's softly
rove,

And list the nightingale ; she dwells just
here :

Hush ! let the wood-gate softly clap, for
fear

The noise might drive her from her home
of love ;

For here I've heard her many a merry year,
 At morn, at eve, nay, all the livelong day,
 As though she lived on song !
 And I have watched her while she sang ;
 and her renown
 Hath made me marvel that so famed a bird
 Should have no better dress than russet
 brown :
 Her wings would tremble in her ecstasy,
 And feathers stand on end, as 'twere with
 joy,
 And mouth wide open to release her heart
 Of its out-sobbing songs !—CLARE.

NILE.—Egypt Dependent upon the

That the fertility of Egypt is dependent altogether upon the Nile, is a truth so patent and so palpable, that there is no understanding so grovelling, no intellect so debased, among the sons of men, that he cannot perceive it. The sun writes it with his fierce beams upon the bleached rocks and arid sands of the surrounding desert. It is heard in the voice of the sand-wind, as, full-charged with burning dust, it rushes down the gullies of the mountains of Upper Egypt, and in the course of a very few minutes buries the feeble efforts of man to awaken to life and greenness a few spans of surface, deep beneath the hot sand-drift. The very laws of nature, or, to speak more truly with the modern Egyptians, the laws of God, proclaim it. Turn the course of the Nile, and not one blade of vegetation would ever arise in Egypt. The whole land would instantly relapse into the utter sterility of the western desert, whence that noble river with so fierce and painful a struggle reclaims it. In a word, Egypt is the Nile, and the Nile is Egypt.—OSBURN.

NILE.—The Phenomenon of the

The wonderful phenomenon of the annual overflow of the Nile excited the astonishment and religious awe of the ancient travellers who visited Egypt ; and the traveller even in this day, who from the rocks of Philæ gazes upon the broad and turbid tide of the inundation, as it foams and thunders down the rapids that there encumber the bed of the river, is overwhelmed with astonishment. He feels the hot sand-wind parching and blistering his white skin ; his eye glances at the utter sterility that everywhere, save in the close vicinity of the river, meets his eye ; his mind grasps for a moment the vast tracts of desert that surround him on all sides, and he finds relief in the exclamation with which the poor Arab that attends him gives utterance to his own sense of the same phenomenon !—"Mashallah !" "Wonder of God !" —OSBURN.

NILE.—The Rise of the

There is not in nature a more exhilarating sight, or one more strongly exciting to confidence in God, than the rise of the Nile. Day by day, and night by night, its turbid tide sweeps onward majestically over the parched sands of the waste howling wilderness. Almost hourly, as we slowly ascended it before the Etesian wind, we heard the thundering fall of one mud-bank, and saw by the rush of all animated nature to the spot, that the Nile had over-leaped another obstruction, and that its bounding waters were diffusing life and joy through another desert. There are few impressions I ever received, upon the remembrance of which I dwell with more pleasure, than that of seeing the first burst of the Nile into one of the great channels of its annual overflow. All nature shouts for joy. The men, the children, the buffaloes, gambol in its refreshing waters ; the broad waves sparkle with shoals of fish, and fowl of every wing flutter over them in clouds. Nor is this jubilee of nature confined to the higher orders of creation. The moment the sand becomes moistened by the approach of the fertilizing waters, it is literally alive with insects innumerable. It is impossible to stand by the side of one of these noble streams, to see it every moment sweeping away some obstruction to its majestic course, and widening as it flows, without feeling the heart expand with love and confidence toward the great Author of this annual miracle of mercy.—OSBURN.

NO.—Advice on

Learn to say—No ! and it will be of more use to you than to be able to read Latin.—SPURGEON.

NO.—Described.

No is a surly, honest fellow, speaks his mind rough and round at once.—SIR W. SCOTT.

No.—The Importance of

The monosyllable—No, one of the easiest learned by the child, but the most difficult to practise by the man, contains within it the import of a life, and the weal or woe of an eternity.—J. JOHNSON.

NOAH—a Preacher.

Noah was "a preacher of righteousness." For many long years, while the ark was building, he tearfully besought the antediluvian race to "turn from their wickedness and live." Nor this only: his life was a practical commentary on all his discourses ; for he lived the righteousness he preached to others, and thus, in a two-

NOBILITY.

fold way, he sought to win men to virtue and to right ; with what success, let the Deluge answer.—DR. DAVIES.

NOBILITY.—Compared to a River.

Nobility is a river that sets with a constant and undeviating current directly into the great Pacific Ocean of Time ; but, unlike all other rivers, it is more grand at its source than at its termination.—COLTON.

NOBILITY.—The English

If you are acquainted with the English nobility, you know that it is the most enlightened, the best educated, the wisest and bravest in Europe.—ROUSSEAU.

NOBILITY.—General.

Search we the springs,
And backward trace the principles of things :
There shall we find that when the world began,
One common mass composed the mould of man ;
One paste of flesh on all degrees bestow'd ;
And kneaded up alike with moist'ning blood.
The same Almighty Power inspired the frame
With kindled life, and form'd the souls the same.
The faculties of intellect and will,
Dispensed with equal hand, disposed with equal skill ;
Like liberty indulged, with choice of good or ill.
Thus born alike, from Virtue first began
The difference that distinguish'd man from man.
He claim'd no title from descent of blood,
But that which made him noble made him good.
Warm'd with more particles of heavenly flame,
He wing'd his upward flight, and soar'd to fame ;
The rest remain'd below, a tribe without a name.
This law, though custom now diverts the course,
As Nature's institute, is yet in force,
Uncancell'd, though diffused : and he whose mind
Is virtuous, is alone of noble kind ;
Though poor in fortune, of celestial race :
And he commits the crime who calls him base.

DRYDEN.

NOBILITY.—The Influence of the

Virtue appears more amiable when accompanied with beauty, and is more useful when recommended to the notice of man-

NON-RESISTANCE.

kind by the distinction of an honourable ancestry. The nobly born should therefore employ their influence to those benevolent purposes which can at all times be accomplished, even when the patriotic exertions of the field and cabinet are precluded.—DR. KNOX.

NOBILITY.—A Poet's Estimate of

Schiller had a patent of nobility conferred upon him by the Emperor of Germany, which he never used. Turning over a heap of papers one day, in the presence of a friend, he came to his patent, and showed it carelessly to his friend with this observation—"I suppose you did not know I was a noble ?" and then buried it again in the mass of miscellaneous papers in which it had long lain undisturbed.—ARVINE.

NOBILITY.—The Title of

Virtue is the first title of nobility.

MOLIÈRE.

NOBLE.—The Truly

Howe'er it be—it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good ;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

TENNYSON.

NOBLEMAN.—The Real

The nobleman is he whose noble mind
Is filled with inbred worth, unborrow'd
from his kind.

DRYDEN.

NON-INTERVENTION.—Defined.

It is a metaphysical and political word, which means very nearly the same thing as intervention.—TALLEYRAND.

NON-INTERVENTION.—The Law of

One country has no right to interfere in the internal affairs of another. Non-intervention is the law ; intervention is only the exception.—WELLINGTON.

NON-RESISTANCE.—Practically Illustrated.

Robert Barclay, the celebrated apologist of the Quakers, and Leonard Fell, a member of the same Society, were severally attacked by highwaymen in England, at different times. Both faithfully adhered to their non-resistance principles, and both signally triumphed. The pistol was levelled at Barclay, and a determined demand made for his purse. Calm and self-possessed, he looked the robber in the face, with a firm but meek benignity, assured him he was *his* and every man's friend, that he was willing and ready to relieve his wants, that he was free from the fear of death through a divine hope in immortality, and, therefore,

was not to be intimidated by a deadly weapon ; and then appealed to him whether he could have the heart to shed the blood of one who had no other feeling or purpose but to do him good. The robber was confounded ; his eye melted, his brawny arm trembled, his pistol fell to his side, and he fled from the presence of the non-resistant hero whom he could no longer confront.—
ARVINE.

NONSENSE.—The Triumph of

Nonsense and noise will oft prevail,
When honour and affection fail.

LLOYD.

NOON.—A Calm

It was so calm, that scarce the feathery
weed
Sown by some eagle on the topmost stone
Swayed in the air.—SHELLEY.

NOON.—The Overpowering Heat of

Where strikes the sun,
With sultriest beams, upon the sandy plain,
Or stony mount, or in the close, deep vale,
The harmless locust of this western clime ;
At intervals, amid the leaves unseen,
Is heard to sing with one unbroken sound,
As with a long-drawn breath, beginning
low,
And rising to the midst with shriller swell,
Then in low cadence dying all away.
Beside the stream, collected in a flock,
The noiseless butterflies, though on the
ground,
Continue still to wave their open fans
Powder'd with gold ; while on the jutting
twigs
The spindling insects that frequent the
banks,
Rest, with their thin transparent wings out-
spread
As when they fly. Ofttimes, though seldom
seen,
The cuckoo, that in summer haunts our
groves,
Is heard to moan, as if at every breath
Panting aloud. The hawk, in mid-air high,
On his broad pinions sailing round and
round,
With not a flutter, or but now and then,
As if his trembling balance to regain,
Utters a single scream, but faintly heard,
And all again is still.—WILCOX.

NOON.—Rest at

Where the tall oak his spreading arm en-
twines,
And with the beech a mutual shade com-
bines,
Where flows the murmuring brook, invit-
ing dreams,

Where bordering hazels overhang the
streams
Whose rolling current, winding round and
round,
With frequent fall makes all the woods
resound,
Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast,
And even at noon the sweets of evening
taste.—GAY.

NOSE.—The Construction of the

The organ of smell is a much simpler construction than the eye or the ear ; and as it stands closely related to the necessities of animal life, it is more largely developed in the lower creatures, who hunt their prey by the scent, than it is in ourselves. Its construction may be explained in a word. The nostril opens into a large arched cavity, with many curled partitions partially dividing it into additional spaces. The walls and arch of this cavity are constructed of bone, and lined with a soft, moist, velvety membrane, resembling that inside the mouth. Over this membrane spread a multitude of small threads or nerves resembling the twigs of a branch ; there are many such branches within the nostril, and they join together so as to form larger branches, which may be compared to the boughs of a tree. These finally terminate in a number of stems, or trunks, several for each nostril, which pass upwards through apertures provided for them in the roof of the arched cavity, and terminate in the brain. We have thus, as it were, a leafless nerve-tree, whose roots are in the brain, and whose boughs, branches, and twigs spread over the lining membrane of the nostril. This nerve is termed the olfactory : when we wish to smell anything—for example, a flower—we close our lips and draw in our breath, and the air which is thus made to enter the nose carries with it the odorous matter, and brings it in contact with the ramifications of the nerve of smell. Every inspiration of air, whether the mouth is closed or not, causes any odorous substance present in that air to touch the expanded filaments of the nerve. In virtue of this contact or touching of the nerve and the volatile scent, the mind becomes conscious of odour, though how it does so we know as little as how the mind sees or hears : we are quite certain, however, that if the olfactory nerve be destroyed, the sense of smell is lost.—PROF. G. WILSON.

NOSE.—The Indications of a

A nose with a sharp edge indicates aptitude to anger ; a thick and depressed nose denotes vicious inclinations ; a full, solid, and obtuse nose, like that of lions and Molossian dogs, is a sign of courage

and audacity; a hooked and aquiline nose reveals a royal and magnificent mind; but a crooked soul is betrayed by a nose that is bent on one side.—TAGLIACOZZI.

NOTE-BOOK.—The Advantages of a

A book of white paper. Take such a book; journey with it through the world; carefully attend to every matter, whether political or not, which appears to you remarkable; note it for the information of yourself and others; and in this way you will make an excellent work, from which you may learn much. Experience and observation are to be preferred to all other books.—SCRIVER.

NOTES.—The Importance of

How shall I describe the worrying importance of notes! For a mere nothing—a yes, a no,—the first idler that likes fires off a little note at me. All day long I am a mark for this practice. A mere trifle, you say! By no means; it interrupts, it ceases, fidgets; not to say that one has to answer! Ah, yes! I too have felt the charm of writing long letters to those one loves; I know the fascination of the animated reply, when two minds give out sparks at the crossing of the blades; but there must be leisure for this; the man who is harassed by a packet of urgent missives, will never be able to allow himself the exquisite pleasure of writing as inclination prompts. No, he will take note-paper of the smallest size, will write his largest hand, and tell his leading facts as curtly as he can; then stuff the sheet into the envelope. Quick, fasten, stamp the envelope; then on to another, and another, till the fatigued mind scarcely knows what it is about;—till the paralysed fingers refuse their office;—till the pen grinds instead of gliding over the paper;—till, like a rebellious slave, you are seized with a frantic inclination to break the instruments of your torture, and throw out of window—inkstand, blotting-book, bundle of letters, postman, and yourself too, and have done with it all!—GASPARIN.

NOTHING.—Habits and Schemes Ended in

Some of the most deep-rooted of our habits and customs originate in Nothing, and some of the most magnificent schemes of man have ended in Nothing.—MRS. BALFOUR.

NOTHING—Useless.

There is nothing useless to men of sense: clever people turn everything to account.—FONTAINE.

NOTHING.—Mere

Variety of mere nothings gives more pleasure than uniformity of something.—RICHTER.

NOVEL.—Advice against a

Dr. Goldsmith, who had himself written a novel, in writing to his brother respecting the education of his son, uses this strong language:—"Above all things, never let your son touch a novel or romance. How delusive, how destructive are those features of consummate bliss! They teach the youthful mind to sigh after beauty and happiness that never existed; to despise the little good that Fortune has mixed in our cup, by expecting more than she ever gave; and in general—take the word of a man who has seen the world, and studied it more by experience than by precept—take my word for it, I say, that such books teach us very little of the world."—ARVINE.

NOVELIST.—The Great

The great novelist should be a poet, philosopher, and man of the world, fused into one. Understanding man as well as men, the elements of human nature as well as the laws of their combinations—he should possess the most extensive practical knowledge of society, the most universal sympathies with his kind, and a nature at once shrewd and impassioned, observant and creative, with large faculties harmoniously balanced. His enthusiasm should never hurry him into bigotry of any kind, not even into bigoted hatred of bigotry; for never appearing personally in his work as the champion of any of his characters, representing all faithfully, and studious to give even Satan his due, he must simply exhibit things in their right relations, and trust that morality of effect will result from truth of representation.—WHIPPLE.

NOVELISTS.—A Charge against

Few of their heroines are happily disposed of.—ZIMMERMAN.

NOVELS.—A Wish concerning

I have often maintained that fiction *may* be much more instructive than real history. I think so still; but viewing the vast rout of novels *as they are*, I think they do incalculable mischief. I wish we could collect them all together, and make one vast fire of them; I should exult to see the smoke of them ascend like that of Sodom and Gomorrah: the judgment would be just.—FOSTER.

NOVELTY.—The Influence of

The enormous influence of novelty—the way in which it quickens observation,

sharpens sensation, and exalts sentiment—is not half enough taken note of by us, and is to me a very sorrowful matter. And yet, if we try to obtain perpetual change, change itself will become monotonous; and then we are reduced to that old despair—"If water chokes, what will you drink after it?" The two points of practical wisdom in this matter are—first, to be content with as little novelty as possible at a time; and secondly, to preserve as much as possible, the sources of novelty.—
RUSKIN.

NOVELTY.—The Love of

Of all the passions that possess mankind,
The love of novelty rules most the mind;
In search of this, from realm to realm we roam,
Our fleets come fraught with every folly home.
FOOTE.

NOVELTY.—Useful

Novelty is the foundation of the love of knowledge, which is nothing but the desire of *useful* novelty.—S. SMITH.

NOVEMBER.—The Month of

No sun, no moon!
No morn, no noon,
No dawn, no dusk, no proper time of day;
No sky, no earthly view,
No distance looking blue,
No road, no street—no "t'other side of the way;"
No end to any row,
No indications where the crescents go;
No top to any steeple,
No recognitions of familiar people,
No courtesies for showing 'em—
No knowing 'em!
No travelling at all, no locomotion,
No inkling of the way, no notion;
"No go," by land or ocean;
No mail, no post,
No news from any foreign coast;
No park, no king, no afternoon gentility,
No company, no nobility;
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member;
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees;
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
November! A. WARWICK.

N.—The Eternal

God is the eternal *now*!

H. W. BEECHER.

NUMBERS.—The Poet's

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.
POPE.

NUMBERS.—Reverence for

I reverence numbers; but only when they produce proof, not when they shun inquiry.—ST. ATHANASIUS.

NUN.—The Lamentation of a

This is not home!

And yet for this I left my girlhood's bower,
Shook the fresh dew from April's budding flower,
Cut off my golden hair,
Forsook the dear and fair,
And fled, as from a serpent's eyes,
Home and its holiest charities;
Instead of all things beautiful,
Took this decaying skull,
Hour after hour to feed my eye,
As if foul gaze like this could purify;
Broke the sweet ties that God had given,
And sought to win His heaven
By leaving home-work all undone,
The home-race all unrun,
The fair home-garden all untill'd,
The home-affections all unfilled;
As if these common rounds of work and love
Were drags to one whose spirit soared above
Life's tame and easy circle, and who fain
Would earn her crown by self-sought toil and pain;
Led captive by a mystic power,
Dazzled by visions in the moody hour,
When, sick of earth, and self, and vanity,
I longed to be alone or die;
Mocked by my own self-brooding heart,
And plied with every wile and art,
That could seduce a young and yearning soul
To start for some mysterious goal,
And seek, in cell or savage waste,
The cure of blighted hope and love misplaced.
* * * * *

Yet 'tis not the hard bed, nor the lattice small,
Nor the dull damp of this cold convent-wall;
'Tis not the frost on these thick prison-bars,
Nor the keen shiver of these wintry stars;
Nor this coarse raiment, nor this coarser food,
Nor bloodless lips of withering womanhood;
'Tis not all these that make me sigh and fret,
'Tis something deeper yet,—
The unutterable void within,
The dark fierce warfare with this heart of sin,
The inner bondage, fever, storm, and woe,
The hopeless conflict with my hellish foe,
'Gainst whom the grated lattice is no shield,
To whom this cell is victory's chosen field.
* * * * *

And I have fled, my God, from Thee,
From Thy glad love and liberty ;
And left the road where blessings fall like
light,
For self-made by-paths shaded o'er with
night ?
Oh lead me back, my God,
To the forsaken road,
Life's common beat, that there,
Even in the midst of toil and care,
I may find Thee,
And in Thy love be free !—DR. BONAR.

NUNNERY.—An Objection to a

Societies of this sort might perhaps be extended to other classes, and to other countries, with some utility. The only objection to a nunnery is—that those who change their minds cannot change their situation. That a number of unmarried females should collect together into one mass, and subject themselves to some few rules of convenience, is a system which might afford great resources and accommodation to a number of helpless individuals, without proving injurious to the community ; unless, indeed, any very timid statesman shall be alarmed at the progress of celibacy, and imagine that the increase and multiplication of the human race may become a mere antiquated habit. — S. SMITH.

NURSERY.—The Influence of the

The nursery anticipates the school and the Church ; it sows the first seed, and in that little home the atmosphere of the world first comes into close contact with the child's moral and immortal nature. Looked at in its true light, what is the nursery but just the next age in its bud and blossom ?—DR. A. THOMSON.

NURSERY-TALES.—English

The world is probably not aware of the ingenuity, humour, good sense, and sly satire, contained in many of the old English nursery-tales. They have evidently been the sportive productions of able writers, who would not trust their names to productions that might be considered beneath their dignity. The ponderous works on which they relied for immortality have, perhaps, sunk into oblivion, and carried their names down with them ; while their unacknowledged offspring flourish in wide-spreading and never-ceasing popularity.— W. IRVING.

NUTTING.—The Pleasure of

O'er pathless rocks,
Through beds of matted fern and tangled
thickets,

Forcing my way I came to one dear nook,
Unvisited, where not a broken bough
Drooped with its withered leaves, ungracious sign
Of devastation ; but the hazels rose
Tall and erect, with milk-white clusters
hung,
A virgin scene ! A little while I stood
Breathing with such suppression of the
heart
As joy delights in ; and with wise restraint,
Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed
The banquet * * * Then up I rose,
And dragged to earth both branch and
bough, with crush
And merciless ravage ; and the shady nook
Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,
Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up
Their quiet being. —W. WORDSWORTH.

O.

OAK.—An Address to an

Thou wast a bauble once—a cup and
ball,
Which babes might play with ; and the
thievish jay,
Seeking her food, with ease might have
purloin'd
The auburn nut that held thee, swallowing
down
Thy yet close-folded latitude of boughs
And all thine embryo vastness at a gulp :
But Fate thy growth decreed ; autumnal
rains
Beneath thy parent tree mellow'd the soil,
Design'd thy cradle ; and a skipping deer,
With pointed hoof dibbling the glebe, pre-
par'd
The soft receptacle, in which, secure,
Thy rudiments should sleep the winter
through.

Thou fell'st mature ; and in the loamy
clod,
Swelling with vegetative force instinct,
Didst burst thine egg, as theirs the fabled
Twins,
Now stars ; two lobes, protruding, pair'd
exact ;
A leaf succeeded, and another leaf,
And, all the elements thy puny growth
Fost'ring propitious, thou becam'st a twig.

Time was, when, settling on thy leaf, a
fly
Could shake thee to thy root—and time
has been
When tempests could not. At thy firmest
age
Thou had'st within thy hole solid contents,

That might have ribb'd the sides and
plank'd the deck
Of some flagg'd admiral; and tortuous
arms,
The shipwright's darling treasure, didst
present
To the four-quarter'd winds, robust and
bold,
Warp'd into rough knee-timber, many a
load!
But the axe spared thee.—COWPER.

OAK.—The Majesty and Strength of the
Behold the oak does young and verdant
stand
Above the grove, all others to command;
His wide-extended limbs the forest crown'd,
Shading the trees, as well as they the
ground;
Young murmuring tempests in his boughs
are bred,
And gathering clouds form round his lofty
head;
Outrageous thunder, stormy winds, and rain,
Discharge their fury on his head in vain;
Earthquakes below, and lightnings from
above,
Rend not his trunk, nor his fix'd root
remove.—BLACKMORE.

When fell'd to earth, a ship it sails
Through dashing waves and driving gales;
And now at sea, again defies
The threat'ning clouds and howling skies.
HOOLE.

OATH.—The Breaking of an
He that imposes an oath, makes it,
Not he that for convenience takes it:
Then how can any man be said
To break an oath he never made?
These reasons may, perhaps, look oddly
To th' wicked, though th' evince the godly.
S. BUTLER.

OATH.—Consent Necessary to Loosing
from an

A bond of an oath cannot be loosed
without the consent of all parties concerned:
particularly the consent is required of the
party in whose behalf the oath was made.
—BP. SANDERSON.

OATH.—The Danger of an
Swear not; an oath is like a dangerous
dart
Which, shot, rebounds to strike the shooter's
heart.—RANDOLPH.

OATH.—The Essence of an

The essence of an oath lies obviously in
the appeal which is thereby made to God,
or to divine knowledge and power. The

customary form establishes this—"So help
me God." The Latin words (known to
have been used as early as the sixth century),
whence our English form is taken, ran thus:
—"Sic me Deus adjuvet et hæc sancta
Evangelia;"—So may God and these holy
Gospels help me; that is—"as I say the
truth." The present custom of kissing a
book containing the Gospels has in England
taken the place of the latter clause in the
Latin formula.—BEARD.

OATH.—A Rash

A rash oath, whether kept or broken,
frequently produces guilt.—DR. JOHNSON.

OBEDIENCE.—The Beauty of

Obedience, promptly, fully given, is the
most beautiful thing that walks the earth.
—DR. RALEIGH.

OBEDIENCE.—sometimes a Bane.

Obedience,
Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
Makes slaves of men, and of the human
frame
A mechanized automaton.—SHELLEY.

OBEDIENCE.—The Evidence of

It is the only satisfactory evidence of the
sincerity of our profession.—BRIDGES.

OBEDIENCE.—Filial

General George Washington, when quite
young, was about to go to sea as a midship-
man; everything was arranged, the vessel
lay opposite his father's house, the little
boat had come on shore to take him off, and
his whole heart was bent on going. After
his trunk had been carried down to the
boat, he went to bid his mother farewell,
and saw the tears bursting from her eyes.
However, he said nothing to her; but he
saw that his mother would be distressed if
he went, and perhaps never be happy again.
He just turned round to the servant and
said—"Go and tell them to fetch my trunk
back. I will not go away to break my
mother's heart." His mother was struck
with his decision, and she said to him—
"George, God has promised to bless the
children that honour their parents, and I
believe He will bless you."—ARVINE.

OBEDIENCE.—Passive.

The doctrine of passive obedience is so
repugnant to the genuine feelings of human
nature, that it can never be completely acted
on. A secret dread that popular vengeance
will awake, and Nature assert her rights,
imposes a restraint which the most de-
termined despotism is not able to shake off.

The rude reason of the multitude may be perplexed ; but the sentiments of the heart are not easily perverted.—R. HALL.

OBEDIENCE.—Tested.

There was once a slave called *Æsop*. A courtier, to whom the king had praised *Æsop* for his obedience, answered—"Well may he love thee, for thou loadeest him with all he can desire ; but try him with some painful thing, and then thou wilt see what his love is worth." Now in the king's garden there grew a nauseous lemon, the stench of which was such that few could bear to approach it. The king told *Æsop* to go and cut one of the lemons and eat every bit of it. *Æsop* accordingly cut the fruit, the largest he could find, and ate every bit of it. The wily courtier said to him—"How can you bear to swallow such a nauseous fruit?" He answered—"My dear master has done nothing but load me with benefits *every* day of my life, and shall I not, for his sake, eat *one* bitter fruit without complaint or asking the reason why?"—SHIMMELPENNINGCK.

OBLIGATION.—Advice respecting an

Accept an obligation without being a slave to the giver, or insensible to his kindness.—WOTTON.

OBLIGATION.—Moral

Moral obligation binds men without promise or contract.—DR. WEBSTER.

OBLIGE.—Why we should

We must oblige everybody as much as we can : we have often need of the assistance of those inferior to ourselves.—FONTAINE.

OBSCURITY.—The Desire for

Where one desires obscurity, a thousand yearn for notoriety. Wherefore? Because the former is repulsive to human nature, and the latter is an outflow of it.—DR. DAVIES.

OBSERVATION.—The Pleasures of

What a large volume of adventures may be grasped within this little span of life, by him who interests his heart in everything ; and who, having eyes to see what time and chance are perpetually holding out to him as he journeyeth on his way, misses nothing he can fairly lay his hands on ! I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry—" 'Tis all barren." And so it is ; and so is all the world to him who will not cultivate the fruit it offers. "I declare," said I, clapping my hands cheerily together, "that were I in a desert, I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my

affections. If I could do no better, I would fasten them upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress to connect myself to. I would court their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection. I would cut my name upon them, and swear they were the loveliest trees throughout the desert ; if their leaves withered, I would teach myself to mourn, and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice along with them."—STERNE.

OBSERVER.—An Acute

He alone is an acute observer who can observe minutely without being observed.—LAVATER.

OBSERVERS.—The Observed of all

The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword ;—
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,—
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,—
The observed of all observers.

SHAKESPEARE.

OBSERVERS.—Superficial

There are some persons that never arrive at any deep, solid, or valuable knowledge in any science, or any business of life, because they are perpetually fluttering over the surface of things, in a curious or wandering search of infinite variety ; ever hearing, reading, or asking after something new, but impatient of any labour to lay up and preserve the ideas they have gained : their souls may be compared to a looking-glass, that wheresoever you turn it, it receives the images of all objects, but retains none.—DR. WATTS.

OBSTACLE.—Overcoming an

The more powerful an obstacle, the more glory we have in overcoming it.—MOLIÈRE.

OBSTINACY.—No Resource for

Most other passions have their periods of fatigue and rest,—their sufferings and their cure ; but obstinacy has no resource, and the first wound is mortal.—DR. JOHNSON.

OBSTINACY—a Vice.

Obstinacy is certainly a great vice ; and in the changeful state of political affairs it is frequently the cause of great mischief. It happens, however, very unfortunately, that almost the whole line of the great and masculine virtues—constancy, gravity, magnanimity, fortitude, fidelity, and firmness, are closely allied to this disagreeable quality, of which you have so just an abhorrence ; and in their excess, all these virtues very easily fall into it.—BURKE.

OCCUPANCY—the Right to Property.

Occupancy gave the original right to property in the substance of the earth itself.—BLACKSTONE.

OCCUPATION.—The Want of

The want of occupation is no less the plague of society than of solitude.—ROUSSEAU.

OCCUPATIONS.—The Difficulty of Making

If we have no necessary occupation, it becomes extremely difficult to make to ourselves occupations as entirely absorbing as those which necessity imposes.—S. SMITH.

OCEAN.—Love for the

I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers ; they to me

Were a delight ; and if the fresh'ning sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear ;
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

BYRON.

OCEAN.—A Mountain-View of the

Beneath their feet a burnished ocean lay,
Glittering in sunshine. Far adown, like snow,

Shook from the bosom of a wintry cloud,
And drifting on the wind in feathery flakes,
The sea-gulls sailed betwixt the earth and sky,

Or, floating on the bosom of the deep,
Pursued the herring-shoal with dexterous aim.

Far, far away, on the horizon's edge,
The white sails of the homeward scudding ships

Gleamed like the lilies in a garden plot,
Or like the scattered shreds of fleecy cloud
Left by the Evening at the gate of Night,
To shimmer in the leaden-coloured sky,
And drink the splendour of the harvest moon,

Their glancing breasts reflected from afar
The noonday sunlight.—MACKAY.

OCEAN.—The Power of the

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll !

Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;

Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore ; upon the watery plain

The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain

A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,

Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

The armaments which thunder-strike the walls

Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,

And monarchs tremble in their capitals ;—

The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make

Their clay creator the vain title take

Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;—

These are thy toys, and as the snowy flake,

They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar

Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

BYRON.

OCEAN—at Sunrise.

The interminable ocean lay beneath,
At depth immense ; not quiet as before,
For a faint breath of air, e'en at the height
On which I stood scarce felt, played over it,

Waking innumerable dimples on its face,
As though 'twere conscious of the splendid guest

That e'en then touch'd the threshold of heaven's gates,

And smiled to bid him welcome. Far away,

On either hand, the broad-curved beach stretch'd on ;

And I could see the slow-paced waves advance

One after one, and spread upon the sands,
Making a slender edge of pearly foam

Just as they broke ; then softly falling back,

Noiseless to me on that tall head of rock,
As it had been a picture, or descried
Through optic tube, leagues off.

A tender mist

Was round th' horizon and along the vales ;
But the hill tops stood in a crystal air ;

The cope of heaven was clear and deeply blue,

And not a cloud was visible. Toward the east

An atmosphere of golden light, that grew
Momently brighter, and intensely bright,
Proclaim'd th' approaching sun. Now, now he comes :

A dazzling point emerges from the sea :
It spreads ; it rises ; now it seems a dome
Of burning gold ! higher and rounder now

It mounts ; it swells ; now, like a huge balloon
Of light and fire, it rests upon the rim
Of waters—lingers there a moment—then—
Soars up.—ATHERSTONE.

OCTOBER.—The Month of

A song for dun October,
That tints the woods wi' broon,
And fills wi' pensive rustling
The wooded dells aroun' ;
While lintie, merle, and marvis
Nae langer pipe wi' pride,
Nor larks wi' song salute us
On the green hill-side.
Auld nests are noo beginning
To peep frae woods fast thinning,
And wi' nae thoct o' sinning
Lairds death are scatterin' wide ;
While some are grumblin' sairly
O' fields that yield but sparely :
But Nature yet looks rarely
On the green hill-side.—WINGATE.

OFFENCE.—Necessary and Unnecessary

It is a foolish project to avoid giving offence ; but it is our duty to avoid giving unnecessary offence. It is necessary offence if it is given by the truth ; but it is unnecessary if our own spirits occasion it.—R. CECIL.

OFFENCES.—The Division of

The most natural division of all offences is into those of omission and those of commission.—ADDISON.

OFFENDED.—Men

Men are never more offended than when we depreciate their ceremonies and usages.—MONTESQUIEU.

OFFERINGS.—Numerous

In the Mosaic economy there were burnt-offerings, sin-offerings, peace-offerings, trespass-offerings, thank-offerings, wave-offerings, and heave-offerings. Pagan nations, also, present offerings to their deities. Christ, by the offering of Himself, has superseded the use of all other offerings, having made atonement for all men.—DR. WEBSTER.

OFFICE.—The Love of

Profligacy in taking office is so extreme, that we have no doubt public men may be found, who for half a century would postpone all remedies for a pestilence, if the preservation of their places depended upon the propagation of the virus.—S. SMITH.

OFFICER.—A Naval

As to the naval officer of the station, with his hearty fresh face, and his blue eye

that has pierced all kinds of weather, it warms our hearts when he comes into church on a Sunday, with that bright mixture of blue coat, buff waistcoat, black neckerchief, and gold epaulette, that is associated in the minds of all Englishmen with brave, unpretending, cordial national service. We like to look at him in his Sunday state ; and if we were First Lord (really possessing the indispensable qualification for the office of knowing nothing whatever about the sea) we would give him a ship to-morrow.—DICKENS.

OIL.—Midnight

Few—very few—attain to eminence in learning who do not consume great quantities of midnight oil in studying famous authors and in forming their own minds.—DR. DAVIES.

OLD.—Beginning to Grow

I saw that time of life begin
When every man, the port approaching,
ought
To coil the ropes, and take the canvas in.
DANTE.

OLD.—The Fear of Growing

Among the various follies by which we increase the natural and unavoidable miseries of life, is the dread of approaching age. The sight of a grey hair has often caused a severer pang than the loss of a child or a husband. After a certain age, every returning birth-day is saluted with silent sorrow, and we conceal the number of our years with as much solicitude as the consciousness of an atrocious crime.—DR. KNOX.

OLD.—Prematurely

There is an order
Of mortals on the earth, who do become
Old in their youth, and die ere middle age.
BYRON.

OLD.—The Result of being

You are old ;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine.—SHAKSPEARE.

OLIVE.—The

The palm, the vine, the cedar—each hath power
To bid fair Oriental shapes glance by,
And each quick glistening of the laurel bower
Wafts Grecian images o'er Fancy's eye :
But thou, pale olive ! in *thy* branches lie
Far deeper spells than prophet grave of old
Might e'er enshrine : I could not hear thee sigh
To the wind's faintest whisper, nor behold
One shiver of thy leaves' dim silvery green,

Without high thoughts and solemn of that scene

When in the garden the Redeemer prayed ;
When pale stars looked upon His fainting head,

And angels, ministering in silent dread,
Trembled, perchance, within *thy* trembling shade.—HEMANS.

OLIVET.—Mount

Mount Olivet lies immediately to the east of Jerusalem. It consists of a range of four mountains, with summits of unequal altitude. The loftiest of these rises from the scene of our Saviour's agony—the garden of Gethsemane. About half-way up is a ruined monastery, built on the spot where Jesus sat and wept over the city. The olive still grows there, and as spontaneously yields its fruit as in the days of David and our Lord. The view from the summit is said to be very grand, combining more interesting objects than any in the world:—the valley of Jehoshaphat, the garden of Gethsemane, the city of Jerusalem, the plains of Jericho, the valley of the Jordan, and the Dead Sea. There is on the top a wretched village, inhabited by Arabs ; and in the centre of this is erected a small octagonal building, marking the spot from which our Lord actually rose into heaven. The monks say that the print of His foot is still to be seen. This print is in the rock, enclosed by an oblong border of marble ; and pilgrims may at any time be seen taking wax impressions of the holy footstep.—DR. M'FARLANE.

OMEN.—A Bad

It is a bad omen when we enter on the path of honour with our eyes turned backwards from the first step.—CORNEILLE.

OMENINGS.—Evil

Evil omenings do but point out conclusions which are most unlikely to come to pass.—SIR W. SCOTT.

OPINION.—Defined.

Opinion is when the assent of the understanding is so far gained by evidence of probability, that it rather inclines to one persuasion than to another, yet not without a mixture of uncertainty or doubting.—SIR M. HALE.

OPINION.—The Effect of

'Tis opinion
That makes the riven heaven with trumpets ring,
And thundering engine murderous balls
outsling,

And send men's groaning ghosts to lower shade
Of horrid hell. This the wide world doth bring
To devastation.—HENRY MORE.

OPINION.—Liberality in

I could never divide myself from any man upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in that from which within a few days I should dissent myself.—SIR T. BROWNE.

OPINION.—Public

Public opinion is the powerful lever which in these days moves a people for good or for evil ; and to public opinion we must therefore appeal if we would achieve any lasting and beneficial results.—PRINCE ALBERT.

— Prime ministers cannot do without it : the only man who can is the man who has neither profession nor public duty. Every one else has to pay a certain price for his office, from the throne to the parish constable.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

OPINIONS.—Golden

I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which should be worn now in their newest gloss.—SHAKSPEARE.

OPINIONS.—Religious

Some people's religious opinions are only a stake driven in the ground ; does not grow,—shoots out no green,—remains just *there*, and just *so*.—FOSTER.

OPINIONS.—The Non-Criminality of

Opinions, so far from being under the power of other men's will, are not under a man's own ; they are the offspring of his reason, whether he be well or ill-informed. Opinions, therefore, cannot be justly imputed to any man as crimes.—DR. J. MOORE.

OPINIONS—not Truths.

Opinions are not necessarily truths any more than botanical propositions are trees.—DR. THOMAS.

OPINIONS.—Vulgar

Vulgar opinions are suited to vulgar capacities, and adapted to the ends of those that govern. He that will learn the truth of things must leave the common and beaten track, which none but weak and servile minds are satisfied to trudge along continually. But common or uncommon are not the marks to distinguish truth or falsehood,

and therefore should not be any bias to us in our inquiries. We should not judge of things by men's opinions, but of opinions by things.—LOCKE.

OPERATIONS.—Heartless

Heartless operations are but hearty dissimulations.—W. SECKER.

OPPONENT.—The Way to Answer an

In answering an opponent, arrange your ideas, but not your words; consider in what points things that resemble, differ, and in what those things that differ, resemble; reply to wit with gravity, and to gravity with wit; make a full concession to your adversary, and give him every credit for those arguments you know you can answer, and slur over all those which you feel you cannot; but above all, if he has the privilege of making his reply, take especial care that the strongest thing you have to urge is the last.—COLTON.

OPPORTUNITIES.—Chance

Chance opportunities make us known to others, and still more to ourselves.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

OPPORTUNITIES—for Eternity.

Opportunities are for eternity, but not to eternity.—W. SECKER.

OPPORTUNITIES.—Making

A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.—LORD BACON.

OPPORTUNITY—Comes to All.

Opportunity, sooner or later, comes to all who work and wish.—LORD STANLEY.

OPPORTUNITY.—The Guilt of

O Opportunity! thy guilt is great!
'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason;
Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou points the season;
'Tis thou that spurns at right, at law, at reason;
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.—SHAKSPEARE.

OPPORTUNITY.—The Neglect of an

Neglect a golden opportunity when, in the order of events, it presents itself, and it may nevermore return.—E. DAVIES.

OPPORTUNITY.—The Preciousness of

Opportunity is a golden word, and is itself more precious than rubies.—J. A. JAMES.

OPPOSITION.—The Effects of

The effects of opposition are wonderful. There are men who rise refreshed on hearing of a threat;—men to whom a crisis which intimidates and paralyses the majority,—demanding, not the faculties of prudence and thrift, but comprehension, immovableness, the readiness of sacrifice—comes graceful and beloved as a bride!—EMERSON.

OPPOSITION—Necessary.

A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against, not with, the wind. Even a head-wind is better than nothing. No man ever worked his voyage in a dead calm. The best wind for everything, in the long run, is a side wind.—J. NEAL.

OPPRESSION.—Different Forms of

There is the oppression of common-place ideas, which lay down their own level, and remorselessly lop off whatever outgrows it. There is the oppression of coarse minds, who impose their own rude vigour on the weak. There is the oppression of incomplete natures, who go on straight before them, breaking and bruising without mercy, because they lack ears to hear. There is the oppression of a haughty, prosaic spirit, that with a mocking smile withers up all that it fails to comprehend.—GASPARIN.

OPPRESSORS—Everywhere.

There are sharks in the ocean, and wolves in the forest, and eagles in the air, and tyrants on thrones, and tormentors in cottages.—DR. J. HAMILTON.

OPTIMISM.—The Cause of

Optimism arises either from a stagnation of intellect, or insuperable indolence. Who, saving the optimist, will indiscriminately approve of the good and the evil, pain and pleasure, life or death?—ZIMMERMAN.

ORATOR.—The

Gathering his flowing robe, he seemed to stand
In act to speak, and graceful stretched his hand.
POPE.

ORATOR.—A Sincere

An obscure man rose up to address the French Convention. At the close of his oration, Mirabeau, the giant genius of the Revolution, turned round to his neighbour, and eagerly asked—"Who is that?" The

other, who had been in no way interested by the address, wondered at Mirabeau's curiosity. Whereupon the latter said—"That man will yet act a great part;" and, asked to explain himself, added—"He speaks as one who believes every word he says."—DR. GUTHRIE.

ORATOR.—The True

He is the true orator who can treat humble subjects with delicacy, lofty things impressively, and moderate things temperately.—CICERO.

ORATORY.—The Effects of

When the Roman people had listened to the diffuse and polished discourses of Cicero, they departed, saying one to another—"What a splendid speech our orator has made!" But when the Athenians heard Demosthenes, he so filled them with the subject-matter of his oration, that they quite forgot the orator, and left him at the finish of his harangue, breathing revenge, and exclaiming—"Let us go and fight against Philip!"—COLTON.

ORATORY.—Efforts to Learn

I owe my success in life to one single fact, namely:—At the age of twenty-seven I commenced, and continued for years, the process of daily reading and speaking upon the contents of some historical or scientific book. These off-hand efforts were made sometimes in a corn-field, at others in the forest, and not unfrequently in some distant barn, with the horse and ox for my auditors. It is to this early practice in the great art of all arts that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulses that stimulated me forward, and shaped and moulded my entire subsequent destiny. Improve, then, the superior advantages you here enjoy. Let not a day pass without exercising your powers of speech. There is no power like that of oratory. Cæsar controlled men by exciting their fears; Cicero, by captivating their affections and swaying their passions. The influence of the one perished with its author; that of the other continues to this day.—CLAY.

ORCHARD.—The Beauty of an

A wicket opens, and transmits us into the regular and equi-distant rows of an orchard. This plantation is so nicely adjusted, that it looks like an arrangement of rural piazzas, or a collection of diversified vistas. The eye is, everywhere, entertained with the exactest uniformity; and darts with unobstructed ease, from one end of the branching files to the other. On all the boughs lies a lovely evolution of blossoms; arrayed in

milky white, or tinged with the softest red. Crowding into one general cluster, without relinquishing a vacant space for leaves, they form the fairest, the gayest, the grandest alcove that fancy itself can imagine. It is really like the Court of the Graces. None can approach it without finding his ideas brightened, and feeling his temper exhilarated.—J. HERVEY.

ORDER.—The Advantages of

Well-ordered stones make architecture; well-ordered social regulations make a constitution and a police; well-ordered ideas make good logic; well-ordered words make good writing; well-ordered imaginations and emotions make good poetry; well-ordered facts make science.—PROF. BLACKIE.

ORDER—to be Contended for.

We must contend for order; and chiefly where virtue is concerned. All must not be referred to a hereafter. For, a disordered state, in which all present care of things is given up, vice uncontrolled, and virtue neglected, represents a very chaos, and reduces us to the beloved atoms, chance, and confusion, of the atheists.—SHAFTESBURY.

ORDER.—Defined.

Order is the sanity of the mind, the health of the body, the peace of the city, the security of the state.—DR. SOUTHEY.

ORDER—in Everything.

Everything that exists in the world, everything that has either been made by God, or that has been produced by man, of any permanent value, is only some manifestation of order in its thousand-fold possibilities. Everything that has shape is a manifestation of order; shape is only a consistent arrangement of parts; shapelessness is only found in the whirling columns that sweep across African sahara; but even these columns have their curious balance, which calculators of forces might foretell, and the individual grains of sand of which they are composed, reveal mathematical miracles to the microscope. Every blade of grass in the field is measured; the green cups and the coloured crowns of every flower are curiously counted; the stars of the firmament wheel in cunningly calculated orbits; even the storms have their laws!—PROF. BLACKIE.

ORDER.—Heaven's First Law.

Order is heaven's first law; and this confess, Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,

More rich, more wise ; but who infers from
hence
That such are happier, shocks all common
sense. POPE.

ORDER—among the Planets.

The heavens themselves—the planets, and
this centre,

Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order.

SHAKSPEARE.

ORGAN.—The Effect Produced by an

I remember once strolling along the margin of a stream, in one of those long sheltered valleys on Salisbury Plain, where the monks of former ages had planted chapels and built hermits' cells. There was a little parish church near ; but tall elms and quivering alders hid it from the sight, when, all on a sudden, I was startled by the sound of the full organ pealing on the ear, accompanied by rustic voices, and the willing choir of village maidens and children. It rose, indeed, "like an exhalation of rich distilled perfumes." The dew from a thousand pastures was gathered in its softness—the silence of a thousand years spoke in it. It came upon the heart like the calm beauty of death ; Fancy caught the sound, and Faith mounted on it to the skies. It filled the valley like a mist, and still poured out its endless chant, and still it swells upon the ear, and wraps me in a golden trance, drowning the noisy tumult of the world !—HAZLITT.

ORGAN.—The Praise of the

Oh ! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise ?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees uprooted left their place,

Sequacious of the lyre :

But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appear'd—
Mistaking earth for heaven !—DRYDEN.

ORGANIZATION—Defined.

What is organization but the connection of parts in and for a whole, so that each part is, at once, end and means?—S. T. COLERIDGE.

ORNAMENT.—Deceived with

The world is still deceived with ornament :
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,

But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil ? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament ?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.

SHAKSPEARE.

ORNAMENT.—True

True ornament is the expression of the beautiful, the representation of the good, wherever it may be found.—E. DAVIES.

ORNAMENTS.—False

Exactly as a woman of feeling would not wear false jewels, so would a person of honour disdain false ornaments. The using of them is just a downright and inexcusable lie. You use that which pretends to a worth which it has not ; which pretends to have cost, and to be, what it did not, and is not ; it is an imposition, a vulgarity, an impertinence, a sin. Down with it to the ground, grind it to powder, leave its ragged place upon the wall rather ; you have not paid for it, you have no business with it, you do not want it ! Nobody wants such ornaments in this world, but everybody wants integrity. All the fair devices that were ever fancied are not worth a lie. Leave your walls as bare as a planed board, or build them of baked mud and chopped straw, if need be ; but do not rough-cast them with falsehood.—RUSKIN.

ORPHAN.—The Condition of an

The condition of an orphan is one of the saddest that can possibly be imagined. Ushered into a world full of sin and rife with temptation, yet without any consciousness of the dangers to which he is exposed, and having no parent's hand to guide or voice to bless, he must fight his own way through a multitude of difficulties, and form, single-handed, his own destiny.—DR. DAVIES.

ORPHAN.—The Sacredness of an

An orphan is emphatically a sacred being, inasmuch as Deity has him in His special care, and has made special provisions for his happiness and safety. Woe to him, therefore, who attempts to injure him in any wise ! In so doing, he "toucheth the apple of God's eye," and ere long will feel the weight of God's hand.—DR. DAVIES.

OSTENTATION.—Minds Inclined to

Good and bountiful minds are sometimes inclined to ostentation. This infirmity unhappily lowers the character of all their kind and liberal acts.—BP. ATTERBURY.

OSTENTATION.—Puffed up with

As you see in a pair of bellows, there is a forced breath without life, so in those that are puffed up with the wind of ostentation, there may be charitable words without works.—BP. HALL.

OURSELVES.—Seeing

O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us !
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.—R. BURNS.

OWL.—The Shriek of the

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal
bellman

Which gives the stern'st good night.

SHAKESPEARE.

OWL.—Superstition regarding the

This bird is commonly regarded as the harbinger of misfortune and death, so that many mortally hate it, and show little gratitude for its nocturnal song. Of this common superstition I do not approve, though I will so far make use of it as to accept from the bird an admonition on the subject of my mortality. It may perform to me the office of the chamber-page, who every morning called out to the heathen king—"Remember that thou art mortal."—SCRIVER.

OXYGEN.—The Sources of

The oxygen we are breathing, was distilled for us some short time ago by the magnolias of the Susquehanna, and the great trees that skirt the Orinoco and the Amazon. The giant rhododendrons of the Himalayas contributed to it, the roses and myrtles of Cashmere, the cinnamon-trees of Ceylon, and forests older than the flood buried deep in the heart of Africa, far behind the Mountains of the Moon.—PROF. G. WILSON.

P.

PAGANS.—The Gods of the

None of the ancient Pagans considered their Gods as *eternal*. They generally supposed them *immortal*, that is, exempt from *death*; but they generally had some tradition about the *birth* of each of them. Indeed, several of them were confessedly dead men, whom they imagined to have been raised to the ranks of the gods by their great deeds on earth. Thus Romulus, the

founder of Rome, was worshipped by the Romans under the title of Quirinus; and Hercules, and many others, worshipped by the ancient Pagans, were deified men, supposed to have gained immortality by their eminent virtues, and especially by their feats of war.—ARP. WHATELY.

PAGANS.—Objects Worshipped by the

So far were the ancient Pagans from believing that "in the beginning God made the heavens and the earth," that, on the contrary, the heavens, and the earth, and the sea, and many natural objects, were among *the very gods they adored*. The heavens,—that is, the sky,—the atmosphere around us,—they worshipped under the titles of Zeus, or Dis, of Jupiter, or Jove—and (among the Canaanites and Babylonians) of Baal, Bel, or Belus. They worshipped the earth also under the title of Demeter and Cybele, called by our Anglo-Saxon ancestors—Hertha, (whence our words—"earth" and "hearth,") and by them most especially venerated. The Pagans also worshipped the sea, under the title of Neptune; the sun, under that of Phœbus, or Apollo; and the moon, under that of Diana. These last they called the son and daughter of Jove, meaning that the sun and moon were produced by the heavens.—ARP. WHATELY.

PAID.—Well

He is well paid that is well satisfied.

SHAKESPEARE.

PAIN.—The Design of

We are not to seek pain; but when it is sent to us we are not to fret and grumble at it, but try and go cheerfully along, as though we did not feel it. It is for our good, our purification—for nothing is so purifying as pain, if it be rightly borne.—H. W. BEECHER.

PAIN.—The Fear of

When a man allows pain to get the mastery over him,—when he is anxious to avoid it on all occasions, and is ever moaning over what is unavoidable, then he becomes an object of contempt rather than pity.—HUMBOLDT.

PAIN.—following Pleasure.

Pain may be said to follow pleasure as its shadow; but the misfortune is—that in this particular case the substance belongs to the shadow, the emptiness to its cause.—COLTON.

PAIN.—The Proportion of

The lower animals whom we govern may perhaps, and probably do, suffer pain; but

it is reserved for us to be clothed with such a network of sensitiveness that our pain is always in proportion to our perfection, and he who feels pain the most acutely is, probably, the nearest to perfection.—II. WHITE.

PAIN.—Strength must Yield to

In the middle ages, those who had studied the arts of torture knew well that the man who could face the lion in the amphitheatre, or sit boldly on the heated iron seat, would be overcome by the simple dropping of water, day by day, on the same place, like the firm rock corroded by the waves of ages. So our own strength must yield to pain.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

PAINS.—Poetic

There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only poets know.—COWPER.

PAINTER.—The Instruments of the

The poet paints with words, the painter with works.—ANNIBALE.

PAINTER.—The Task of the

A doubtful task
To paint the finest features of the mind,
And to most subtle and mysterious things,
Give colour, strength, and motion.
AKENSIDE.

PAINTERS.—The Industry of Eminent

When we read the lives of the most eminent painters, every page informs us that no part of their time was spent in dissipation. Even an increase of fame served only to augment their industry. To be convinced with what persevering assiduity they pursued their studies, we need only reflect on their method of proceeding in their most celebrated works. When they conceived a subject, they first made a variety of sketches, then a finished drawing of the whole; after that a more correct drawing of every separate part—heads, hands, feet, and pieces of drapery; they then painted the picture, and after all re-touched it from the life. The pictures thus wrought with such pains, now appear as the effect of enchantment, as if some mighty genius had struck them off at a blow.—SIR J. REYNOLDS.

PAINTING.—Defined.

Painting is the adaptation of poetry to the eye; the concentration of natural imagery; the skilful combination, in a limited space, of the idea of infinity, with the perception of objects that are visible at a glance.—MADDEN.

PAINTING.—Eulogized.

Blest be the skill which thus enshrines the great,
And rescues virtue from oblivion's fate!
Which seems to fix the falling stars of mind,
And still preserves their lustre to mankind;
Immortal art! whose touch embalms the brave,
Discomforts death and triumphs o'er the grave!
SHEE.

PAINTING.—The Origin of

It has been supposed that the origin of painting arose from a young Corinthian female tracing the shadow of her lover's profile on the wall as he lay asleep.—DR. DAVIES.

PAINTING.—Speculative

Speculative painting, without the assistance of manual operation, can never attain to perfection.—DRYDEN.

PAINTING AND POETRY.

Painting is a dumb poetry, and poetry is a painting that can speak.—SIMONIDES.

PALM-TREE.—The Use of the

The palm-tree, from its erect and noble growth and its heavenward direction, is used in Psalm xcii. 12, as an illustration of the righteous. Its branches are also used as emblems of victory or triumph. In the heavenly Jerusalem, the great multitude who stood before the throne and before the Lamb are represented as "clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands."—PROF. BALFOUR.

PANTHEISM.—The System of

Pantheism is a system which confounds the Infinite and the finite, and which makes God the sum of all things. God, it teaches, is brutal in brute matter, mighty in the forces of nature, feeling in the animal, thinking and conscious only in man. This system is, in its first aspect, more noble than material atheism, but in truth it is not less fatal to all that is noble and good. It indeed makes man, nay, the beasts that perish, nay, the very dung on the earth—divine; but it also makes God human, animal, material. It degrades what is high by exalting what is low. Better to deny God than to debase him! Pantheism is, if possible, a worse atheism.—BP. JEUNE.

PANTHEISM.—Taught by the Poet.

And these men shall forget you.—Yea, but
we
Shall be a part of the earth and the ancient
sea,

And heaven-high air august, and awful
fire,
And all things good; and no man's
heart shall beat
But somewhat in it of our blood once shed,
Shall quiver and quicken, as now in us the
dead
Blood of men slain and the old same
life's desire
Plants in their fiery footprints our fresh
feet.—SWINBURNE.

PANTHEISM.—The True

A full mind is the true pantheism, *plena
Jovis*.—LYTTON.

PAPER.—The Origin of

So paper—that article so useful in human
life, that repertory of all the arts and
sciences, that minister of all governments,
that broker in all trades and commerce,
that second memory of the human mind,
that stable pillar of an immortal name—
takes its origin from vile rags! The rag-
dealer trudges on foot, or drives his cart
through the towns and villages, and his
arrival is the signal for searching every
corner, and gathering every old and useless
shred. These he takes to the mill; and
there they are picked, washed, mashed,
shaped, and sized, in short, formed into a
fabric beautiful enough to venture unabash-
ed even into the presence of princes and
monarchs!—SCRIVER.

PARABLE.—The Definition of a

Parable is truth veiled, not truth dis-
membered; and as the eye of the under-
standing grows more piercing, the veil is
seen through, and the truth stands revealed.
—E. IRVING.

PARABLE.—The Essence of a

Truth, half betrayed in beauty, half
shrouded in mystery, is the essence of a
parable.—G. GILFILLAN.

PARABLE.—The Intent of a

A parable is not like a looking-glass, to
represent all forms and faces, but a well-
drawn picture, to remonstrate that person
whereof it is a counterfeit. It is like a
knife: with the haft it cuts not, with the
back it cuts not; it cuts with the edge.
A candle is made to light us, not to heat
us; a stove is made to heat us, not to light
us.—T. ADAMS.

PARADISE.—The Earthly

Paradise was a place of bliss without
drudgery or sorrow.—LOCKE.

PARADISE.—The Earthly

Its trees and fruits, its fields arrayed in
verdure and adorned in flowers, the life
which breathed in its winds and flowed in
its rivers, the serenity of its sky and the
splendour of its sunshine, together with the
immortality which gilded and burnished all
its beautiful scenes, have filled the heart
with rapture, and awakened the most
romantic visions of the imagination. The
poets of the West, and still more those of
the East, have, down to the present hour,
kindled at the thought of this scene of
beauty and fragrance; and the very name
of Eden has met the eye as a gem in the
verse which it adorned.—DR. DWIGHT.

PARADISE.—The Heavenly

But where is this paradise? what is this
paradise? We can say, in answer to these
questions, that with this heavenly paradise
into which the redeemed at death do enter,
the ancient, the earthly paradise is not fit
to be compared. In the one, the direct inter-
course with God was but occasional; in the
other it shall be constant. In the one, the
Deity was known only as He revealed
Himself in the works of creation and in the
ways of His providence; in the other, it
will be as the God of our redemption, the
God and Father of our Lord and Saviour
Jesus, that He will be recognized, adored,
obeyed—all the higher moral attributes of
His nature shining forth in harmonious and
illustrious display. Into the earthly para-
dise the tempter entered; from the heavenly
he will be shut out. From the earthly
paradise sad exiles once were driven; from
the heavenly we shall go no more out for
ever. Still, however, after all such imper-
fect and unsatisfying comparisons, the ques-
tions return upon us—Where, and What is
the paradise of the redeemed? Our simplest
and our best answers to those questions per-
haps are these—Where is paradise? where-
ever Jesus is. What is paradise? to be for
ever with, and to be fully like our Lord.—
HANNA.

PARADOX.—A Perfect

If thou art an able man, thou art wise; if
not, thou art an able man.—THEOPHRASTUS.

PARDON.—The Assurance of

Though pardon is passed in heaven at
once, and in the most perfect manner, yet
the sense of it may be wanting; for the
assurance of that pardon is mostly given by
degrees, as believers are able to bear it.—
BOGATZKY.

PARDON.—The Divine Reason for

It is only and simply for His own sake
that God pardons.—HUNTINGDON.

PARDONS.—One who never

The offender never pardons.—G. HERBERT.

PARENT.—The Pleasures of a

Look how he laughs and stretches out his arms,
And opens wide his blue eyes upon thine,
To hail his father; while his little form
Flutters as winged with joy! Talk not of pain!
The childless cherubs well might envy thee
The pleasures of a parent!—BYRON.

PARENTS.—The Hope of

For parents to hope everything from the good education they bestow on their children is an excess of confidence; and it is an equally great mistake to expect nothing, and to neglect it.—LA BRUYÈRE.

PARENTS.—Impressions made by

Stronger far than education—going on before education can commence, possibly from the very first moments of consciousness, we begin to impress ourselves on our children. Our character, voice, features, qualities—modified, no doubt, by entering into a new being, and into a different organization—are impressed upon our children. Not the inculcation of opinions, but much rather the formation of principles, and of the tone of character, the derivation of qualities. Physiologists tell us of the derivation of the mental qualities from the father, and of the moral from the mother. But, be this as it may, there is scarcely one here who cannot trace back his present religious character to some impression, in early life, from one or other of his parents—a tone, a look, a word, a habit, or even, it may be, a bitter, miserable, exclamation of remorse.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

PARENTS.—An Incentive for

The sacred books of the ancient Persians say—If you would be holy, instruct your children, because all the good acts they perform will be imputed to you.—MONTESQUIEU.

PARENTS.—The Influence of

As the youth, plunged amid the temptations of a city life, opens his desk, his eye may light on a Shechem-stone—the last letter of a parent's affection, full of the yearnings of holy solicitude; or the Bible, with its fly-leaf blotted with a mother's love and tears. That mother may have been sleeping quietly for years under some yew-tree in a village church-yard hundreds of miles away; but her voice still speaks,—the old tones, choked with tears, are heard,—the

hand that was wont to be laid on his head in prayer as he knelt on her lap, knocks at his heart-door, and does not knock in vain.—MACDUFF.

PARENTS.—Joy from the Thought of

Epaminondas was one of the greatest generals of Greece. When he had conquered Sparta and delivered Greece, in the midst of universal applause, he was heard to say—"My joy arises from my sense of that which the news of my victory will give my father and mother."—STRETCH.

PARK.—A Description of a

Vast lawns that extend like sheets of vivid green, with here and there clumps of gigantic trees, heaping up rich piles of foliage. The solemn pomp of groves and woodland glades, with the deer trooping in silent herds across them, the hare bounding away to the covert, or the pheasant suddenly bursting upon the wing. The brook, taught to wind in the most natural meanderings, or expand into a glassy lake; the sequestered pool, reflecting the quivering trees, and the yellow leaf sleeping on its bosom, and the trout roaming fearlessly about its limpid waters; while some rustic temple, or sylvan statue, grown green and dank with age, gives an air of classic sanctity to the seclusion.—W. IRVING.

PARLIAMENT.—The Invective and Personality in

The invective, and the ridicule, and retort, and personality, which are frequently indulged within the walls of a parliament, and from which much amusement appears to be derived to the members and to the public, imply a sufficient degree of forgetfulness of the purpose for which parliaments meet. A spectator might sometimes imagine that the object of the assembly was to witness exhibitions of intellectual gladiators, rather than to debate respecting the welfare of a great nation. Nor can it be supposed that if this welfare were sufficiently, that is to say *constantly*, dominant in the recollection, there would be so much solicitude to expose individual weaknesses and absurdity, or to obtain personal triumph.—DYMOND.

PARLIAMENTS.—The Evil of Septennial

It is intolerable, that in so large a space of man's life as seven years, he should never be able to correct the error he may have committed in the choice of a representative, but be compelled to see him every year dipping deeper into corruption, a helpless spectator of the contempt of his interests and the ruin of his country. During the

present period of parliaments a nation may sustain the greatest possible changes ; may descend by a succession of ill counsels, from the highest pinnacle of its fortunes to the lowest point of depression ; its treasure exhausted, its credit sunk, and its weight almost completely annihilated in the scale of empire. Ruin and felicity are seldom dispensed by the same hand, nor is it likely any succour in calamity should flow from the wisdom and virtue of those by whose folly and wickedness it was inflicted.—
R. HALL.

PARODY—Non-Critical.

Parody is no criticism : one might make a duck-pond out of a fountain.—LYTTON.

PARSIMONY—Condemned and Punished.

When that imperial city—Constantinople, was besieged by Mahomet the Great, the good Emperor did to the utmost of his power for the defence of the place : he sold the very church-plate, and all his own jewels, to pay the soldiers ; then, with tears in his eyes, besought his covetous subjects to lend him supplies. They pleaded poverty, protested they had it not, that they were grown poor for the want of trade ; and thus, for want of what they might have well spared, both they and their city were lost—a city of that great wealth, that it is a proverb among the Turks to this day, if a man grow suddenly rich—"He hath been at the sacking of Constantinople."—
KNOLLES.

PARTING.—Abruptness in

Abruptness is an eloquence in parting, when spinning out the time is but the weaving of new sorrow.—SUCKLING.

PARTING—a Form of Death.

Every parting is a form of death, as every re-union is a type of heaven.—J. EDWARDS.

PARTING.—The Moment of

It is the saddest and the sacredest
Moment of all with those who love.
P. J. BAILEY.

PARTNER.—A Stupid or Perverse

A man or woman, with a stupid or perverse partner, but still hoping to see this partner become all that is desired, is like a man with a wooden leg wishing it might become a vital one, and sometimes for a moment fancying this almost possible !—
FOSTER.

PARTY—Defined.

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few.—POPE.

PARTY.—The Head of a

He that aspires to be the head of a party, will find it more difficult to please his friends than to perplex his foes.—
COLTON.

PARTY-MAN.—A Determined

He knows very little of mankind who expects, by any facts or reasoning, to convince a determined party-man.—AVATER.

PASSION.—Action in Relation to

What is done without passion, is generally done coldly ; what is done from passion alone, you may have reason to repent of.—ZIMMERMAN.

PASSION.—A Curb for

There is no curb for passion like a strong will.—DR. COLLYER.

PASSION—after Defeat.

Passion gets less and less powerful after every defeat.—S. SMITH.

PASSION—Defined.

Passion is the drunkenness of the mind.—SPENSER.

PASSION.—Headstrong

When headstrong passion gets the reins of reason,
The force of nature, like too strong a gale,
For want of ballast, oversets the vessel.
HIGGONS.

PASSION—Influences the Heart.

A little jogging puts a clock or watch out of frame ; so a little passion the heart.—PHILIP HENRY.

PASSION.—The Need for

Without some calm passion,—some degree of some species of desire,—the mind could not long endure.—S. SMITH.

PASSION.—The Ruling

The ruling passion, be it what it will,—
The ruling passion conquers reason still.
POPE.

PASSION.—Not the Slave of

Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core—ay, in my heart of hearts !
SHAKSPEARE.

PASSION.—The Terribleness of

How terrible is passion ! how our reason
Falls down before it, while the tortur'd
frame,

Like a ship dash'd by fierce encountering
tides,
And of her pilot spoil'd, drives round and
round,
The sport of wind and wave !—BARFORD.

PASSIONS.—The Conquest of the

Strong as our passions are, they may
be starved into submission, and conquered
without being killed.—COLTON.

PASSIONS.—The Influence of the

The passions have a wonderful effect upon
the body. Thus *fear* is peculiarly dangerous
in every species of contagion. It has in-
stantaneously changed the complexion of
wounds, and rendered them fatal. It has
occasioned gangrenes, induration of the
glands, and epilepsies. It has produced
a permanent stupor on the brain, and the
first horrors of the imagination have, in
some cases, made too deep an impression to
be effaced by the most favourable change
of circumstances. Thus *anger* has pro-
duced inflammatory and bilious fevers,
hæmorrhages, apoplexies, inflammation of
the brain, and mania. Thus *terror* has
caused attacks of catalepsies, epilepsies,
and other spasmodic disorders. Thus *love*
has excited inflammatory fevers, hysterics,
hectics, and the rage of madness. It might
be mentioned here, however, the good
effects which sometimes have been produced
by the passions. Thus *hope* enlivens and in-
vigorates both mind and body ; it diffuses
a temperate vivacity over the system, di-
recting a due degree of energy to every
part. *Joy* has been a potent remedy in
some diseases ; and what has been said of
hope is applicable to joy under its more
moderate influence. *Love* has cured inter-
mittents, and fortified the body against dan-
gers, difficulties, and hardships, that ap-
peared superior to human force. Thus,
even *anger*, we are told, has cured agues,
restored speech to the dumb, and for several
days arrested the cold hand of death. *Fear*
has been known to relieve excruciating fits
of the gout, to have rendered maniacs calm
and composed : and the effects of fear in
affording temporary relief in the toothache
are universally known.—DR. COGAN.

PASSIONS.—The Obedience of the

Thou must chain thy passions down :
Well to serve, but ill to sway,
Like the fire, they must obey :
They are good, in subject state,
To strengthen, warm, and animate ;
But if once we let them reign,
They sweep with desolating train,
Till they but leave a hated name,—
A ruined soul, and blackened fame.
COOK.

PASSIONS.—The Power of the

Napoleon, beneath whose leaden foot-
tread whole continents trembled, was con-
quered by his passions. Wellington, Eng-
land's iron duke, was not his only master.
Alexander the Great, with his march of
triumphs over the nations, was often almost
martyred by fits of demon passion. Sam-
son, the great victor of the Philistines,
became the helpless victim of his own base
lust. Hercules, boasting of his strength, is
said to have sought highway robbers to
combat with, and to have challenged mon-
sters to battle, that he might show how
easily he could vanquish them. But im-
purity thoroughly mastered him.—R. RO-
BERTS.

PASSIONS.—Religious

Religious passions are more difficult to
manage than the passions excited by poli-
tics.—DARU.

PASSIONS.—The Subjugation of the

When we subdue our passions, it is rather
owing to their weakness than to our own
strength.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

PASSIONS.—The Tyranny of the

We say of a man who has no will-mas-
tery—"He is ruled by his passions ;" they
govern him, not he them. Centuries ago
an Arab wrote—"Passion is a tyrant which
slays those whom it governs." It is like
fire, which, once thoroughly kindled, can
scarcely be quenched ; or like the torrent,
which, when it is swollen, can no longer
be restrained with its banks. Call not him
a prisoner who has been put in fetters by
his enemy ; but rather him whose own pas-
sions overpowered him to destruction.—J.
JOHNSON.

PASSPORT.—An Excellent

His passport is his innocence and grace.
DRYDEN.

PAST.—Admiring the

The humour of blaming the present and
admiring the past is strongly rooted in hu-
man nature, and has an influence even on
persons endued with the profoundest judg-
ment and most extensive learning.—HUME.

PAST.—The Image of the

The past lives o'er again
In its effects, and to the guilty spirit
The ever-frowning present is its image.
S. T. COLERIDGE.

PAST.—The Irrevocableness of the

The past, who can recall, or done, undo ?
Not God omnipotent, nor Fate.—MILTON.

PAST.—The Memory of the

She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene ;
The memory of what has been,
And nevermore will be.

W. WORDSWORTH.

PASTOR.—An Enemy to his

When Homer had spent many lines in
dispraising the body of Thyrsites, he briefly
describes his mind thus :—that he was an
enemy to Ulysses, a wise and eloquent man.
And there can be no more said of a bad
man than this :—that he is an enemy to his
pastor. That is enough to brand him.—
SKINNER.

**PASTOR.—The Occasional Intercourse
of a**

That occasional intercourse with his peo-
ple which duty does not forbid, is like a
sweet fragrance, refreshing to his soul, and
invigorating to his spirits. But it is as the
rainbow light in the midst of a sky of clouds
and darkness,—a bright and cheering ray,
which shoots across the lowering heavens,
and lightens up the gloom. It is a genial
atmosphere in which he pauses for a mo-
ment, not the element in which he lives
habitually.—BP. SUMNER.

**PASTORS.—Unregenerate and Inexpe-
rienced**

Alas ! it is the common danger and
calamity of the Church to have unregene-
rate and inexperienced pastors, and to have
so many men become preachers before they
are Christians, who are sanctified by dedi-
cation to the altar as the priests of God
before they are sanctified by hearty dedi-
cation as the disciples of Christ.—BAXTER.

PATCHES.—The Discredit of

Patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before.—SHAKSPEARE.

PATHETIC.—The

The pathetic almost always consists in
the detail of little circumstances.—GIBBON.

PATHETIC.—The Power of being

Theories in relation to the passions, are
as powerful as they are generally excellent ;
but they cannot teach a man to be pathetic ;
that is indeed a gift—an inspiration—from
heaven.—E. PORTER.

PATHOS.—The Need of

It is not enough that the language is
flowery, the similes and metaphors brilliant,
the verse melodious ; there must be a charm
added by the creative power of almighty

genius, which no didactic rules can teach,
which cannot be adequately described, but
which is powerfully felt by the vibrations
of the heart-strings, and which causes an
irresistible overflowing of the *sacri fontes*
lachrymarum.—DR. KNOX.

PATHOS.—The Power of

A few words of simple pathos will pene-
trate the soul to the quick, when a hundred
lines of declamation shall assa. it as feebly
and ineffectually as a gentle gale the moun-
tain of Plinlimmon.—DR. KNOX.

**PATIENCE.—The Appearance and
Attire of**

Behold her appearance and her attire !
Her countenance is calm and serene as the
face of heaven unspotted by the shadow of
a cloud, and no wrinkle of grief or anger is
seen in her forehead. Her eyes are as the
eyes of doves for meekness, and on her
eyebrows sit cheerfulness and joy. Her
mouth is lovely in silence ; her complexion
and colour that of innocence and security :
while, like the virgin, the daughter of
Sion, she shakes her head at the adversary,
despising and laughing him to scorn. She
is clothed in the robes of the martyrs, and
in her hand she holds a sceptre in the form
of a cross. She rides not in the whirlwind
and stormy tempest of passion, but her
throne is the humble and contrite heart,
and her kingdom is the kingdom of peace.
—BP. HORNE.

PATIENCE.—Definitions of

It is the calm, fretless dignity of the soul,
amid the wild tempests and agonizing suf-
ferings of this mortal scene.—DR. DAVIES.

Patience is sorrow's salve.—CHURCHILL.

PATIENCE.—The Design of

As the lid is made to open and shut, to
save the eye ; so patience is set to keep the
soul, and save the heart whole to cheer the
body again.—H. SMITH.

PATIENCE.—Desiring a Teacher of

Bring me a father that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience ;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of
mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain ;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and
form ;
If such a one will smile, and stroke his
beard ;
Cry, sorrow wag ! and hem, when he should
groan ;

PATIENCE.

Patch grief with proverbs ; make misfortune drunk

With candle-wasters ; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.

SHAKSPEARE.

PATIENCE.—The Difficulty of Learning

There is no such thing as preaching patience into people, unless the sermon is so long that they have to practise it while they hear. No man can learn patience except by going out into the hurly-burly world, and taking life just as it blows. Patience is but lying to, and riding out the gale.—H. W. BEECHER.

PATIENCE.—A Drop of

Had it pleased Heaven
To try me with affliction ;—had He rain'd
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head ;

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips ;—
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes ;

I should have found in some place of my soul

A drop of patience.—SHAKSPEARE.

PATIENCE.—An Example of

Pericles was of so patient a spirit, that he was hardly ever troubled with anything that crossed him. There was a man who did nothing all the day but rail at him in the market-place before all the people, notwithstanding Pericles was a magistrate. Pericles, however, took no notice of it, but despatching sundry cases of importance till night came, he went home with a sober pace. The man followed him all the way, defaming him as he went. Pericles, when he came home, as it was dark, called his man, and desired him to get a torch and light his defamer home.—BUCK.

PATIENCE.—The Exercise of

If but my dog exercise my patience, and make me yield my will to his, he is a blessing to me.—SCHIMMELPENNINCK.

PATIENCE.—The Offices and Need of

The offices of patience are as varied as the ills of this life. We have need of it with ourselves and with others ; with those below and those above us, and with our own equals ; with those who love us, and those who love us not ; for the greatest things, and for the least ; against sudden inroads of trouble, and under our daily burdens ; disappointments as to the weather, or the breaking of the heart ; in the weariness of the body, or the wearing of the soul ; in our own failure of duty, or others' failure to us ; in every day wants, or in the

PATRIOT.

aching of sickness, or the decay of age ; in disappointment, bereavement, losses, injuries, reproaches ; in heaviness of the heart, or its sickness amid delayed hopes.—DR. PUSEY.

PATIENCE—a Virtue.

Patience is of two kinds. There is an active, and there is a passive endurance. The former is a masculine, the latter, for the most part, a feminine virtue.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

PATIENCE AND GENIUS.

There is little doubt that to the co-operation of these two powers all the brightest inventions of the world are owing ;—that Patience must first explore the depths where the pearl lies hid, before Genius boldly dives and brings it up full into light.—T. MOORE.

PATIENT.—The Purse of the

This frequently protracts his cure.—ZIMMERMAN.

PATIENT.—The Rich

The rich patient cures the poor physician much more often than the poor physician the rich patient.—COLTON.

PATRIARCH.—A Devout

Behold a patriarch of years, who leaneth on the staff of religion ;

His heart is fresh—quick to feel—a bursting fount of generosity ;

Lofty aspirations, deep affections, holy hopes, are his delight ;

Passionate thirst for gain never hath burnt within his bosom ;

The leaden chains of that dull lust have not bound him prisoner :

The shrewd world laughed at him for honesty—the vain world mouthed at him for honour ;

The false world hated him for truth—the cold world despised him for affection ;

Still he kept his treasure—the warm and noble heart. TUPPER.

PATRIOT.—The Courage and Bearing of a

And must that ardent soul, that manly form
Bow to a toy, and cringe before a crown,
And kneel and tremble at a tyrant's frown?
Shrinks that proud heart before a purple vest,

While courtiers scoff, and tinsell'd nobles jest?

Far be the thought ! the weak, the ignoble crew,

May wound thy generous soul, but not subdue. WADDINGTON.

PATRIOT.—A Selfish

A candidate for place.—FIELDING.

PATRIOTISM.—Disinterested

History furnishes many examples of mothers, led away by the seductive attractions of honour, riches, and grandeur, to sacrifice the true happiness of their children, in the hope of securing the future fortune and rank of their posterity. Russia, however, furnishes one instance of a mother who opposed the elevation of her child to the highest dignity, with the utmost anxiety. During the interregnum that succeeded the unfortunate reign of Chowski, in 1610, the Russian nobles agreed to give the crown to a near relation, on the maternal side, of the Czar Fedor Iwanovitch. They accordingly invited young Michael Romanof and his mother to Moscow, but they both refused to attend; the mother even went further; she wrote to her brother Chermetef, to beg of him to oppose the elevation of his nephew to a throne, since his extreme youth rendered him incapable of undertaking so important a charge. The election, however, proceeded, and Michael Romanof was chosen Emperor. When the deputies repaired to Kostroma, to announce to the new sovereign the choice they had made of him, his mother begged a private interview with the plenipotentiaries, before she introduced them to her son. They consented, and met her in the church, where, with tears, she renewed her entreaties, and begged of them to choose some person more able to govern the people than her son. She was informed that, having decided, the nobles would not revoke their choice. "Well, then," said she, "I must content myself with soliciting you to take my child under your guardianship; he has not been educated in the difficult art of governing mankind; but you have elected him—you insist on him for your monarch, and if he does not fulfil your expectations, you alone will be answerable to God for the events of which your choice may be the cause; but as for me, I have done my duty to my God, my country, and my child."—ARVINE.

PATRIOTISM—in Peace.

In peace patriotism really consists only in this—that every one sweeps before his own door, minds his own business, also learns his own lesson, that it may be well with him in his own house.—GOETHE.

PATRIOTISM.—The Quiescence of

In times of national security, the feeling of patriotism among the masses is so quiescent that it seems hardly to exist.—PROF. WILSON.

PATRIOTS.—The Death of

They never fall who die
In a great cause; the block may seek their
gore,
Their heads may sodden in the sun, their
limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls,
But still their spirits walk abroad. Though
years
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping
thoughts
That overpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom.—BYRON.

PATRON.—The Conduct of a

Is not a patron one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground encumbers him with help?—DR. JOHNSON.

PATRONAGE.—The Evil of

If learning cannot support a man, if he must sit with his hands across till somebody feeds him, it is as to him a bad thing, and it is better as it is. With patronage, what flattery! what falsehood! While a man is in equilibrio, he throws truth among the multitude, and lets them take it as they please; in patronage, he must say what pleases his patron, and it is an equal chance whether that be truth or falsehood.—DR. JOHNSON.

PAUL.—St.

He possessed a manly and vigorous intellect, a generative imagination, a warm and susceptible heart;—all these, allied to and governed by a will of extraordinary force, fitted him for bold enterprise or patient endurance. Naturally, he was ambitious, fearless, persevering, and resolute, and thereby pre-eminently qualified to support any cause to which he might have allied himself; in this respect he was set apart, as it were, from his very birth. It is quite clear, from the nature of things, as well as from his history, that Paul was not perfect; but, taking all things into consideration, he was perhaps the finest specimen of regenerated humanity on record; and considering Christ only in relation to this world, Paul was second to Him. Moreover, Paul was a great theological writer, a Christian divine. Descended from religious parents, he was by them dedicated to the religion of his ancestors. Brought up at Tarsus, a city then distinguished for its school of philosophy, he became acquainted with Grecian literature. After a time he was sent to study under Gamaliel, and with great intensity of thought devoted himself to the examination of the institutions, doctrines,

PEACE.

and ceremonies of his national religion. But there suddenly came over him a great change, and he counted all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus.—C. MORRIS.

He was the greatest man of all the great men that the great God ever made.—DR. R. NEWTON.

PEACE.—Counsel Respecting

Remember that every person, however low, has *rights* and *feelings*. In all contentions, let peace be rather your object, than triumph: value triumph only as the means of peace.—S. SMITH.

PEACE.—Domestic

Tell me, on what holy ground
May Domestic Peace be found—
Halcyon daughter of the skies!
Far on fearful wings she flies
From the pomp of sceptered State,
From the Rebel's noisy hate:
In a cottage vale she dwells,
Listening to the Sabbath bells!
Still around her steps are seen
Spotless Honour's meeker mien,
Love, the sire of pleasing fears,
Sorrow smiling through her tears,
And conscious of the past employ
Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

PEACE.—Fraternal

E'en as the dew that at the break of
morning
All nature with its beauty is adorning,
And flows from heaven calm and still,
And bathes the tender grass on Zion's
hill,
And to the young and withering herb
resigns
The drop for which it pines;
So are fraternal peace and concord ever
The cherishers without whose guidance
never
Would sainted quiet seek the breast,—
The life, the soul of unmolested rest,—
The antidote to sorrow and distress,
And prop of human happiness.

KAMPHUIZEN.

PEACE.—The Heart Filled with

Go to the margin of some transparent lake, whose placid bosom reflects all the beauty and loveliness of surrounding nature; for there you have the sweetly soft and delightful emblem of a heart filled with peace.—DR. R. NEWTON.

PEACE.—The Love of

The Roman year formerly began with March, according to the appointment of

PEACE.

Romulus, who loved Mars—the god of war; but Numa Pompilius, who was a lover of peace, changed it to January—the god of peace.—E. DAVIES.

PEACE.—Motives for

Were half the power that fills the world
with terror,—

Were half the wealth bestow'd on camps
and courts,

Given to redeem the human mind from
error,

There were no need of arsenals and forts:
The warrior's name would be a name ab-
horr'd.

And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of
Cain.

LONGFELLOW.

PEACE.—The Policy of

The case of William Penn is, perhaps, the fullest and fairest illustration of pacific principles in their bearing on the intercourse of nations. His colony, though an appendage to England, was to the Indians an independent State. They knew no power above or beyond that of Penn himself; and they treated his colony as another tribe or nation. Their king had himself expressly abandoned these Quakers entirely to their own resources. "What!" said Charles II. to Penn, on the eve of his departure, "venture yourself among the savages of North America! Why, man, what security have you that you will not be in their war-kettle within two hours after setting your foot on their shores?" "The best security in the world," replied the man of peace. "I doubt that, Friend William; I have no idea of any security against those cannibals, but a regiment of good soldiers with their muskets and bayonets; and I tell you beforehand, that with all my good-will to you and your family, to whom I am under obligations, I will not send a single soldier with you." "I want none of thy soldiers; I depend on something better." "Better! on what?" "On the Indians themselves, on their moral sense, and the promised protection of God."

Such was the course of William Penn; and what was the result? In the midst of the most warlike tribes the Quakers lived in safety, while all the other colonies, acting on the war-policy of armed defence, were involved almost incessantly in bloody conflicts with the Indians.—ARVINE.

PEACE.—The Pre-eminence of

Peace is the first of necessities, and the first of glories.—NAPOLEON I.

PEACE.—The Victories of

The victories of peace are far more renowned than the victories of war; for they are the result, not of battle-axe and sword—of cannon and of slaughter, but of principles of celestial origin—of principles, indeed, which have their abiding place in the very heart of God Himself!—DR. DAVIES.

PEACEMAKERS.—Disqualified for

Those who are partisans cannot be peacemakers.—FORSTER.

PEARL.—The Origin of the

The pearl, as most naturalists inform us, is the product of the dew of heaven; for, when the oyster sees the weather bright and clear, it is said to open its shells at the early dawn, while the dew is falling, and greedily to drink in the silver drops, which petrify within it, and afterwards, by their white and snowy lustre, betray their celestial origin.—SCRIVER.

PEASANT.—A Noble

A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died :
Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
His truth unquestioned, and his soul serene :
At no man's presence Isaac felt afraid ;
At no man's question Isaac looked dismayed :
Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace :
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face ;
Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,
Cheerful he seemed, and gentleness he loved ;
To bliss domestic he his heart resigned,
And with the firmest, had the fondest mind :
Were others joyful, he looked smiling on,
And gave allowance where he needed none ;
Good he refused with future ill to buy,
Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh ;
A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
No envy stung, no jealousy distressed ;
Yet far was he from stoic pride removed ;
He felt humanely, and he warmly loved :
I marked his action when his infant died,
And his old neighbour for offence was tried ;
The salt tears stealing down that furrowed cheek,
Spoke pity plainer than the tongue can speak.
If pride were his, 't was not their vulgar pride,

Who, in their base contempt, the great deride ;
Nor pride in learning, though my clerk agreed,
If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed ;
Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew
None his superior, and his equals few :
But if that spirit in his soul had place,
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace ;
A pride in honest fame, by virtue gained,
In sturdy boys to virtuous labours trained ;
Pride in the power that guards his country's coast,
And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast,
Pride in a life that slander's tongue defied,
In fact, a noble passion, misnamed pride.

CRABBE.

PEBBLE.—The Antiquity of the

The pebble was life's first offspring on the earth.—VERE.

PECULIAR.—Advice Against being

Be not peculiar in anything which is not a case of conscience.—T. SCOTT.

PEDANTRY.—Defined.

Pedantry is but a corn or wart,
Bred in the skin of judgment, sense, and art :
A stupified excrescence, like a wen,
Fed by the peccant humours of learn'd men,
That never grows from natural defects
Of downright and untutored intellects,
But from the over-curious and vain
Distempers of an artificial brain.

S. BUTLER.

PEDANTRY—a General Fault.

As pedantry is an ostentatious obtrusion of knowledge, in which those who hear us cannot sympathise, it is a fault of which soldiers, sailors, sportsmen, gamesters, cultivators, and all men engaged in a particular occupation, are quite as guilty as scholars ; but they have the good fortune to have the vice only of pedantry, while scholars have both the vice and the name for it too.—S. SMITH.

PEDANTS.—The Breed of

The pedants are a mongrel breed, that sojourn
Among the ancient writers and the modern ;
And, while their studies are between the one
And th' other spent, having nothing of their own ;
Like sponges, are both plants and animals,
And equally, to both their natures false.

S. BUTLER.

PEEVISHNESS—Defined.

Peevishness is resentment excited by trifles.—S. SMITH.

PEN.—Dread of the

I had rather stand in the shock of a basilisk, than in the fury of a merciless pen.—SIR T. BROWNE.

PEN.—The Office of the

The pen is the tongue of the hand,—a silent utterer of words for the eye,—the unmusical substitute of the literal tongue, which is the soul's prophet, the heart's minister, and the interpreter of the understanding.—H. W. BEECHER.

PEN.—The Poet's

The poet's pen is the true divining rod
Which trembles towards the inner founts of
feeling ;
Bringing to light and use, else hid from all,
The many sweet clear sources which we
have
Of good and beauty in our own deep
bosom ;
And marks the variations of all mind,
As doth the needle an air-investing storm's.
P. J. BAILEY.

PENITENCE—Acceptable to God.

More shall thy penitent sighs
His endless mercy please,
Than their importune suits, which dream,
That words God's wrath appease ;
For heart—contrite of faith—
Is gladsome recompense,
And prayer—fruit of faith—whereby
God doth with sin dispense.—SURREY.

PENITENCE—Comes after all Doing.

More will I do,
Though all that I can do is nothing worth ;
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploping pardon. SHAKSPEARE.

PENITENCE.—The Source of

Real penitence springs from a conviction of guilt and ingratitude to God, and is followed by amendment of life.—DR. WEBSTER.

PENURY.—Fight against

If penury assail, fight against him stoutly, the gaunt grim foe ! The curse of Cain is on his brow, toiling vainly ; he creepeth with the worm by day, to raven with the wolf by night ; diseases battle by his side, and crime followeth his footsteps. Therefore fight against him boldly ; and be of a good courage, for there are many with thee ; not alone the doled alms, the casual aids dropt from compassion, or wrung out by impor-

tunity—these be only temporary helps, and indulgence in them pampers the improvident : but look thou to a better host of strong allies, of resolute defenders ; turn again to meet thy duties, needy one : no one ever starved who even faintly tried to do them.—TUPPER.

PEOPLE.—The Greatest Men arose from the

The greatest scholars, poets, orators, philosophers, warriors, statesmen, inventors, and improvers of the arts, arose from the people. If we had waited till courtiers had invented the arts of printing, clock-making, navigation, and a thousand others, we should probably have continued in darkness till this hour.—MRS. BALFOUR.

PEOPLE.—Inquisitive

Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation ; they do not take in anything for their own use, but merely to pass it to another.—MRS. STEELE.

PEOPLE.—Narrow-Souled

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.—POPE.

PEOPLE.—The Rights of the

Rights are inherent in the people, but kings and princes have none. The people stand in need of neither charters nor precedents to prove theirs, nor professional men to interpret them. They exist with every man, in every country, and in all countries alike, the despotic as well as the free ; though they may not be equally easy to be recovered in all.—LANSDOWNE.

PEOPLE.—The Scorn and Hate of the

Let no man slight the scorn and hate of the people. When it is unjust, it is a wolf ; but when it is just, a dragon. Though the tyrant, seated high, does think he may condemn their malice ; yet he ought to remember that they have many hands, while he hath one neck only. If he, being single, be dangerous to many, those many will to him alone be dangerous in their hate. The sands of Africa, though they be but barren dust and lightness, yet, angered by the winds, they bury both the horse and traveller alive.—FELTHAM.

PEOPLE.—The Silence of the

The silence of the people is the lesson of kings.—BP. SOANEN.

PEOPLE.—The Talkativeness of the

Follow war, or love, or the prince ; go, come, run, remain in the country ; take a wife, an abbey, employment, government ; people will speak of it.—**FONTAINE.**

PEOPLE.—Ungrateful.

You seldom find people ungrateful so long as you are in a condition to serve them.—**LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.**

PERCEPTIONS.—Dark

That things to mortals are mysterious,
Is not because the things themselves are dark,
But the perceptions through which they are viewed.—**D. BATES.**

PERFECT.—None

He who boasts of being perfect is perfect in folly. I never saw a perfect man. Every rose has its thorns, and every day its night. Even the sun shows spots, and the skies are darkened with clouds. And faults of some kind nestle in every bosom.—**SPURGEON.**

PERFECTIBILITY.—Moral

Moral perfectibility is our destiny.—**G. FORSTER.**

PERFECTION.—Change Necessary to

Perfection is immutable ; but for things imperfect, change is the way to perfect them.—**FELTHAM.**

PERFECTION.—Dead

Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,
Dead perfection ; no more.—**TENNYSON.**

PERFECTION.—Growth in

We may not only say, in general terms, that there may be a growth in perfection, but may assert further, that the thing which is most perfect, if it be susceptible of growth at all, will have the most sure and rapid growth. Which grows most and in the best manner—the flower which is whole and perfect in its incipient state, or that which has a canker in it, or is otherwise injured or defective in some of its parts ? Which will grow the most rapidly and symmetrically—the child which is perfect in its infancy, or one which is afflicted with some malformation?—**PROF. UPHAM.**

PERFECTION.—Trifles make

A friend called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue ; some time afterwards he called again ; the sculptor was still at his work ; his friend, looking at the figure,

exclaimed—"You have been idle since I saw you last." "By no means," replied the sculptor ; "I have re-touched this part, and polished that ; I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle ; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb." "Well, well," said his friend, "but all these are trifles." "It may be so," replied Angelo, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."—**COLTON.**

PERFORMANCES.—Rewardable

The performances to which God has annexed the promises of eternity, are just the reverse of all the pursuits of sense.—**PROF. ROGERS.**

PERFUMES.—The General Use of

The Egyptians, Persians, Greeks, Hebrews, and in a word all the ancient nations who had attained to civilization, were addicted to the use of perfumes to an extent to which no European people at the present day affords any parallel. But it was not merely as contributing to the luxury of the body that they were prized. Perfumes were largely employed at the solemn rites which were celebrated at the burial of the dead, and lavishly expended at the public religious services. Take the Hebrews, and observe how great was the importance attached by them to the sacred employment of fragrant substances. The altar of incense stood in a most conspicuous part of the Temple, and sweet incense was burned upon it every day. The high-priest was forbidden to enter "the holiest of all" unless bearing in his hand the censer from which clouds of perfumed smoke rose before the mercy-seat. A portion of frankincense, consisting of a mixture of many sweet-smelling substances, was added to the sacrifices ; and a richly perfumed oil was employed to anoint the altars and other equipments of the Temple, and the priests themselves, as a mark of their appointment to the service of God.—**PROF. G. WILSON.**

PERJURER.—The

The perjurer's a devil let loose ; what can Tie up his hands, that dares mock God and man?—**H. VAUGHAN.**

PERJURIES.—Common.

Sworn on every slight pretence,
Till perjuries are common as bad pence ;
While thousands, careless of the damning sin,
Kiss the book's outside who ne'er look within.—**COWPER.**

PERSECUTION—Abhorred.

God forbid that I should persecute any for being more religious than myself.—**LOUIS XII.**

PERSECUTION—Defined.

Persecution is the infliction of pain, punishment, or death upon others, unjustly, more especially for adhering to a religious creed or mode of worship.—**MAUNDER.**

PERSECUTION.—The Failure of

The more I seek to blot out the name of Christ, the more legible it becomes; and whatever of Christ I thought to eradicate, takes the deeper root, and rises the higher in the hearts and lives of men.—**DIOCLETIAN.**

PERSECUTION.—The Most Intolerable

Of all persecutions, that of calumny is the most intolerable. Any other kind of persecution can affect our outward circumstances only, our properties, our lives; but this may affect our characters for ever.—**HAZLITT.**

PERSECUTION.—The Shapes of

Persecution appears in many shapes; we have it at home and abroad; sometimes it addresses us with a voice of mildness, or imperious command; at other times it comes from relatives, friends, or suitors.—**ZIMMERMAN.**

PERSECUTION—a Tribute to be Paid.

Persecution is a tribute the great must ever pay for their pre-eminence.—**GOLD-SMITH.**

PERSECUTORS.—The End of

Persecutors, and others who have unjustly shed the blood of their fellow-creatures, have often, in the righteous providence of God, met with a violent death, or been visited by signal judgments. Nero was driven from his throne, and perceiving his life in danger, became his own executioner; Domitian was killed by his own servants; Hadrian died of a distressing disease, which was accompanied with great mental agony; Severus never prospered in his affairs after he persecuted the Church, and was killed by the treachery of his son; Maximinus reigned out three years, and died a violent death; Decius was drowned in a marsh, and his body never found; Valerian was taken prisoner by the Persians, and, after enduring the horrors of captivity for several years, was flayed alive; Diocletian was compelled to resign his empire, and became insane; Maximianus Hercules was de-

prived of his government, and strangled; Maximianus Galerius was suddenly and awfully removed by death; and Severus committed suicide.—**ARVINE.**

PERSEVERANCE.—An Encouragement to

No rock so hard but that a little wave may beat admission in a thousand years.—**TENNYSON.**

PERSEVERANCE—Enjoined.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose That you resolved to effect.—**SHAKESPEARE.**

PERSEVERANCE—Indispensable.

He who allows his application to falter, or shirks his work on frivolous pretexts, is on the sure road to ultimate failure. Let any task be undertaken as a thing not possible to be evaded, and it will soon come to be performed with alacrity and cheerfulness. The habit of strenuous continued labour will become comparatively easy in time, like every other habit. Thus even men with the commonest brains and the most slender powers will accomplish much, if they will but apply themselves wholly and indefatigably to one thing at a time.—**SMILES.**

PERSEVERANCE—Rewarded.

Robert Bruce, restorer of the Scottish monarchy, being one day looking at the enemies of his country, was obliged to seek refuge at night in a barn, which belonged to a poor but honest cottager. In the morning, when he awoke, he saw a spider climbing up the beam of the roof. The spider fell down to the ground, but it immediately tried again, when it a second time fell to the ground. It made a third attempt, but did not succeed. Twelve times did the little spider try to climb up the beam, and twelve times it fell down again, but the thirteenth time it succeeded and gained the top of the beam. The king immediately got up from his lowly couch, and said—"This little spider has taught me *perseverance*. I will follow its example. Twelve times have I been beaten by the enemy. I will try once more." He did so, and won the next battle! The king was the spider's scholar.—**GOODRICH.**

PERSON—Defined.

We must consider what *person* stands for; which, I think, is a thinking, intelligent being, that has reason and reflection, and can consider itself as itself, the same thinking thing in different times and places.—**LOCKE.**

PERSONALITY.—Definitions of

Personality is individuality existing in itself, but with a nature as a ground.—
S. T. COLERIDGE.

Personality, as we can conceive it, is essentially a limitation and a relation.—
DEAN MANSEL.

PERSPECTIVE.—The Strange Semblance of a

Those who work in perspective, will so paint a room, that the light entering only through some little hole, you shall perceive beautiful and perfect figures and shapes; but if you open the windows and let in a full light at most you shall see but some imperfect lines and shadows.—J. TAYLOR.

PERSPICUITY.—The Three Canons of

The *word* that is necessary; the *quantity* that is necessary; and the *manner* that is necessary.—CATHERRALL.

PERSPIRATION.—The Copiousness of

Perspiration is the evacuation of the juices of the body through the pores of the skin. It has been calculated that there are above three hundred millions of pores in the glands of the skin which covers the body of a middle-sized man! Through these pores more than one-half of what we eat and drink passes off by insensible perspiration. If we consume eight pounds of food in a day, five pounds of it are insensibly discharged by perspiration. During a night of seven hours' sleep, we perspire about two pounds and a half. At an average, we may estimate the discharge from the surface of the body, by sensible and insensible perspiration, at from half an ounce to four ounces an hour. This is a most wonderful part of the animal economy, and is absolutely necessary to our health, and even to our very existence.—
DICK.

PERSUADED.—Reasons by which we are

We are more easily persuaded, in general, by the reasons we ourselves discover, than by those which have been suggested to us by others.—PASCAL.

PERSUASION.—The Work of

It is more humane, more heavenly, first, By winning words to conquer willing hearts, And make persuasion do the work of fear.
MILTON.

PERVERSENESS.—The Cost of

The obdurate mind Pays dear for its perverseness.
SOPHOCLES.

PESTILENCE.—The Advance of the

At dead of night,
In sullen silence, stalks forth pestilence;
Contagion, close behind, taints all her steps
With poisonous dew; no smiting hand is seen,
No sound is heard; but soon her secret path
Is marked with desolation; heaps on heaps
Promiscuous drop. No friend, no refuge, near:
All, all is false and treacherous around;
All that they touch, or taste, or breathe, is death!
BP. PORTEUS.

PETER.—St.

Of all the apostles he is the most conspicuous. Ardent and honest, full of eager affection, but in delicate discernment and prudent forecast somewhat deficient; frank of speech and swift in action, yet apt to be startled by his own boldness—apt to break down after a boastful promise or a brilliant beginning,—his was the character which is sure to be often vexed with itself, and of which every one sees at a glance the faults or the foibles.—DR. J. HAMILTON.

PETITIONS.—The Fate of

Petitions not sweeten'd
With gold, are but unsavoury, oft refused;
Or if received, are pocketed, never read.
MASSINGER.

PETREL.—The Stormy

A thousand miles from land are we
Tossing about on the roaring sea;
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast;
The sails are scatter'd about like weeds,
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds;
The mighty cables and iron chains,
The hull which all earthly strength disdains,
They strain and they crack; and hearts of stone,
Their natural hard proud strength disown.
Up and down! up and down!
From the base of the wave to the billows' crown,
Amidst the flashing and feathery foam,
The stormy petrel finds a home;
A home,—if such a place can be
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeking her rocky lair
To warn her young, and teach them to spring
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing!
O'er the deep! o'er the deep!
Where the whale, and the shark, and the sword-fish sleep!

Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
The petrel telleth her tale in vain ;
For the mariner curseth the warning bird,
Who bringeth him news of the storm un-
heard :

Ah, thus does the prophet of good or ill
Meet hate from the creature he serveth
still ;

Yet, he never falters ;—so, petrel ! spring
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy
wing. W. B. PROCTER.

PETTIFOGGERS.—The Conduct of
Pettifoggers ruin their souls,
To share with knaves in cheating fools.
S. BUTLER.

PHEASANT.—The Silver

With lovely pomp, along the grassy plain,
The silver pheasant draws his shining train ;
Once on the painted banks of Ganges'
stream,

He spread his plumage to the sunny gleam ;
But now the wiry net his flight confines,
He lowers his purple crest, and inly pines.
BARBAULD.

PHILANTHROPIST.—A Model

John Howard visited all Europe and the
East, not to survey the sumptuousness of
palaces or the stateliness of temples ; not
to make accurate measurements of the re-
mains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a
scale of the curiosity of modern art ; not
to collect medals, or to collate manuscripts,
but to dive into the depth of dungeons ; to
plunge into the infection of hospitals ; to
survey the mansions of sorrow and of pain ;
to take the gauge and dimensions of misery,
depression, and contempt ; to remember
the forgotten ; to attend to the neglected ;
to visit the forsaken ; and to compare and
collate the distresses of all men in all
countries. His plan is original, and it is
as full of genius as it is of humanity. It
is a voyage of discovery, a circumnaviga-
tion of charity ; and already the benefit of
his labour is felt more or less in every
country.—BURKE.

PHILOSOPHER.—The Character of the

The character of the true philosopher is
to hope all things not impossible, and to
believe all things not unreasonable.—HER-
SCHEL.

PHILOSOPHER.—The Deficiency of the

He knows the universe, and knows not
himself.—FONTAINE.

PHILOSOPHER.—The Meanest

The meanest philosopher, though all his
possessions are his lamp or his cell, is more

truly valuable than he whose name echoes
to the shout of the million, and who stands
in all the glare of admiration.—GOLD-
SMITH.

PHILOSOPHIZE.—Man must

Man philosophizes as he lives. He may
philosophize well or ill, but philosophize he
must.—SIR W. HAMILTON.

PHILOSOPHY.—not All-Comprehending.

There are more things in heaven and earth,
Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
SHAKESPEARE.

PHILOSOPHY.—The Contradictory Con-
solutions of

The consolations of philosophy are very
amusing, but often fallacious : it tells us
that life is filled with comforts, if we will
but enjoy them ; and, on the other hand, that
though we unavoidably have miseries here,
life is short, and they will soon be over.
Thus do these consolations destroy each
other ; for if life is a place of comfort, its
shortness must be misery, and if it be
long, our griefs are protracted.—GOLD-
SMITH.

PHILOSOPHY.—Defined.

Philosophy has been defined :—the science
of things divine and human and the causes
in which they are contained ;—the science
of effects by their causes ;—the science of
sufficient reasons ;—the science of things
possible, inasmuch as they are possible ;—
the science of things evidently deduced from
first principles ;—the science of truths sen-
sible and abstract ;—the application of rea-
son to its legitimate objects ;—the science
of the relations of all knowledge to the
necessary ends of human reason ;—the
science of the original form of the ego,
or mental self ;—the science of science ;—
the science of the absolute ;—the science
of the absolute indifference of the ideal and
real.—SIR W. HAMILTON.

PHILOSOPHY.—Error Promises
Stability to

The long reign of error in the world, and
the influence it maintains, even in an age
of liberal inquiry, far from being favourable
to the supposition that human reason is
destined to be for ever the sport of pre-
judice and absurdity, demonstrates the ten-
dency which there is to permanence in estab-
lished opinions and in established institu-
tions ; and promises an eternal stability to
true philosophy when it shall once have
acquired the ascendent, and when proper

means shall be employed to support it by a more perfect system of education.—D. STEWART.

PHILOSOPHY.—God above

Nice philosophy
May tolerate unlikely arguments,
But Heaven admits no jests! Wits that
presumed
On wit too much, by striving how to prove
There was no God with foolish grounds of
art,
Discovered first the nearest way to hell,
And filled the world with devilish atheism.
Such questions youth are fond; far better
't is
To bless the sun, than reason why it
shines;
Yet He thou talk'st of is above the sun.

FORD.

PHILOSOPHY.—Moral

Moral philosophy is the science which treats of the nature and condition of man as a moral being, of the duties which result from his moral relations, and the reasons on which they are founded.—DR. WEBSTER.

PHILOSOPHY.—Noble

Philosophy is most noble when doing homage to Revelation.—CANON MELVILL.

PHILOSOPHY.—Pedigrees Disregarded by

Philosophy does not look into pedigrees; she did not adopt Plato as noble, but she made him so.—SENECA.

PHILOSOPHY.—The Province of

Philosophy consists not
In airy schemes or idle speculation;
The rule and conduct of all social life
Is her great province. Not in lonely cells
Obscure she lurks; but holds her heavenly
light
To senates and to kings, to guide their
councils,
And teach them to reform and bless man-
kind:
All policy but hers is false and rotten;
All valour not conducted by her precepts
Is a destroying fury sent from hell,
To plague unhappy man, and ruin nations.

J. THOMSON.

PHILOSOPHY—in Relation to Poetry.

Philosophy is to poetry what old age is to youth; and the stern truths of philosophy are as fatal to the fictions of the one, as the chilling testimonies of experience are to the hopes of the other.—COLTON.

PHILOSOPHY.—A Satire on

Do not all charms fly
At the mere touch of cold philosophy?
There was an awful rainbow once in
heaven:
We know her woof, her texture: she is
given
In the dull estimate of common things:
Philosophy will clip an angel's wings,
Conquer all mysteries by rule and line,
Empty the haunted air and gnomed mine,
Unweave a rainbow.—KEATS.

PHILOSOPHY.—The Triumph and Defeat of

Philosophy triumphs over past and over future evils, but present evils triumph over philosophy.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

PHŒNIX.—The Fable of the

It is remarkable that the Greek name for a palm—*Phœnix*, is also a name given to an imaginary kind of bird, which was fabled to live a thousand years and then to take fire, and burn to ashes, from which a new phoenix arose. This fable may have arisen from an obscure tradition of the palm-bush, which “burned with fire,” and yet was not destroyed.—ABP. WHATELY.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—The Influence of

We do not know but it may imprint upon the world our features as they are modified by various passions, and thus fill nature with daguerreotype impressions of all our actions that are performed in daylight. It may be, too, that there are tests by which nature, more skillfully than any human photographer, can bring out and fix those portraits, so that acuter senses than ours shall see them, as on a great canvas, spread over the material universe. Perhaps, too, they may never fade from that canvas, but become specimens in the great picture-gallery of eternity.—PROF. HITCHCOCK.

PHYSIC—a Substitute.

Physic, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute of exercise or temperance.—ADDISON.

PHYSICIAN.—The Importance of a

A popular physician is a very important member of society considered merely in a political view. The lives, limbs, health, and spirits of a great part of the subjects of a kingdom depend upon his skill and honesty.—DR. KNOX.

PHYSICIANS.—The Longevity of

The nature of their profession exercises so great an influence on their longevity,

that only twenty-four out of every hundred attain their seventieth year ; so that those who study the art of prolonging the lives of others, are most liable to die early, probably on account of the physical evils to which they are constantly exposed.—**DR. DAVIES.**

PHYSICIANS.—The Olden

Water, Exercise, and Diet.—**DR. DU-MOULIN.**

PHYSIOGNOMY—not a Rule to Judge.

Physiognomy is not a rule given to us to judge of the character of men ; it may enable us to make a conjecture.—**LA BRUYÈRE.**

PICNIC.—A Delightful

The lake is calm ; a crowd of sunny faces
And plumed heads, and shoulders round
and white,

Are mirror'd in the waters. There are
traces

Of merriment in those sweet eyes of light.
Lie empty hampers round ; in shady places,
The hungry throw themselves with ruthless might

On lobster salads ; while champagne to
cheer 'em,
Cools in the brook that murmurs sweetly
near 'em.

* * * * *

Small hands are link'd, and dance divinest
tresses,

And agile feet fly down the pleasant
glade in

A merry measure ; through the deep
recesses

How gaily trip they, youth and laughing
maiden ;

The shaken surf is swept by silken dresses,
The woodland breeze with many a jest is
laden,

And lips are curl'd, and haughty heads are
toss'd too,

As none could picture them but Ariosto.

COLLINS.

PICTURE.—The Language of a

A picture that teaches any affection or moral sentiment will speak in a language which men understand, without any other education than that of being born and of living.—**H. W. BEECHER.**

PICTURE.—The Motive of a

The motive of a picture is not so much material as spiritual. It is a certain condition of the mind produced by the subject, and which the artist, in rendering that subject, desires to re-produce in the minds of spectators.—**HAMERTON.**

PICTURESQUE.—A Definition of the

The picturesque, as placed in relation to the beautiful and the sublime, is the characteristic pushed into a sensible excess.—**T. DE QUINCEY.**

PICTURESQUENESS—an Essential Quality.

Picturesqueness is that quality in objects which fits them for making a good picture ; and it refers to the appearances of things in form and colour more than to their accidental associations.—**A. J. C. HARE.**

PIETY.—The Connection of

Piety is a silver chain hanged up aloft, which ties heaven and earth, spiritual and temporal, God and man together.—**CAUSSIN.**

PIETY.—Early

Early piety, it is to be hoped, will be eminent piety. Those that are good betimes are likely to be very good. Obadiah, who feared God from his youth, feared Him greatly.—**M. HENRY.**

PIETY.—Filial

Filial piety ! It is the primal bond of society—it is that instinctive principle which, panting for its proper good, soothes, unbidden, each sense and sensibility of man !—it now quivers on every lip !—it now beams from every eye !—it is an emanation of that gratitude which, softening under the sense of recollected good, is eager to own the vast countless debt it ne'er, alas ! can pay, for so many long years of unceasing solitudes, honourable self-denials, life-preserving cares !—it is that part of our practice, where duty drops its awe !—where reverence refines into love !—it asks no aid of memory !—it needs not the deductions of reason !—pre-existing, paramount over all, whether law or human rule, few arguments can increase, and none can diminish it !—it is the sacrament of our nature !—not only the duty but the indulgence of man—it is his first great privilege—it is amongst his last most endearing delights !—it causes the bosom to glow with reverberated love !—it requites the visitations of nature, and returns the blessings that have been received !—it fires emotion into vital principle—it renders habituated instinct into a master-passion—sways all the sweetest energies of man—hangs over each vicissitude of all that must pass away— aids the melancholy virtues in their last sad tasks of life, to cheer the languors of decrepitude and age—explores the thought—elucidates the aching eye, and breathes

sweet consolation even in the awful moment of dissolution !—SHERIDAN.

PIETY—Misnamed Fanaticism.

What ! is frantic frenzy scorned so much,
And dreaded more than a contagious touch?

I grant it dangerous, and approve your fear,

That fire is catching, if you draw too near ;
But sage observers oft mistake the flame,
And give true piety that odious name.

COWPER.

PIETY—Overstrained.

Men must eat, and drink, and work ; and if you wish to fix upon them high and elevated notions, as the *ordinary* furniture of their minds, you do these two things :—you drive men of warm temperaments mad,—and you introduce, in the rest of the world, a low and shocking familiarity with words and images which every real friend to religion would wish to keep sacred.—S. SMITH.

PIETY—a Principle of Order.

True piety is a principle of order in the soul—a beautiful and strong axis by which it is ever borne up, and on which it turns in harmony with the music of the spheres. It is like the great law of attraction, maintaining the soul's activity, and keeping the soul in its place ; wheeling it in quiet but rapid motion, and ever keeping it in a measured circle round the throne of God, its centre and its sun.—STOUGHTON.

PIETY.—The Spirit of

The spirit of piety invariably leads man to speak with truth and sincerity.—PASCAL.

" PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."—The

That wonderful book, while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. * * * In the wildest parts of Scotland the "Pilgrim's Progress" is the delight of the peasantry. Every reader knows the straight and narrow path as well as he knows a road in which he has gone backward and forward a hundred times. This is the highest miracle of genius, that things which are not should be as though they were—that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another. And this miracle the tinker has wrought.—MACAULAY.

His "Pilgrim's Progress" has great merit, both for invention, imagination, and the conduct of the story : and it has had the best evidence of its merit—the general

and continued approbation of mankind. Few books, I believe, have had a more extensive sale. It is remarkable that it begins very much like the poem of Dante ; yet there was no translation of Dante when Bunyan wrote. There is reason to think that he had read Spenser.—DR. JOHNSON.

PIRATE.—A

Thou salt-water thief !—SHAKSPEARE.

PIRATE.—A Notable

That face of his I do remember well ;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war :
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable ;
With which such scathful grapple did he
make

With that most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honour on him.

SHAKSPEARE.

PISGAH.—Mount

Perhaps there is no mountain on our planet which, from its associations, has furnished more cheering promises to man than Mount Pisgah. Around its summit cluster some of the most glorious truths of our religion, and a light falls there like the radiance of heaven itself. But I wish merely to describe the principal scene connected with this mountain, rather than the truths it develops. Behold the white tents of Israel scattered over the plain and swelling knolls at the foot of Mount Nebo. It is a balmy, glorious day. The sun is sailing over the encampment, while the blue sky bends like God in love over all things. Here and there a fleecy cloud is hovering over the top of Pisgah, as if conscious of the mysterious scene about to transpire there. The trees stand fresh and green in the sunlight ; the lowing of the cattle rises through the still atmosphere, and nature is lovely and tranquil, as if no sounds of grief were to disturb her repose. Amid this beauty and quietness, Moses assembled the children of Israel for the last time, to take his farewell look, and leave his farewell blessing. * * * The severe struggle was over, and he turned to ascend the mountain. As he advanced from rock to rock, the sobbing of the multitude that followed after, tore his heart-strings like the cry of a suffering child the heart of its parent ; but soon a rock shut him from view, and he passed on alone to its summit. There God miraculously spread before him all the land of Canaan. He stood a speck on the high crag, and gazed for an hour on the lovely scene, and then with the rock for his couch, and the blue

sky for his covering, he lay down to die. No one was with him but God; and though with one hand He smote him, with the other He held his dying head. Of that last scene we know nothing, but when it was over, Moses lay a corpse on the mountain-top. And God buried him: the mountain-cloud which night hung round him was his only shroud, and the thunder of the passing storm his only dirge. There he slept while centuries rolled by, his grave unknown and unvisited, until at length he is seen standing on Mount Tabor, with Christ in the Transfiguration. *Over Jordan at last; in Canaan at last.*—HEADLEY.

PITIED.—The Man to be

He that can please nobody, is not so much to be pitied as he that nobody can please.—COLTON.

PITY.—Painful, yet Agreeable.

Pity is always painful, yet always agreeable.—KAMES.

PITY.—The Principle of

I learn what pain is in *another man* by knowing what it is in *myself*; but I might know this without feeling the pity. I might have been so constituted as to rejoice that another man was in agony; how can you prove that my own aversion to pain must necessarily make me feel for the pain of another? I have a great horror of breaking my own leg, and I will avoid it by all means in my power; but it does not *necessarily* follow from thence that I should be struck with horror because you have broken yours. The reason why we *do* feel horror, is, that nature has superadded to these two principles of Epicurus the principle of pity; which, unless it can be shown by stronger arguments to be derived from any other feeling, must stand as an ultimate fact in our nature.—S. SMITH.

PITY.—The Relationship of

Pity's akin to love; and every thought
Of that sweet kind is welcome to my soul.
SOUTHERN.

PITY.—The Tear of

No radiant pearl which crested fortune wears,
No gem that, twinkling, hangs from beauty's ears,
Not the bright stars which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre as the tear that
treaks
For others' woe down virtue's manly cheeks.
DR. DARWIN.

PLACE—of no Moment.

Where you are is of no moment, but only what you are doing there. It is not the place that ennobles you, but you the place; and this only by doing that which is great and noble.—PETRARCH.

PLACE.—The Responsibilities of

In place there is a license to do good and evil, whereof the latter is a curse; for in evil the best condition is not to will; the second, not to can.—LORD BACON.

PLACES.—Re-Visiting Long-Loved

A melancholy joy, in truth, it is,
When half a life has fled, to see once more
Places long-loved;—to mark how Nature's
face
Remains unchanged; how little art has
wrought
Of transformation in insensate things,
While human forms familiar—men who
lived,
Thought, felt, rejoiced, and sorrow'd,
hoped, and fear'd,
Hated and loved, in time's relentless flight,
Have been by generations swept away,
Like shadows from the earth.

CANON MOULTRIE.

PLAGIARIST.—A Description of the

He is a literary thief; but while he willingly steals from every author within his reach, he is unwilling that one of his own fraternity shall steal from him.—DR. DAVIES.

PLAGIARISTS.—The Fate of

There is a very pretty Eastern tale, of which the fate of plagiarists often reminds us. The slave of a magician saw his master wave his wand, and heard him give orders to the spirits who arose at the summons. The slave stole the wand, and waved it himself in the air; but he had not observed that his master used the left hand for that purpose. The spirits thus irregularly summoned, tore the thief to pieces instead of obeying his orders.—MACAULAY.

PLANT.—The Sensitive

A sensitive plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it open'd its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.
And the spring arose on the garden fair,
And the Spirit of Love fell everywhere;
And each flower and herb on earth's dark
breast,
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.
But none ever trembled and panted with
bliss,
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,

Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet
want,
As the companionless sensitive plant.
SHELLEY.

PLANTS.—The Opening and Closing of

There are some plants which open and close at a regular fixed hour, as a man rises and goes to bed. Thus the day-lily opens at five in the morning, the dandelion at six, the spiderwort at seven, the pimpernel at eight, and so on. The closing of these plants in the latter part of the day is just as regular, inasmuch that these or other similar plants have been arranged into what is termed Flora's dial.—DR. BREWER.

PLANTS.—The Tenacity of

As to tenacity of life, plants are quite as fully endowed as animals, or perhaps even more so.—J. R. JACKSON.

PLANTS.—The Upward Look of

Plants look up to heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment.

SHAKESPEARE.

PLAYERS.—Bad

Oh, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, or man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably!—SHAKESPEARE.

PLAYS.—The Business of

The business of plays is to recommend virtue and discountenance vice;—to show the uncertainty of human greatness, the sudden turns of fate, and the unhappy conclusions of violence and injustice. 'Tis to expose the singularities of pride and fancy, to make folly and falsehood contemptible, and to bring everything that is ill under infamy and neglect.—COLLIER.

PLAYS.—The Character of

Plays are good or bad, as they are used,
And best intentions often are abused.

JOHN TAYLOR.

PLEASE.—Living to

We that live to please, must please to live.
DR. JOHNSON.

PLEASE.—The Way to

Please, consistently with truth and honour,
or be contented not to please.—DR. KNOX.

PLEASING.—Advice on

If thou canst not please everyone through all thy labour and art-work, do what contents the few.—SCHILLER.

PLEASING.—The Art of

The art of pleasing, which is founded on principles derived from morality and religion, is as far superior to that base art which consists only in simulation and dissimulation, as the fine brilliancy of the real diamond excels the lustre of the best paste, or as the roseate hue on the cheek of Hebe the painted visage of a haggard courtesan.—DR. KNOX.

PLEASURE.—All Seek for

Whate'er the motive, pleasure is the mark;
For her the black assassin draws his sword;
For her dark statesmen trim their midnight lamp;
For her the saint abstains; the miser starves;
The Stoic proud, for pleasure, pleasure scorns;
For her affliction's daughters grief indulge,
And find, or hope, a luxury in tears;—
For her, guilt, shame, toil, danger we defy.
DR. E. YOUNG.

PLEASURE.—A Bountiful and Kind

That pleasure is of all
Most bountiful and kind,
That fades not straight, but leaves
A living joy behind.—CAMPION.

PLEASURE.—Defined.

Pleasure consists in the harmony between the specific excitability of a living creature and the exciting causes correspondent thereto.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

PLEASURE.—in Doing Good.

One of Bishop Burnet's parishioners, being in great distress, applied to him for assistance. The prelate requested to know what would serve him, and re-instate him in his trade. The man named the sum, and Burnet told the servant to give it to him. "Sir," said the servant, "it is all that we have in the house." "Well, give it to this poor man; you do not know the pleasure there is in making a man glad."—ARKVINE.

PLEASURE.—The Enjoyment of a

Infatuated estate of man—that the enjoyment of a pleasure must diminish it,—that perpetual use must make it like a pyramid, lessening itself by degrees, till it grows at last to a punctum, to a nothing!—FELTHAM.

PLEASURE.—The Fatal Rock of

Pleasure is the fatal rock which most have split on ;

For men, bewitch'd by the curs'd syren's voice,

Sail on regardless till they strike on ruin.

SAVAGE.

PLEASURE.—The Laborious Search for

How many there are that take pleasure in toil : that can outrise the sun, outwatch the moon, and outrun the field's wild beasts ! merely out of fancy and delectation, they can find out mirth in vociferation, music in the barking of dogs, and be content to be led about the earth, over hedges and through sloughs, by the windings and the shifts of poor affrighted vermin : yet, after all, come off, as Messalina, tired, and not satisfied with all that the brutes can do. But were a man enjoined to this, that did not like it, how tedious and how punishable to him would it prove ! since, in itself, it differs not from riding post.—FELTHAM.

PLEASURE.—The Man of

He is one who, desirous of being more happy than any man *can* be, is less happy than most men *are*.—DR. E. YOUNG.

PLEASURE.—Pain Mixed with

'Tis feigned that Jupiter two vessels placed,
The one with honey fill'd, the other gall,
At the entry of Olympus ; Destiny
There brewing these together, suffers not
One man to pass before he drinks this mixture.

Hence it is we have not an hour of life
In which our pleasures relish not some pain,

Our sours some sweetness.—MASSINGER.

PLEASURE.—The Regulation of

Pleasure must be regulated by propriety. Pleasure, which cannot be obtained but by unseasonable or unsuitable expense, must always end in pain ; and pleasure, which must be enjoyed at the expense of another's pain, can never be such as a worthy mind can fully delight in.—DR. JOHNSON.

PLEASURE.—The Right

Pleasure is good, and man for pleasure made ;

But pleasure full of glory as of joy ;
Pleasure which neither blushes nor expires.

DR. E. YOUNG.

PLEASURE.—Unlooked-for

Pleasure that comes unlooked-for is thrice welcome ;

And if it stir the heart, if aught be there
That may hereafter in a thoughtful hour

Wake but a sigh, 'tis treasured up among
The things most precious ; and the day it came

Is noted as a white day in our lives.

S. ROGERS.

PLEASURES.—The Brevity of

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed ;
Or, like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white, then melts for ever.

R. BURNS.

PLEASURES.—Christian

When the Holy Spirit guides, and Christ is felt to be near—when peace is spoken, and a sense of pardon enjoyed—then pleasures are imparted which prove that earth is but a shadow, of which the reality is in heaven. Yet rich, and gladdening, and real as those pleasures are, they are actually secreted from those who are not risen with Christ. They are like the way of a serpent on a rock, or of the vulture in the air, and are as little known as if they belonged to the doings of another race of beings whose abode is in some other planet.—TWEEDIE.

PLEASURES.—Favourable to Benevolence.

The pleasures of the body are favourable to all the benevolent virtues,—and its pains unfavourable. No one is so inclined to good-nature, courtesy, and generosity, when cold, wet, and dirty, as after pleasant feeding and during genial warmth.—S. SMITH.

PLEASURES.—Simple

If a simple pleasure is meant one, the cause of which can be easily analysed, or which does not last long, or which in itself is very faint ; then simple pleasures seem to be very nearly synonymous with small pleasures ; and if the simplicity were to be a little increased, the pleasure would vanish altogether.—S. SMITH.

PLEASURES.—Unsubstantial

Pleasures are not of such a solid nature that we can dive into them ; we must merely skim over them : they resemble those boggy lands over which we must run lightly, without stopping to put down our feet.—FONTENELLE.

PLEIADES.—The

Only six of these stars are visible to the naked eye ; and the ancients supposed that the seventh concealed herself, out of shame for having bestowed her love upon a mere mortal—Sisyphus, while her sisters were the favourites of divine personages. Alcyone, the brightest of the Pleiades, a star of the third magnitude, is considered to

occupy the apparent position of the central point round which our universe of fixed stars is revolving.—**DR. WEBSTER.**

PLODDER.—A True

Whoever gives me credit for anything besides being a plodder will do too much. I can plod ; I can persevere in any difficult pursuit ; and to that I owe everything.—**CAREY.**

PLOUGH.—The Inventor of the

It is not known where he that invented the plough was born, nor where he died ; yet he has effected more for the happiness of the world than the whole race of heroes and of conquerors, who have drenched it with tears and manured it with blood, and whose birth, parentage, and education have been handed down to us with a precision precisely proportionate to the mischief they have done.—**COLTON.**

POACHER.—Things in the Hut of a

Loaded and primed, and prompt for desperate hand,
Rifle and fowling-piece beside him stand ;
His pilfered powder in yonder nook he hoards,
And the filched lead the church's roof affords :
The fish-spear barbed, the sweeping net are there,
Doe hides and pheasant plumes, and skins of hare,
Cordage for toils, and wiring for the snare ;
And late-snatched spoils lie stowed in hutch apart,
To wait the associate higgler's evening cart.—**SIR W. SCOTT.**

POCKET.—The Necessity of a

A pocket, if not a faculty of the human mind, or an organ of the human body, must be regarded as an indispensable adjunct to both. The pocket is the badge of civilization, and what it contains—the very element of discrimination between man and man.—**H. W. BEECHER.**

POEM.—The Idea of a

One night, when he (Pollok) was sitting alone in Moorhouse old room, letting his mind wander backward and forward over things at large, in a moment, as if by an immediate inspiration, the idea of the poem struck him, and the plan of it, as it now stands, stretched out before him ; so that, at one glance, he saw through it from end to end like an avenue. He never felt, he said, as he did then ; and he shook from head to foot overpowered with feeling, knowing that to pursue the subject was to have no middle way between great success and great failure.—**J. POLLOK.**

POESY.—The Effect of

It is, indeed, very difficult not to be transported when contemplating the beauties which the magic hand of the poet raises around, with all the creative power of a real enchantment. From the cares of gain, the toils of ambition, the noise, the hurry, the vexation of a disordered world, we rise on the wings of poesy to ethereal regions, where all is tranquil, or are wafted to visionary scenes, in which are displayed all the delicious sweets of a paradise and an elysium.—**DR. KNOX.**

POESY.—In Love with

Poesy, thou sweet'st content
That e'er Heaven to mortals lent !
Though they as a trifle leave thee
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee ;—
Though thou be to them a scorn
That to nought but earth are born ;—
Let my life no longer be
Than I am in love with thee!—**WITHER.**

POET.—The Business of the

The moral is the first business of the poet.—**DRYDEN.**

POET.—A Description of a

Abundance of men read the poets, who don't know what a poet is, or at least can't express what they mean by it. A poet is one who invents, either in whole or in part, the subject he treats of ; who disposes it in a certain order, proper to surprise the reader, and make him attentive. In short, he is one who expresses himself in a different manner from the vulgar, not only in respect of the cadence but likewise of the elocution.—**LECLERC.**

POET.—The Genius of the

His genius seems to include—first—a power of abstraction in the senses, which enables the mind to separate the qualities and appearances of objects one from another ; for unless they are so separated, they would not offer themselves readily for recombination ; secondly—a power of vivid conception ; thirdly—a great susceptibility to the emotions of beauty and sublimity ; fourthly—a prompt correspondence between these emotions and the moral sentiments ; fifthly—a nice judgment in fixing the boundary between sobriety and extravagance : sixthly—a quick recollection of words ; and seventhly—an ear, or sense of the rhythm, or mutual relation of words as mere sounds.—**I. TAYLOR.**

POET.—The Imagination of the

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Dost glance from heaven to earth, from
earth to heaven ;

And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's
pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy
nothing
A local habitation and a name.

SHAKSPEARE.

POET.—The Mind of the

Clear and bright it should be ever,
Flowing like a crystal river;
Bright as light, and clear as wind.

TENNYSON.

POET.—Nature Mourns the Death of the

Call it not vain : they do not err
Who say—that when the poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies :—
Who say—tall cliff and cavern lone
For the departed bard make moan ;
That mountains weep in crystal rill ;—
That flowers in tears of balm distil ;—
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks, in deeper groan, reply ;—
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

SIR W. SCOTT.

POET.—The Necessary Action of a

He who, in an enlightened and literary society, aspires to be a great poet, must first become a little child. He must take to pieces the whole web of his mind. He must unlearn much of that knowledge which has perhaps constituted hitherto his chief title to superiority. His very talents will be a hindrance to him. His difficulties will be proportioned to his proficiency in the pursuits which are fashionable among his contemporaries ; and that proficiency will in general be proportioned to the vigour and activity of his mind.—MACAULAY.

POET.—The Soul Reflected by the

The poet in his work reflects his soul,
As some lone nymph, beside a woodland
well,
Whose clear white limbs, like animated
light,
Make glad the heart and sanctify the sight,
The soft and shadowy miracle of her form.

P. J. BAILEY.

POET.—The Worth of a

They best can judge a poet's worth,
Who oft themselves have known
The pangs of a poetic birth
By labours of their own.—COWPER.

POET-LAUREATE.—The Crowning of the

Our kings, from time immemorial, have
placed a miserable dependant in their

household appointment, who was sometimes called the king's poet and the king's versificator. It is probable that at length the selected bard assumed the title of *Poet-Laureate*, without receiving the honours of being solemnly crowned, as in other countries ; or, at the most, *the crown of laurel* was a mere obscure custom practised at our universities, and not attended with great public distinction.—I. DISRAELI.

POET-LAUREATE.—The Stipend of a

History informs us that Chaucer, on his return to England, first assumed the title of Poet-Laureate, and was allowed an annual grant of wine in the twelfth year of Richard II. In the reign of succeeding monarchs, money was also added to this royal grant by letters patent.—E. DAVIES.

POETRY.—The Best of

The best kind of poetry is ever in alliance with real uncorrupted Christianity ; and with the degeneracy of the one always comes the decline of the other ; for it is to Christianity that we owe the fullest inspirations of the celestial spirit of poetry.—J. A. ST. JOHN.

POETRY.—The Composition of

Poetry is a much easier and more agreeable species of composition than prose ; and could a man live by it, it were not unpleasant employment to be a poet.—GOLDSMITH.

POETRY.—Definitions of

Poetry is the art of substantiating shadows, and of lending existence to nothing.—BURKE.

Poetry is an art of imitation, that is to say—a representing, counterfeiting, or figuring forth.—SIR P. SIDNEY.

POETRY.—Mincing

I had rather hear a brazen candlestick
turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree ;
And that would set my teeth nothing on
edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry ;
'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.
BYRON.

POETRY.—A Reader of

A true reader of poetry partakes of a more than ordinary portion of the poetic nature ; and no one can be completely such, who does not love, or take an interest in, everything that interests the poet, from the firmament to the daisy—from the highest heart of man to the most pitiable of the low.—HUNT.

POETRY.—The Re-productions of

Poetry lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world, *and makes familiar objects to be as if they were not familiar.* It re-produces all that it represents; and the impersonations clothed in its Elysian light, stand thenceforward in the minds of those who have once contemplated them, as memorials of that gentle and exalted content which extends itself over all thoughts and actions with which it co-exists. The great secret of morals is love, or a going out of our own nature, and an identification of ourselves with the beautiful which exists in thought, action, or person, not our own. A man, to be greatly good, must imagine intensely and comprehensively; he must put himself in the place of another, and of many others; the pains and pleasures of his species must become his own. The great instrument of moral good is imagination, and poetry administers to the effect by acting upon the cause.—SHELLEY.

POETRY.—The Soul Feeding upon

Poetry only I confess is mine;
The only thing I think of now, or read,
Feeding my soul upon the soft, and sweet,
And delicate imaginings of song;
For as nightingales do upon glow-worms feed,
So poets live upon the living light
Of nature and of beauty.—P. J. BAILEY.

POETRY—Talking and Acting.

It is a shallow criticism that would define poetry as confined to literary productions in rhyme and metre. The written poem is only poetry *talking*, and the statue, the picture, and the musical composition, are poetry *acting*. Milton and Goethe, at their desks, were not more truly poets than Phidias with his chisel, Raphael at his easel, or deaf Beethoven bending over his piano, inventing and producing strains which he himself could never hope to hear.—RUSKIN.

POETRY AND MUSIC.

Poetry is music in words; and music is poetry in sound: both excellent sauce, but they have lived and died poor that made them their meat.—DR. FULLER.

POETRY AND PAINTING.

True poetry the painter's power displays;
True painting emulates the poet's lays;
The rival sisters, fond of equal fame,
Alternate change their office and their name.
W. MASON.

POETS.—The Births of

Poets are far rarer births than kings.—JONSON.

POETS.—Modern

Modern poets mix much water with their ink.—GOETHE.

POETS.—Nature Bountiful of

There is nothing of which Nature has been more bountiful than poets. They swarm like the spawn of cod-fish, with a vicious fecundity, that invites and requires destruction. To publish verses is become a sort of evidence that a man wants sense; which is repelled not by writing good verses, but by writing excellent verses.—S. SMITH.

POETS.—The Pay and Praise of

All poets pretend for immortality, but the whole tribe have no objection to present pay and present praise.—COLTON.

POETS.—The Poverty of

I have observed a gardener cut the outward rind of a tree (which is the surtout of it), to make it bear well: and this is a natural account of the usual poverty of poets, and is an argument why wits, of all men living, ought to be ill clad. I have always a sacred veneration for any one I observe to be a little out of repair in his person, as supposing him either a poet or a philosopher; because the richest minerals are ever found under the most ragged and withered surfaces of the earth.—DEAN SWIFT.

POETS.—The Vanity of

We poets, madder yet than all,
With a refined fantastic vanity,
Think we not only have, but give eternity.
A. COWLEY.

POISON.—Desiring

Let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharged of
breath
As violently as hasty powder fired
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.
SHAKSPEARE.

POLE.—The Magnetic

Twenty years ago some English voyagers were standing on a flat beach within the Arctic Seas. From the excitement of their looks, the avidity with which they gazed into the ground, and the enthusiasm with which they looked around them, it was evident that they deemed it a spot of signal interest. But anything outwardly less interesting you could hardly imagine. On the one side the coast retreated in low and wintry ridges, and on the other a pale ocean bore its icy freight beneath a watery sky, whilst under the travellers' feet lay

neither bars of gold nor a gravel of gems, but blocks of unsightly limestone. Yet it was the centre of one of Nature's greatest mysteries. It was the reward of years of adventure and hardship; it was the answer to the long aspirations and efforts of science; it was the Magnetic Pole.—DR. J. HAMILTON.

POLICY.—The Best

The best policy is simplicity and truth.—NAPOLEON I.

POLITENESS.—The Benefit of

Politeness is like an air-cushion—there may be nothing solid in it, but it cases the jolts wonderfully.—H. W. BEECHER.

POLITENESS.—Defined.

Politeness is nothing more than an elegant and concealed species of flattery, tending to put the person to whom it is addressed in good-humour and respect with himself; but if there is a parade and display affected in the exertion of it, if a man seems to say—"Look how condescending and gracious I am!" whilst he has only the common offices of civility to perform, such politeness seems founded in mistake, and calculated to recommend the wrong person; and this mistake I have observed frequently to occur in French manners.—CUMBERLAND.

POLITENESS.—Royal

Henry IV. of France was standing one day with some of his courtiers at the entrance of a village, and a poor man, passing by, bowed down to the very ground; and the king, with great condescension, returned his salutation just in the same manner; at which one of his attendants ventured to express his surprise, when the monarch finely replied to him—"Would you have your king exceeded in politeness by one of the lowest of his subjects?"—ARVINE.

POLITENESS.—The Value of

A female philosopher, and one to whom few women, or men either, could compare in depth of observation and shrewdness, said—"Politeness costs nothing, but gains everything."—FRISWELL.

POLITENESS AND RUDENESS.

If we could examine the manners of different nations with impartiality, we should find no people so rude as to be without any rules of politeness; nor any so polite as not to have some remains of rudeness.—DR. FRANKLIN.

POLITICIAN.—The True

He is the true politician who is wise unto salvation.—SWINNOCK.

POLITICIANS.—Over-reach Themselves.

As logicians sometimes prove too much by an argument, so politicians over-reach themselves in their schemes.—FIELDING.

POLITICS.—The Science of

Politics are not speculative or metaphysical, but a practical and inductive science.—LOWE.

The science of politics is not fixed and unchangeable, like a system of abstract truth, but is progressive of civilization, and fluctuating with the exigencies of society.—BARLOW.

POLITICS.—Talking

When we say that two men are talking politics, we often mean that they are wrangling about some mere party question.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

POLKA.—The Origin of the

Somewhere about the year 1831, a young peasant girl, who was in the service of a citizen of Elbeteinitz, in Bohemia, performed a dance of her own invention one Sunday afternoon, for her own special delectation, and sang a suitable tune to it. The schoolmaster, Joseph Neruda, who happened to be present, wrote down the melody, and the new dance was soon after publicly performed for the first time in Elbeteinitz. About 1835 it made its entrance into Prague, and then obtained the name of polka, from the Bohemian word *pulka*, or half, from the half step prevalent in it. Four years later, it was carried to Vienna by a Prague band. In 1840, a dancing-master of Prague danced the polka, with great success, at the Odéon, in Paris, whence it found its way with extraordinary rapidity to every dancing-room.—CZERWINSKI.

POLYGAMY.—Forbidden.

All polygamy is clearly forbidden in those words wherein our Lord clearly declares—"That for any woman who has a husband alive to marry again, is adultery. By parity of reason, it is adultery for any man to marry again so long as he has a wife alive. Yea, although they were divorced; unless that divorce had been for the cause of adultery. In that only case there is no Scripture which forbids the innocent person to marry again.—J. WESLEY.

POOR.—The Annals of the

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure:
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.
T. GRAY.

POOR.—The Belief of the

There is no being so poor and contemptible, who does not think there is somebody still poorer, and still more contemptible.—**DR. JOHNSON.**

POOR.—Do not Seem

If you be poor, do not seem poor, if you would avoid insult as well as suffering.—**GOLDSMITH.**

POOR.—Pillaging the

The nets which we use against the poor are just those worldly embarrassments which either their ignorance or their improvidence are almost certain at some time or other to bring them into; then, just at the time when we ought to hasten to help them, and teach them how to manage better in future, we rush forward to pillage them, and force all we can out of them in their adversity. For, to take one instance only, remember this is literally and simply what we do whenever we buy, or try to buy, cheap goods—goods offered at a price which we know cannot be remunerative for the labour involved in them. Whenever we buy such goods, we are stealing somebody's labour.—**RUSKIN.**

POOR.—The Pleading of the

Oh, what avails it, missionary, to come to me, a man condemned to residence in this fetid place, where every sense bestowed upon me for my delight becomes a torment, and where every minute of my numbered days is new mire added to the heap under which I lie oppressed! But give me my first glimpse of heaven, through a little of its light and air; give me pure water; help me to be clean; lighten this heavy atmosphere and heavy life, in which our spirits sink, and we become the indifferent and callous creatures you too often see us; gently and kindly take the bodies of those who die among us out of the small room where we grow to be so familiar with the awful change that even its sanctity is lost to us; and teacher, then I will hear—none know better than you, how willingly—of Him whose thoughts were so much with the poor, and who had compassion for all human sorrow!—**DICKENS.**

POOR.—The Really

That man is to be accounted poor, of whatever rank he be, and suffers the pains of poverty, whose expenses exceed his resources; and no man is, properly speaking, poor, but he.—**ADN. PALEY.**

POOR.—The Wise Contented

Thrice happy they—the wise contented poor;
From lust of wealth, and dread of death,
secure!
They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.
COLLINS.

POPULARITY.—A Desirable

I do not affect to scorn the opinion of mankind. I wish earnestly for popularity; I will seek, and I will have popularity; that popularity which follows, and not that which is run after.—**MANSFIELD.**

POPULARITY.—The Selfish Love of

I have read of one that offered his prince a great sum of money to have leave once or twice a day to come into his presence, and only say—"God save your majesty." The prince, wondering at this large offer for so small a favour, asked him what this would advantage him. "Oh, sir," said he, "this, though I have nothing else at your hands, will get me a name in the country for one that is a great favourite at court; and such an opinion will help me to more, by the year's end, than I am out for the purchase."—**GURNALL.**

POPULARITY.—Unsatisfactory.

It is not the applause of a day, it is not the huzzas of thousands, that can give a moment's satisfaction to a rational being: that man's mind must, indeed, be a weak one, and his ambition of a most depraved sort, who can be captivated by such wretched allurements, or satisfied with such momentary gratifications.—**MANSFIELD.**

PORTRAIT.—The Soothing Influence of a Mirror divine! which gives the soul to view,

Reflects the image, and retains it too!
Recalls to friendship's eye the fading face,
Revives each look, and rivals every grace:
In thee the banished lover finds relief,
His bliss in absence, and his balm in grief:
Affection, grateful, owns thy sacred power,
The father feels thee in affliction's hour;
When catching life ere some lov'd cherub flies,
To take its angel station in the skies,
The portrait soothes the loss it can't repair,
And sheds a comfort, even in despair.
SHEE.

POSITION.—The Influence of

'T is from high life high characters are drawn:
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn;

POSITION.

A judge is just ; a chancellor juster still ;
A gownman learned ; a bishop what you
will ;

Wise, if a minister ; but, if a king,
More wise, more learned, more just, more
everything :

Court-virtues bear, like gems, the highest
rate,

Born where heaven's influence scarce can
penetrate :

In life's low vale, the soil the virtues like,
They please as beauties, here as wonders
strike.

POPE.

POSITION.—The Proof of a

Let not the proof of any position depend
on the positions that follow, but always on
those that precede.—DR. WATTS.

POSITIVE.—The Presumption of the

Where men of judgment creep and feel
their way,

The positive pronounce without dismay.

COWPER.

POSITIVISM.—The System and Teaching of

Positivism is a system which claims exclusive possession of truth. It asserts that—of God, if there be a God ;—of the soul, if there be a soul ;—of revelation, if revelation there be, man can know, man need know, nothing. Away then, it cries, with mere hypothesis. To the positive, to the material, to the teaching of the senses, to observation of facts, philosophy must limit itself. Positivism rises in comparison with atheism, which itself is less base than pantheism ; for it is better to ignore than to deny, as it is better to deny than to degrade God.—BP. JEUNE.

POSSESSION.—Non-Appreciation during

It so falls out

That what we have we prize not to the
worth

Whiles we enjoy it ; but being lack'd and
lost,

Why then we rack the value ; then we find
The virtue that possession would not show
us

Whiles it was ours.—SHAKSPEARE.

POSSESSION AND EXPECTATION.

In all worldly things that a man pursues
with the greatest eagerness and intention
of mind imaginable, he finds not half the
pleasure in the actual possession of them as
he proposed to himself in the expectation.
—DR. SOUTH.

POSSIBLE.—The

Possible ! Is anything impossible ? Read
the newspapers.—WELLINGTON.

POSTERITY.

POSSIBILITIES.—The Infiniteness of

Possibilities are as infinite as God's
power.—DR. SOUTH.

POSTAGE.—The Cost of

We look back now with a sort of amazed
compassion to the old crusading times, when
warrior husbands and their wives, grey-
headed parents and their brave sons, parted,
with the knowledge that it must be months
or years before they could hear even of one
another's existence. We wonder how they
bore the depth of silence. And we feel
the same now about the families of the
Polar voyagers. But, till a dozen years ago,
it did not occur to many of us how like this
was the fate of the largest classes in our
own country. The fact is, there was no full
and free epistolary intercourse in the coun-
try, except between those who had the com-
mand of franks. There were few families
in the wide middle class who did not feel
the cost of postage a heavy item in their
expenditure ; and if the young people sent
letters home only once a fortnight, the
amount at the year's end was a rather
serious matter. But it was the vast multi-
tude of the lower orders who suffered like
the crusading families of old, and the geo-
graphical discoverers of all times. When
once their families parted off from home, it
was a separation almost like that of death.
—MARTINEAU.

POSTERITY.—Drafts upon

The drafts which true genius draws upon
posterity, although they may not always be
honoured so soon as they are due, are sure
to be paid with compound interest in the
end.—COLTON.

POSTERITY—Preserves Small Valuables.

Posterity preserves only what will pack
into small compass. Jewels are handed
down from age to age ; less portable valu-
ables disappear.—LORD STANLEY.

POSTERITY.—The Way to Communicate with

How much valuable and useful informa-
tion of the actual existing state of arts and
knowledge at any period might be trans-
mitted to posterity in a distinct, tangible,
and imperishable form, if, instead of the
absurd and useless deposition of a few coins
and medals under the foundations of build-
ings, specimens of ingenious implements,
or condensed statements of scientific truths,
or processes in arts and manufactures, were
substituted ! Will books infallibly preserve
to a remote posterity all that we may desire
should be hereafter known of ourselves and

our discoveries, or all that posterity would wish to know? And may not a useless ceremony be thus transformed into an act of enrolment in a perpetual archive, of what we most prize, and acknowledge to be most valuable?—HERSCHEL.

POVERTY.—Compensation for

Poor men and humble men do not think what immense compensation they have for poverty, straits, and toils, in being kept, as to natural condition, so much nearer God and the powers of His gracious kingdom. God's messengers reach them easily. His Spirit works quickly, and as in kinder soil.—DR. RALEIGH.

POVERTY.—The Constraining Influence of
My poverty, but not my will, consents.
SHAKESPEARE.

POVERTY.—Defined.

The wicked man's temper, the good man's perdition, the proud man's curse, the melancholy man's halter.—LYTTON.

POVERTY.—No Disgrace to be in

Though the blessings of life, and a competency of temporal favours, are every way desirable, yet they who are in a measure deprived of them should remember that poverty in itself is no real disgrace, though considered as such by those whose minds are influenced by custom and prejudice more than truth and benevolence.—BUCK.

POVERTY.—The Evils of

Ah ! little think the gay, licentious proud,
How many pine in want and dungeon glooms,
Shut from the common air and common use
Of their own limbs ; how many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery ; sore pierced by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty ; how many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse ;
Whence, tumbling headlong from the height
of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic muse.
J. THOMSON.

POVERTY—more Imaginary than Real.

Poverty is, except where there is an actual want of food and raiment, a thing much more imaginary than real. The shame of poverty—the shame of being thought poor—it is a great and fatal weakness, though arising, in this country, from the fashion of the times themselves.—COBBETT.

POVERTY.—The Privilege of

It is the great privilege of poverty to be happy unenvied, to be healthy without physic, secure without a guard, and to obtain from the bounty of nature what the great and wealthy are compelled to procure by the help of art.—DR. JOHNSON.

POVERTY, LUXURY, AND AVARICE.

Poverty wants some, luxury many, avarice all things.—H. COWLEY.

POWER—an Abstraction.

Power in itself is an abstraction. We can never see it, we cannot hear it, we cannot feel it, we cannot taste it, we cannot smell it. We witness its results everywhere. I see now the train moving ; it is not power itself, but an evidence of it. I heard the thunder roaring ; it was not power in itself, but the consequence of it. I am thrown down by some force ; it is the result of some invisible power. The mind may influence, through various mediums, the objects of its operations into tears, laughter, joy, or misery ; all this is the result of power. All forms of power in themselves are equally invisible ; power is alone known in its agents and results.—T. HUGHES.

POWER.—Arbitrary

Arbitrary power is most easily established on the ruins of liberty abused to licentiousness.—WASHINGTON.

POWER.—The Desire of

That one human being will desire to render the person and property of another subservient to his pleasures, notwithstanding the pain or loss of pleasure which it may occasion to that other individual, is the foundation of government. The desire of the object implies the desire of the power necessary to accomplish the object. The desire, therefore, of that power which is necessary to render the persons and properties of human beings subservient to our pleasures, is a grand governing law of human nature.—J. MILL.

POWER.—Despotic

When the force of the current had carried away the temporary bridge which Xerxes had caused to be thrown over the Hellespont, on his grand expedition into Greece, he was so enraged, that he not only ordered the heads of the workmen to be struck off, but, like a madman, inflicted lashes upon the sea, to punish it for its insolence ; he, moreover, affected to hold it in future under his control, by throwing fetters into it ! "A striking proof," adds the historian, "how

much the possession of despotic power tends not only to corrupt the heart, but even to weaken and blind the understanding."—ARVINE.

POWER.—Different Forms of

Power is active and passive ; faculty is active power or capacity ; capacity is passive power.—SIR W. HAMILTON.

POWER.—Moral

By this we mean—the power of a life and a character, the power of good and great purposes, that power which comes at length to reside in a man distinguished in some course of estimable or great conduct.—BUSHNELL.

POWER.—The Rule concerning

The good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,—
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

W. WORDSWORTH.

POWER.—The Vanity of

Gilimex, king of the Vandals, when led in triumph by Belisarius, cried out—"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."—ARVINE.

POWERS.—Concentrating the

The weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something. The strongest, by dispersing his over many, may fail to accomplish anything. The drop, by continually falling, bores its passage through the hardest rock. The hasty torrent rushes over it with hideous uproar, and leaves no trace behind.—CARLYLE.

PRACTICE—an Art.

Practice is exercise of an art, or the application of a science in life, which application is itself an art.—SIR W. HAMILTON.

PRACTICE.—The Source of

Practice flows from principle ; for as a man thinks, so will he act.—BP. JEWEL.

PRACTICE AND THEORY.

Practice and theory stand in the closest relation to each other. The higher the sphere of life, the more thoroughly does this principle apply : it is most true of the highest of all,—of the moral and religious sphere.—ULLMANN.

**PRAIRIE.—The Ancient Inhabitants
of the**

As o'er the verdant waste I guide my steed,
Among the high, rank grass that sweeps
his sides,

The hollow beating of his footstep seems
A sacrilegious sound. I think of those
Upon whose rest he tramples. Are they
here—

The dead of other days ?—and did the dust
Of these fair solitudes once stir with life
And burn with passion ? Let the mighty
mounds

That overlook the rivers, or that rise
In the dim forest, crowded with old oaks,
Answer. A race that long has passed
away,

Built them ; a disciplined and populous
race

Heap'd with long toil, the earth, while yet
the Greek

Was hewing the Pentelicus to forms
Of symmetry, and rearing on its rock

The glittering Parthenon. These ample
fields

Nourish'd their harvests ; here their herds
were fed.

When haply by their stalls the bison low'd
And bow'd his maned shoulder to the yoke.
All day this desert murmured with their
toils,

Till twilight blush'd, and lovers walked and
woo'd

In a forgotten language, and old tunes,
From instruments of unremembered form,
Gave the soft winds a voice.—BRYANT.

PRAIRIE.—The Great

The great prairie is full of life ; vegetable life, insect life, animal life ; green with bunch grass, tawny with sun-flowers ; buzzing with mosquitoes, whirring with white birds ; snarling with coyotes, humming with rattle-snakes, snorting with buffaloes. Nature is never silent, either day or night. Prairie hens cluck in the wild sage ; wolves yelp in the ravines ; locusts clatter in the air ; ravens screech and fight in the track. In the wilderness of Engedi, and in the desert of Sinai, you may ride for hours, and never catch the sight of a living thing. The prairie is commonly painted as a flat country ; but this description is a great mistake. The prairie landscape, from its vast extent, appears in many parts to be flat ; yet, in truth, it is a vast upland ; rising, like the steppes in Russian Tartary, from the Missouri bluffs upwards to the passes of the Sierra Madre—the first range of that mighty chain of peaks which is popularly known as the Rocky Mountains. The ascent is 4,000 or 5,000 feet. You may cross a hundred miles of country, east to west, which seem to the eye a flat plain, but water flows down it from west to east in regular lines ; and every night finds you on a higher level ; sometimes marked by a difference of vegetation, always by a difference in the air. Every

day, as you draw away from the Missouri bed, this air becomes drier, keener, sweeter; until in the upper regions of the Plains it is meat and drink, and serves you, not badly, for rest and sleep. Water is very scarce. Marsh and bog are unknown. Timber is scant. Hence, no masses of poisonous vapour anywhere exist to taint the general air of these grassy plains. Nothing takes the pride of sight out of you more quickly than a prairie ride. The atmosphere is so fine that small things look large, and distant things near. Five miles in front you mistake a couple of ravens for two mounted Indians, the white skull of a buffalo for a Comanche tent. You see a curl of lilac smoke in the grass; you know it rises from a Cheyenne fire; you expect to catch the wild yep-yep; but your knowing teamster hushes your impatience—"Guess that's kinder twenty mile right away." It is the same with sound. A rifle can be heard an incredible distance, and the trainman's cry is answered half-an-hour before you come upon his ranch.—DIXON.

PRAISE—the Best Diet.

Praise is the best diet for us after all.—S. SMITH.

PRAISE.—The Encouragement of

Praise is the greatest encouragement we chameleons can pretend to, or rather the manna that keeps soul and body together; we devour it as if it were angels' food, and vainly think we grow immortal. There is nothing transports a poet, next to love, like commending in the right place.—D. K. LEE.

PRAISE—without Envy.

Expect not praise without envy until you are dead. Honours bestowed on the illustrious dead have in them no admixture of envy; for the living pity the dead; and pity and envy, like oil and vinegar, assimilate not.—COLTON.

PRAISE—of Friends.

'Tis sweet to watch affection's eye;
To mark the tear with love replete;
To feel the softly breathing sigh
When friendship's lips the tones repeat:
But, oh! a thousand times more sweet
The praise of those we love to hear!
Like balmy showers in summer heat,
It falls upon the greedy ear.—MITFORD.

PRAISE—a Lasting Duty.

Praise is the only part of duty in which we at present engage which is lasting. We pray, but there shall be a time when prayer shall offer its last litany; we believe, but

there shall be a time when faith shall be lost in sight; we hope, and hope maketh not ashamed, but there shall be a time when hope lies down and dies, lost in the splendour of the fruition that God shall reveal. But praise goes singing into heaven, and is ready without a teacher to strike the harp that is waiting for it, to transmit along the echoes of eternity the song of the Lamb.—PUNSHON.

PRAISE.—The Love of

The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows in every heart;

The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure,
The modest shun it but to make it sure.

DR. E. YOUNG.

PRAISE.—The Power of

What cannot praise effect in mighty minds,
When flattery soothes, and when ambition blinds?

DRYDEN.

PRAISE.—The Rejection of

It would be a species of savageness to reject indifferently all sorts of praise: one ought to be alive to that which comes from men of honour and sense, who praise from the heart things which are worthy of praise.—LA BRUYÈRE.

PRAISE—Undeserved.

Praise undeserved is satire in disguise.—BROADHURST.

PRAISE AND BLAME.

Warm passions, and a lively imagination, dispose men to panegyric and to satire; but *nimum nec laudare, nec ledere*, that is, neither to *deify*, nor to *duncify*, seems to be no bad rule for those who would act consistently and live quietly.—JORTIN.

PRAISE AND CENSURE.

Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,
Are lost on hearers that our merits know.

POPE.

PRATERS.—The Difficulty of Stopping

Some praters are so full of their own gabble, and so fond of their own discord, that they would not suspend their eternal monotonies to hear the wit of Sheridan, or the point of Swift: one might as well attempt to stop the saw of a task-working stone-cutter by the melodies of an Æolian harp!—COLTON.

PRAYER.—Answers to

The army was engaged in hostilities against the *Quadi*, by whom the Roman legions, under Marcus Aurelius, were

surrounded in a position perilous in itself, and rendered still more so by the fact of water being utterly inaccessible. In the extremity of their universal suffering, the twelfth—a Christian legion—fell upon their knees, and earnestly implored the Almighty to have mercy upon the army and the emperor, though from the latter they had experienced persecutions on account of their religion. By a miraculous interposition of Divine Providence, a torrent of rain descended, invigorating the Roman troops, who caught the falling moisture in their helmets, drank as they fought, and ultimately achieved the victory. They were so thoroughly persuaded of miraculous intervention, that they ascribed to Jupiter Pluvius the honours of the victory.—TERTULLIAN.

During the rebellion in Ireland, in 1798, the rebels had long meditated an attack on the Moravian settlement at Grace-Hill, Wexford county. At length they put their threat in execution, and a large body of them marched to the town. When they arrived there, they saw no one in the streets nor in the houses. The brethren had long expected this attack, but, true to their Christian profession, they would not have recourse to arms for their defence, but assembled in their chapel, and in solemn prayer besought Him in whom they trusted, to be their shield in the hour of danger. The ruffian band, hitherto breathing nothing but destruction and slaughter, were struck with astonishment at this novel sight. Where they expected an armed hand, they saw it clasped in prayer—where they expected weapon to weapon, and the body armed for the fight, they saw the bended knee and humble head, before the altar of the Prince of Peace. They heard the prayer for protection; they heard the intended victims asking mercy for their murderers: they heard the song of praise, and the hymn of confidence, in the “sure promise of the Lord.” They beheld in silence this little band of Christians; they felt unable to raise their hand against them; and, after lingering in the streets, which they filled for a night and a day, with one consent they turned and marched away from the place, without having injured an individual, or purloined a single loaf of bread. In consequence of this signal mark of protection from heaven, the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages brought their goods, and asked for shelter in Grace-Hill, which they called the City of Refuge.—ARVINK.

PRAYER.—An Author's

Almighty God, the Giver of all good things, without whose help all labour is

ineffectual, and without whose grace all wisdom is folly; grant, I beseech thee, that in this undertaking Thy Holy Spirit may not be withheld from me, but that I may promote Thy glory, and the salvation of myself and others: grant this, O Lord, for the sake of Thy Son Jesus Christ. Amen.—DR. JOHNSON.

PRAYER.—The Best

Farewell! farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding-guest,
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast:—
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

PRAYER.—The Brevity of

Prayer should be short, without giving the Almighty reasons why He should grant this or that: He knows best what is good for us. If your boy should ask you a suit of clothes, and give you reasons—otherwise he cannot wait upon you, he cannot go abroad but he will discredit you, would you endure it? You know it better than he; let him ask a suit of clothes.—SELDEN.

PRAYER.—The Conditions of

Prayer, to be heard and answered by God, must not only outwardly be laid upon the believer's altar—his Surety and Intercessor, the Lord Jesus Christ—it must not only be offered up with the external link of union binding it to the name of Christ; it must in spirit and object be conformable to His will—it must be based on the character, the mind, and the Spirit of Christ—it must run parallel with the revelation of His dealings and designs in the Church and in the world—it must range within the circle of that knowledge which Christ has vouchsafed to give us of Himself, and His purposes of mercy and grace towards us.—D. T. K. DRUMMOND.

PRAYER.—Defined.

Prayer is the application of want to Him who alone can relieve it, the voice of sin to Him who alone can pardon it. It is the urgency of poverty, the prostration of humility, the fervency of penitence, the confidence of trust. It is not eloquence, but earnestness; not figures of speech, but compunction of soul. It is the “Lord, save us, we perish” of drowning Peter; the cry of faith to the ear of mercy.—H. MORE.

PRAYER.—Family

The priest-like father reads the sacred
page,
How Abraham was the friend of God
on high ;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;
Or, how the royal bard did groaning
lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging
ire ;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing
cry ;
Or, rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire ;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred
lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the
theme—
How guiltless blood for guilty man
was shed ;
How He, who bore in heaven the
second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His
head ;
How His first followers and servants
sped,
The precepts sage they wrote to many a
land :
How he who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc-
ed by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal
King,
The saint, the father, and the husband
prays :
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant
wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future
days :
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's
praise,
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling time moves round in an
eternal sphere. R. BURNS.

PRAYER.—Fervent

When prayer mounts upon the wing of
fervour to God, then answers come down
like lightning from God.—W. SECKER.

PRAYER.—The Gift of

The gift of prayer is not always in our
power.—PROF. LESSING.

PRAYER.—An Incentive to

When Melancthon was entreated by his
friends to lay aside the natural anxiety and
timidity of his temper, he replied—"If I
had no anxieties, I should lose a powerful

incentive to prayer ; but when the cares of
life impel to devotion, the best means of
consolation, a religious mind can do without
them. Thus trouble compels me to prayer,
and prayer drives away trouble."—ARVINE.

PRAYER—and the Laws of Nature.

It is not truth nor philosophy to say that
prayer alters nothing, that the laws of nature
are fixed, and that entreaty cannot change
them. The laws of nature *are fixed on pur-
pose to be used for the granting of prayer.*
Any man can use the laws of nature to
grant the requests of his child. Does he
say that God, who made those laws, cannot
do as much with them as *he* can?—H. W.
BEECHER.

PRAYER.—The Lord's

The Lord's Prayer contains the sum total
of religion and morals.—WELLINGTON.

Do you wish to find out the really sub-
lime? Repeat the Lord's Prayer.—NAIO-
LEON I.

PRAYER.—A Monarch's

Keep me, O Lord, from silly and un-
guarded friends, and from secret and de-
signing enemies ; and give me those things
that are best for me, through Jesus Christ
our Lord.—GEORGE III.

PRAYER—Morning and Evening.

In the morning this is a golden key to
open the heart for God's service, and in the
evening it is an iron lock to guard the heart
against sin.—W. SECKER.

PRAYER.—The Power of

It is said of Archimedes, that famous
mathematician of Syracuse, who having by
his art framed a curious instrument, that if
he could but have told how to fix it, it
would have raised the very foundations of
the whole earth. Such an instrument is
prayer, which, if it be set upon God and
fixed in heaven, will fetch earth up to
heaven, change earthly thoughts into
heavenly conceptions, turn flesh into spirit,
metamorphose nature unto grace, and earth
into heaven.—VENATORIUS.

PRAYER.—A Prime-Minister's

Great and merciful God, Ruler of all
nations, help me daily to repair to Thee for
wisdom and grace suitable to the high office
whereto Thy providence has called me.
Strengthen, O Lord, my natural powers and
faculties, that the weighty and solemn in-
terests with which Thy servant is charged
may not greatly suffer through weakness of

body and confusion of mind. Deign, I beseech Thee, to obviate or correct the ill effects of such omissions or mistakes in my proceedings as may result from partial knowledge, infirmity of judgment, or unfaithfulness in any with whom I may have to do. Let Thy blessings rest upon my sovereign and my country. Dispose the hearts of all in high stations to adopt such measures as will preserve public order, foster industry, and alleviate distress. May their religion flourish, and peace be universal. Grant that, so far as may consist with human weakness, whatever is proposed by myself or others for the general good may be viewed with candour, and that all wise and useful measures may be conducted to a prosperous issue. As for me, Thy servant, grant, O merciful God, that I may not be so engrossed with public anxieties as that Thy Word should become unfruitful in me, or be so moved by difficulty or opposition as not to pursue the narrow way which leadeth me to life. And, O most gracious Father, if, notwithstanding my present desires and purposes, I should forget Thee, do not Thou forget me, seeing that I entreat Thy constant remembrance and favour only for the sake of our most blessed Advocate and Redeemer, Jesus Christ, to whom with Thee and the Holy Spirit be glory for ever. Amen.—PEEL.

PRAYER.—Private

Many noble examples have attested how this inner life of heaven—combining the heroic and the gentle, softening without enfeebling the character, preparing either for action or endurance—has shed its power over the outer life of earth. How commanding is the attitude of Paul from the time of his conversion to the truth! What courage he has—encountering the Epicurean and Stoical philosophers—revealing the unknown God to the multitude at Athens—making the false-hearted Felix tremble, and almost constraining the pliable Agrippa to decision—standing, silver-haired and solitary, before the bar of Nero—dying a martyr for the loved name of Jesus!—that heroism was born in the solitude where he importunately “besought the Lord.” “In Luther’s closet,” says D’Aubigné, “we have the secret of the Reformation.” The Puritans—those “men of whom the world was not worthy”—to whom we owe immense, but scantily acknowledged, obligations—how kept they their fidelity? Tracked through wood and wild, the bay- ing of the fierce sleuth-hound breaking often upon their sequestered worship—their prayer was the talisman which “stopped the mouths of lions, and quenched the violence of fire.”—PUNSHON.

PRAYER.—Resignation in

Lord Bolingbroke once asked Lady Huntingdon how she reconciled prayer to God for particular blessings, with absolute resignation to the divine will. “Very easily,” answered her ladyship; “just as if I were to offer a petition to a monarch, of whose kindness and wisdom I had the highest opinion. In such a case, my language would be—I wish you to bestow on me such or such a favour; but your majesty knows better than I, how far it would be agreeable to you, or right in itself, to grant my desire. I therefore content myself with humbly presenting my petition, and leave the event of it entirely to you.”—ARVINE.

PRAYER.—A Soldier’s

O God! if in the day of battle I forget Thee, do Thou not forget me.—WYNDHAM.

PRAYER.—Subjects of

Is everything to be a subject of prayer? Certainly. So thought Fowell Buxton even of those amusements with which, in holiday times, he was wont to brace up mind and body for noble labours in the cause of God and his country. So thought that Corsican patriot who never went down to battle till he had gone down to his knees, nor ever levelled a rifle that never missed, without praying for the soul he was about to send into eternity. And so speaks Paul, when, linking peace and prayer together, he writes—“Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God; and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds, through Jesus Christ.”—DR. GUTHRIE.

PRAYER-BOOK.—The Church of England

It stands in the front rank of all human composition.—R. HALL.

PREACHER.—The Defects of a

The defects of a preacher are soon spied. Let him be endued with ten virtues, and have but one fault, that one fault will eclipse and darken all his virtues and gifts, so evil is the world in these times.—LUTHER.

PREACHER.—The Descriptive Power of a

The Arabians have a proverb which says—“He is the best orator who can turn men’s ears into eyes.” Whitefield seems to have had a peculiar faculty of doing this. He dramatized his subject so thoroughly

that it seemed to move and walk before your eyes. He used to draw such vivid pictures of the things he was handling, that his hearers could believe they actually saw and heard them. On one occasion Lord Chesterfield was among his hearers. The great preacher, in describing the miserable condition of an unconverted sinner, illustrated the subject by describing a blind beggar. The night was dark, and the road dangerous. The poor mendicant was deserted by his dog near the edge of a precipice, and had nothing to aid him in groping his way but his staff. Whitefield so warmed with his subject, and enforced it with such graphic power, that the whole auditory was kept in breathless silence, as if it saw the movements of the poor old man; and at length, when the beggar was about to take the fatal step which would have hurled him down the precipice to certain destruction, Lord Chesterfield actually made a rush forward to save him, exclaiming—"He is gone! he is gone!" The noble lord had been so entirely carried away by the preacher that he forgot the whole was a picture.—CANON RYLE.

PREACHER.—Effect Produced by a

"Massillon, on hearing other preachers, I have often been much pleased with *them*; but on hearing you, I am much displeased with *myself*."—LOUIS XIV.

PREACHER.—A Model

Would I describe a preacher such as Paul, Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,

Paul should himself direct me. I would trace

His master-strokes, and draw from his design:

I would express him simple, grave, sincere; In doctrine uncorrupt, in language plain, And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,

And natural in gesture; much impress'd Himself, as conscious of his awful charge, And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds May feel it too; affectionate in look, And tender in address, as well becomes A messenger of grace to guilty men.

COWPER.

PREACHER.—The Properties and Virtues of a

A good preacher should have these properties and virtues:—First, to teach systematically; secondly, he should have a ready wit; thirdly, he should be eloquent; fourthly, he should have a strong voice; fifthly, a good memory; sixthly, he should know when to make an end; seventhly, he should be sure of his doctrine; eighthly,

he should venture and engage body and blood, wealth and honour in the Word; ninthly, he should suffer himself to be mocked and jeered of everyone.—LUTHER.

PREACHER.—A Rule for a

Keep in mind that excellent rule:—Never preach a single sermon from which an unenlightened hearer might not learn the plan of salvation, even though he never afterwards heard another discourse.—RICHMOND.

PREACHER.—An Unconverted

In possession of such a man—of one who has adopted the church, as other men the law, or army, or navy, as a mere profession, and goes through the routine of its duties with the coldness of an official—the pulpit seems filled with the ghastly form of a skeleton, that in its cold and bony fingers holds a burning lamp.—DR. GUTHRIE.

PREACHING.—Faithful

Sire, if the world were here addressing your Majesty (Louis XIV.), it would not say to you—"Blessed are they that mourn:" blessed, it would say, the prince who never fought but to conquer; who has filled the universe with his name; who, in the course of a long and flourishing reign, has enjoyed with fame all that men admire—the greatness of his conquests, the love of his people, the magnificence of his works, the wisdom of his laws, the hope of a numerous progeny, and who has now nothing to desire but to keep what he possesses. But, Sire, Jesus Christ speaks not as the world speaks. "Blessed," says Christ, not he who enjoys the admiration of the world, but he who makes preparation for the world to come, who lives in penitence and humility, and has possession of the kingdom of heaven—"Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."—BP. MASSILLON.

PREACHING.—First Efforts at

Robert Hall desiring a license to commence preaching, he was appointed to deliver an address in the vestry of Broadmead Chapel from 1 Tim. iv. 10. After proceeding for a short time, much to the gratification of his auditory, he suddenly paused, and covering his face with his hands, exclaimed—"Oh! I have lost my ideas," and sat down, his hands still hiding his face. The failure, however, painful as it was to his tutors, and humiliating to himself, was such as rather augmented than diminished their persuasion of what he could accomplish, if once he acquired self-possession. He was therefore appointed to speak again on the same subject, at the

same place, the ensuing week. This second attempt was accompanied by a second failure, still more painful to witness, and still more grievous to bear. He hastened from the vestry, and on retiring to his room, exclaimed—"If this does not humble me, the devil must have me!" Such were the early efforts of him whose humility afterwards became as conspicuous as his talents; and who, for nearly half a century, excited universal attention and admiration by the splendour of his pulpit eloquence.—**ARVINE.**

PREACHING.—The Manner of

I preach as a dying man to dying men.—**BAXTER.**

PREACHING.—Simplicity of Style in

Simplicity of style, as opposed to the artificial and rhetorical, is essential to earnestness; for who can believe that man to be intent on saving souls, who seems to have laboured in the study only to make his sermon as fine as glittering imagery and high-sounding diction could render it? I could as soon believe a physician were intent on saving his fellow-creatures from death, who, when the plague was sweeping them into the grave, spent his time in studying to write his prescriptions in beautiful characters and classical latinity.—**J. A. JAMES.**

PREACHING.—The Tone in

This does much in working upon the people's affections. If a man should make love in an ordinary tone, his mistress would not regard him; or should he cry fire in an ordinary voice, nobody would come out to help him.—**SELDEN.**

PRECIPITATION.—The Evil of

Youth is the peculiar season of precipitation: the young man's motto is—"Onward!" There is no such effectual cure of this evil as experience, when a man is made to feel the effects of his precipitation, both in body and mind; and God alone can bring a man thus acquainted with himself.—**R. CECIL.**

PRECOCIOUSNESS.—Excites Admiration.

While the constant labours and extensive researches of eminent men deserve our best praise, the premature development of genius excites both our admiration and astonishment. To see juvenile years graced with all the beauties of science and learning, strikes the mind as a singular phenomenon. Whether all human souls be equal, so that

their powers are only expanded or restrained according to corporeal organization, or whether they are different in their own nature, may, perhaps, be a matter of much controversy. It is evident, however, that what has cost many the labour of years, has been almost the first thoughts of others possessed of an early and fruitful genius.—**BUCK.**

PRECOCIOUSNESS.—A Remarkable Instance of

A child, six years of age, being introduced into company for his extraordinary abilities, was asked by a dignified clergyman—"where God was?" with the proffer of an orange. "Tell me," replied the boy, "where He is not, and I will give you two."—**BUCK.**

PREDESTINATION.—Talkers on

They that talk nothing but predestination, and will not proceed in the way of heaven till they be satisfied on that point, do as a man that would not come to London, unless at his first step he might set his foot upon the top of St. Paul's.—**SELDEN.**

PRE-EMINENCE.—Fancied

In the mass of human affairs there is nothing so vain and transitory as the fancied pre-eminence which depends on popular opinion, without a solid foundation to support it.—**TACITUS.**

PREFACE.—A Good

A good preface is as essential to put the reader into good humour, as a good prologue is to a play, or a fine symphony is to an opera, containing something analogous to the work itself; so that we may feel its want as a desire not elsewhere to be gratified. The Italians call the preface—*La salsa del libro*—the sauce of the book; and, if well-seasoned, it creates an appetite in the reader to devour the book itself.—**I. DISRAELI.**

PREFERMENT.—Going by Favour.

When preferment goes more by favour than by merit, the rejected have more honour than the elected.—**DR. FULLER.**

PREFERMENT.—The Ministry in Relation to

They that enter the ministry for preferment, are like Judas that looked after the bag.—**SELDEN.**

PREFERMENT.—A Difficult Way to

They that would come to preferment by pride, are like those who would ascend stairs on horseback.—**FELTHAM.**



BACON — BEN JONSON
SPENSER — SHAKSPERE — MILTON
JEREMY TAYLOR — HOOKER.

LONDON: PRINTED BY W. BARNES, 1827.

PREJUDICE—will not be Convinced.

A gentleman was one day stoutly asserting that there were no gold-fields except in Mexico and Peru. A nugget, dug up in California, was presented to him as evidence against his positive assertion. He was not in the least disconcerted. "This metal, sir, is, I own, extremely like gold; and you tell me that it passes as such in the market, having been declared by the assayers to be indistinguishable from the precious metal. All this I will not dispute. Nevertheless, the metal is not gold, but *aurumimum*; it cannot be gold, because gold comes only from Mexico and Peru." In vain was he informed that the geological formation was similar in California and Peru, and the metals similar; he had fixed in his mind the conclusion that gold existed *only* in Mexico and Peru; this was a law of Nature—he had no reasons to give why it should be so; but such had been the admitted fact for many years, and from it he could not swerve.—LEWES.

PREJUDICE—Fond of Extremes.

Prejudice is either a good lover or a good hater. It cannot walk far in the middle path, and take what is good and delightful from either side; generally, its residence is found on one of the extreme sides. In religion, it is frequently found in extreme and withering unbelief, or in extreme superstition and fanaticism. It is either believing nothing that is good, or believing everything that is weak and silly. In politics, it is either absolute stand-still, or wild revolution, tyranny, or lawlessness. So with the arts of life and the various branches of knowledge; they are either despised altogether, or carried to an unwarrantable extreme.—T. HUGHES.

PREJUDICE—Mistaken.

Prejudice may be compared to a misty morning in October. A man goes forth to an eminence, and he sees on the summit of a neighbouring hill a figure of gigantic stature, for such the imperfect medium through which he is seen would make him appear: he goes forward a few steps, and the figure advances towards him; his size lessens as they approach; they draw still nearer, and the extraordinary appearance is gradually but sensibly diminishing. At last they meet, and perhaps the man that I had taken for a monster proves to be my own brother! —DR. PRICE.

PREJUDICE.—The Strength of

When the judgment's weak
The prejudice is strong.—O'HARA.

PREJUDICES.—Dangerous

Some of the darkest and most dangerous prejudices of man arise from the most honourable principles of the mind. When prejudices are caught up from bad passions, the worst of men feel intervals of remorse, to soften and disperse them; but when they arise from a generous though mistaken source, they are hugged closer to the bosom, and the kindest and most compassionate natures feel a pleasure in fostering a blind and unjust resentment.—LORD ERSKINE.

PREJUDICES.—The Rule of

Prejudices rule the vulgar.—VOLTAIRE.

PRESCRIPTION.—A Golden

A poor woman understanding that Dr. Goldsmith had studied physic, and hearing of his humanity, solicited him in a letter to send her something for her husband, who had lost his appetite, and was reduced to a most melancholy state. The good-natured poet waited on her instantly, and, after some discourse with his patient, found him sinking in sickness and poverty. The doctor told him they should hear from him in an hour, when he would send them some pills which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately went home, and put ten guineas into a chip box, with the following label:—"These must be used as necessities require; be patient, and of good heart." He sent his servant with this prescription to the comfortless mourner, who found it contained a superior remedy to anything Galen or his tribe could administer.—ARVINE.

PRESENT.—The Best

The three sons of an Eastern lady were invited to furnish her with an expression of their love, before she went a long journey. One brought a marble tablet with the inscription of her name; another presented her with a rich garland of fragrant flowers; the third entered her presence, and thus accosted her:—"Mother, I have neither marble tablet nor fragrant nosegay, but I have a heart: here your name is engraved, here your memory is precious, and this heart full of affection will follow you wherever you travel, and remain with you wherever you repose."—ARVINE.

PRESENT.—Enjoy the

Our advantages fly away:
Gather flowers while ye may.—OVID.

PRESENT.—Man the Sport of the

Man, living, feeling man is the easy sport of the over-mastering present.—SCHILLER.

PRESENTIMENTS.—The Importance of

All presentiments, if they are confirmed by the event, give man a higher idea of himself, whether it be that, feeling a tender sensibility of mind, he may believe himself to have a certain relation to the far distant, or that he is acute enough to perceive necessary but still uncertain associations.—GOETHE.

PRESENTIMENTS.—Vague

If the celestials daily fly
With messages on missions high,
And float, our masts and turrets nigh,
Conversing on Heaven's great intents ;
What wonder hints of coming things,
Whereto man's hope and yearning clings,
Should drop like feathers from their wings
And give us vague presentiments ?

INGELOW.

PRESS.—The Agency of the

The mightiest agency of modern times, in disseminating either good or evil, is unquestionably the press. It has long been the rival of the pulpit, and is now, in the wide range of its influence, far ahead of it. The time was when it was otherwise. Before the discovery of printing, society was almost dependent on oral instruction. Men learned nearly everything that they did learn from the orator in the forum, from the philosopher in the schools, or from the preacher in the church. But the press, for the last three centuries, has occupied much of the ground that once belonged exclusively to the oral instructor ; and with vast multitudes in our day it is made the chief, if not the sole teacher. Like a never-failing fountain, it is sending forth its publications of every possible variety of character, as numerous as the dew-drops from the womb of the morning, all of which are exerting an influence for good or evil on the masses with whom they come in contact.—T. PEARSON.

PRESS.—A Free and Independent

Nothing adds so much to the glory of a country as a free and independent press, which faithfully records all vicissitudes of politics and power ; notices the moral and physical career of nations ; records all accidents by flood and field ; aids the cause and dissemination of knowledge ; and while it amuses, also instructs. With such manifest advantages, who is there that will neglect an object so worthy of regard ?—DR. JOHNSON.

PRESS.—London's Indebtedness to the

London owes much to its press ; as much to its press as to its being the seat of government and law. Its parliaments and tribunals give it an influence over the pro-

vinces ; but without the press how would its decisions be known or received ? No man can have travelled in this country without feeling that the exalted position of the metropolis of England is mainly attributable to the press. It is by the press that the whole kingdom feels the pulse of the capital : it is thus the tone is given, the key-note sounded, our public virtue stimulated, and our national emotions awakened and nourished.—B. DISRAELI.

PRESS.—The Power of the

Mightiest of the mighty means,
On which the arm of progress leans,
Man's noblest mission to advance,
His woes assuage, his weal enhance,
His rights enforce, his wrongs redress,—
Mightiest of mighty is the press.

BOWRING.

The press is not only free, it is powerful. That power is ours. It is the proudest that man can enjoy. It was not granted by monarchs, it was not gained for us by aristocracies ; but it sprang from the people, and, with an immortal instinct, it has always worked for the people.—B. DISRAELI.

PRESUMPTION.—The Advance of

Every presumption is properly an encroachment, and all encroachment carries in it still a further and a further invasion upon the person encroached upon. It enters into the soul as a gangrene does into the body, which spreads as well as infects, and with a running progress carries a venom and a contagion over all the members. Presumption never stops in its first attempt. If Cæsar comes once to pass the Rubicon, he will be sure to march further on, even till he enters the very bowels of Rome, and break open the Capitol itself. He that wades so far as to wet and foul himself, cares not how much he trashes further.—DR. SOUTH.

PRESUMPTION—a Disease.

Presumption is our natural and original disease.—MONTAIGNE.

PRESUMPTION.—The Impious Daring of

He that presumes, steps into the throne of God.—DR. SOUTH.

PRETENCE.—The Noise and Show of

How is the world deceived by noise and show !

Alas, how different to pretend and know !
Like a poor highway brook, pretence runs loud ;

Bustling, but shallow, dirty, weak, and proud :

PRETENCES.

While like some nobler stream true knowledge glides
Silently strong, and its deep bottom hides.
A. HILL.

PRETENCES.—The Extent of

Pretences go a great way with men that take fair words and magisterial looks for current payment.—L'ESTRANGE.

PRETEXTS—not Wanting.

Pretexts are not wanting when one wishes a thing.—GOLDONI.

PREVENTION—Better than Cure.

Who would not give a trifle to prevent
What he would give a thousand worlds to cure?
DR. E. YOUNG.

PRIDE—Allowed.

Pride may be allowed to this or that degree, else a man cannot keep up his dignity.—SELDEN.

PRIDE.—The Character of

All pride is abject and mean.—DR. JOHNSON.

PRIDE.—Complaining of

If we had no pride, we should not complain of that of others.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

PRIDE—in Connection with Dress.

Hark! the rustle of a dress,
Stiff with lavish costliness!
Here comes one whose cheek would flush,
But to have her garment brush
'Gainst the girl whose fingers thin
Wove the weary 'broidery in,
Bending backward from her toil,
Lest her tears the silk might soil.
And in midnight's chill and murk
Stitched her life into the work,
Shaping from her bitter thought
Heart's-ease and forget-me-not,
Satirizing her despair
With the emblems woven there,
Little doth the weary heed
Of the heart-break in the brede;
A hyena by her side
Skulks, down-looking—it is Pride.

J. R. LOWELL.

PRIDE.—Defined.

It is the great master-sin of the human heart.—J. H. EVANS.

Pride signifies such an exalted idea of ourselves as leads to self-esteem, and to contempt of others. It is self-admiration, self-doating.—J. A. JAMES

PRIDE.

PRIDE.—The Depth of

Deep is the sea, and deep is hell, but Pride
mineth deeper;
It is coiled as a poisonous worm about the
foundations of the soul;
If thou expose it in thy motives, and track
it in thy springs of thought,
Complacent in its own detection, it will
seem indignant virtue;
Smoothly it will gratulate thy skill, O
subtle anatomist of self!
And spurn at its very being, while it nest-
leth the deeper in thy bosom.—TUPPER.

PRIDE—Disappointed.

Nothing can be got, but much may be
lost, by triumphing before a battle. When
Charles V. invaded France, he lost his
generals and a great part of his army by
famine and disease; and returned baffled
and thoroughly mortified from an enterprise
which he began with such confidence of its
happy issue, that he desired Paul Jovius,
the historian, to make a large provision of
paper sufficient to record the victories which
he was going to acquire.—BP. HORNE.

PRIDE—to be Dreaded.

The pride of no person in a flourishing
condition is more justly to be dreaded than
that of him who is mean and cringing under
a doubtful and unprosperous fortune.—
BURKE.

PRIDE.—The Extremes of

Diogenes, being at Olympia, saw at the
celebrated festival some young men of
Rhodes, arrayed most magnificently.
Smiling, he exclaimed—"This is pride."
Afterwards meeting with some Lacedæ-
monians in a mean and sordid dress, he
said—"And this is also pride."—ARVINE.

PRIDE.—The Fatal Influence of

I have been more and more convinced,
the more I think of it, that, in general,
pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes.
All the other passions do occasional good;
but whenever pride puts in *its* word, every-
thing goes wrong; and what it might really
be desirable to do, quietly and innocently,
it is mortally dangerous to do proudly.—
RUSKIN.

PRIDE.—An Honest

When the cause is just,
An honest pride may be indulged.

SOPHOCLES.

PRIDE.—A Judicious Use of

In beginning the world, if you don't wish
to get chafed at every turn, fold up your
pride carefully, put it under lock and key,

and only let it out to air on grand occasions. Pride is a garment all stiff brocade outside—all grating sackcloth on the side next to the skin. Even kings do not wear the dalmaticum except at a coronation.—**LYTTON.**

PRIDE.—The Obstinacy of

Pride never listens to the voice of reason, nature, or religion.—**NAPOLEON I.**

PRIDE.—The Poverty of

Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion,
Round the wealthy bride ;
But when compared with real passion,
Poor is all that pride,—
What are their showy treasures ?
What are their noisy pleasures ?
The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art—
The polish'd jewel's blaze
May draw the wond'ring gaze,
But never, never can come near the worthy
heart, R. BURNS.

PRIDE—a Radical Evil.

It is not only a most hateful evil ; but it is a radical evil. As all other lusts are found lodging in it ; so they are found springing from it. It is a foul leprosy in the face of morality ; and a hurtful worm gnawing at the root of humility.—**W. SECKER.**

PRIDE.—Secret Arts to Profess

Some there are who affect such a kind of careless behaviour as, if you did not know the secret arts they have to profess their pride and sumptuosities in banquets, edifices, their children's breeding, the splendour of their retinue, and their furniture, you would imagine them sworn enemies of so much vanity.—**DREXELIUS.**

PRIDE.—The only Way to Humble

You may strip man bare of every earthly possession ; you may leave him like a leafless trunk, or a dismantled wreck ; you may bereave him of all that is held dear. Affection may weep over him ; authority may command ; agony may lacerate ; poverty may press him to the dust. To all these the law of God may add its terrors ; and the dread of an undone eternity, of a lost soul, or a forfeited heaven, may complete the climax of woe : but all will not suffice to humble man. To Christ he must come at last to learn to be meek and lowly.—**TWEEDIE.**

PRIDE.—Willing

All pride is willing pride.—**SHAKESPEARE.**

PRIEST.—The Graces of a

Give me the priest, the graces shall possess
Of an ambassador,—the just address ;
A father's tenderness,—a shepherd's care ;
A leader's courage, which the cross can bear ;
A ruler's awe,—a watchman's wakeful eye,
A pilot's skill, the helm in storms to ply ;
The fisher's patience, and a labouring toil,
A guide's dexterity to disembroil,
A prophet's inspiration from above,
A teacher's knowledge, and a Saviour's love.
BP. KEN.

PRIEST.—The Practice of a

His preaching much, but more his patience wrought,—
A living sermon of the truths he taught—
For this by rules severe his life he squared,
That all might see the doctrines which he heard :
For priests, he said, are patterns for the rest,—
The gold of heaven who bear the God impressed ;
But when the precious coin is kept unclean,
The Sovereign's image is no longer seen.
CHAUCER.

PRIEST.—An Unfaithful

He sold
The sacred truth to him who most would give
Of titles, benefices, honours, names ;
For this betrayed his Master ; and for this
Made merchandise of immortal souls
Committed to his care.

Most guilty, villanous, dishonest man !
Wolf in the clothing of the gentle lamb !
Dark traitor in Messiah's holy camp !
Leper in saintly garb ! assassin masked
In virtue's robe ! vile hypocrite accursed !
I strive in vain to set his evil forth !
The words that should sufficiently accurse
And execrate such reprobate, had need
Come glowing from the lips of eldest hell !
R. POLLOK.

PRIESTHOOD.—The Venerableness of the

The priesthood hath, in all nations and all religions, been held highly venerable.—**BP. ATTERBURY.**

PRIESTHOOD.—The Vesture of the

The vesture of that older priesthood is with us an adornment of the heart ; and the glory of them that are chief in priesthood is to us no longer commended by the beauty of vestments, but by a splendour that is of the soul.—**ST. GREGORY.**

PRIMROSE.—An Early

Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire !
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nursed in whirling storms,
And cradled in the winds.

Thee, when young Spring first question'd
Winter's sway,
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
• Thee on this bank he threw
To mark the victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
Serene thou open'st to the nipping gale,
Unnoticed and alone,
Thy tender elegance.—H. K. WHITE.

PRIMROSE.—The Song of the

Near to a prattling stream,
Or under the hedge-row trees,
I bask in the sun's glad beam,
And list to the passing breeze.

When the village school is o'er,
And the happy children free,
Gladly they seek to explore
Haunts that are perfumed by me.
R. PATTERSON.

PRINCE.—The Example of a

The example, alone, of a vicious prince
will corrupt an age ; but that of a good one
will not reform it.—DEAN SWIFT.

PRINCE.—The Protection of a

The best protection that a prince can
have is not to be hated by his subjects ; for
your fortresses will not save you if the
people hold you in detestation : no sooner
are they in arms than strangers will make
their appearance and support them.—MAC-
CHIAVELLI.

PRINCES.—The Favour of

The favour of princes does not preclude
the existence of merit, and yet does not
prove it to exist.—LA BRUYÈRE.

PRINCES.—Heaven's Care for

Let the bold conspirator beware,
For Heaven makes princes its peculiar
care.
DRYDEN.

PRINCES.—The Will of

The will of princes is sometimes foiled ;
it depends upon events, and waits their
issue.—NAPOLEON I.

PRINCIPLE.—Defined.

Principle is a passion for truth.—HAZ-
LITT.

PRINCIPLE.—The Thinking

I cannot conceive man without the think-
ing principle ; that would be a stone or a
brute.—PASCAL.

PRINCIPLES.—Change Denied to

The change we personally experience
from time to time, we obstinately deny to
our principles.—ZIMMERMAN.

PRINCIPLES.—Charged with

No man ought to be charged with prin-
ciples he disowns, unless his practice con-
tradicts his professions.—DEAN SWIFT.

PRINCIPLES.—The Momentousness of

The principles that are now implanted in
thy bosom will grow, and one day reach
maturity, and in that maturity thou wilt find
thy heaven or thy hell. Nothing so mo-
mentous as principles. As sure as Aug-
ust shows the work of the farmer, so sure
thy futurity will show the principles thou
art cultivating now.—DR. THOMAS.

PRINCIPLES.—The Steadfastness of

Principles, like troops of the line, are
undisturbed, and stand fast.—RICHTER.

PRINT.—One's Name in

'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in
print ;
A book's a book, although there's nothing
in't.
BYRON.

PRINTING.—The Accuracy of

It appears by a calculation made by the
printers of Steevens's edition of Shakspeare,
that every octavo page of that work, text
and notes, contains two thousand six
hundred and eighty distinct pieces of metal ;
which in a sheet amount to forty-two thou-
sand eight hundred and eighty—the mis-
placing of any one of which would inevi-
tably cause a blunder ! With this curious
fact before us, the accurate state of our
printing, in general, is to be admired ; and
errata ought more freely to be pardoned
than the fastidious minuteness of the insect
eye of certain critics have allowed.—I.
DISRAELI.

PRINTING.—The Benefits of

Philosophy, once preserved among a
chosen few, with the selfishness of an
Alexander who reprimanded Aristotle for
divulging the secrets of science, has now
diffused its influence on the mean as well as
the great, the gay and the fair as well as the
severe and the studious, the merchant and
the manufacturer as well as the contempla-
tive professor.—DR. KNOX.

PRINTING.—Helpful to the Orator.

Printing makes the orator himself more than an orator. It catches up his dying words, and breathes into them the breath of life. It is the speaking-gallery through which the orator thunders in the ear of ages. He leans from the tomb over the cradle of rising generations.—MRS. BALFOUR.

PRINTING.—Ideas Circulated by

It gives wings to human ideas, and circulates them over every portion of the known and habitable globe.—D. O'CONNELL.

PRISON.—A

Young Crime's finishing school.—MRS. BALFOUR.

PRISON.—Denouncement of a

And this place our forefathers made for man!

This is the process of our love and wisdom
To each poor brother who offends against us—

Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty?
Is this the only cure? Merciful God!

Each pore and natural outlet shrivelled up
By ignorance and parching poverty,
His energies roll back upon his heart,
And stagnate and corrupt, till, changed to
poison,

They break on him like a loathsome plague-
spot!

S. T. COLERIDGE.

PRISON.—The Worst

The worst prison is not of stone. It is of
a throbbing heart, outraged by an infamous
life.—H. W. BEECHER.

PRISONERS.—The Life of

So we'll live,

And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and
laugh

At gilded butterflies; and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news, and we'll talk with
them too;

Who loses and who wins, who's in, who's
out,

In a wall'd prison packs and sets of great
ones,

That ebb and flow by th' moon.

SHAKESPEARE.

PROBABLE.—Arguments for the

That is accounted probable which has
better arguments producible for it than can
be brought against it.—DR. SOUTH.

PROCRASTINATION.—The Evil of

The man that procrastinates struggles
ever with ruin.—HESIOD.

PROCRASTINATION.—The Folly of

Dare to be wise, and now
Begin. The man who has it in his power
To practise virtue and protracts the hour;
Waits like the clown, to see the brook run
low,

Which careless flows, and will for ever
flow.

HORACE.

PROCRASTINATION.—General

All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage.

At thirty man suspects himself a fool,
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;

At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve,

In all the magnanimity of thought

Resolves and re-resolves—then dies the
same.

In human hearts what bolder thought can
rise

Than man's presumption on to-morrow's
dawn?

Where is to-morrow?—in another world.

And yet on this perhaps, this peradventure
(Infamous for lies), as on a rock of adamant,
We build our mountain hopes, spin our
eternal schemes,

And, big with life's futurities, expire.

DR. E. YOUNG.

PRODIGAL.—The Desperation of the

When the dreams of greatness are over,
and the riot of pleasure has ceased, the
change to want and degradation is often too
sudden, and always too great, to be borne
with equanimity. In the earlier moments
of desperation, it is not uncommon to see
the prodigal betake himself for refuge from
the load of humiliation and despair, to
poison, the pistol, or the halter. Among
those who become suicides, in the posses-
sion of their reason, a more numerous list
is nowhere found than that which is com-
posed of ruined prodigals.—DR. DWIGHT.

PRODIGALITY.—The Expensiveness of

This is a vice too brave and costly to be
kept and maintained at any easy rate; it
must have large pensions, and be fed with
both hands, though the man who feeds it
starve for his pains.—DR. SOUTH.

PRODIGALITY.—Various Forms of

It is a profound error to conclude that
prodigality relates to wealth only. It has
various forms. There is the prodigality of
mental endowments, of personal health,
and of golden opportunities.—E. DAVIES.

**PROFANENESS.—The Awful Character
of**

Profaneness is an awful vice. I ask—
Whose name is it you so lightly use? The

name of God! Have you ever pondered its meaning? Have you ever thought what it is that you mingle thus with your passion and your wit? It is the name of Him whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain.—CHAPIN.

PROFESSION.—The Abuse of our

He that abuses his own profession will not patiently bear with anyone else who does so. And this is one of our most subtle operations of self-love; for when we abuse our own profession we tacitly except ourselves; but when another abuses it, we are far from being certain that this is the case.—COLTON.

PROFESSION.—A Formal

Painted fire needs no fuel; a dead, formal profession is very easily kept up.—MANTON.

PROFESSION.—Religious

Religious profession was, at first, a conflict—a sacrifice: now it is become a trade.—R. CECIL.

PROFESSION.—A Second

A second profession seldom succeeds; not because a man may not make himself fully equal to its duties, but because the world will not readily believe he is so. The world argues thus:—He that has failed in his first profession, to which he dedicated the morning of his life and the spring-time of his exertions, is not the most likely to master a second.—COLTON.

PROFESSORS.—Sectarian

Like those individuals whose bodies are non-conductors, and who can stop an electric circuit after it has travelled through a mile of other men, sectarian professors are so positively charged with their own peculiarities, that the influence which has been transmitted through consenting myriads, stops short as soon as it reaches them.—DR. J. HAMILTON.

PROFIT—Sought for by All.

All that we see men so very serious and industrious about, which we call business; that which they trudge for in the streets, which they work or wait for in the shops, which they meet and crowd for in the exchange, which they sue for in the hall and solicit for at the court, which they plough and dig for, which they march and fight for in the field, which they travel for on land, and sail for among rocks and storms on the sea, which they plod for in the closet and dispute for in the schools (yea, may we not add, which they frequently pray for and

preach for in the church!)—what is it but profit? Is it not this, apparently, for which men so eagerly contest and quarrel, so bitterly envy and emulate, so fiercely clamour and inveigh, so cunningly supplant and undermine one another, which stuffeth their hearts with mutual hatred and spite, which tippeth their tongues with slander and reproach, which embrotheth their hands with blood and slaughter; for which they expose their lives and limbs to danger, for which they undergo grievous toils and drudgeries, for which they fill their minds with cares, and pierce their hearts with sorrows; to which they sacrifice their present ease and content—yea, to which, commonly, they prostitute their honour and their conscience?—DR. BARROW.

PROFIT AND PLEASURE.

The two common shrines to which most men offer up the application of their thoughts and their lives, are profit and pleasure; and by their devotions to either of these, they are vulgarly distinguished into two sects, and are called busy or idle men; whether these words differ in meaning, or only in sound, I know very well may be disputed, and with appearance enough; since the covetous man takes as much pleasure in his gains as the voluptuous in his luxury, and would not pursue his business unless he were pleased with it, upon the last account of what he most wishes and desires; nor would care for the increase of his fortunes, unless he thereby proposed that of his pleasures too, in one kind or other; so that pleasure may be said to be his end, whether he will allow to find it in his pursuit or no.—SIR W. TEMPLE.

PROFLIGACY—Deplored.

To burn away, in mad waste, the divine aromas and plainly celestial elements from our existence;—to change our “holy of holies” into a place of riot;—to make the soul itself hard, impious, barren!—CARLYLE.

PROFLIGATE.—A Sad Belief respecting the

When I see a young profligate squandering his fortune in bagnios, or at the gaming-table, I cannot help looking on him as hastening his own death, and in a manner digging his own grave.—GOLDSMITH.

PROGENY.—Intellectual

Our achievements and our productions are our intellectual progeny, and he who is engaged in providing that these immortal children of his mind shall inherit fame, is

far more nobly occupied than he who is industrious in order that the perishable children of his body should inherit wealth.—COLTON.

PROGRESS.—The Motion of

It is not, on the one hand, a mere oscillatory motion, although it has sometimes this aspect. It is a pendulum which at last breaks the sides of the clock that confined it. Nor is it exactly circular, like that of a wheel, although it has often this aspect also. The wheel at last resembles a momentary circle produced by a stone or rock in an advancing stream. Nor is it distinct, on-rushing, without any let or hindrance, like that of a river between even and polished cliffs. It is one motion compounded of many.—G. GILFILLAN.

PROGRESS.—The Revolutionary Character of

There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural or convulsive to society, as the strain to keep things fixed, when all the world is, by the very nature of its creation, in eternal progress; and the cause of all the evils in the world may be traced to that natural, but most deadly error of human indolence and corruption—that our business is to preserve and not improve. It is the ruin of all alike—individuals, schools, and nations.—DR. ARNOLD.

PROGRESSION.—Universal.

Progression is the order of all that we see in the world—the characteristic of every created thing. Take the lowest form of this—the metal in its ore. Look at those crystals that appear upon the copper or the silver ore; they are just the striving of that substance to reach the next grade of excellence—the vegetable product. If we turn to the flower, the tree, and the fruit, as for instance the sensitive plant, we find vegetable presenting the foreshadow and striving after animal life. And if we go to animal life, we find some creatures treading upon the very heels of man, and striving to reach his dignity and glory. And when we come to man, is all this to be arrested? Is he to be an exception and an anomaly in the noblest analogies of the universe? Is he to be a petrification? No! We know and feel that, from being mortal here, he shall be immortal hereafter.—CUMMING.

PROJECTORS.—The Reward of

Projectors in a state are generally rewarded above their deserts; projectors in the republic of letters, never: if wrong,

every inferior dunce thinks himself entitled to laugh at their disappointment; if right, men of superior talents think their honour engaged to oppose, since every new discovery is a tacit diminution of their own pre-eminence.—GOLDSMITH.

PROMISE—must Issue in Performance.

When you have promised to do any good office, the right of the thing promised hath, before the God of Truth, passed over from you to another; consequently, you will esteem yourself obliged to stand to the performance of your word, though it may be to your own prejudice.—VENN.

PROMISE.—The Rainbow of

It is a dark and cloudy day for you. A storm has burst upon you; but you remember how, after the storm, the bow is set in the cloud for all who will look above to the Hand that smites them. The storm has come; and now we must look up, and wait, and watch, in prayer and faith, for the rainbow of promise and comfort.—CHARLESWORTH.

PROMISES.—Profuse in

The man who is wantonly profuse of his promises, ought to sink his credit as much as a tradesman would, by uttering a great number of promissory notes, payable at a distant day. The truest conclusion in both cases is, that neither intend, or will be able to pay. And as the latter most probably intends to cheat you of your money, so the former at least designs to cheat you of your thanks.—FIELDING.

PROMISES—Quickly Broke.

Words and promises, that yoke
The conqueror, are quickly broke;
Like Samson's cuffs, though by his own
Direction and advice put on.—S. BUTLER.

PRONUNCIATION.—Over-studied

In cases of over-studied pronunciation there is insensibility, first, in the person's thinking more of himself than what he is saying; and, secondly, in his not having musical fineness of ear enough to feel that his talking is uneasy and strained.—RUSKIN.

PROOF.—Ocular

Give me the ocular proof;—
Make me see't; or at the least, so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt upon.—SHAKSPEARE.

PROOFS—by Reasoning.

In the eyes of a wise judge, proofs by reasoning are of more value than witnesses.—CICERO.

PROPENSITIES.—Wrong and Right

Every wrong propensity may be finally subdued or considerably corrected; every right one may be assisted by additional motives and carried on to yet higher perfection. Even in the worst characters some capacity for virtuous improvement, of which no vestige has yet been observed, may be discovered or drawn forth; and upon the best, restraints may be employed against vicious inclinations, which, from the mere absence of opportunity, have not hitherto been suspected.—PARK.

PROPENSITY—to Hope and Joy.

A propensity to hope and joy is real riches; one to fear and sorrow, real poverty.—HUME.

PROPERTY—Possessed and Divided.

The characteristic essence of property, formed out of the combined principles of its acquisition and conservation, is to be *unequal*. The great masses, therefore, which excite envy and tempt rapacity, must be out of the possibility of danger; then they form a national rampart about the lesser properties in all their gradations. The same quantity of property, which is by the natural course of things divided amongst many, has not the same operation. The defensive power is weakened as it is diffused. In this diffusion each man's portion is less than what, in the eagerness of his desires, he may flatter himself to obtain by dissipating the accumulation of others.—BURKE.

PROPHECIES—Fulfilled and Unfulfilled.

Fulfilled and unfulfilled, the prophecies are mountains and valleys—mountains, from whose gilded summits you may look on vistas through the fog—straths of sunshine in the vapour-flood, where glorious things and gladsome stand revealed, whilst from the echoing sides of ravines still dark and misty, comes up the heavy footfall or terrific cry of sorrows not seen as yet.—DR. J. HAMILTON.

PROPHECY—Defined.

A prophecy is a wonder sent to posterity, lest they complain of want of wonders. It is a letter sealed and sent, which to the bearer is but paper, but to the receiver and opener is full of power.—G. HERBERT.

PROPOSITION.—The Belief of a

The belief of a proposition is the receiving of that proposition as *true* upon evidence, from a supposed preponderance of reasons in its favour.—PROF. ROGERS.

PROPOSITIONS.—Disgrace attending a Change of

There are some persons whose religion is hugely disgraced, because they change their propositions according as their temporal necessities or advantages do return.—BP. TAYLOR.

PROSE—may be Poetry.

Prose may be poetry, without its fetter,
And be it pun or pathos, high or low wit,
The thread will show its gold, however
twisted. N. P. WILLIS.

PROSE AND VERSE.

Things are heard more negligently and affect less when they are expressed in prose; but when they are sung in verse, and given forth in certain cadences, the very same idea darts out like an arrow from a strong arm.—SENECA.

PROSELYTES.—The Making of

The greatest saints and sinners have been made
Of proselytes of one another's trade.
S. BUTLER.

PROSELYTISM.—The Spirit of

The spirit of proselytism is inseparable from the love of truth, inasmuch as it is a striving to win over others to our way of thinking; and that feeling cannot be blameable in itself, but only through the use of improper means.—G. FORSTER.

PROSPERITY.—Anxiety Disfigures

Anxiety disfigures the face of prosperity, and renders it like a crystal glass blown up by impure breath.—W. SECKER.

PROSPERITY.—Danger Apprehended in

Some years ago, when preaching at Bristol, among other notes I received to pray for individuals, one was this—"A person earnestly desires the prayers of this congregation, who is prospering in trade." "Ah!" said I to myself, "here is a man who knows something of his own heart; here is a man who has read the Scriptures to some purpose."—JAY.

PROSPERITY.—The Period before

There is sometimes a period of waiting and perplexity before prosperity, like the dense darkness that precedes the dawn.—BRIDGE.

PROSPERITY.—Outward

Outward prosperity cannot create inward tranquillity. Heart's-Ease is a flower that never grew in the world's garden. The ground of a wicked man's trouble is not

because he has not enough of the creature, but because he cannot find enough in the creature.—W. SECKER.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

The principal virtue of prosperity is temperance, and of adversity fortitude, which in morality is allowed the more heroic virtue. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity of the New, which is greater, and affords a clearer revelation of God's favour. Yet even in the Old Testament we find David's harp played as many dirges as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost has more fully described the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon.—LORD BACON.

Prosperity has its fears and distastes; adversity its hopes and comforts. In embroidery we find it more pleasing to have a lively work upon a solemn ground, than a dark work upon a light ground, whence we may judge of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like some perfumes that are most fragrant when burnt or bruised, for prosperity best discovers vice, but adversity virtue.—LORD BACON.

PROTESTANT.—The Responsibilities of a

As a Protestant, every mature man,—the very humblest and poorest, has the same dignified right over his own opinions and profession of faith that he has over his own hearth. But his hearth can rarely be abused; whereas his religious system, being a vast kingdom, opening by immeasurable gates upon worlds of light and worlds of darkness, now brings him within a new amenability—called upon to answer new impeachments, and to seek for new assistances. Formerly another was answerable for his belief. Now he has new rights; but these have burdened him with new obligations: he is crowned with the glory and the palms of an intellectual creature; but he is alarmed by the certainty of corresponding struggles. Protestantism it is that has created him into this child and heir of liberty; Protestantism it is that has invested him with these unbounded privileges of private judgment, giving him in one moment the sublime powers of an autocrat within one solitary conscience; but Protestantism it is that has introduced him to the most dreadful of responsibilities.—T. DE QUINCEY.

PROTESTANTISM.—The Religion of

This religion has in itself a natural tendency to virtue, as a standing testimony of its own Divine Original; and accordingly it has suppressed vice and immorality in all

the countries where it has had a footing; it has civilized nations, and reformed the very tempers of its professors; and thus it has carried its own evidence in itself.—DEFOE.

PROVERB.—A Beautiful

The e'en'ing bring a' hame, is an interesting saying, meaning—that the evening of life, or the approach of death, softens many of our political and religious differences. I do not find this proverb in the older collections, but Mr. Stirling justly calls it “a beautiful proverb, which, lending itself to various uses, may be taken as an expression of faith in the gradual growth and spread of large-hearted Christian charity, the noblest result of our happy freedom of thought and discussion.” The literal idea of the “e'en'ing bringing a' hame,” has a high and illustrious antiquity, as in the fragment of Sappho—*Ἑσπερε, πάντα φέρεις—φέρεις δὴν* (or *οἶνον*) *φέρεις αἶγα, φέρεις ματέρι παῖδα*—which is thus paraphrased by Lord Byron:—

“O Hesperus! thou bringest all good things—

Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer;
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,

The welcome stall to the o'er-laboured steer, etc.

Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.”

DEAN RAMSAY.

PROVERB.—The Definition of a

A proverb is much matter decocted into few words.—DR. FULLER.

PROVERBS.—The Imperishable Beauty of

Jewels five words long,
That on the stretch'd forefinger of all Time
Sparkle for ever! TENNYSON.

PROVERBS.—National

The proverbs of several nations were much studied by Bishop Andrews, and the reason he gave was—Because by them he knew the minds of several nations, which is a brave thing; as we count him a wise man that knows the minds of men, which is done by knowing what is habitual to them. Proverbs are habitual to a nation, being transmitted from father to son.—SELDEN.

PROVIDENCE.—Asserted.

There is such a thing as divine providence. He who made the world, never abandons it. In Him “we live and move” as well as “have our being;” and He does not govern by mechanical laws, as a man who may form a machine which may go

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without his inspection, and which he may therefore leave for a season, at least to another, while he attends to something else; for here, were God to suspend His attention for one moment, all would run into confusion and disorder. Nor does He govern by general laws, as if He disregarded whole systems, worlds, or a series of worlds, while He overlooks individual and minute events.

- Can it be beneath Him to *manage* what it was not beneath Him to *make*?—JAY.

PROVIDENCE.—Defined.

By the providence of God, generally speaking, is meant—His care for every object of nature; so that His power is uninterruptedly exercised in upholding, controlling, and directing every person and every thing, rendering all subservient to His glory, and the accomplishment of His wise, holy, gracious, and righteous purposes.—T. JACKSON.

PROVIDENCE.—The Denial of

He who denies the providence of God implicitly denies His existence.—BENTLEY.

PROVIDENCE.—A Firm Trust in

When worthy Mr. Hern lay upon his death-bed, his wife, with great concern, asked him what was to become of her and her very large family? He answered—“Peace, sweetheart! that God who feeds the ravens will not starve the Herns.”—W. SECKER.

PROVIDENCE.—An Infidel's Notion of

Who can, without horror, consider the whole world as the empire of destruction? It abounds with wonders; it also abounds with victims. It is a vast field of carnage and contagion. Every species is pursued through earth, air, and water, and, without pity, torn to pieces. In man there is more wretchedness than in all the other animals put together. He loves life, and yet he knows that he must die. If he enjoys a transient good, he suffers various evils, and is at last devoured by worms. This knowledge is his fatal prerogative; other animals have it not. He spends the transient moments of his existence in diffusing the miseries which he suffers; in cutting the throats of his fellow creatures for pay, in cheating and being cheated, in robbing and being robbed, in serving that he might command, and in repenting of all he does. The bulk of mankind are nothing more than a crowd of wretches, equally criminal and unfortunate; and the globe contains rather carcasses than men. I tremble at the review of this dreadful picture, to find it contains

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a complaint against Providence itself; and *I wish I had never been born.*—VOLTAIRE

PROVIDENCE.—The Intention of

It is the intention of Providence, in its various expressions of goodness, to reclaim mankind.—PROF. ROGERS.

PROVIDENCE.—Man the Care of

In ev'ry way, in ev'ry sense,
Man is the care of Providence;
And whensoever he goeth wrong,
The errors to himself belong.

S. BUTLER.

PROVIDENCE.—National Recognition of

When the Spaniards, on the defeat of their Invincible Armada, stung with disappointment, and wishing to detract from the honour which our brave defenders had acquired, exclaimed that the English had little reason to boast; for if the elements had not fought against them, they would certainly have conquered us; the enlarged and vivid mind of Queen Elizabeth improved the hint. She commanded a medal to be struck, representing the Armada scattered and sinking in the back-ground, and in the front the British fleet riding triumphant, with the following passage as a motto round the medal:—“Thou didst blow with Thy wind, and the sea covered them.” It becomes us to say in reference to this, as well as many other national deliverances—“Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth.”—ARVINE.

PROVIDENCE.—Nature Teaching

Whatever way I turned, nothing appeared but danger and difficulty. I saw myself in the midst of a vast wilderness, in the depth of a rainy season, naked and alone, surrounded by savage animals, and men still more savage. I was five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement. At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss irresistibly caught my eye. I mention it to show from what trifling circumstances the mind will sometimes derive consolation; for though the whole plant was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots and leaves without admiration. Can that Being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after His own image?—Surely not! I started up, and disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forward, assured that relief was at hand; and I was not disappointed.—MUNGO PARK.

PROVIDENCE.—A Particular

A general providence necessarily implies a particular providence. As the whole is made up of various parts, the chain is made up of links. Let us come to Him into whose lips grace was poured, and who spake as never man spake. According to Him—"God maketh His sun to rise on the just and the unjust." According to Him—He wings an angel, and teaches the little spider to weave its web. He numbers the very hairs of our head, and the sparrow falls not to the ground without your Father.—JAY.

PROVIDENCE.—Personal Recognition of

Sir Thomas Gresham, who built the Royal Exchange in London, was the son of a poor woman, who, while he was an infant, abandoned him in a field. By the providence of God, however, the chirping of a grasshopper attracted a boy to the spot where the child lay; and his life was, by this means, preserved. After Sir Thomas had, by his unparalleled success as a merchant, risen to the pinnacle of commercial wealth and greatness, he chose a grasshopper for his crest; and becoming, under Queen Elizabeth, the founder of the Royal Exchange, his crest was placed on the walls of the building in several parts, and a vane, or weathercock in the figure of a grasshopper, was fixed on the summit of the tower.—ARVINE.

PROVIDENCE.—Reason cannot Sound

With scanty line shall Reason dare to mete
Th' immeasurable depths of Providence?
On the swol'n bladders of opinion borne,
She floats awhile, then, floundering, sinks
absorbed
Within that boundless sea she strove to
grasp.—A. COWLEY.

PROVIDENCE.—Remarkable Instances of

Theophilus Gale, being on his way to London, was alarmed with the sight of the city in flames. He had left his papers in the possession of a friend, whose house he soon found to be involved in the general calamity, and he bitterly lamented that the labours of many years were lost. But he was delighted with the grateful tidings, that his desk had been thrown into the cart, as an article just sufficient to make up the load, and that his treasure was safe. To this circumstance the world is indebted for the publication of his learned work entitled "The Court of the Gentiles."—BUCK.

Bunyan was twice snatched from death, when in imminent danger of being drowned; and once, when a soldier in the civil wars, he was drawn out to stand as a

sentinel, at the siege of Leicester; but another having requested, for certain reasons, to take his turn, was shot through the head, and thus was Bunyan preserved! —BUCK.

PROVIDENCE.—The Retribution of

The Roman Emperor Julian, a determined enemy of Christianity, was mortally wounded in a war with the Persians. In this condition he filled his hand with blood, and casting it into the air, said—"O Galilean! Thou hast conquered." During this expedition, one of Julian's followers asked a Christian of Antioch—"What the Carpenter's Son was doing?" "The Maker of the world," replied the Christian, "whom you call the Carpenter's Son, is employed in making a coffin for the Emperor." In a few days afterwards, news came to Antioch of Julian's death! —ARVINE.

PROVIDENCE.—The Universality of

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canst not
see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good.—POPE.

PRUDENCE.—Defined.

Of all the qualities of the mind, prudence is the most useful. It is the virtue of civilised nations. What is prudence? It is "a sly slow thing with circumspective eyes." SAVAGE.

PRUDENCE.—Enjoined.

Let us
Act with cool prudence, and with manly
temper
As well as manly firmness;
'Tis god-like magnanimity to keep,
When most provoked, our reason calm and
clear,
And execute her will, from a strong sense
Of what is right, without the vulgar aid
Of heat and passion, which, though not est,
bear us
Often too far.—J. THOMSON.

PRUDENCE.—A False

There is a courageous wisdom; there is also a false reptile prudence, the result not of caution but of fear. Under misfortune it often happens that the nerves of the understanding are so relaxed, the pressing perils of the hour so completely confound all the faculties, that no future danger can be properly provided for, can be justly estimated, can be so much as fully seen. The eye of the mind is dazzled and vanquished. An abject distrust of ourselves,

an extravagant admiration of the enemy, present us with no hope but in a compromise with his pride by a submission to his will. This short plan of policy is the only counsel that will obtain a hearing. We plunge into a dark gulf with all the rash precipitation of fear.—BURKE.

PRUDENCE.—The Praise of

- There is no amount of praise which is not heaped on prudence; yet there is not the most insignificant event of which it can make us sure.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

PRUDENCE.—The Want of

Too many, through want of prudence, are golden apprentices, silver journeymen, and copper masters.—WHITFIELD.

PRUDENCE AND JUDGMENT.

A ship may be well equipped both as to sails and as to guns, but if she be destitute both of ballast and of rudder, she can neither fight with effect nor fly with adroitness, and she must strike to a vessel less strong, but more manageable: and so it is with men; they may have the gifts both of talent and of wit, but unless they have also prudence and judgment to dictate the when, the where, and the how those gifts are to be exerted, the possessors of them will be doomed to conquer only where nothing is to be gained, but to be defeated where everything is to be lost; they will be out-done by men of less brilliant, but more convertible qualifications, and whose strength, in one point, is not counterbalanced by any disproportion in another.—COLTON.

PSALMS.—The Book of

The Greeks call this book the *Psalter*; and deservedly give it many high commendations, as that it is the Soul's Anatomy, the Law's Epitome, the Gospel's Index, the Garden of the Scriptures, a Sweet Field and Rosary of Promises, Precepts, Predictions, Praises, Soliloquies; the very Heart and Soul of God, the Tongue and Pen of David, a man after God's own heart; one murmur of whose *Michlam*, or *Maschil*, one touch of whose heavenly harp is far above all the buskin'd raptures, garish phantasms, splendid vanities, pageants, and landscapes of profane wits; far better worthy to be written in letters of gold than Pindar's seventh "Ode" in the temple at Rhodes; and far more fit to have been laid up as a rare and precious jewel, in that Persian Casket, embroidered with gold and pearl, than "Homer's Iliad," for which it was reserved by great Alexander.—TRAPP.

PSALMS.—The Penitential

These Psalms discover the soul's deepest hell of agony, and lay bare the iron ribs of misery whereon the very heart dissolveth; and if they express the same in words which melt the soul that conceiveth, and bow the head that uttereth them,—then let us keep these records of the Psalmist's grief and despondency, as the most precious of his utterances, and sure to be needed in the case of every man who essayeth to live a spiritual life.—E. IRVING.

PULPITS AND PEWS.

Pulpits are pedestals where the pride of man can stand; and pews are places where the pride of man can sit.—J. H. EVANS.

PUNCTUALITY.—An Example of

When General Washington assigned to meet Congress at noon, he never failed to be passing the door of the hall while the clock was striking twelve. Whether his guests were present or not, he always dined at four. Not unfrequently new members of Congress, who were invited to dine with him, delayed until dinner was half over, and he would then remark—"Gentlemen, we are punctual here." When he visited Boston in 1788, he appointed eight A.M. as the hour when he should set out for Salem, and while the Old South Church-clock was striking eight, he was mounting his horse. The company of cavalry, which volunteered to escort him, were parading in Tremont-Street, after his departure, and it was not until the President reached Charles River Bridge, that they overtook him. On the arrival of the corps, the President, with perfect good nature, said—"Major, I thought you had been too long in my family, not to know when it was eight o'clock." Captain Pease, the father of the stage establishment in the United States, had a beautiful pair of horses which he wished to dispose of to the President, whom he knew to be an excellent judge of horses. The President appointed five o'clock in the morning to examine them. But the captain did not arrive with the horses until a quarter after five, when he was told by the groom that the President was there at five, and was then fulfilling other engagements. Pease, much mortified, was obliged to wait a week for another opportunity, merely for delaying the first *quarter of an hour*.—ARVINE.

PUNCTUALITY.—The Importance of

Punctuality is important, because it subserves the peace and good temper of a

family ; the want of it not only infringes on necessary duty, but sometimes excludes this duty. Punctuality is important, as it gains time ; it is like packing things in a box ; a good packer will get in half as much more as a bad one. The calmness of mind which it produces is another advantage of punctuality ; a disorderly man is always in a hurry, he has no time to speak with you, because he is going elsewhere ; and when he gets there, he is too late for his business, or he must hurry away to another before he can finish it. It was a wise maxim of the Duke of Newcastle—"I do one thing at a time." Punctuality gives weight to character. "Such a man has made an appointment ; then I know he will keep it." And this generates punctuality in you ; for, like other virtues, it propagates itself. Servants and children must be punctual, where their leader is so. Appointments indeed become debts ; I owe you punctuality, if I have made an appointment with you, and have no right to throw away your time if I do my own. —R. CECIL.

PUNCTUALITY.—Indebtedness to

I owe everything in the world to being always a quarter of an hour beforehand. —LORD NELSON.

PUNISHMENT.—Capital

We are scarcely converts to that system which would totally abolish the punishment of death. That it is much too frequently inflicted in this country, we readily admit ; but we suspect it will be always necessary to reserve it for the most pernicious crimes. Death is the most terrible punishment to the common people, and therefore the most preventive. It does not perpetually outrage the feelings of those who are innocent, and likely to remain innocent, as would be the case from the spectacle of convicts working in the high roads and public places. Death is the most irrevocable punishment, which is in some sense a good ; for, however necessary it might be to inflict labour and imprisonment for life, it would never be done. Kings and Legislatures would take pity after a great lapse of years ; the punishment would be remitted, and its preventive efficacy, therefore, destroyed. —S. SMITH.

PUNISHMENT.—The Effect of

If punishment makes not the will supple, it hardens the offender. —LOCKE.

PUNISHMENT.—Everlasting

Sometimes, in dark caves, men have gone to the edge of unspeaking precipices, and, wondering what was the depth, have cast down fragments of rock, and listened for

the report of their fall, that they might judge how deep that blackness was ; and listening—still listening—no sound returns ; no sudden splash, no clinking stroke as of rock against rock—nothing but silence, utter silence ! And so I stand upon the precipice of life. I sound the depths of the other world with curious inquiries. But from it comes no echo and no answer to my questions. No analogies can grapple and bring up from the depths of the darkness of the lost world the probable truths. No philosophy has line and plummet long enough to sound the depths. There remains for us only the few authoritative and solemn words of God. These declare that the bliss of the righteous is everlasting ; and with equal directness and simplicity they declare that the doom of the wicked is everlasting. —H. W. BEECHER.

PUNS.—Defined.

Conceits arising from the use of words that agree in sound but differ in sense. —ADDISON.

PUNS.—The Repute of

I have very little to say about puns ; they are in very bad repute, and so they *ought* to be. The wit of language is so miserably inferior to the wit of ideas, that it is very deservedly driven out of good company. Sometimes, indeed, a pun makes its appearance which seems for a moment to redeem its species ; but we must not be deceived by them : it is a radically bad race of wit. —S. SMITH.

PUNSTERS.—Dangerous

People that make puns are like wanton boys that put coppers on the railroad tracks. They amuse themselves and other children, but their little trick may upset a freight train of conversation for the sake of a battered witticism. —DR. HOLMES.

PUPILS.—A Range of

As we entered in
There sat along the forms, like morning doves,
That sun their milky bosoms on the thatch,
A patient range of pupils. —TENNYSON.

PURGATORY.—The Bounds of

The bounds of purgatory extend not beyond this world ; for here, in this life, upright and godly Christians are well and soundly scourged and purged. —LUTHER.

PURGATORY.—Dreaded.

One of the things for which I pray is that my life may go out in full manhood and suddenly, and that I may not leak out drop

by drop. To me this is the idea of purgatory. I believe in purgatory because I have seen it—where an old man that has become a burden to everyone, so that you look the other way when you think of him, and prefer to think of what he was rather than what he is. God forbid that I should go to heaven through such a purgatory as this!—H. W. BEECHER. •

PURITANISM.—The Achievements of

Historians have loved to eulogize the manners and virtues, the glory, and the benefits of chivalry. Puritanism accomplished far more. If it had the sectarian crime of intolerance, chivalry had the vices of dissoluteness. The knights were brave from gallantry of spirit; the puritans from the fear of God. The knights were proud of loyalty; the puritans of liberty. The knights did homage to monarchs, in whose smile they beheld honour, whose rebuke was the wound of disgrace; the puritans, disdaining ceremony, would not bow at the name of Jesus, nor bend the knee to the King of Kings. Chivalry delighted in outward show, favoured pleasure, multiplied amusements, and degraded the human race by an exclusive respect for the privileged classes; puritanism bridled the passions, commanded the virtues of self-denial, and rescued the name of man from dishonour. The former valued courtesy; the latter—justice. The former adorned society by graceful refinements; the latter founded national grandeur on universal education. The institutions of chivalry were subverted by the gradually increasing weight, and knowledge, and opulence of the industrial classes; the puritans, rallying upon those classes, planted in their hearts the undying principles of liberty.—BANCROFT.

PURITANS.—A Description of the

The puritans were men whose minds had derived peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know Him, to serve Him, to enjoy Him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on His intolerable brightness, and to commune with Him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference

between the greatest and the meanest of mankind seemed to vanish when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from Him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but His favour; and, confident of that favour, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the Oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt; for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language,—nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged, on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest, who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed His will by the pen of the Evangelist and the harp of the Prophet. He had been wrested by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had risen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God.—MACAULAY.

PURITY.—Pictures of

It is exceedingly lovely to behold the pictures of purity, though they be hung in the frames of poverty.—W. SECKER.

PURITY.—The Preservation of

Her life flows on a sacred stream,
In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
Alone are mirrored; which, though shapes
of ill
Do hover round its surface, glides in light,
And takes no shadow of them.

SHAKESPEARE,

PURPOSE.—The Execution of a

To commit the execution of a purpose to one who disapproves of the plan of it, is to employ but one-third of the man; his heart and his head are against you, you have commanded only his hands.—COLTON.

PURPOSES.—Developed into Action.

Purposes, like eggs, unless they be hatched into action, will run into decay.—SMILES.

PURSE.—Consult your

Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.—DR. FRANKLIN.

PURSE.—The Consumption of the

I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out; but the disease is incurable!—SHAKESPEARE.

—PYRAMIDS.—The Fate of the

Ye pyramids! that point your heads to heaven,
As pillars that would prop the spheres,—a day

Is coming when you moulder into dust,
And melt away, like dew upon the wind!
So sink the monuments of ancient might,
So fade the gauds and splendours of the world;

Her empires brighten, blaze, and pass away,

And trophied fanes, and adamantine domes,
That threaten'd an eternity, depart,
Amid the dying change, or lapse of things:
Enthroned o'er all, a desolation frowns,
Save mind,—omnipotent, surpassing mind!
One scintillation of a soul inspired,
Though kindled in an atmosphere of gloom,
Or loneliness, will strengthen, glow, and live,

And burn from age to age, till it become
The sun and glory of a thinking world,
When thrones are shatter'd, and their kings forgot!
R. MONTGOMERY.

PYRAMIDS.—The Forgetfulness of the

The pyramids themselves, doting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders.—DR. FULLER.

Q.

QUACK.—Preference Given to a

Such is the weakness and easy credulity of men, that a quack is preferred before an able physician. And why? Because there is nothing so impossible in a cure which

this boastful pretender will not undertake. The inevitable consequences are dishonest gain on the one hand, and bitter disappointment on the other.—WHITLOCK.

QUAKERESS.—The Garments of a

The very garments of a Quaker seem incapable of receiving a soil; and cleanliness in them to be something more than the absence of its contrary. Every Quakeress is a lily; and when they come up in bands to their Whitsun conferences, whitening the easterly streets of the metropolis, from all parts of the United Kingdom, they show like troops of the Shining Ones.—LAMB.

QUAKERS.—The Appellation of

The violent enthusiasm of this sect, like all high passions, being too strong for the weak nerves to sustain, threw the preachers into convulsions, and shakings, and distortions of limbs; and they thence received the appellation of Quakers. George Fox, born at Drayton, in Lancashire, 1624, was founder of this sect.—HUME.

QUAKERS.—The Morality of the

Their morality is rigid, yet benevolent, humane, loving, divine.—DR. DAVIES.

QUALITIES.—Good

I have known some men possessed of good qualities which were very serviceable to others, but useless to themselves; like a sun-dial on the front of a house, to inform the neighbours and passengers, but not the owner within.—DEAN SWIFT.

QUALITIES.—Lacking the Germ of

Who can give qualities to men, when they have not brought the germ with them into the world?—G. FORSTER.

QUANTITY.—False

A young man, who, on a public occasion, makes a false quantity at the outset of life, can seldom or never get over it.—S. SMITH.

QUARRELS.—The Brevity of

Quarrels would not last long if the fault was only on one side.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

QUARRELS.—Faults in

In most quarrels there is a fault on both sides. A quarrel may be compared to a spark which cannot be produced without a flint, as well as a steel; either of them may hammer on wood for ever, no fire will follow.—COLTON.

QUARRELS.—Full of

Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat.—SHAKSPEARE.

QUARRELS.—Matrimonial

The first quarrel that goes the length of any harsh or contemptuous language is an unfortunate epoch in married life; for that the delicate respectfulness being thus *once* broken down, the same kind of language much more easily comes afterwards. There is a feeling of having *less to love* than before.—FOSTER.

QUEEN.—The Clemency of a

It is related that during the first few days of the reign of Queen Victoria, then a girl between nineteen and twenty years of age, some sentences of a court-martial were presented for her signature. One was death for desertion. She read it, paused, and looked up to the officer who laid it before her, and said:—"Have you nothing to say in behalf of this man?" "Nothing; he has deserted three times," answered the officer. "Think again, your Grace," was the reply. "And," said the gallant veteran, as he related the circumstances to his friends—(for he was none other than the Duke of Wellington)—"seeing her Majesty so earnest about it, I said—He is certainly a bad *soldier*, but there was somebody who spoke as to his good character, and he may be a good *man* for aught I know to the contrary." "Oh, thank you a thousand times!" exclaimed the youthful Queen, and hastily writing PARDONED in large letters on the fatal page, she sent it across the table with a hand trembling with eagerness and beautiful emotion.—HODGINS.

QUEEN.—The Grief of a

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seemed, she was
a queen
Over her passion, which, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.—SHAKSPEARE.

QUEEN.—The Smiles and Tears of a

Patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You
have seen
Sunshine and rain a. once: her smiles and
tears
Were like a better day: those happy smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to
know
What guests were in her eyes; which
parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd. In
brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most beloved, if all
Could so become it.—SHAKSPEARE.

QUEEN.—The Training of a

In such a season, when the sun was hardly high enough to have dried up the dews of Kensington's green alleys, as I passed along the broad central walk, I saw a group on the lawn before the palace, which to my mind was a vision of exquisite loveliness. The Duchess of Kent and her daughter Victoria, whose years then numbered nine, are breakfasting in the open air—a single page attending on them at a respectful distance, the matron looking on with eyes of love, while the fair soft English face is bright with smiles. The world of fashion is not yet astir. Clerks and mechanics passing onward to their occupations are few; and they exhibit nothing of that vulgar curiosity which is found more commonly in the class of the merely rich than in the ranks below them in the world's estimation. What a beautiful characteristic of the training of this royal girl that she should not have been taught to shrink from the public eye; that she should enjoy the freedom of a child's nature; that her merry laugh should be as fearless as the notes of thrushes around her! I passed on and blessed her; and, thank God! I have lived to see the golden fruits of such training.—C. KNIGHT.

QUERY.—A Jestful

What is (m)ajest(y) when deprived of its externals but a jest?—BURKE.

QUESTION.—The Import of a

A question implies doubt, and a desire for accurate information; oftentimes a man betrays himself by a question which he proposes rather than by the answer which he gives.—E. DAVIES.

QUICKNESS.—The Fascination of

There is something extremely fascinating in quickness; and most men are desirous of appearing quick. The great rule for becoming so, is—*by not attempting to appear quicker than you really are*;—by resolving to understand yourself and others, and to know what *you* mean, and what *they* mean, before you speak or answer.—S. SMITH.

QUIET.—The Preservation of Personal

Sir Matthew Hale had a generous and noble idea of God in his mind; and this he found above all other considerations to preserve his quiet. And, indeed, that was so established in him, that no accidents, how sudden soever, were observed to discompose him—of which an eminent man of the legal profession gave me this instance:—In the year 1666, an opinion ran through the nation that the end of the world would come

that year. Judge Hale going that year to the Western Circuit, as he was on the bench at the assizes, a most terrible storm fell out very unexpectedly, accompanied with such flashes of lightning and crashings of thunder, that the like will hardly fall out in an age; upon which a rumour ran through the crowd—"that now was the end of the world, and the day of judgment was begun!" At this there followed a general consternation in the assembly, and all men forgot the business they were met about, and betook themselves to their prayers. This, added to the horror raised by the storm, looked very dismal; but the Judge was not a whit affected, and was going on with the business of the court in his ordinary manner!—**BP. BURNET.**

QUILL.—The Gift of the

Oh! Nature's noblest gift—my grey-goose quill,

Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will,
Torn from thy parent bird to form a pen,
That mighty instrument of little men!

BYRON.

QUILL.—The Power of the

The fangs of a bear, and the tusks of a wild boar, do not bite worse, and make deeper gashes, than a goose-quill sometimes; no, not even the badger himself, who is said to be so tenacious of his bite, that he will not give over his hold till he feels his teeth meet and the bones crack.—**HOWELL.**

QUOTATION.—Likened to a Text.

A quotation may be likened to a text on which a sermon is preached.—**DR. SOUTHEY.**

QUOTATION.—The Value of

Quotation is a good thing; there is a community of mind in it: classical quotation is the parole of literary men all over the world.—**DR. JOHNSON.**

R.

R.—The Sound of the

"R" is sometimes called the canine letter, from some fancied resemblance which it bears in sound to the snarling of a dog. Hence Ben Jonson says—"R is the dog's letter."—**DR. WEBSTER.**

RABBLE.—The Praise of the

And what the people but a herd confused,
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol

Things vulgar, and, well weigh'd, scarce worth the praise.

They praise and they admire they know not what,

And know not whom, but as one leads the other;

And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,

Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise!

MILTON.

RACES.—The Division of the

Naturalists and ethnographers divide mankind into several distinct varieties or races. Cuvier refers them all to three; Pritchard enumerates seven; Agassiz eight; Pickering describes eleven; but the common classification is that of Blumenbach, who makes five. First is the Caucasian, or white race, to which belong the greater part of the European nations and those of Western Asia; second, the Mongolian, or yellow race, occupying Tartary, China, Japan, etc.; third, the Ethiopian, or negro race, occupying all Africa, except the north; fourth, the American, or red race, containing the Indians of North and South America; and, fifth, the Malayan, or brown race, occupying the islands of the Indian Archipelago, etc.—**DR. WEBSTER.**

RACES.—The Extinction of

The Bible, translated into an old Indian language, from which the devoted David Brainerd taught so successfully a nation of Red Men, still exists; but it speaks in a dead tongue, which no one can understand; for the nation to whom he preached has become extinct. And Humboldt tells us, in referring to a perished tribe of South America, that there lived in 1806, when he visited their country, an old parrot in Maypures, which could not be understood, because, as the natives informed him, it spoke the language of the Atures. Tribes of the aborigines of Australia have wholly disappeared during the present generation. Thus the experience of more than a hundred years demonstrates that when a tribe of men falls beneath a certain level, its destiny is extinction, not restoration.—**H. MILLER.**

RAGE—Defined.

Rage is the intoxication of anger, and, like wine, sinks its unhappy possessor lower than the beasts of the field.—**DR. DAVIES.**

RAGE—Unreasonable.

Rage stays not to inquire who ought to die;
Numbers must fall, no matter which or why.

LUCAN.

RAGS—the Beggar's Robes.

Rags, which are the reproach of poverty, are the beggar's robes, and graceful *insignia* of his profession, his tenure, his full dress, the suit in which he is expected to show himself in public.—LAMB.

RAILLERY—Consistent with Good-Breeding.

The railery which is consistent with good-breeding is a gentle animadversion on some foible, which, while it raises the laugh in the rest of the company, doth not put the person rallied out of countenance, or expose him to shame or contempt. On the contrary, the jest should be so delicate, that the object of it should be capable of joining in the mirth it occasions.—FIELDING.

RAILLERY—to be Declined.

Above all things railery decline,
Nature but few does for that task design :
'Tis in the ablest hands a dangerous tool,
But never fails to wound the meddling fool ;
For all must grant it needs no common art
To keep men patient when we make them smart :
Not wit alone, nor humour's self, will do,
Without good nature and much prudence too,
To judge aright of persons, place, and time ;
For taste decrees what's low and what's sublime ;
And what might charm to-day, or o'er a glass,
Perhaps at court, or next day, would not pass.

BP. STILLINGFLEET.

RAILROAD.—Travelling by

No one would travel by railroad who could help it—who had time to go leisurely over hills and between hedges, instead of through tunnels and between banks. The railroad is, in all its relations, a matter of earnest business, to be got through as soon as possible. It transmutes a man from a traveller into a living parcel. For the time he has parted with the nobler characteristics of his humanity for the sake of a planetary power of locomotion.—RUSKIN.

RAILROAD STATION.—The

One of the strange and evil tendencies of the present day is to the decoration of the railroad station. It is the very temple of discomfort, and the only charity the builder can extend to us is to show us how soonest to get out of it. Better bury gold in the embankments, than put it in ornaments on the stations. Railroad architecture has, or would have, a dignity of its own, if it were

left to its work. You would not put rings on the fingers of a smith at his anvil.—RUSKIN.

RAIN.—The Quantity of

When we consider how small a proportion of watery vapour exists in the air—there were it all to come down at once over the whole earth, it would cover the surface only to a depth of five inches—we cannot think without amazement of the vast and continuous effects it produces. The quantity of rain which falls yearly on our islands would cover them, were it all to fall at once to a depth of from twenty-five to thirty inches ; and except the table-land of central Spain, there are few places in western Europe where the depth of yearly rain is less than twenty inches. And all this rain descends from an atmosphere which does not contain more, probably, at any one time, than falls yearly in dew alone over the whole earth !—PROF. JOHNSTON.

RAIN—in Summer.

How beautiful is the rain !
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain !

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs !
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout !
Across the window-pane
It pours and pours ;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain !

LONGFELLOW.

RAIN AND SNOW.—The

The rain which we see descending was thawed for us out of icebergs which have watched the pole-star for ages ; and lotus lilies sucked up from the Nile and exhaled as vapours the snows that are lying on the tops of our hills.—PROF. G. WILSON.

RAINEOW.—The

That smiling daughter of the storm.—COLTON.

That gracious thing made up of tears and light.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

That are of light,
Born of the shower, and colour'd by the sun,
Which spans the heavens when April skies
are bright.

J. C. PRINCE.

RAINBOW.—The Beauty and Freshness of the

How glorious is thy girdle, cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town ;
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down !

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the raven from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still re-builds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man.

T. CAMPBELL.

RAINBOW.—The Lunar

Lo ! on the soft spray of the waterfall
The lovely lunar phantom ! All at once,
Nor warning given by some uncertain light,
The apparition spans the black abyss,
And it is lustrous ; Fancy dreams she sees
A golden palace rise ; the gorgeous walls
Are pictured o'er with mosses many-dyed ;
Bright as in day the clustering wild flowers
hang,

Only their glory softer.—J. WILSON.

RAINBOW.—Names Given to the

The Hebrews called it—"The Bow of God," and the Greeks—"The Daughter of Wonder."—LOARING.

RANCOUR.—The Evil Results of

Rancour is that degree of malice which preys upon the possessor. His heart is torn with vexation when he contemplates the happiness of another, or when he is foiled in his evil purposes toward him — COGAN.

RANK.—Distinction of

As long as time endureth, there will be distinction of rank, not simply for the weal of the great, but for the economy and safety of the world.—E. DAVIES.

RANKS.—Divided

Yes, in the moral world, as ours, we see
Divided ranks—a soul's nobility ;
By deeds—their titles commoners create,
The loftier order are by birthright great.

LYTTON.

RAPTURE.—Indescribable.

The language of this lower sphere is inadequate to describe the nature of rapture. It may be called—a pleasing passion, an extreme joy, an ecstasy, or, according to the poet—a dream seldom known ; but this is merely naming it ; and rapture is infinitely more than a name. The rapture felt by the warrior when victory resounds from rank to rank—the rapture felt by the infant when

it first gazes on the light—the rapture felt by the parent on the return of his prodigal—the rapture felt by the saint when the gates of Paradise open wide to receive him—can only be described by the tongue of an angel, in the language of heaven !—DR. DAVIES.

RASHNESS.—The Attendance of

Rashness attends youth, as prudence does age.—CICERO.

RATIONALIST.—The

The rationalist is distinguished from the atheist by his theoretical belief of a Supreme Power, and he is distinguished from the pantheist by his denial of an ever-present and all-pervading divine energy. The pantheist says—"God is at hand ;" the rationalist says—"God is afar off." Pantheism sees the Divine Being in all things, and confounds the Creator with His creation ; whereas rationalism, though distinguishing Him from His works, banishes Him into a distant solitude. Its distinctive characteristic, as a form of infidelity, is, that while admitting the world to have been originally created by God, it as it were extrudes Him from that world by reducing it to a self-sustained mechanism, and by resolving what are generally understood by the works of Providence into a regularly successive series of necessary developments. The seed, having the vegetative power in itself, is cast by the husbandman into the soil, and there, aided merely by natural agencies, is left to develop itself into the full-grown plant or tree. The watch, complete in its wheels and mainspring, is wound up, and continues to move, though ever so far distant from the maker. The ship builder having finished and launched the ship, leaves it entirely to the care of the sailors. Such are specimens of some of the analogies by which men would exclude God from His own world, and make the universe, if not independent of His creative power, altogether independent of His presence and control.—T. PEARSON.

RATIONALISTS.—The Title of

Such persons are commonly called—"reasonists," to distinguish them from true reasoners and rational inquirers.—CANON WATERLAND.

READ.—The Acquirement of Everything

I resolved, when beginning to read law, to make everything I acquired perfectly my own, and never to go to a second thing till I had entirely accomplished the first. Many of my competitors read as much in a day as I read in a week ; but, at the end

of twelve months my knowledge was as fresh as the day it was acquired, while theirs had glided away from recollection.—ST. LEONARDS.

READ.—An Injunction to

Read, and refine your appetite; learn to live upon instruction; feast your mind and mortify your flesh; read, and take your nourishment in at your eyes, shut up your mouth, and chew the cud of understanding.—CONGREVE.

READER.—a Great

William King, the poet, was, at eighteen years of age, elected to Christ Church, where he is said to have prosecuted his studies with so much intenseness and activity, that, before he was eight years' standing, he had read over and made remarks upon considerably more than twenty thousand books and manuscripts!—BUCK.

READERS.—Busy

Busy readers are seldom good readers; sometimes everything pleases them, sometimes nothing; sometimes they half understand us, sometimes not at all, and sometimes they misunderstand us.—WIELAND.

READING.—The Benefits of

Reading serves for delight, for ornament, and for ability; it perfects nature, and is perfected by experience. The crafty contemn it; the simple admire it; and the wise use it. Reading makes a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. He that writes little, needs a great memory; he that confers little, a present wit; and he that reads little, needs much cunning to make him seem to know that which he does not.—LORD BACON.

READING.—The Best Books for

If it be necessary, as the case is with some barren wits, to take in the thoughts of others in order to draw forth their own, as dry pumps will not play till water is thrown into them; in that necessity, I would recommend some of the approved standard authors of antiquity for your perusal, as a poet and a wit; because maggots being what you look for, you will find they abound in good old authors, as in rich old cheese, not in the new; and for that reason you must have the classics, especially the most worm-eaten of them, often in your hands. But with this caution—that you are not to use those ancients as unlucky lads do their old fathers, and make no conscience of picking their pockets and pillaging them. Your business is not to steal from them, but to improve upon them, and make their sentiments your own; which is an effect of

great judgment; and though difficult, yet very possible without the scurvy imputation of filching; for I humbly conceive, though I light my candle at my neighbour's fire, that does not alter the property, or make the wick, the wax, or the flame, or the whole candle less my own.—DEAN SWIFT.

READING.—Dull

There was, it is said, a criminal in Italy, who was suffered to make his choice between Guicciardini and the galleys. He chose the history. But the war of Pisa was too much for him. He changed his mind, and went to the oars.—MACAULAY.

READING.—Light

One of the amusements of idleness is reading without the fatigue of close attention, and the world therefore swarms with writers whose wish is not to be studied, but to be read.—DR. JOHNSON.

READING.—The Love of

The love of reading enables a man to exchange the wearisome hours of life, which come to every one, for hours of delight.—MONTESQUIEU.

Alexander was passionately fond of reading; and lamenting that Asia afforded no books to amuse his leisure, he wrote to Harpalus to send him the works of Philistus, the tragedies of Euripides, Sophocles, Æschylus, and the dithyrambics of Thales.—ZIMMERMAN.

READING.—Motives for

Most people read merely to pass an idle hour, or to please themselves with the idea of employment, while their indolence prevents them from any active exertion;—and a considerable number with a view to a display which they are afterwards to make of their literary acquisitions. From whichever of these motives a person is led to the perusal of books, it is hardly possible that he can derive from them any material advantage. If he reads merely from indolence, the ideas which pass through his mind will probably leave little or no impression; and if he reads from vanity, he will be more anxious to select striking particulars in the matter, or expression, than to seize the spirit and scope of the author's reasoning, or to examine how far he has made any additions to the stock of useful and solid knowledge.—D. STEWART.

READING.—The Result of

It is no more necessary that a man should remember the different dinners and suppers which have made him healthy, than the

different books which have made him wise. Let us see the result of good food in a strong body, and the result of great reading in a full and powerful mind.—S. SMITH.

REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.—The

There is a Reaper whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

“Shall I have nought that is fair?” saith he;

“Have nought but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again.”

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise,
He bound them in his sheaves.

LONGFELLOW.

REASON.—Bereft of

He that is of reason's skill bereft,
And wants the staff of wisdom him to stay,

Is like a ship in midst of tempest left,
Without an helm or pilot her to sway:
Full sad and dreadful is that ship's event,
So is the man that wants intendment.

SPENSER.

REASON.—Definitions of

Reason is a faculty of the mind by which it distinguishes truth from falsehood, and good from evil, and which enables the possessor to deduce inferences from facts, or from propositions.—LOCKE.

Reason is used to express the whole of those powers which elevate man above the brutes, and constitute his rational nature, more especially, perhaps, his intellectual powers.—D. STEWART.

REASON.—Destined to

Many are destined to reason wrongly; others not to reason at all; and others to persecute those who do reason.—VOLTAIRE.

REASON.—The Exercise of

He that will not reason is a bigot; he that cannot reason is a fool; and he that dares not reason is a slave.—SIR W. DRUMMOND.

REASON—not Given on Compulsion.

If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion.—SHAKESPEARE.

REASON.—Human

Human reason is like a drunken man on horseback; set it up on one side, and it tumbles over on the other.—LUTHER.

REASON.—The Improvement of a

Neither can any make so strong a reason which another cannot improve.—TYNDALE.

REASON.—Natural "

No doubt the testimony of natural reason, on whatever exercised, must, of necessity, stop short of those truths which it is the object of Revelation to make known; still it places the existence and personal attributes of the Deity on such grounds as to render doubts absurd and atheism ridiculous.—HERSCHEL.

REASON.—The Noblest Act of

It is the noblest act of human reason
To free itself from slavish prepossession;
Assume the legal right to disengage
From all it had contracted under age,
And not its ingenuity and wit
To all it was imbued with first submit;
Make true, or false, for better, or for worse,
To have, or t' hold, indifferently of course.
S. BUTLER.

REASON.—The Operation of

A plain, convincing reason operates on the mind both of a learned and an ignorant hearer as long as he lives.—DEAN SWIFT

REASON.—The Pleasure of

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words—health, peace, and competence.
POPE.

REASON.—The Prerogative of

To remember the past, to anticipate the future, and to realize the absent, is the prerogative of reason.—E. GARBETT.

REASON—a Regulating Principle.

Reason is the principle by which our belief and opinions ought to be regulated.—REID.

REASON AND FAITH.

We would represent Reason and Faith as twin-born; the one in form and features the image of manly beauty—the other, of feminine grace and gentleness; but to each of whom, alas! is allotted a sad privation. While the bright eyes of Reason are full of piercing and restless intelligence, his ear is closed to sound; and while Faith has an ear of exquisite delicacy, on her sightless orbs, as she lifts them towards heaven, the sunbeam plays in vain. Hand

in hand the brother and sister, in all mutual love, pursue their way, through a world on which, like ours, day breaks and night falls alternate; by day the eyes of Reason are the guide of Faith, and by night the ear of Faith is the guide of Reason. As is wont with those who labour under these privations respectively, Reason is apt to be eager, impetuous, impatient of that instruction which his infirmity will not permit him readily to apprehend; while Faith, gentle and docile, is ever willing to listen to the voice by which alone truth and wisdom can effectually reach her.—PROF. ROGERS.

REASON AND INSTINCT.

Reason progressive, instinct is complete; Swift instinct leaps; slow reason feebly climbs;

Brutes soon their zenith reach; their little all

Flows in at once; in ages they no more Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy.

Were man to live co-eval with the sun, The patriarch pupil would be learning still;

Yet, dying, leave his lesson half unlearned.

DR. E. YOUNG.

REASONERS.—False

False reasoners are often best confuted by giving them the full swing of their own absurdities.—COLTON.

REASONING.—The Results of

Lord Chatham in his speeches did not *reason*; he struck, as by intuition, directly on the *results* of reasoning, as a cannon-shot strikes the mark without your seeing its course through the air as it moves towards its object.—FOSTER.

REASONS.—Plenty of

He has a mint of reasons.—TENNYSON.

REASONS.—Worthless

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: his reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the search.—SHAKSPEARE.

REBELLION.—The Standard of

No sooner is the standard of rebellion displayed than men of desperate principles resort to it.—AMES.

REBUKE.—A Quiet

When Washington's secretary excused himself for the lateness of his attendance,

and laid the blame upon his watch, his master quietly said—"Then you must get another watch, or I another secretary."—SMILES.

RECHABITES.—The Ancient

On my arrival in Mesopotamia, some Jews that I saw there, pointed me to one of the ancient Rechabites. He stood before me, wild, like an Arab, holding the bridle of his horse in his hand. I showed him the Bible in Hebrew and Arabic, which he was much rejoiced to see, as he could read both languages, but had no knowledge of the New Testament. After having proclaimed to him the tidings of salvation, and made him a present of the Hebrew and Arabic Bibles and Testaments, I asked him—"Whose descendant are you?" "Mousa," said he, boisterously, "is my name, and I will show you who were my ancestors;" on which he immediately began to read from the 5th to the 11th verse of Jeremiah xxxv. "Where do you reside?" said I. Turning to Genesis x. 27, he replied—"At Hadoram, now called Simar by the Arabs: at Uzal, now called Sanan by the Arabs;" and again referring to the same chapter, verse 30th, he continued—"At Mesha, now called Mecca, in the deserts around those places. We drink no wine, and plant no vineyard, and sow no seed; and live in tents, as Jonadab, our father, commanded us: Hobab was our father too. Come to us, and you will find us sixty thousand in number; and you see thus the prophecy has been fulfilled—'Therefore, thus saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel, Jonadab, the son of Rechab, shall not want a man to stand before me for ever;' and saying this, Mousa, the Rechabite, mounted his horse and fled away, and left behind a host of evidence in favour of Sacred Writ.—WOLFF.

RECITATION.—Good

For good recitation many things are necessary: first, what only a good education can give to any one, a clear conception of the meaning, and a good, distinct pronunciation, free from provincialisms; and then what is innate—a happily-constituted, sensitive organization, a fine musical ear for the intonation, a genuine poetic feeling, and a mind in which all the human affections exist in strength and purity.—HUMBOLDT.

RECKONERS.—A Necessity for

Reckoners without their host must certainly reckon twice.—CAMDEN.

RECKONING.—The Dreadful

So comes a reckoning when the banquet's
o'er,—
The dreadful reckoning ; and men smile no
more. GAY.

**RECOLLECTION.—A Vague, yet
Gorgeous**

A vague recollection fills my mind ; an
image, dazzling but undefined, like the me-
mory of a gorgeous dream. It crowds my
brain confusedly, but will not stay ; it
changes and mingles, like the tremulous
sunshine on the wave, till imagination itself
is dazzled, bewildered, overpowered !—
LONGFELLOW.

RECOLLECTIONS.—Bitter

But ever and anon of griefs subdued
There comes a token like a scorpion's
sting,
Scarce seen but with fresh bitterness im-
bued ;
And slight withal may be the things
which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it
would fling
Aside for ever : it may be a sound,
A tone of music — summer's eve — or
spring—
A flower—the wind—the ocean which
shall wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we
are darkly bound.—BYRON.

**RECONCILIATION.—A Condition of
the Divine**

God will be easily reconciled to us, if we
be reconciled to each other.—CICERO.

RECONCILIATION.—Divine

Reconciliation with God really forms the
basis of all rational and true enjoyment.—
DR. MILLER.

RECREATION.—The Design of

Recreation is intended to the mind, as
whetting is to the scythe, to sharpen the
edge of it, which otherwise would grow
dull and blunt. He, therefore, that spends
his whole time in recreation, is ever whet-
ting, never mowing ; his grass may grow,
and his steel starve : as, contrarily, he that
always toils and never recreates, is ever
mowing, never whetting ; labouring much
to little purpose. As good no scythe as no
edge. Then only doth the work go for-
ward, when the scythe is so seasonably and
moderately whetted, that it may cut, and so
cut that it may have the help of sharpening.
—BP. HALL.

**RECREATION—Indispensably Nec-
essary.**

The bow cannot possibly stand always
bent, nor can human nature subsist without
recreation.—CERVANTES.

RECTOR.—The Supreme

God is the supreme rector of the world.
—ADN. HARE.

REDBREAST.—The

The fowls of heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little
boon
Which Providence assigns them. One
alone,
The redbreast, sacred to the household
gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted
man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats, then brisk
alights
On the warm hearth ; then hopping o'er
the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where
he is !
Till, more familiar grown, the table crumbs
Attract his slender feet.—J. THOMSON.

He is the first bird who, by his sweet
familiar song, ushers in the spring, and the
last to bid good-bye to the autumn.—DR.
DAVIES.

**REDEMPTION—by the Blood of the
Lamb.**

There are sometimes rare and beautiful
wares brought into the market that are
invoiced at almost fabulous rates. Igno-
rant people wonder why they are priced so
high. The simple reason is that they cost
so much to procure. That luxurious article
labelled at such a figure was procured by
the adventurous hunter, who, at the hazard
of his neck, brought down the wild moun-
tain goat, out of whose glossy hair the
fabric was wrought. Yonder pearl that
flashes on the brow of the bride is pre-
cious, because it was rescued from the
great deep at the risk of the pearl-fisher's
life, as he was lifted into the boat half
dead, with the blood gushing from his
nostrils. Yonder ermine, flung so care-
lessly over the proud beauty's shoulder,
cost terrible battles with polar ice and hurri-
cane. All choicest things are reckoned the
dearest. So is it, too, in heaven's inven-
tories. The universe of God has never
witnessed aught to be reckoned in com-

parison with the redemption of a guilty world. That mighty ransom no such contemptible things as silver and gold could procure. Only by one price could the Church of God be redeemed, and that the precious blood of the Lamb—the Lamb without blemish or spot—"the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world."—CUYLER.

REDEMPTION.—The System of
The grand redemption of degenerate man
Is not a single, independent act,
But one great system.—HEY.

REDEMPTION.—The Wondrousness of
The wondrous deed ! or shall I call it more ?
A wonder in Omnipotence itself !
A mystery no less to gods than men !

DR. E. YOUNG.

RED-LETTER DAY.—A

One that is a fortunate or auspicious day ;
so called—because the holy days, or saints'
days, were marked in the old calendars with
red letters.—GROSE.

REDRESS.—Occasion for

There is occasion for redress when the
cry is universal.—DAVENANT.

REFINEMENT.—Defined.

Refinement is the lifting of one's self
upwards from the merely sensual, the effort
of the soul to etherealize the common wants
and uses of life.—H. W. BEECHER.

REFINEMENT.—Not God's

Refinement that carries us away from
our fellow-men is not God's refinement.—
H. W. BEECHER.

REFLECTION.—Mental

By reflection, I would be understood
to mean that notice which the mind takes
of its own operations, and the manner of
them, by reason whereof there come to be
ideas of these operations in the understand-
ing.—LOCKE.

REFLECTION.—The Need for

We are told—"Let not the sun go down
on your wrath." This, of course, is best ;
but, as it generally does, I would add—
never act or write till it has done so. This
rule has saved me from many an act of
folly. It is wonderful what a different
view we take of the same event four-and-
twenty hours after it has happened.—S.
SMITH.

REFLECTION.—a Spectre.

Within the deep
Still chambers of the heart, a spectre dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of time,

Heard from the tomb of ages, points its
cold

And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life.—PRENTICE.

REFORM.—Attempts at

Attempts at reform, when they fail,
strengthen despotism ; as he that struggles
tightens those cords he does not succeed in
breaking.—COLTON.

REFORMATION.—The Causes of the

The Reformation was not the work
either of a year, or of a generation. Its
foundation was laid, both in the good and
in the evil qualities of our nature. Love of
truth, reverence for sacred things, a sense
of personal responsibility, a desire for the
possession of full spiritual privileges, co-
operated with the pride of human reason,
the natural impatience of restraint, and the
envy and hatred inspired among the nobles
by a rich and powerful hierarchy, to make
the world weary of the papal domination,
and desirous of reform in things spiritual
and ecclesiastical.—BP. BROWNE.

REFORMATION.—The Grand Principles
of the

The Word of God only ; the grace of
Christ only ; the work of the Spirit only.
—DR. D'AUBIGNE.

REFORMATION.—The Heroes of the

They were men of the most marvellous
wisdom, of brilliant intellect, of the deepest
piety. They did not create the times, the
times created the men. But they left the
noblest mark on the times it was possible
to leave—the Reformation itself.—SEY-
MOUR.

REFORMATION.—Ignorance before the

Alfred the Great complained that from
the Humber to the Thames there was not a
single clergyman able to say the Liturgy of
the Church in his mother tongue. There
was also a record extant by Bishop Hooper,
of Gloucester, wherein he says, that in his
diocese there were three hundred and eleven
clergymen. Of these, one hundred and
sixty-eight could not say the Ten Com-
mandments ; there were thirty-one who
could not tell where they were to be
found ; forty who could not repeat the
Lord's Prayer, and thirty-one who were un-
able to say who was its author. Such was
the state of darkness that prevailed in this
realm, and they did not seem to be better
elsewhere. It used to be a question put to
candidates for holy orders, if they knew how

to read and write. This was necessary, for it was proved on examination, that whilst the canons were signed by some in their own handwriting, others were obliged to append their mark like the humblest plough-boy of the present day. If this were so among the clergy, how was it among the laity? Among the barons hardly one was able to sign his name. This was the origin of the word signature—to append a sign—and so general was it, that the lawyers would rather have a man's sign or signature than his handwriting. Not one of the barons who attested Magna Charta were able to read or write.—SEYMOUR.

REFORMATION.—Personal

Like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
SHAKESPEARE.

REFORMATORIES.—Described.

Moral training schools, established by a wise and humane government, for wandering street Arabs, for young, yet man-educate thieves, and for seemingly incorrigible juvenile offenders.—E. DAVIES.

REFORMER.—The Fate of a

It was a good manner which the father of the late poet Saint Foix took to reclaim his son. The young poet had shut himself up for some time in his study; and his father, willing to know what had engaged his attention so closely, upon entering, found him busied in drawing up a new system of religion, and endeavouring to show the absurdity of that already established. The old man knew by experience that it was useless to endeavour to convince a vain young man by right reason, so only desired his company up-stairs. When come into the father's apartment, he takes his son by the hand, and, drawing back a curtain at one end of the room, discovered a crucifix exquisitely painted. "My son," said he, "you desire to change the religion of your country,—behold the fate of a Reformer!"—GOLDSMITH.

REFORMERS.—The Need of

Reformers had need first practise on their own hearts that which they purpose to try on others.—CHARLES I.

REGENERATE.—The Blessedness of the

There are blest inhabitants of earth,
Partakers of a new ethereal birth,—
Their hopes, desires, and purposes estranged

From things terrestrial, and divinely changed;
Their very language of a kind that speaks
The soul's sure interest in the good she seeks.
COWPER.

REGENERATE.—The Term—

The term—Regenerate is founded on the expression—*Born of water*, used by our Lord, and—*Laver of Regeneration*, used by the Apostles in reference to baptism.—ORIGEN.

REGENERATION.—The Effect of

In passing from nature to grace you did not pass from a lower to a higher stage of the same condition—from daybreak to sunshine, but from darkest night to dawn of day. Unlike the worm which changes into a winged insect, or the infant who grows up into a stately man, you became, not a more perfect, but a "*new creature*" in Jesus Christ.—DR. GUTHRIE.

REGIONS.—The Polar

No eye of man has viewed these grim fields, which lie silent as night and uninhabited, and where no sound of human voice breaks the repose, where no dead are buried, and none can rise.—KLOPSTOCK.

REGISTER.—The Wish for a Faithful

A faithful register of births, marriages, and deaths, is wished for by enlightened philanthropists of all advanced countries, far more as a test of national morals and the national welfare than as a matter of the highest social convenience.—MARTINEAU.

REGULARITY.—Defined.

Regularity is unity; unity is God-like.—RICHTER.

REGULARITY.—An Undesirable

You are as regular in your irregularities as ever.—O'BRIEN.

RELATIONS.—A Religious Element in

If there be not a religious element in the relations of men, such relations are miserable, and doomed to ruin.—CARLYLE.

RELATIONSHIPS.—Created by Death.

If death dissolves dear relationships, it also creates others dearer still. Then, possibly for the first time, the brother becomes a friend; but then also the friend is often felt to be more than a brother.—G. GILFILLAN.

RELIGION.—Abused.

Religion is a sacred thing, and has been most horribly abused by such as have

superadded their own invention, or those traditional fopperies received from our deceived and superstitious ancestors. I am satisfied that the Scripture is our only true faith.—LAUN.

RELIGION.—The Advantages of

Religion being primarily intended to make men wise unto salvation, the support it ministers to social order, the stability it confers on government and laws, is a subordinate species of advantage which we should have continued to enjoy, without reflecting on its cause, but for the development of deistical principles, and the experiment which has been made of their effects in a neighbouring country. It had been the constant boast of infidels, that their system, more liberal and generous than Christianity, needed but to be tried to produce an immense accession to human happiness; and Christian nations, careless and supine, retaining little of religion but the profession, and disgusted with its restraints, lent a favourable ear to these pretensions. God permitted the trial to be made. In one country, and that the centre of Christendom, revelation underwent a total eclipse, while atheism, performing on a darkened theatre its strange and fearful tragedy, confounded the first elements of society, blended every age, rank, and sex in indiscriminate proscription and massacre, and convulsed all Europe to its centre; that the imperishable memorial of these events might teach the last generations of mankind to consider religion as the pillar of society, the safeguard of nations, the parent of social order, which alone has power to curb the fury of the passions, and secure to every one his rights; to the laborious the reward of their industry, to the rich the enjoyment of their wealth, to nobles the preservation of their honours, and to princes the stability of their thrones.—R. HALL.

RELIGION.—An Avowal of

My religion is very simple I look at this universe, so vast, so complex, so magnificent, and I say to myself that it cannot be the result of chance, but the work, however intended, of an unknown omnipotent Being, as superior to man as the universe is superior to the finest machines of human invention. Search the philosophers, and you will not find a stronger or more decisive argument.—NAPOLEON I.

RELIGION.—A Bad

That is no good religion whose principles destroy any duty of religion. He that

shall maintain it to be lawful to make a war for the defence of his opinion, be it what it will, his doctrine is against godliness. Anything that is proud, anything that is peevish and scornful, anything that is uncharitable, is against that form of sound doctrine which the Apostle speaks of.—BP. TAYLOR.

RELIGION—the Bread of Life.

Religion is the bread of life. I wish we better appreciated the force of this expression. I remember what bread was to me when I was a boy. I could not wait till I was dressed in the morning, but ran and cut a slice from the loaf—all the way round, too, to keep me until breakfast; and at breakfast, if diligence in eating earned wages, I should have been well paid. And then I could not wait for dinner, but ate again, and then at dinner; and I had to eat again before tea, and at tea, and lucky if I didn't eat again after that. It was bread, bread all the time with me, bread that I lived on and got strength from. Just so religion is the bread of life; but you make it cake—you put it away in your cupboard and never use it but when you have company. You cut it into small pieces and put it on china plates, and pass it daintily round, instead of treating it as bread; common, hearty bread, to be used every hour.—H. W. BEECHER.

RELIGION.—Cheerful Ideas of

I endeavour in vain to give my parishioners more cheerful ideas of religion; to teach them that God is not a jealous, childish, merciless tyrant: that He is best served by a regular tenour of good actions,—not by bad singing, ill-composed prayers, and eternal apprehensions. But the luxury of false religion is to be unhappy!—S. SMITH.

RELIGION—in Common Life.

People in general have no notion of mixing religion with common life—with their pleasures—with their meals—with all their thoughts. Hence it is they think that their Maker is an enemy to happiness, and that religion is fit for the closet only.—MAYOW.

RELIGION.—The Companionship of

Religion will attend you as a pleasant and useful companion in every proper place, and every temperate occupation of life.—BUCKMINSTER.

RELIGION.—Definitions of

Religion is the true philosophy.—BIGG.

Religion is the dominion of the soul. It is the hope of life, the anchor of safety, the deliverance from evil.—NAPOLEON I.

RELIGION.—Definition of

Religion is Christianity, which being too spiritual to be seen by us, doth therefore take an apparent body of good life and works.—DR. DONNE.

RELIGION.—The Enemies of

What countless devices have they framed to escape from the lofty truths and spiritual piety of the Gospel! Hence every science is ransacked for facts to neutralize all religion. Men's consciences do not permit them to throw off all the forms of religion; and, therefore, they are satisfied if they can only tear out its heart. They like to preserve and to embalm its external covering, as the naturalist does the skin of an animal for his cabinet. And as the latter fills his specimen with straw and arsenic, and fits glass eyes into it, so do men fill up their religious specimen with error and vain speculation, and fit into its head the eyes of false philosophy, and then claim for it intellectual worship.—PROF. HITCHCOCK.

RELIGION.—The Gentilizing Influence of

Religion is the most gentlemanly thing in the world. It alone will gentelize if unmixed with cant.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

RELIGION.—Indiscreet Friends of

The enemies of the soul's immortality I do *not* fear; I know how often they have been vanquished before; and I am quite sure that they will be overthrown again with a mighty overthrow, as often as they *do* appear. But I confess I have some considerable dread of the indiscreet friends of religion. I tremble at that respectable imbecility which shuffles away the plainest truths, and thinks the strongest of all causes wants the weakest of all aids. I shudder at the consequences of fixing the great proofs of religion upon any other basis, than that of the widest investigation, and most honest statement of facts.—S. SMITH.

RELIGION.—Informed by

By her informed, we best religion learn,
Its glorious object by her aid discern.

BLACKMORE.

RELIGION.—The Instability of a False

No religion can hold its ground, in an age of civilization and science, after the conviction has once taken root in men's minds that it is a lie, even although it be a useful, and, probably, a beautiful lie.—BUNSEN.

RELIGION—an Intruder.

In a revel of debauchery, amid the brisk interchange of profanity and folly, religion

might appear a dumb unsocial intruder.—BUCKMINSTER.

RELIGION.—Liberty of

Liberty of religion is the most potent of all the elements of freedom.—I. TAYLOR.

RELIGION.—The Might and Grandeur of

There is something in religion, when rightly apprehended, that is masculine and grand. It removes those little desires which are "the constant hectic of a fool."—R. CECIL.

RELIGION.—Natural

I call that natural religion which men might know, and should be obliged to know, by the mere principles of reason, improved by consideration and experience, without the help of Revelation.—BR. WILKINS.

RELIGION.—Necessary.

Everything I saw convinced me that, independently of our future happiness and our sublimest enjoyments in this life, religion is necessary to the comforts, the conveniences, and even the elegancies and lesser pleasures of life. Not only I never met with a writer truly eloquent who did not at least affect to believe in religion, but I never met with one in whom religion was not the richest source of his eloquence.—ROMILLY.

RELIGION.—New Fashions in

New fashions I find in religion, as well as in cloaks, or rather new improvements on the old, are manufactured abroad, and varied to the taste of a people more immediately subject to the changeable dominion of the moon than any other nation, and indeed than all other things, except the tides. The new opinion, and the new cuff, of the year, are imported with the same wind.—SKELTON.

RELIGION—for the Poor.

Religion stores up her richest blessings for the poor. Her sanctuary is always open to distress, as her altars were anciently prostituted into refuges for crime. Her shield is spread out, in its full front and orb, to succour the needy, and her sword lifted up to hew in pieces the oppressor. Her chosen and endeared appellative is love. Her accents are those of melting pity. She has a cordial for indigence: a smile for want: a Gospel for the poor. She has symbolized with poverty, not with wealth; her God was a peasant, houseless, moneyless, derided, dying the death of a slave; while the only spoils of His executioners were the garments He wore to the place of

His fate. He made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant.—STEWART.

RELIGION.—The Profession of

In religion, as in friendship, they who profess most are ever the least sincere.—SHERIDAN.

RELIGION.—A Reality in

In a journal of a tour through Scotland by the Rev. C. Simeon, of Cambridge, we have the following passage :—"Went to see Lady Ross's grounds. Here also I saw blind men weaving. May I never forget the following fact :—One of the blind men, on being interrogated with respect to his knowledge of spiritual things, answered—"I never saw till I was blind ; nor did I ever know contentment when I had my eyesight, as I do now that I have lost it : I can truly affirm, though few know how to credit me, that I would on no account change my present situation and circumstances with any that I ever enjoyed before I was blind." He had enjoyed eyesight till twenty-five, and had been blind now about three years. My soul," Mr. Simeon adds, "was much affected and comforted with his declaration. Surely there is a reality in religion."—KRUMMACHER.

RELIGION.—in Relation to Pleasures.

Religion forbids no pleasures but such as are injurious to the soul, and substitutes the substance of happiness for its shadows. It resembles a fine country in spring, where the hedges bloom, and every thorn produces a flower.—J. A. JAMES.

RELIGION.—Shunning the Love of

Born in Religion's lap, some shun her love, Nor care the sweetness of her breasts to prove :

Lo ! the dull frogs that haunt the lotus-tank, Ne'er of the nectar of the lotus drank, For which the bee, from forests far away, Hastes, with a dew-wet wing, ere dawn of day. CALDWELL.

RELIGION.—Siding with

Many will side with religion while they can live upon it ; and desert it when it must live upon them.—W. SECKER.

RELIGION.—Talk about

There are many with whom I can talk about religion ; but, alas ! I find few with whom I can talk religion itself.—BRAINERD.

RELIGION.—The Work of

"Being religious" is not a work apart by itself, but a spirit of faith and righteous-

ness flowing out from the centre of a regenerated heart into all the enjoyments and intercourse of the world. Not merely the preacher in the pulpit, and the saint on his knees, may do the work of religion, but the mechanic who smites with the hammer and drives the wheel ; the artist seeking to realize his pure idea of the beautiful ; the mother in the gentle offices of home ; the statesman in the forlorn hope of liberty and justice ; and the philosopher whose thought treads reverently among the splendid mysteries of the universe.—CHAPIN.

REMEDIES.—Lie Within.

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven : the fated sky
Gives us free scope ; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull. SHAKESPEARE.

REMEDY.—A Bad

The remedy is worse than the disease.—DRYDEN.

REMEDY.—A Tiny

The remedy lay in a nutshell.—MACAULAY.

REMEMBRANCE.—not to be Obliterated.

'Tis done ! I saw it in my dreams :
No more with hope my future beams ;
My days of happiness are few ;
Chill'd by misfortune's wintry blast,
My dawn of life is overcast ;
Love, Hope, and Joy, alike adieu !
Would I could add Remembrance too ! BYRON.

REMEMBRANCE.—A Pleasing

The greatest comfort of my old age, and that which gives me the highest satisfaction, is the pleasing remembrance of the many benefits and friendly offices I have done to others.—CATO.

REMEMBRANCES.—The Lasting Nature of

Remembrances last longer than present realities, as I have conserved blossoms many years, but never fruits.—RICHTER.

REMORSE.—The Agonies of

The mind that broods o'er guilty woes
Is like the scorpion girt by fire ;
In circle narrowing as it glows,
The flames around their captive close.
Till inly searched by thousand throes,
And maddening in her ire,
One sad and sole relief she knows,
The sting she nourished for her foes,
Whose venom never yet was vain,

Gives but one pang and cures all pain,
And darts into her desperate brain ;
So do the dark in soul expire,
Or live like scorpion girt by fire ;
So writhes the mind Remorse has riven,
Unfit for earth, undoomed for heaven,
Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it flame, within it death !

BYRON.

REMORSE—Described.

It is God's greatest officer and vicegerent in man ; set by Him to be, as it were, thy angel, keeper, monitor, remembrancer, king, prophet, examiner, judge—yea, thy lower heaven. If thou slightest it, it will be an adversary, informer, accuser, witness, judge, jailor, tormentor, a worm, rack, dungeon, unto thee—yea, thy upper hell !—DR. FULLER.

REMORSE.—The Sleep of

Remorse goes to sleep when we are in the enjoyment of prosperity.—ROUSSEAU.

REMORSE—Surveying Life.

His eye no more looked onward ; but its gaze
Rests where Remorse a life misspent surveys :
What costly treasures strew that waste behind !
What whirlwinds daunt the soul that sows the wind !
By the dark shape of what he *is*, serene
Stands the bright ghost of *what* he might have been :
Here the vast lost, and there the worthless gain—
Vice scorned, yet woo'd, and virtue loved in vain !

LYTTON.

REMORSE AND PENITENCE.

There is a difference between remorse and penitence. Remorse is the consciousness of wrong-doing with no sense of love. Penitence is that same consciousness, with the feeling of tenderness and gratefulness added.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

RENEGADOES.—The Knavery of

Renegadoes, who never turn by halves,
Are bound in conscience to be double knaves.

DRYDEN.

RENOWN.—The Noblest

The noblest renown is posthumous fame ; and the most refined ambition is the desire of such fame. A vulgar mind may thirst for immediate popularity ; and very moderate talent, dexterously managed, may win for the moment the hosannas of the million. But it is a Horace or a Milton, a Socrates or a Sidney, who can listen with-

out bitterness to the plaudits heaped on feeble rivals, and calmly anticipate the day when posterity will do justice to the powers or the achievements of which he is already conscious.—DR. J. HAMILTON.

RENT.—Praise the Payment of

Virgil loved rural ease, and, far from harm,
Mæcenas fix'd him in a neat snug farm,
Where he might, free from trouble, pass his days

In his own way, and pay his rent in praise.

CHURCHILL.

RENUNCIATION.—The Act of

Carlyle says—"Life begins with renunciation : " he might also have added—Life ends with renunciation ; nay, renunciation is an every-day act, and while it is exceedingly difficult on the part of the creature, it is exceedingly pleasant to God, who will give heaven and Himself as an eternal recompense for its practice.—DR. DAVIES.

REPARTEE—the Highest Order of Wit.

Repartee is the highest order of wit, as it bespeaks the coolest yet quickest exercise of genius at a moment when the passions are roused. Voltaire, on hearing the name of Haller mentioned to him by an English traveller at Ferney, burst forth into a violent panegyric upon him ; his visitor told him that such praise was most disinterested, for that Haller by no means spoke so highly of him. " Well, well, n'importe," replied Voltaire ; " perhaps we are *both* mistaken. —COLTON.

REPENTANCE—Defined.

Repentance is a change of mind, or a conversion from sin to God.—HAMMOND.

REPENTANCE—Delightful.

" Which is the most delightful emotion ? " said an instructor of the deaf and dumb to his pupils, after teaching them the names of our various feelings. The pupils turned instinctively to their slates, to write an answer ; and one with a smiling countenance wrote *Joy*. It would seem as if none could write anything else ; but another, with a look of more thoughtfulness, put down *Hope*. A third with beaming countenance wrote *Gratitude*. A fourth wrote *Love*, and other feelings still claimed the superiority on other minds. One turned back with a countenance full of peace, and yet a tearful eye, and the teacher was surprised to find on her slate—" *Repentance* is the most delightful emotion." He returned to her with marks of wonder, in which her companions doubtless participated, and asked — " Why ? " " Oh," said she, in

the expressive language of looks and gestures which marks these mutes—"It is so delightful to be humbled before God!"—
ARVINE.

REPENTANCE.—Fierce

While music flows around
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton
hours ;

Amid the roses fierce repentance rears
Her snaky crest ; a quick returning pang
Shoots through the conscious heart.

J. THOMSON.

REPENTANCE—Forced.

It is said by some that so soon as the soul of the sinner is separated from sense, and experiences in the next world the evil consequences of sin, those evil consequences will lead to repentance. We answer that repentance in view of the experience of evil or the fear of evil, is repentance toward self, not toward God. The more men repent from an experience of evil consequences, the more they are damned. The thief always repents when the sheriff arrests him. Death forces many men to submit, others to repent. Such repentance is by necessity ; or in view of consequences, not in view of God's goodness and of the *evil* of sin. Some weak people talk of repentance on the gallows. Dying sinners and murderers often repent, but it is a repentance forced in view of the termination of their moral agency. In this world, "repentance toward God" works by reformation ; and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ works by love. In the world of doom, when moral probation is ended, repentance, by the necessity of the case, works by remorse ; and faith by trembling. "The devils believe in one God, and tremble."—WALKER.

REPENTANCE.—The Seeds of

The seeds of repentance are sown in youth by pleasure, but the harvest is reaped in age by pain.—COLTON.

REPENTANCE—Seldom Exercised.

Full seldom does a man repent, or use
Both grace and will to pick the vicious
quitch
Of blood and custom wholly out of him,
And make all clean, and plant himself
afresh. TENNYSON.

REPENTANCE—of the Sick.

A pious English physician once stated that he had known some three hundred sick persons who, soon expecting to die, had been led, as they supposed, to repentance of their sins, and saving faith in Christ, but had eventually been restored to health again. Only ten of all this number, so far as he

knew, gave any evidence of being really regenerated. Soon after their recovery, they plunged, as a general thing, into the follies and vices of the world.—ARVINE.

REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

Repentance is Faith's usher, and dews all her way with tears. Repentance reads the law and weeps ; Faith reads the Gospel and comforts. Repentance looks on the rigorous brow of Moses ; Faith beholds the sweet countenance of Christ Jesus.—T. ADAMS.

REPENTANCE AND REFORMATION.

There can be no repentance without reformation. Repentance is a change of mind ; reformation is a corresponding change of life. To dissociate them is to encourage sanctimony and hypocrisy. It is to take all the robustness and honesty from religion, leaving nothing but wavering sentiments and moods as fitful as April weather.—DR. RALEIGH.

REPETITION.—The Character of

Repetition is the mother not only of study, but of education.—RICHTER.

REPLY.—The Impromptu

The impromptu reply is precisely the touchstone of the man of wit.—MOLIERE.

REPORT.—A Good

I'll tread a righteous path ; a good report
Makes men live long, although their life is
short. WATKINS.

REPORTS.—Rules for Hearing

The longer I live, the more I feel the importance of adhering to the rules which I have laid down for myself in relation to such matters. First, to hear as little as possible of whatever is to the prejudice of others. Secondly, to believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it. Thirdly, never to drink in the spirit of one who circulates an ill report. Fourthly, always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness expressed towards others. Fifthly, always to believe that if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.—SIMEON.

REPOSE—Agreeable to the Mind.

Repose is agreeable to the human mind ; and decision is repose. A man has made up his opinions ; he does not choose to be disturbed ; and he is much more thankful to the man who confirms him in his errors, and leaves him alone, than he is to the man who refutes him, or who instructs him at the expense of his tranquillity.—S. SMITH.

REPREHENSION.—Discretion in

There is much discretion to be observed in reprehension : a word will do more with some than a blow with others. A Venice glass is not to be rubbed so hard as a brazen kettle : the tender reed is more easily bowed than the sturdy oak. Dashing storms do but destroy the seed, while gentle showers nourish it. Chariots, too furiously driven, may be overturned by their own violence.—W. SECKER.

REPRESENTATION.—Class

The popular opinion is—that class representation would produce class legislation. The truth is exactly the reverse. The idea seems to be—that by distributing a class in fragmentary portions among a number of constituencies you neutralize its power, and make it harmless by dilution, just as has been sometimes done with a mutinous regiment ; but in point of fact, it is this very distribution which gives it such an enormous power of obstruction.—LORD CECIL.

REPRESENTATIVES.—The Choice of

The only foundation of political liberty is the spirit of the people ; and the only circumstance which makes a lively impression upon their senses, and powerfully reminds them of their importance, their power, and their rights, is the periodical choice of their representatives.—S. SMITH.

REPROACH.—Obscurity the Defence against

There is no defence against reproach but obscurity ; it is a kind of concomitant to greatness, as satires and invectives were an essential part of a Roman triumph.—ADDISON.

REPROACH.—The Poetry of

The silent upbraiding of the eye is the very poetry of reproach ; it speaks at once to the imagination.—MRS. BALFOUR.

REPROOF.—rather than Flattery.

The truly great will bear even reproof, if truth support it, more patiently than flattery accompanied with falsehood ; for by venturing on the first, we pay a compliment to their heart, but by venturing on the second, we inflict an insult on their head. Two painters undertook a portrait of Hannibal ; one of them painted a full likeness of him, and gave him two eyes, whereas disease had deprived him of one ; the other painted him in profile, but with his blind side from the spectators. He severely reprimanded the first, but handsomely rewarded the second.—COLTON.

REPROOF.—Insufferable.

I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.
SHAKESPEARE.

REPROOF.—The Scorners' Hate of

Reproof slides from a scorner's breast as water from an oiled post. Instead of loving a man amidst all his injuries, he will hate him for all his civilities.—W. SECKER. •

REPROOF.—The Spirit of

A spirit of love is especially needed in dealing reproof. The wound must be inflicted tenderly, as a father chastens his child. Still, there must be truth in this love, as well as love in the truth.—BR. SUMNER.

REPROOF.—A Timely

During the war between Alexander the Great and Darius, king of Persia, a soldier in the army of the latter thought to ingratiate himself with Memnon, the Persian General, by uttering the fiercest invectives against Alexander : Memnon gently struck the fellow with his spear, and answered—“ Friend, I pay you to fight against Alexander, not to revile him.”—ARVINE.

REPUBLICAN.—Every Man a

Every man in the world would be a republican, if he did not hope from fortune and favour more than from industry and desert ; in short, if he did not expect to carry off, sooner or later, from under another system, what never could belong to him rightfully, and what cannot, he thinks, accrue to him from this. To suppose the contrary, would be the same as to suppose that he would rather have a master in his house than a friend, brother, or son ; and that he has both more confidence and more pleasure in an alien's management of it, than in his own, or in any person selected by his experience and deputed by his choice.—LANDOR.

REPUBLICS.—The Advantages of

In republics the advantages are—liberty, or exemption from needless restrictions, equal laws, regulations adapted to the wants and circumstances of the people, public spirit, frugality, averseness to war, the opportunities which democratic assemblies afford to men of every description of producing their abilities and counsels to public observation, and the exciting thereby and calling forth to the service of the commonwealth, the faculties of its best citizens.—ADN. PALEY.

REPUBLICS.—The End of

Republics come to an end by luxurious habits.—MONTESQUIEU.

REPUTATION.—The Acquirement and Loss of

Reputation is often got without merit, and lost without deserving.—SHAKSPEARE.

• **REPUTATION.—The Benefits of**

Reputation is one of the prizes for which men contend : it is, as Mr. Burke calls it, "the cheap defence and ornament of nations, and the nurse of manly exertions ;" it produces more labour and more talent than twice the wealth of a country could ever rear up. It is the coin of genius ; and it is the imperious duty of every man to bestow it with the most scrupulous justice and the wisest economy.—S. SMITH.

REPUTATION.—An Eminent

An eminent reputation is as dangerous as a bad one.—TACITUS.

REPUTATION.—Keeping up the

The reputation
Of virtuous actions pass'd, if not kept up
By an access and fresh supply of new ones,
Is lost, and soon forgotten ; and like pal-
lances,
For want of habitation and repair,
Dissolve to heaps of ruin.—DENHAM.

REPUTATION.—Means Employed for

In purple some, and some in rags, stood
forth
For reputation. Some displayed a limb
Well-fashioned ; some, of lowlier mind, a
cane
Of curious workmanship and marvellous
twist ;
In strength some sought it, and in beauty
more :
Long, long, the fair one laboured at the
glass,
And, being tired, called in auxiliar skill
To have her sails, before she went abroad,
Full spread and nicely set, to catch the
gale
Of praise.

R. POLLOK.

REPUTATION.—Spotless

The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation ; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
SHAKSPEARE.

REQUESTS.—Delight in

No music is so charming to my ear as
the requests of my friends, and the supplica-
tions of those in want of my assistance.—
CÆSAR.

REQUESTS.—Indecisive in

He who goes round about in his requests,
wants commonly more than he chooses to
appear to want.—LAVATER.

RESENTMENT.—Overcoming

To prevent or suppress rising resentment
is wise and glorious,—is manly and divine.
—DR. WATTS.

RESENTMENTS.—Conduct in Regard to

It is said concerning Julius Cæsar, that,
upon any provocation, he would repeat the
Roman alphabet before he suffered himself
to speak, that he might be more just and calm
in his resentments. The delay of a few
moments has set many seeming affronts
in a juster and kinder light ; it has often
lessened, if not annihilated, the supposed
injury, and prevented violence and revenge.
—DR. WATTS.

RESERVATIONS.—Mental

Mental reservations are the refuge of
hypocrites.—DR. JOHNSON.

RESIGNATION—under Bereavement.

There lies my beloved prince, the Duke
of Burgundy, for whom my affection was
equal to the tenderest parent, and all my
earthly happiness lies dead with him. But,
if the turning of a straw would call him
back to life, I would not, for ten thousand
worlds, be the turner of that straw in
opposition to the will of God.—ABP.
FENELON.

RESIGNATION—Defined.

Resignation is the courage of Christian
sorrow.—DR. VINET.

RESIGNATION.—An Example of

An Indian, descending the Niagara river,
was thrown into the rapids above the sub-
lime cataract. The nursling of the desert
rowed with an incredible vigour at first, in
an intense struggle for life. Seeing his
efforts useless, he dropped his oars, sung
his death-song, and floated in calmness down
the abyss ! His example is worthy of the
imitation of all. While there is hope, let us
nerve all our force to avail ourselves of all
the chances it suggests. When hope ceases,
and peril must be braved, wisdom counsels
calm resignation.—DION.

RESIGNATION—Invoked.

Come, Resignation, spirit meek,
And let me kiss thy placid cheek,
And read in thy pale eye serene
Their blessing, who by faith can wean
Their hearts from sense, and learn to love
God only, and the joys above.—KEBLE.

RESIGNATION.—Perfect

It is reported of a person who, being ill, was asked whether she was willing to live or die; she answered — “Which God pleases.” “But,” said one, “if God should refer it to you, which would you choose?” “Truly,” replied she, “I would at once refer it to Him again.”—W. SECKER.

RESIGNATION.—The Reasonableness of

What more reasonable than that we should in all things resign ourselves to the will of God?—ABP. TILLOTSON.

RESIGNATION.—a Treasure.

Resignation is an inviolable treasure, which cannot, by the most violent evils, be taken from us.—T. ADAMS.

RESISTANCE.—The Spirit of

There is a spirit of resistance implanted by the Deity in the breast of man proportioned to the size of the wrongs he is destined to endure.—C. J. FOX.

RESOLUTION.—Enjoined.

Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror; so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.

SHAKESPEARE.

RESOLUTION.—Secrecy respecting a

Never tell your resolution beforehand; but when the cast is thrown, play it as well as you can to win the game you are at.—SELDEN.

RESOLUTION.—The Worst

The worst resolution one can take is not to come to any.—NEY.

RESOLUTIONS.—Firm

Firm resolutions are like the rocks which the waves cannot move.—W. SECKER.

RESOLUTIONS.—Good

Good resolutions are excellent things, but they are susceptible of overturns.—WARNER.

RESOLUTIONS.—Temporary

Theocritus tells of a fisherman that dreamed he had taken a “fish of gold,” on which, being overjoyed, he made a vow that he would never fish more; but when he waked he soon declared his vow to be null, because he found his golden fish was

escaped away through the holes of his eyes, when he first opened them. Just so we do in the purposes of religion. Sometimes, in a good mood, we seem to see heaven opened, and all the streets of the new Jerusalem paved with gold and precious stones, and we are ravished with spiritual apprehensions, and resolve never to return to the low affections of the world and the impure adherences of sin; but when this flash of lighting is gone, and we converse again with the inclinations and habitual desires of our false hearts, those other desires and fine considerations disband, and the resolutions taken in that pious fit melt into indifference and old customs.—BP. TAYLOR.

RESOURCES.—The Command of

A person under a firm persuasion that he can command resources, virtually has them.—LIVY.

RESPECT.—The Best

That is the best respect which is won by consistent virtue and God-like kindness.—E. DAVIES.

RESPECT.—Personal

Whenever we can bring a man to have a proper respect for himself, that moment we have secured him against the commission of any heinous crime.—HALLIDAY.

RESPECT.—The Preservation of

Not only study that those with whom you live should habitually respect you, but cultivate such manners as will secure the respect of persons with whom you occasionally converse. Keep up the habit of being respected, and do not attempt to be more amusing and agreeable than is consistent with the preservation of respect.—S. SMITH.

RESPIRE.—Days of

Days of respite are golden days.—DR. SOUTH.

RESPONSIBILITY.—Moral

To be morally responsible, a man must be a free, rational, moral agent. First, he must be in present possession of his reason, to distinguish truth from falsehood. Secondly, he must also have in exercise a moral sense to distinguish right from wrong. Thirdly, his will, in its volitions or executive acts, must be self-decided, that is—determined by its own spontaneous affections and desires. If any of these are wanting, the man is insane, and neither free nor responsible.—PROF. HODGE.

RESPONSIBILITY.—Personal

Personal responsibility exists independently of relative responsibility.—BULLOCK.

REST.

REST—Described.

Rest is the sweet sauce of labour.—
PLUTARCH.

REST—in Heaven.

Not in this weary world of ours
Can perfect rest be found ;
Thorns mingle with its fairest flowers
Even on cultivated ground ;
Earth's pilgrim still his loins must gird
To seek a lot more blest ;
And this must be his onward word—
"In heaven alone is rest."—BARTON.

REST.—Silken

Silken rest tie all thy cares up.—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

RESTLESSNESS.—The Results of

Restlessness, by multiplying our occupations, leaves us a prey to weariness and disgust.—BP. MASSILLON.

RESTRAINT—never Comely.

Though restraint, utter and unrelaxing, can never be comely, this is not because it is in itself an evil, but only because, when too great, it overpowers the nature of the thing restrained, and so counteracts the other laws of which that nature is itself composed.—RUSKIN.

RESTRAINT.—The Need of

As the plough is the typical instrument of industry, so the fetter is the typical instrument of the restraint or subjection necessary in a nation—either literally for its evil-doers, or figuratively, in accepted laws, for its wise and good men. Wise laws and just restraints are to a noble nation not chains, but chain mail—strength and defence. Therefore the first power of a nation consists in knowing how to guide the plough, its second power consists in knowing how to wear the fetter.—RUSKIN.

RESURRECTION.—Emblems of the

In the phenomenal world, the resurrection is remarkably and beautifully foreshadowed. The sun sinks upon the sea, and rises again in the orient ; and the moon wanes, disappears, and then returns in full-orbed glory. Yet in terrestrial nature, the emblematic representation of this astonishing and sublime verity is far more forcible and striking in its significance. The earth becomes torpid in winter, and freshens again in spring ; flowers revive, and array themselves in a loveliness far surpassing the royal glory of Solomon ; the caterpillar dies as a chrysalis, and recovers new life under the beauteous transformation of the butterfly ; and the wheat-corn decays and corrupts in the soil,

RESURRECTION.

and then blooms forth and ripens into fruitful abundance. Thus is man encompassed, through the whole nature of the organic world, by typical evidences of re-animation and resurrection, which, when rightly viewed, assume the highest significance. But these symbolic developments only show the possibility and probability of the resurrection of the dead ; they do not incontrovertibly demonstrate it. It was divinely reserved for the Christian Revelation to bring "life and immortality to light ;"—not merely the "life and immortality" of the soul, but the "life and immortality" of humanity ; for "salvation" includes the complete deliverance of the whole man, body as well as soul, from the power of sin and death.—DR. DAVIES.

RESURRECTION.—The Magnificent yet Awful Scene of the

Hark ! through heaven's wide reverberating vault
The clanging trumpet sounds the awakening peal :
Obedient tombs expand their marble jaws,
And every sad repository hears
The quickening voice, and renders back its trust
To light and life ; each particle dispersed
Crowds to a heap, and builds the identical man !
Changed are the living, and alive the dead :
Lo ! cited myriads fill the extended plain,
And, trembling, to the Grand Tribunal press !
BALLY.

RESURRECTION.—The Re-Union of Body and Soul at the

When we pluck down a house with an intent to new build it, or repair the ruins of it, we warn the inhabitants out of it, lest they should be soiled with the dust and rubbish, or offended with the noise, and so, for a time, provide some other place for them ; but when we have new trimmed and dressed up the house, then we bring them back to a better habitation. Thus God, when he overturneth this rotten room of our flesh, calleth out the soul for a little time, and lodgeth it with Himself, in some corner of His kingdom, but repaireth the bracks of our bodies against the resurrection, and then, having made them decent, yea, glorious and incorruptible, He doth put our souls back again into their acquainted mansions.—ST. CHRYSOSTOM.

RESURRECTION.—Yearning for the

O Morning Star ! O risen Lord !
Destroyer of the tomb !
Star of the living and the dead,

Lift up at length Thy long-veil'd head,
O'er land and sea Thy glories shed ;—
Light of the Morning, come !

Speak, mighty Life ! and wake the dead,
Like statue from the stone,
Like music from long broken strings,
Like gushings from deserted springs,
Like dew upon the down's soft wings,
Rouse each beloved one !

DR. BONAR.

RETIREMENT.—The Desire for

The love of change that lives in every
breast,

Genius, and temper, and desire of rest,
Discordant motives in one centre meet,
And each inclines its votary to retreat :
Some minds by nature are averse to noise,
And hate the tumult half the world enjoys ;
The lure of avarice, or the pompous prize
That courts display before ambitious eyes,—
The fruits that hang on pleasure's flowery
stem,—

Whatever enchants them are no snares to
them :

To them the deep recess of dusky groves,
Or forest where the deer securely roves,
The fall of waters and the song of birds,
And hills that echo to the distant herds,
Are luxuries excelling all the glare
The world can boast, and her chief favour-
ites share.

COWPER.

RETIREMENT.—Enjoined.

Depart from the highway, and transplant
thyself in some enclosed ground ; for it is
hard for a tree that stands by the way-side
to keep her fruit till it be ripe.—ST. CHRYS-
OSTOM.

RETIREMENT.—A Place of

Oh ! 'tis a quiet spirit-healing nook !
Which all, methinks, would love ; but
chiefly he,

The humble man, who, in his youthful
years,

Knew just so much of folly as had made
His early manhood more securely wise !
Here he might lie on fern, or wither'd
heath,

While from the singing lark, that sings
unseen

The minstrelsy that solitude loves best,
And from the sun, and from the breezy air,
Sweet influences trembled o'er his frame ;
And he with many feelings, many thoughts,
Made up a meditative joy, and found
Religious meanings in the forms of nature !
And so, his senses gradually wrapt
In a half-sleep, he dreams of better worlds,
And dreaming, hears thee still, O singing
lark,

That singest like an angel in the clouds !

S. T. COLERIDGE.

RETIREMENT.—Wiser by

I have learned, at length, that the soul
grows wiser by retirement.—WOTTON.

RETORT.—A Powerful

I have studied these things, and you have
not.—SIR I. NEWTON.

RETREAT.—A Brave

In all the trade of war, no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat.—S. BUTLER.

RETRIBUTION.—The Certainty of

Vice ever carries with it the germ of its
own ruin, and a retribution, which is all the
more inevitable from being often slow,
awaits every violation of the moral law.—
FARRAR.

RETRIBUTION.—The Justice of

Most just it is that he who breweth mis-
chief should have the first draught of it
himself.—JEMMAT.

RETRIBUTION.—Social

Society is like the echoing hills. It gives
back to the speaker his words : groan for
groan, song for song. Wouldest thou have
thy social scenes to resound with music ?
then speak ever in the melodious strains of
truth and love. " With what measure ye
mete, it shall be measured to you again."—
DR. THOMAS.

**RETROSPECTION.—Truths Learned
from**

Could any man, after having attained the
age of manhood, reverse the order of the
course he has passed—could he, with the
power of observation, together with the ex-
perience that belong to manhood, retrace,
with perfect exactness, every step of his
sentient existence,—among the truths that
he would learn would be those which relate
to the manner in which he dealt with his
earliest impressions ; with the mode in
which he combined them, recalled them,
laid them by for future use, made his
general deduction, observed what subse-
quent experience taught to be conformable,
and what not conformable, to this general
inference,—his emotions in detecting his
first error, his contrasted feelings on dis-
covering those comprehensive truths, the
certainty of which became confirmed by
every subsequent impression. Thus per-
fectly to live backwards, would be, in fact,
to go through the complete analysis of the
intellectual combinations, and consequently
to obtain a perfect insight into the constitu-
tion of the mind.—DR. S. SMITH.

REVELATION—Defined.

It is the great and good Father bending the heavens, and coming down, and teaching His large family what He is and what they are.—CUMMING.

REVELATION.—The Guidance of

I trust only in faith; and as far as we ought to inquire, we have no other guide but Revelation.—DAVY.

REVELATION.—The Need for

If Adam needed to hear his Father's voice, sounding amid the fair bowers and the unshaded glory of Paradise, surely much more does this prodigal world, that has gone astray from Him, need to hear a Father's voice asking after us, and the first intimations of a Father's desire, that the lost may be found, and the dead at length become alive.—CUMMING.

REVENGE.—The Bitterness of

Revenge at first, though sweet,
Bitter ere long back on itself recoils.
MILTON.

REVENGE—Characterized.

Revenge is a cruel word; *manhood*, some call it, but it is rather *doghood*. The manlier any man is, the milder and more merciful, as David (II. Sam. i. 12), and Julius Cæsar, who, when he had Pompey's head presented to him, wept and said—"I seek not revenge, but victory."—TRAPP.

REVENGE—a Debt.

Revenge is a debt, in the paying of which the greatest knave is honest and sincere, and, so far as he is able, punctual.—COLTON.

REVENGE.—Desirous of

Minds desirous of revenge are not moved with gold.—KNOLLES.

REVENGE.—The Dwelling-Place of

Revenge dwells in little minds.—DR. BLAIR.

REVENGE.—The Nature of

Revenge is a kind of wild justice, which the more it spreads in human nature, the more ought the law to weed it out; for the first injury only offends the law, but revenge entirely sets aside its authority.—LORD BACON.

REVERENCE.—The Expression of

This has been universally the same in every period of life, in all stages of society, and in every clime. On first con-

sideration, it seems merely natural that, when pious thoughts prevail, man's countenance should be turned from things earthly to the purer objects above. But there is a link in this relation every way worthy of attention: the eye is raised—whether the canopy over us be shrouded in darkness, or display all the splendour of noon.—SIR C. BELL.

REVERENCE AND KINDNESS.

Reverence of a superior, and kindness to an inferior, are as essential to the being and well-being of a man, as is justice and equity to an equal.—E. IRVING.

REVERIE.—The Soul in a

The soul sits in a reverie and watches
The changing colour of the waves that
break
Upon the idle sea-shore of the mind.
LONGFELLOW.

REVIEWERS.—The Ignorance of

Our friends the reviewers, those clippers
and hewers,
Are judges of mortar and stone;
But of meet, or unmeet, in a fabric complete,
I'll boldly pronounce they are none.
R. BURNS.

**REVOLUTION.—The Insolence of the
Multitude during a**

It would be easier to calm the most furious hurricane at sea, or flames of fire, than to curb the unbridled insolence of the multitude during a revolution.—CICERO.

REVOLUTION.—The Way to Ward off

It has ever been the wisest policy to ward off revolution by a timely reform.—G. GILFILLAN.

REVOLUTIONS.—The Violence of

The violence of revolutions is generally proportioned to the degree of the maladministration which has produced them.—MACAULAY.

REWARDS.—Future

Humble diligence, uncomplaining patience, cheerful self-denial, unworldly simplicity, are seen of God, if neglected by men; and though in this world the man who takes most care of himself generally gets the best of it; in the next world, he who has thought most of God and his brother will then be found the truly wise man; and in the day when God makes up His jewels to set in His Son's diadem, not necessarily those who have filled the highest places, or won the most applause, shall

shine forth then with the most resplendent brightness, but those also shall be very near the throne who have postponed the praise of men to the praise of God, who have been contented to do modest duties well, rather than important duties badly; whose courage has kept them poor, and whom plain-spoken honesty has deprived of advancement; who have never suffered any earthly motive to blind their eyes to the seeking of God's glory, or to blunt their hearts to the sense of His love. There will be many widows with their two mites set high up in the heavenly places; and many Demases only just let in. It will be seen then to have been better to have had only one pound to use and to have made two of it, than to have had five and thrown them away.—THOROLD.

REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS.

The doctrine of rewards and punishments in a future state began to be taught long before we have any light into antiquity; and where we begin to have any, we find it established and strongly inculcated.—BOLINGBROKE.

RHAPSODIES—Defined.

Rhapsodies are the language of a natural delirium, proceeding from a vain endeavour to protract, by forced excitement, the ecstacy of a few short moments, and to make that a continued state of the mind which was intended by its beneficent Creator only for its occasional and transient joy.—JOANNA BAILLIE.

RHETORIC—Defined.

In composition, it is the art of putting ideas together in graceful and accurate prose; in speaking, it is the art of delivering ideas with propriety, elegance, and force; or, in other words, it is the science of oratory.—LOCKE.

RHETORIC—without Logic.

Rhetoric without logic is like a tree with leaves and blossoms, but no root; yet more are taken with rhetoric than logic, because they are caught with a free expression, when they understand not reason.—SELDEN.

RHETORIC AND INSTRUCTION.

The florid, elevated, and figurative way, is for the passions; for love and hatred, fear and anger, are begotten in the soul by showing their objects out of their true proportion, either greater than the life, or less; but instruction is to be given by showing them what they naturally are. A man is to be cheated into passion, but reasoned into truth.—DRYDEN.

RHYME—Described.

Rhyme the rudder is of verse.—S. BUTLER.

RHYMES—Valued.

So long as words, like mortals, call a fatherland their own,
Rhymes will be highly valued where best and longest known.—LOGAN.

RIBBON.—The Blue and Red

The terms blue ribbon and red ribbon are sometimes used to designate the Order of the Garter and the Order of the Bath respectively, or the honour of belonging to these orders; the badge of the former being suspended by a blue ribbon, and that of the latter by a red ribbon. The Garter is the highest order in English knighthood, and the Order of the Bath next to it in rank. Hence at competitive exhibitions the blue ribbon is often employed as the badge of the highest degree of excellence, and the red ribbon as the badge of the next or second degree.—DR. WEBSTER.

RICH.—The Advantage of the

The rich have but little advantage over their poorer brethren in the chief things of this life. They are born like others; like them, they eat and drink—greater dainties perhaps, but with less appetite, and no other effect than allaying hunger; like them, they wear raiment, which answers no other purpose than to cover and protect their body; like them, they are fretted with cares, and to a greater degree, because desire is wont to grow with possession; like them, too, they sicken, and, like them, they die.—SCRIVER.

RICH.—False Ideas of the

The rich think themselves alone perfect, scarcely admit in other men the right to possess genius, ability, delicacy of feeling, and appropriate these qualities as things due to their high birth.—LA BRUYÈRE.

RICH.—The Way to Grow

There is a Spanish proverb, that a lapidary who would grow rich must buy of those who go to be executed, as not caring how cheap they sell; and sell to those who go to be married, as not caring how dear they buy.—DR. FULLER.

RICH OR POOR.

Every man is rich or poor according to the proportion between his desires and enjoyments.—DR. JOHNSON.

RICHES.—Contempt for

Luther was remarkable for his contempt of riches, though few men had a greater

opportunity of obtaining them. The Elector of Saxony offered him the produce of a mine at Sneberg; but he nobly refused it, lest it should prove an injury to him. His enemies were no strangers to this self-denial. When one of the Popes asked a certain cardinal why they did not stop that man's mouth with silver and gold, his Eminence replied—"That *German* *beast* regards not money." In one of his epistles Luther says—"I have received one hundred guilders from Taubereim, and Schartz has given me fifty; so that I begin to fear lest God should reward me in *this* life. But, I declare I will not be satisfied with it. What have I to do with so much money? I gave half of it to P. Priorus, and made the man glad."—BUCK.

RICHES.—Contented without

Upon the best observation I could ever make, I am induced to believe that it is much easier to be contented without riches than with them. It is so natural for a rich man to make his gold his god; for whatever a person loves most, that thing, be it what it will, he will certainly make his god. It is so difficult not to trust in it,—not to depend upon it for support and happiness, that I do not know one rich man in the world with whom I would exchange conditions.—MRS. WESLEY.

RICHES.—Delight in

What is it, trow you, that makes a poor man labour all his lifetime, carry such great burdens, fare so hardly, macerate himself, and endure so much misery, undergo such base offices with so great patience, to rise up early and lie down late, if there were not extraordinary delight in getting and keeping of money? What makes a merchant that hath no need, *satis superque domi*, to range over all the world, through all those intemperate zones of heat and cold; voluntarily to venture his life, and be content with such miserable famine, nasty usage, in a stinking ship; if there were not a pleasure and a hope to get money, which doth season the rest and mitigate his indefatigable pains? What makes them go into the bowels of the earth, a hundred fathoms deep, endangering their dearest lives, enduring damps and filthy smell, when they have enough already, if they could be content, and no such cause to labour, but an extraordinary delight they take in riches?—BURTON.

RICHES.—The Disadvantage of

Rich men, and those standing on the elevated places of society, do not think how the earthly advancement is apt to be coun-

terbalanced by the spiritual disadvantage. It is a startling thought for all who are *rising* in place, profession, popularity, that by *that* movement they are not coming nearer God and the everlasting altitudes, but rather, according to natural law and probability, going so much further from Him. God will have to bend further down to reach them. He will have to take another step to find them.—DR. RALEIGH.

RICHES.—Dissatisfied with

A gentleman of vast fortune sent for a friend to settle some affairs; and while they were together, he walked to the window, and observed a chimney-sweeper's boy with his sack passing by. His friend was surprised to see the tears burst from his eyes; and, clasping his hands, he exclaimed—"Now would I give every shilling I am worth in the world to change beings with that little sweep!"—BUCK.

RICHES.—The Extent of

My riches consisted not in the greatness of my possessions, but in the smallness of my wants.—BROTHERTON.

RICHES.—Heaping up

High-built abundance, heap on heap! for what?

To breed new wants, and beggar us the more; Then make a richer scramble for the throng, Soon as this feeble pulse which leaps so long, Almost by miracle, is tired of play.

DR. E. YOUNG.

RICHES.—The Hope of

Of riches as of everything else, the hope is more than the enjoyment; while we consider them as the means to be used at some future time for the attainment of felicity, ardour after them secures us from weariness of ourselves, but no sooner do we sit down to enjoy our acquisitions than we find them insufficient to fill up the vacuities of life.—DR. JOHNSON.

RICHES.—The Influence of

A respectable widow lady, with a very small income, which she was obliged to eke out by the produce of her own industry and ingenuity, was remarkable for her generous liberality, especially in contributing to the cause of religion. When any work of pious benevolence was going forward, she was always ready to offer a donation equal to those of persons in comparative affluence. In process of time this lady came into the possession of an ample fortune, greatly to the joy of all who knew her willing liberality. But she no longer came forward unsolicited towards the cause of Christ, and when applied to, she yielded

her aid but coldly and grudgingly, and sometimes excused herself from giving at all. On one occasion she presented a shilling to the same cause to which she had formerly given a guinea when in a state of comparative poverty. Her minister felt it his duty to expostulate with her, and remind her of her former generosity when her means were so circumscribed. "Ah! sir," she affectingly replied; "then I had the shilling means, but the guinea heart; now I have the guinea means, but only the shilling heart. Then I received day by day my daily bread, and I had enough and to spare; now, I have to look to my ample income, but I live in constant apprehension that I may come to want!"—**ARVINE.**

RICHES.—The Love of

Some have been so wedded to their riches, that they have used all the means they could to take them with them. Athenæus reported of one, that at the hour of his death he devoured many pieces of gold, and sewed the rest in his coat, commanding that they should all be buried with him. Hermocrates being loath that any man should enjoy his goods after him, made himself, by his will, heir of his own goods.—**GREY.**

RICHES.—The Possession and Loss of

Did not the possession of riches sometimes draw away our hearts, the loss of riches would not break our hearts.—**W. SECKER.**

RICHES.—Pride Engendered by

The taste for real glory and real greatness declines more and more amongst us every day. New-raised families, intoxicated with their sudden increase of fortune, and whose extravagant expenses are insufficient to exhaust the immense treasures they have heaped up, lead us to look upon nothing as truly great and valuable but wealth, and that in abundance; so that not only poverty, but a moderate income, is considered as an insupportable shame: and all merit and honour are made to consist in the magnificence of our buildings, furniture, equipage, and tables.—**ROLLIN.**

RICHES.—The Proper Use of

The sense to value riches, with the art
To enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,
Not meanly nor ambitiously pursued,
Not sunk by sloth, nor rais'd by servitude;
To balance fortune by a just expense,
Join with economy magnificence;
With splendour, charity; with plenty,
health;
Oh teach us!

POPE.

RICHES.—The Road to

The shortest road to riches lies through contempt of riches.—**SENECA.**

RICHES.—Worldly

Worldly riches are like nuts; many clothes are torn in getting them, many a tooth broke in cracking them, but never a nature satisfied with eating them.—**VENNING.**

RIDICULE.—Harmless

Some men are, in regard to ridicule, like tin-roofed buildings in regard to hail—all that hits them bounds rattling off, not a stone goes through.—**H. W. BEECHER.**

RIDICULE.—The Right Use of

The man who uses his talent of ridicule in creating or grossly exaggerating the instances he gives, who imputes absurdities that did not happen, or when a man was a little ridiculous, describes him as having been very much so, abuses his talents greatly. The great use of delineating absurdities is—that we may know how far human folly can go; the account, therefore, ought of absolute necessity to be faithful.—**DR. JOHNSON.**

RIDICULOUS.—The Dread of being

In polished society, the dread of being ridiculous models every word and gesture into propriety, and produces an exquisite attention to the feelings and opinions of others; it is the great cure of extravagance, folly, and impertinence; it curbs the sallies of eccentricity; it re-calls the attention of mankind to the one uniform standard of reason and common sense.—**S. SMITH.**

RIDICULOUS.—A Turn for the

This, the lowest and last species of wit, is a thing to be shunned, for it often terminates in grossness and brutality.—**N. GOODRICH.**

RIGHT.—An Assurance of what is

Rest assured—that whatever is by the appointment of Heaven is right, is best.—**J. HERVEY.**

RIGHT.—Unwilling to be

All experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed.—**JEFFERSON.**

RIGHTS.—Equality of

Equality of rights, of which a free people is so fond, cannot be maintained; for the

very people themselves, though they are their own masters and perfectly uncontrolled, give up much power to many of their fellow-citizens, showing cringing respect to men and dignities. That which is called equality is most iniquitous in its acts.—CICERO.

RIGHTEOUS.—The Future of the

Now "the world knoweth them not." They are concealed. The dim twilight of earth hides their moral beauty and glory.

"Like stream that in the desert warbles clear,

Still nursing, as it goes, the herb and flower,
Though never seen; or like the star, retired
In solitudes of ether, far beyond
All sight, not of essential splendour less,
Though shining unobserved."

But when the day of complete redemption breaks, and all "shadows flee away," when the body is immortalized, refined, spiritualized, and the ransomed soul is "without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing," and exalted to its highest perfection; and when both body and soul are made glorious in Christ's glory; then shall they throw aside for ever the coarse uncourtly garb of their humiliation, and be enthroned on high, with righteousness for their crown, light for their robes, and eternity for the duration of their reign. "Principalities and powers" in "the heavenly places" shall be their companions, and minister to them; nay, Christ "shall gird Himself, and make them to sit down to meat, and will come forth to serve them;" and the vast treasures of the Infinite will be laid at their feet.—DR. DAVIES.

RIGHTEOUS.—Perils Enfolding the

Ah me! how many perils do enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall,
Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,

And steadfast truth acquit him out of all.

SPENSER.

RIGHTEOUSNESS.—The Impossibility of a Human

You might as well try to turn a river up the mountain side, or attempt to walk the starry firmament with your clay feet, as to make a righteousness of your own.—DR. BEAUMONT.

RIGOUR.—Pushed too Far.

Rigour pushed too far is sure to miss its aim, however good, as the bow snaps that is bent too stiffly.—SCHILLER.

RINGS.—The History of

It is impossible to trace the origin of wearing rings, but it is supposed that in

early ages it was instituted as an emblem of authority and government; for we read in the Bible that Pharaoh took his ring from his finger and presented it to Joseph, as a sign of vested authority. In conformity to ancient usage, the Christian Church adopted the ring in the ceremony of marriage, as a symbol of the authority with which the husband invested his wife. This was made of gold, which metal the ancients used as a symbol of love, the ring itself being an emblem of eternity, or love without end. Rings, it appears, were first worn in India, whence the practice descended to the Egyptians, thence to the Greeks, from whom it passed to the Romans and others. The wedding ring was placed on the fourth finger of the left hand, because it was believed that a small artery ran from this finger to the heart. This has been contradicted by experience; but several eminent authors were formerly of this opinion, therefore they thought this finger the most proper to bear the pledge of love, that from thence it might be carried to the heart. Others are inclined to think that it was in consequence of this finger being less used than any other, and is more capable of preserving a ring from bruises. Family rings were formerly given away at a marriage, as wedding presents. There was also the espousal, as well as the wedding ring. This was observed till 850, when each continued separate. In the Greek Church, espousals and marriages were distinct services. In the former parties exchanged rings in pledge of mutual fidelity; but within the last few centuries this has been discontinued in the Church of England.—LOARING.

RISING.—Late

He who rises late, must trot all day, and will scarcely overtake his business at night.—DR. FULLER.

RIVALS.—The Primary Meaning of

Rivals, in the primary sense of the word, are those who dwell on the banks of the same stream. But since, as all experience shows, there is no such fruitful source of contention as a water-right, it would continually happen that these occupants of the opposite banks would be at strife with one another in regard to the periods during which they severally had a right to the use of the stream, turning it off into their own fields before the time, or leaving open the sluices beyond the time, or in other ways interfering, or being counted to interfere, with the rights of their opposite neighbours. And thus "rivals" came to be used of any who were on any grounds in more or less unfriendly competition with one another.—ABP. TRENCH.

RIVER.—Love for a

I think it an invaluable advantage to be born and brought up in the neighbourhood of some grand and noble object of nature—a river, a lake, or a mountain. We make a friendship with it, we in a manner ally ourselves to it for life. It remains an object of our pride and affection, a rallying-point to call us home again after all our wanderings. "The things which we have learned in our childhood," says an old writer, "grow up with our soul, and unite themselves with it." So it is with the scenes among which we have passed our early days; they influence the whole course of our thoughts and feelings, and I fancy I can trace much of what is good and pleasant in my own heterogeneous compound to my early companionship with the glorious river. In the warmth of my youthful enthusiasm I used to clothe it with moral attributes, and almost to give it a soul. I admired its frank, bold, honest character, its noble sincerity and perfect truth. Here was no specious, smiling surface, covering the dangerous sand-bar or perfidious rock, but a stream deep as it was broad, and bearing with honourable faith the bark that trusted to its waves. I gloried in its simple, quiet, majestic, epic flow, ever straight-forward. Once, indeed, it turns aside for a moment, forced from its course by opposing mountains, but it struggles bravely through them, and immediately resumes its straight-forward march. Behold, thought I, an emblem of a good man's course through life, ever simple, open, and direct; or if, overpowered by adverse circumstances, he deviates into error, it is but momentary, he soon recovers his onward and honourable career, and continues it to the end of his pilgrimage. The Hudson is, in a manner, my first and last love, and after all my wanderings and seeming infidelities, I return to it with a heart-felt preference over all the other rivers in the world.—W. IRVING.

RIVERS.—Fictitious Properties Attributed to

The ancients attributed many fictitious properties to rivers. Some were said to make thieves blind; to injure the memory; to cause fruitfulness; and to cure barrenness. Josephus even mentions a river in Palestine, which, in compliment to the Sabbath, *rested every seventh day*! Rivers are held sacred too in China; and we find the Emperor in one of the Pekin gazettes feeling "grateful to the god of the Yellow River," because no accident had occurred in consequence of its having overflowed its banks.—BUCKE.

RIVERS—Moving Roads.

Rivers are roads which move, and carry us whither we wish to go.—PASCAL.

RIVULET.—The Music of the

The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with th' enamel'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage:
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport to the wild ocean.
SHAKESPEARE.

ROBBERS.—The Fate of

Robbers are accursed of God: the blessing of the Lord is withdrawn from them even in temporal matters; and when they think themselves at the summit of prosperity, they fall.—LUTHER.

ROMANCE—Defined.

Romance has been elegantly defined as the offspring of Fiction and Love.—I. DISRAELI.

ROMANCES.—Reasons for Reading

There are good reasons for reading romances—as, the fertility of invention, the beauty of style and expression, the curiosity of seeing with what kind of performances the age and country in which they were written were delighted; for it is to be apprehended that, at the time when very wild improbable tales were well received, the people were in a barbarous state, and so on the footing of children, as has been explained.—DR. JOHNSON.

ROME.—The Beauty of

Land of the Madonna!
How beautiful it is! It seems a garden
Of Paradise!—LONGFELLOW.

ROME.—The Campagna of

Perhaps there is no more impressive scene on earth than the solitary extent of the Campagna of Rome under evening light. Imagine yourself for a moment withdrawn from the sounds and motion of the living world, and sent forth alone into this wild and wasted plain. The earth yields and crumbles beneath his foot, tread he never so lightly, for its substance is white, hollow, and carious, like the dusty wreck of the bones of men. The long knotted grass waves and tosses feebly in the evening wind, and the shadows of its motion shake feverishly along the banks of ruin that lift

themselves to the sunlight. Hillocks of mouldering earth heave around him, as if the dead beneath were struggling in their sleep; scattered blocks of black stone, four-square, remnants of mighty edifices, not one left upon another, lie upon them to keep them down. A dull purple poisonous haze stretches level along the desert, veiling its spectral wrecks of massy ruins, on whose rents the red lights rest, like dying fire on defiled altars. The blue ridge of the Alban Mount lifts itself against a solemn space of green, clear, quiet sky. Watch-towers of dark clouds stand steadfastly along the promontories of the Apennines. From the plain to the mountains, the shattered aqueducts, pier beyond pier, melt into the darkness, like shadowy and countless troops of funeral mourners, passing from a nation's grave.—RUSKIN.

ROME.—Characterized.

Widow of an imperial people, but still queen of the world.—GILBERT.

ROME.—The Coliseum of

Arches on arches! as it were that Rome,
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
Her Coliseum stands; the moonbeams shine
As 't were its natural torches, for divine
Should be the light which streams here to illumine
This long-explored, but still exhaustless, mine
Of contemplation; and the azure gloom
Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume
Hues which have words, and speak to ye of heaven,
Floats o'er this vast and wond'rous monument,
And shadows forth its glory. There is given
Unto the things of earth, which Time hath bent,
A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant
His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power
And magic in the ruin'd battlement,
From which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.

BYRON.

ROME.—The Pantheon of

Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime—
Shrine of all saints and temple of all gods,
From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest by time,
Looking tranquillity, while falls or nods
Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and man plods

His way through thorns to ashes—glorious dome!

Shalt thou not last? Time's scythe and tyrant's rods

Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home
Of art and piety—Pantheon! — pride of Rome!

BYRON.

ROME—of To-Day.

Where is the Rome of the Cæsars, that great, imperial, and invincible city, that during thirteen centuries ruled the world? If you would see her you must seek for her in the grave. You are standing, I have supposed, on the tower of the Capitol, with your face towards the north, gazing down on the flat expanse of red roofs, bristling with towers, columns, and domes, that cover the plain at your feet. Turn now to the south. There is the seat of her that once was mistress of the world. There are the Seven Hills. They are furrowed, tossed, cleft; and no wonder. The wars, revolutions, and tumults of two thousand years have rolled their angry surges over them; but now the strife is at an end; and the calm that has succeeded is deep as that of the grave.—WYLLIE.

ROSE.—A

The first o' flowers.—R. BURNS.

ROSE.—The Moss

The Angel of the Flowers, one day,
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay;
That spirit to whose charge 'tis given
To bathe young buds in dews of heaven;—
Awakening from his light repose,
The angel whisper'd to the rose:—
"O fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found, where all are fair!
For the sweet shade thou giv'st to me,
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee."
"Then," said the rose, with deepened glow,
"On me another grace bestow:"
The spirit paused, in silent thought,—
What grace was there that flower had not?
T'was but a moment—o'er the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws,
And robed in nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that rose exceed?

KRUMMACHER.

ROYALTY—by Birth.

Royalty by birth is the sweetest way of majesty.—HOLYDAY.

ROYALTY.—The Instruction of

There is at the top of the Queen's staircase in Windsor Castle a statue from the studio of Baron Triqueti, of Edward VI., marking with his sceptre a passage in the

Bible, which he holds in his left hand, and upon which he earnestly looks. The passage is that concerning Josiah :—"Josiah was eight years old when he began to reign, and he reigned thirty and one years in Jerusalem. And he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, and walked in all the way of David his father, and turned not aside to the right hand or to the left." The statue was erected by the will of the late Prince, who intended it to convey to his son the divine principles by which the future governor of England should mould his life and reign on the throne of Great Britain.—T. HUGHES.

RUBICON.—To Pass the

When Cæsar undertook the conquest of Italy, the act of crossing the river Rubicon was the first and significant step of the enterprise. Hence the phrase—"to pass the Rubicon," signifies—to take the decisive step by which one is committed to a hazardous or difficult enterprise.—DR. WEBSTER.

RUDENESS.—The Manifestations of

Rudeness manifests either excessive ignorance, vulgar coarseness, or the want of proper culture.—E. DAVIES.

RUDENESS.—Pleasure in

Nothing is more silly than the pleasure some people take in "speaking their minds." A man of this make will say a rude thing for the mere pleasure of saying it, when an opposite behaviour, full as innocent, might have preserved his friend, or made his fortune.—SIR R. STEELE.

RUIN.—The Cause of

We are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we do ; therefore never go abroad in search of your wants ; if they be real wants they will come home in search of you ; for he that buys what he does not want, will soon want what he cannot buy.—COLTON.

RUIN.—The Peaceful Solitude of a

When summer twilight mild
Drew her dim curtain o'er the wild,
I loved, beside that ruin grey,
To watch the dying gleam of day :
And though, perchance, with secret dread,
I heard the bat flit round my head,
While wind that waved the long lank grass,
With sounds unearthly seemed to pass ;
Yet with a pleasing horror fell
Upon my heart the thrilling spell ;
For all that met the eye or ear
Was still so pure and peaceful here,
I deemed no evil might intrude
Within the saintly solitude :

Still vivid memory can recall
The figure of each shattered wall ;
The aged trees, all hoar with moss,
Low bending o'er the circling fosse ;
The rushing of the mountain flood ;
The cushat's cooing in the wood ;
The rooks that o'er the turrets sail ;
The lonely curlew's distant wail ;
The flocks that high on Hounam rest ;
The glories of the glowing west.

PRINGLE.

RULE.—The Lust to

This makes the madmen who have made
men mad
By their contagion, conquerors and kings,
Founders of sects and systems, to whom
add
Sophists, bards, statesmen, all unquiet
things
Which stir too strongly the soul's secret
springs,
And are themselves the fools to those they
fool ;
Envied, yet how unenviable ! what stings
Are theirs ! One breast laid open were a
school,
Which would unteach mankind the lust to
shine or rule.

BYRON.

RULERS AND RELIGION.

If it once comes to this—that you shall say you have nothing to do with religion as rulers of the nation, God will quickly manifest that He hath nothing to do with you as rulers of the nation.—OWEN.

RUMOUR.—The Acts of

I, from the Orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still
unfold
The acts commencing on this ball of earth :
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride ;
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports :
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the
world ;
And who but Rumour, who but only I.
Make fearful musters and prepared defence ;
Whiles the big year, swoln with some other
grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant
War,
And no such matter ?—SHAKSPEARE.

RUMOURS.—The Increase of

Rumours increase as rapidly as the snow-flake, which, disjoined from its fellows, rolls down the side of the mountain, and gathers accessions every instant, until it becomes an avalanche, carrying destruction wherever it falls.—DR. DAVIES.

RUSTIC.—Treatment of the

There is something humbling to human pride in a rustic's life. It grates against the heart to think of the tone in which we unconsciously permit ourselves to address him. We see in him humanity in its simplest state. It is a sad thought to feel that we despise it ; that all we respect in our species is what has been created by art ; the gaudy dress ; the glittering equipage, or even the cultivated intellect. The mere and naked material of nature we eye with indifference, or trample on with disdain. Poor child of toil, from the grey dawn to the setting sun, one long task ! no idea elicited—no thought awakened beyond those that suffice to make him the machine of others—the serf of the hard soil. And then, too, mark how we frown upon his scanty holidays ; how we hedge in his mirth, and turn his hilarity into crime ! We make the whole of the gay world, wherein we walk and take our pleasure, to him a place of snares and perils. If he leave his labour for an instant, in that instant how many temptations spring up to him ! and yet we have no mercy for his errors ! the jail, the transport-ship, the gallows ; these are our sole lecture-books, and our only method of expostulation. Ah, fie on the disparities of the world ! they cripple the heart, they blind the sense, they concentrate the thousand links between man and man into the basest of earthly ties—servility and pride. Methinks the devils laugh out when they hear us tell the boor that his soul is as glorious and eternal as our own, and yet, when in the grinding drudgery of his life, not a spark of that soul can be called forth—when it sleeps, walled round in its lumpish clay, from the cradle to the grave, without a dream to stir the deadness of its torpor !—LYTTON.

RUSTICITY.—Pious

Far rather would I have pious rusticity than learned blasphemy.—ST. JEROME.

S.

SABBATH.—The Enjoyment of the

The weather has been lovely. The foliage is bursting out in a delicate greenness. That broad sunshine which I am so fond of is folding the world round with light as with a garment ; and the cry of the cuckoo is filling all the woods with a glorious dreaminess. Yesterday evening I went down into the glen for a while to enjoy an almost perfect restfulness, for the Sabbath calm was

round me everywhere, and for one little while I felt as though I had ceased to have part or lot in that complex thing which we call "this world," which is feverish and disturbed in its very enjoyments, as though the clay vesture had fallen away from me altogether, and I was clothed in the immaterial raiment of some blessed spirit whose heaven of calmness had never been crossed by a thought of sadness or of sin.—CRICHTON.

SABBATH.—The Festive Character of the

Yet every day in seven, at least,
One bright republic shall be known ;—
Man's world a while hath surely ceased
When God proclaims His own !
Six days may rank divide the poor,
O Dives ! from thy banquet-hall,—
The seventh, the Father opes the door,
And holds his feast for all !—LYTTON.

SABBATH.—The First

The world had its Sabbath as soon as ever it could. As soon as ever the heavens and earth were finished the Sabbath dawned. How impressive must have been the silence and the calm of that first Sabbath, after all the business of making and filling a world ! We have seen a God at work ; now we see a God at rest. "He rested on the seventh day from all the work which He had made." Thus, there is antiquity about the Sabbath. It is a great commemoration day. It reminds us how, and when, and by whom, this world of ours was built, and how and when it was blessed. Thus one day in seven man must shut up the world's great workshop, that he may sit down and think about the great Master-Worker, and think who it was that made Him. Thus you must not go back to Sinai for your Sabbaths, you must go back to Paradise. Ah ! if they had a day of rest in Paradise, can we do without one now ? Let the sons of labour answer this. But now what about the patriarchs' Sabbaths ? Abel's Sundays ? Enoch's, Abraham's, Isaac's, Jacob's ? We know little about them, but I cannot believe that they forgot or did without the day of rest. Some say that the Sabbath was only revived at Sinai ; but we hear about the Sabbath before we get to Sinai. No, the day of rest has never been abrogated. The laws which were made solely for the Jewish race might be abrogated at a fitting time ; but the day of rest was not made for the Jew, it was made for man. It was made at man's creation. We do not owe it to the Jew ; we received it from our God. It was thundered indeed from Sinai to the Jew, but it was whispered to us from Paradise, when the heavens and earth were

finished, and God blessed the day of rest.
—H. J. BROWNE.

SABBATH.—The Living Aspects of the
See, through the streets that slumbered in
repose,
The living current of devotion flows ;—
Its varying forms, in one harmonious
band,
Age leading childhood by its dimpled
hand,—
Want in the robe whose faded edges fall
To tell of rags beneath the Tartan shawl,—
And wealth, in silks that, fluttering to
appear,
Lift the deep borders of the proud Cash-
mere.
DR. HOLMES.

SABBATH.—The Peacefulness of the
With silent awe I hail the sacred morn
Which slowly wakes while all the fields
are still ;
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne,
A graver murmur gurgles from the rill,
And echo answers softer from the hill,
And softer sings the linnet from the thorn,
The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill :
Hail, light serene ! hail, sacred Sabbath
morn !
The rooks float by in silent, airy drove ;
The sun a placid, yellow lustre shows ;
The gales, that lately sighed along the
grove,
Have hushed their downy wings in dead
repose ;
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to
move ;
So smiled the day when the first morn
arose !
LEYDEN.

**SABBATH.—A Physician's Opinion
of the**

As a day of rest, I view it as a day of
compensation for the inadequate restorative
power of the body under *continued* labour
and excitement. A physician always has
respect to the preservation of the restorative
power ; because, if once this be lost, his
healing office is at an end. A physician is
anxious to preserve the balance of circula-
tion, as necessary to the restorative power
of the body. The ordinary exertions of
man *run down* the circulation every day of
his life ; and the first general law of nature,
by which God prevents man from destroying
himself, is the alternating of day and night,
that repose may succeed action. But al-
though the night apparently equalizes the
circulation, yet it does not sufficiently re-
store its balance for the attainment of a
long life. Hence, one day in seven, by the
bounty of Providence, is thrown in as a day
of compensation, to perfect by its repose

the animal system. I consider, therefore,
that, in the bountiful provision of Provi-
dence for the preservation of human life,
the sabbatical appointment is not, as it
has been sometimes theologically viewed,
simply a precept partaking of the nature of
a political institution, but that it is to be
numbered amongst the *natural* duties, if
the preservation of life be admitted to be
a duty, and the premature destruction of
it a suicidal act.—DR. FARRE.

SABBATH.—The Value of the

The Sabbath, as a political institution, is
of inestimable value.—DR. A. SMITH.

SABBATH.—The Way to Spend the

First—to rise early, and, in order to it,
to go to sleep early on Saturday. Secondly
—to use some extraordinary devotion in
the morning. Thirdly—to examine the
tenor of my life, and particularly the last
week ; and to mark my advances in religion,
or recession from it. Fourthly—to read
the Scripture methodically with such helps
as are at hand. Fifthly—to go to Church
twice. Sixthly—to read books of Divinity,
either speculative or practical. Seventhly
—to instruct my family. Eighthly—to
wear off by meditation any worldly soil
contracted in the week.—DR. JOHNSON.

SABBATH-BREAKER.—The Fate of the

I never knew a man to escape failures, in
either mind or body, who worked seven
days in a week.—PEEL.

SACRAMENT.—The Enjoyment of the

Say, can fancy, fond to weave the tale
Of bliss ideal, feign more genuine joy
Than thine, believer, when the man of God
Gives to thy hand the consecrated cup,
Blessed memorial of a Saviour's love !
Glowing with zeal the humble penitent
Approacheth : Faith her fostering radiance
points
Full on his contrite heart ; Hope cheers h's
steps ;
And Charity, the fairest in the train
Of Christian virtues, swells his heaving
breast
With love unbounded.—ZOUCH.

SACRAMENT.—A Highland Summer

The people here gather in thousands to
the sacraments, as they did in Ettrick in
Boston's time. We set out on Sunday to
the communion at Ferrintosh, near Ding-
wall, to which the people resort from fifty
miles' distance. Macdonald, the minister,
who attracts this concourse of persons, was
the son of a piper in Caithness (but from
the Celtic population of the mountains

there). He preached the sermon in the church in English, with a command of language and a justness of tone, action, and reasoning—keeping close to the pure metaphysics of Calvin—that I have seldom, if ever, heard surpassed. He had great energy on all points, but it never touched on extravagance. The Highland congregation sat in a *cleugh* or dell, of a long, hollow, oval shape, bordered with hazel and birch and wild roses. It seemed to be formed for the purpose. We walked round the outside of the congregated thousands, and looked down on the glen from the upper end, and the scene was really indescribable. Two-thirds of those present were women, dressed mostly in large, high, wide, muslin caps, the back part standing up like the head of a paper kite, and ornamented with ribbons. They had wrapped round them bright-coloured plaid shawls, the predominant hue being scarlet. It was a warm breezy day, one of the most glorious in June. The place will be about half-a-mile from the Firth on the south side, and at an elevation of five hundred feet. Dingwall was just obvious at the foot of Ben Wyvis, still spotted with wreaths of snow. Over the town, with its modern castle, its church, and Lombardy poplars, we saw up the richly-cultivated valley of Strathpeffer. The tufted rocks and woods of Brahan (MacKenzie of Seaforth) were a few miles to the south, and fields of wheat and potatoes, separated with hedgerows of trees, intervened. Further off, the high-peaked mountains that divide the county of Inverness from Ross-shire towered in the distance. I never saw such a scene. We sat down on the brae among the people, the long white communion tables being conspicuous at the bottom. The congregation began singing the psalm to one of the plaintive wild old tunes that I am told are only sung in the Gaelic service. The people all sing, but in such an extended multitude they could not sing altogether. They chanted, as it were, in masses or large groups. I can compare the singing to nothing earthly, except it be imagining what would be the effect of a gigantic and tremendous Æolian harp, with hundreds of strings! There was no resisting the impression. After coming a little to myself I went and paced the length and breadth of the amphitheatre, taking averages, and carefully noting, as well as I could, how the people were sitting together, and I could not in this way make less than nine thousand five hundred, besides those in the church, amounting perhaps to one thousand five hundred. Most of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, with their families, were there. I enjoyed the scene as something perfect in its way, and of rare

beauty and excellence—like Melrose Abbey under a fine light, or the back of Old Edinburgh during an illumination, or the Loch of the Lowes in a fine calm July evening, five minutes after sunset!—LAIDLAW.

SACRAMENT.—Names Given to the

It is called a *sacrament*, that is, a *sign* and an *oath*. An outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace; an *oath*, by which we bind our souls with a bond unto the Lord. It is called the *Lord's Supper*, because it was first instituted in the evening, and at the close of the Passover supper; and because we therein feed upon Christ, the Bread of Life (Rev. iii. 20; 1 Cor. xi.). It is called the *communion*, as herein we commune with Christ, and with His people (1 Cor. xii. 13; x. 17). It is called the *eucharist*, a thanksgiving, because Christ, in the institution of it, gave thanks (1 Cor. xi. 24), and because we, in the participation of it, must give thanks likewise. It is called a *feast*, and by some a feast upon sacrifice (though not a sacrifice itself), in allusion to the custom of the Jews feasting upon their sacrifices (1 Cor. x. 18).—BUCK.

SACRAMENT.—Queen Elizabeth and the

When Queen Elizabeth was at one time asked what she thought of the words of our Saviour—"This is My body,"—whether she thought it His true body that was in the sacrament; it is said—that, after pausing for a short time, she made the following characteristic reply:—

"Christ was the Word that spake it,
He took the bread and brake it;
And what that Word did make it,
That I believe, and take it."

GOLDSMITH.

SACRIFICE.—The Universal Prevalence of

Its *universal* prevalence is an irrefragable evidence of one out of two facts. It is either a proof that the doctrine was taught by the common progenitor of mankind, to whom it was in some way supernaturally communicated; or that it was an instinct implanted by the Author of our being, which, like all other instincts, must meet with its appropriate answer.—RAGG.

SACRIFICES.—Acceptable

Upon such sacrifices
The gods themselves throw incense!
SHAKESPEARE.

SACRIFICES—in Little Things.

We can offer up much in the large, but to make sacrifices in little things is what we are seldom equal to.—GOETHE.

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SAILORS—Described.

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Thou wert a daily lesson
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We wondered at thee living,
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So bold to bear the uttermost,
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Oh, green and glorious ! Oh, herbaceous treat !

"'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat :
Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul,
And plunge his fingers in the salad-bowl !
Serenely full, the epicure would say—
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When it is immersed in an explosive
 atmosphere, such as that of a coal-mine
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or Child of Danger, Nursling of the
 Storm !
 I are the woes that wreck thy manly
 form ;
 Rocks, waves, and winds, the shattered
 bark delay ;
 My heart is sad, thy home is far away :
 Hope can here her moonlight vigils
 keep,
 And sing to charm the spirit of the deep ;
 Lift as yon streamer lights the starry
 pole,
 Her visions warm the watchman's pensive
 soul ;
 Her native hills that rise in happier
 climes,—
 The grove that heard his song of other
 times,—
 His cottage-home,—his bark of slender
 sail,—
 His glassy lake, and broomwood-blossomed
 vale,—
 Flash on his thought ; he sweeps before the
 wind,
 Towards the loved shore he sighed to leave
 behind ;—
 Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
 And flies at last to Helen's long embrace ;—

Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking
 tear,
 And clasps, with many a sigh, his children
 dear !
 While, long neglected, but at length
 caressed,
 His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
 Points to the master's eyes (where'er they
 roam)
 His wistful face, and whines a welcome
 home. T. CAMPBELL.

SAILOR.—Telegraphy Aiding the

It would be very instructive to notice how
 essential to the art of navigation is an elab-
 orate system of telegraphy. From the
 moment that he sets sail from one port,
 till he furls his canvas in another, the sailor
 is constantly looking out for and receiving
 telegrams. Church steeples and towering
 cliffs, floating buoys and harbour lights,
 beckon him forth, and guide him out to
 sea. In mid-ocean his eye is constantly
 scanning the horizon, watching for a sister
 ship, or floating wreck, or the surf breaking
 on a rock unmapped in his chart. The
 barometer is for him a telegraphic dial,
 telling by its fall of the far distant storm
 which is signalling thereby its rapid ap-
 proach. The thermometer is a telegraphic
 dial, telling by its fall of the unwelcome
 neighbourhood of the invisible iceberg.
 The plummet is a telegraphic dial, telling
 by its shortened line that land is ahead.
 At mid-day the sun telegraphs to him his
 place on the earth's surface. At midnight
 the north star warns him if his compass-
 needle is wrong, and all the planets help
 him in his course. If he is sailing in un-
 known seas, the wind brings him, as it did
 to Milton's voyagers, the smell of spices
 from some Araby the Blest, or the waves
 carry, as they did to Columbus, a fruit-
 bearing branch to his vessel ; or a singing
 bird alights on his shrouds, and repeats the
 story of Noah's dove, and though the
 dialect is strange, every sailor knows that
 the song is of the hidden woods ; or a
 carved stick drifts by, and the pilot can tell
 that to windward there is an invisible land
 with fruit-bearing trees, and melodious
 birds, and strange industrial men. When
 he passes a sister ship, he silently flutters
 some flags from his mast-head, while the
 stranger does the same, and the landsman
 wonders to see the faces of those on board
 brighten or sadden as the streamers blow
 out in the wind. And at length, when at
 midnight he nears his own shores, he looks
 anxiously forth till the lighthouse appears,
 and its revolving lamp, sweeping the
 horizon, fixes on him for a moment like the
 eye of a mother, and welcomes him back
 to his native land.—PROF. G. WILSON.

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 The groat that heard his song of other
 times,—
 A cottage-home,—his bark of slender
 sail,—
 A glassy lake, and broomwood-blossomed
 vale,—
 Wash on his thought ; he sweeps before the
 wind,
 Towards the loved shore he sighed to leave
 behind ;—
 Sets at each step a friend's familiar face,
 And flies at last to Helen's long embrace ;—

Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking
 tear,
 And clasps, with many a sigh, his children
 dear !

While, long neglected, but at length
 caressed,

His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
 Points to the master's eyes (where'er they
 roam)

His wistful face, and whines a welcome
 home. T. CAMPBELL.

SAILOR.—Telegraphy Aiding the

It would be very instructive to notice how
 essential to the art of navigation is an elab-
 orate system of telegraphy. From the
 moment that he sets sail from one port,
 till he furls his canvas in another, the sailor
 is constantly looking out for and receiving
 telegrams. Church steeples and towering
 cliffs, floating buoys and harbour lights,
 beckon him forth, and guide him out to
 sea. In mid-ocean his eye is constantly
 scanning the horizon, watching for a sister
 ship, or floating wreck, or the surf breaking
 on a rock unmapped in his chart. The
 barometer is for him a telegraphic dial,
 telling by its fall of the far distant storm
 which is signalling thereby its rapid ap-
 proach. The thermometer is a telegraphic
 dial, telling by its fall of the unwelcome
 neighbourhood of the invisible iceberg.
 The plummet is a telegraphic dial, telling
 by its shortened line that land is ahead.
 At mid-day the sun telegraphs to him his
 place on the earth's surface. At midnight
 the north star warns him if his compass-
 needle is wrong, and all the planets help
 him in his course. If he is sailing in un-
 known seas, the wind brings him, as it did
 to Milton's voyagers, the smell of spices
 from some Araby the Blest, or the waves
 carry, as they did to Columbus, a fruit-
 bearing branch to his vessel ; or a singing
 bird alights on his shrouds, and repeats the
 story of Noah's dove, and though the
 dialect is strange, every sailor knows that
 the song is of the hidden woods ; or a
 carved stick drifts by, and the pilot can tell
 that to windward there is an invisible land
 with fruit-bearing trees, and melodious
 birds, and strange industrial men. When
 he passes a sister ship, he silently flutters
 some flags from his mast-head, while the
 stranger does the same, and the landsman
 wonders to see the faces of those on board
 brighten or sadden as the streamers blow
 out in the wind. And at length, when at
 midnight he nears his own shores, he looks
 anxiously forth till the lighthouse appears,
 and its revolving lamp, sweeping the
 horizon, fixes on him for a moment like the
 eye of a mother, and welcomes him back
 to his native land.—PROF. G. WILSON.

SAILORS—Described.

Sailors are characters ; they are men of the world ; there is great reliance in them. They have to fight their way in life through many trials and difficulties ; and their trusts are in God and their own strong arm. They are so much in their own element, that they seem as if they were born on the sea, cradled on its billows, and delighted in its storms and mountain waves. They walk, talk, and dress differently from landmen. Their gait is loose, and their dress loose, and their limbs loose ; indeed, they are rather too fond of *slack*. They climb like monkeys, and depend more on their paws than their legs. They tumble up, but never down. They count, not by fingers—it is too tedious, but by hands ; they put a part for the whole, and call themselves hands, for they are paid for the use of them, and not their heads. Though they are two-handed, they are not close-fisted fellows. They despise science, but are fond of practical knowledge. When the sun is over the fore-yard, they know the time of day as well as the captain, and call for their grog ; and when they lay back their heads and turn up the bottom of the mug to the sky, they call it, in derision, taking an observation.—HALIBURTON.

SAINT.—A Departed

Thou wert a daily lesson
Of courage, hope, and faith ;
We wondered at thee living,
We envy thee thy death.

Thou wert so meek and reverent,
So resolute of will,
So bold to bear the uttermost,
And yet so calm and still.

PROF. G. WILSON.

SAINT.—Easy to be a

"It is easy," said one of the Puritans, "to be a saint of the earth—a state saint, designing saint, nay, a church saint ; but to hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end, requires the omnipotence of grace, and the very unchangeableness of God."—TWEEDIE.

SAINT.—The Greatness and Dignity of the

The saint is greater than the sage, and discipleship to Jesus is the pinnacle of human dignity.—DR. J. HAMILTON.

SAINTS.—The Invocation of

The invocation of saints is a most abominable blindness and heresy.—LUTHER.

SAINTS.—Royal

It is curious to trace the influences by which the English kings who have been canonized were once moved. While they

were wavering, they would fain strike bargains with Heaven. If God will give a victory, the waverer will turn Christian. The semi-pagan looks to the skies, and promises a newly-born daughter to the service of God, if the father may only be able to destroy his enemies. Northumbrian orthodox armies, suffering defeat, went back in dudgeon to the old faith. Redwald, king of the East Angles, thought to sit in safety on two stools. He built a church, at one end of which was an altar for the sacrifice of the Mass, at the other an altar for sacrifice to the old British idols. The good simple man was loth to fling away a chance, and he has, accordingly, been shut out of the Calendar. Perhaps of all the Pagan kings, Penda of Mercia was the most praiseworthy. He was a ferocious savage, as much as his orthodox contemporaries. Penda's utmost scorn and fury were expended on his enemies who professed to be Christians, and lived as if they had no belief in their profession. Edwin, king of Deira, was at best one of the dalliers. In a vision he had been promised greatness if he would become a Christian, and he said "he would," expecting fulfilment of the promise. Something was conceded to him, but he would make no step in advance. At length Pope Boniface bought him by the dainty device of sending a silver mirror and an ivory comb to his Queen, Edilburn. The lady was convinced of the excellence of a religion, the head of which so thoroughly understood woman, her wants, and her weaknesses ; and she compelled her husband to be of that way of thinking.—DORAN.

SALAD.—A Well-made

Oh, green and glorious ! Oh, herbaceous treat !

'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat :
Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul,
And plunge his fingers in the salad-bowl !
Serenely full, the epicure would say—
Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day.

S. SMITH.

SALVATION—for All.

The Gospel river of life does not branch out into divers streams. There is not a broad sweep of water for the rich, the intellectual, and the cultivated, and a little scanty runnel where the poor may now and then come and get healed by the side of its precarious wave. There is no costly sanatorium beneath whose shade patrician leprosy may get by itself to be fashionably sprinkled and healed. Naaman with all his retinue watching, must come, and dip, and plunge like common men in Jordan. There is no sort of salvation except the one ransom and deliverance that is purchased for rich and poor together by the sacrifice

SALVATION.

of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the poor beggar, his garment ragged from the havoc of a hundred storms, and his flesh bleeding from the ulcers of a hundred wounds, may dip eagerly into the same Bethesda, and emerge unscarred and comely as a child.—PUNSHON.

SALVATION—Defined.

The redemption of man from the bondage of sin and liability to eternal death, and the conferring on him everlasting happiness.—DR. WEBSTER.

SALVATION—not of Works.

When the cry rises at sea—"A man overboard!" with others on deck you rush to the side, and, leaning over the bulwarks with beating heart, you watch the place where the rising air-bells and boiling deep tell that he has gone down. After some moments of breathless anxiety you see his head emerge from the wave. Now that man, I shall suppose, is no swimmer—he has never learned to breast the billows, yet, with the first breath he draws, he begins to beat the water; with violent efforts he attempts to shake off the grasp of death, and by the play of limbs and arms, to keep his head from sinking. It may be that these struggles but exhaust his strength, and sink him all the sooner; nevertheless, that drowning one makes instinctive and convulsive efforts to save himself. So, when first brought to feel and cry—"I perish,"—when the horrible conviction rushes into the soul that we are lost, when we feel ourselves going down beneath a load of guilt into the depth of the wrath of God, our first effort is to save ourselves. Like a drowning man, who will clutch at straws and twigs, we seize on anything, however worthless, that promises salvation. Thus, alas! many poor souls toil and spend weary unprofitable years in the attempt to establish a righteousness of their own, and find in the deeds of the law protection from its curse.—DR. GUTHRIE.

SAMSON—the Strongest Man.

Samson is less remarkable for beautiful and holy interest than for striking points: such as his elephantine mildness, ere he was roused—the strong impulses which came upon him, and seemed necessary to develop his full powers—his unconsciousness, even in his mightiest feats, of doing, or afterwards of having done, anything extraordinary—his lion-like love of solitude—his magnanimity—his child-like simplicity—his tame subjection to female influence, and the sacred trust in which he held his unequalled energies. His religion, which has

SANCTIFICATION.

been questioned, is proved by the success of his last prayer.—G. GILFILLAN.

SAMUEL.—The Prophet

Unlike those days the hues of whose bright and gorgeous dawn are succeeded by a gloomy change,—clouds that, gathering like foes around him, close in upon the sun, and spread, and thicken, and burst out at length into lasting rain and roaring tempest, making the day, down to its close, belie all the promises of the morning,—the close, and indeed the whole course of Samuel's public life, were in beautiful harmony with its commencement. He fulfilled all a fond and pious mother's hopes. He disappointed none. God was the centre round which he, as well as heaven, turned. In all his difficulties he repaired to God for counsel. The laws which governed his acts as a statesman, and his decisions as a judge, were those of God's Word; and, unlike this world's statesmen, never turned aside by considerations of expediency, of this or that present advantage, he steered his course by those principles of eternal truth and justice, which give consistency to conduct, because fixed as the pole-star, that, changing neither with seasons nor circumstances, abides immovable in the sky—sure guide of the mariner, both in calm and tempest, along the rocky shore and out in the open sea. Some men die better than they live. England's great dramatist says of one that made a good end, that "nothing in life became him so much as the leaving it." But more may be said of Samuel's career—its close was not better, but in perfect harmony with its whole course. How inspired, with the loftiest piety and the purest patriotism, is the farewell oration he addressed to Saul and the assembled tribes ere the curtain fell, and he bade adieu to office and earthly power!—"Turn not aside from following the Lord, but serve Him with all your heart. For the Lord will not forsake His people for His great name's sake; because it hath pleased the Lord to make you His people. Moreover, as for me, God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you; but I will teach you the good and the right way: only fear the Lord, and serve Him in truth with all your heart; for consider how great things He hath done for you. But if ye shall still do wickedly, ye shall be consumed, both you and your king."—DR. GUTHRIE.

SANCTIFICATION—Defined.

Sanctification is that state of divine grace in which the affections and lives of men are separated from sin, and purified, and made holy unto the Lord.—E. DAVIES.

SANCTIFICATION.—Fancied

All fancied sanctification, which does not arise wholly from the blood of the Cross, is nothing better than Pharisaism.—**BER-RIDGE.**

SANCTIFICATION.—Wrought by Degrees.

Sanctification is not perfect in an instant. Sins are compared to dross and metals, and they must be long in the fire before they be refined;—to spots and stains, which, if they be deep in a garment, will not be fetched out but with fuller's soap. Sanctification, therefore, is wrought by degrees: there must be many a sigh, many a tear, many a groan, before we come to a full height and stature in Christ Jesus.—**UDALL.**

SANDS.—Musical

At length we reach a small irregularly-formed bay, floored with the white sand from side to side; and see it, on the one hand, descending deep into the sea, that exhibits over its whiteness a lighter tint of green, and on the other, encroaching on the land, in the form of drifting banks covered with the plants common to our tracts of sandy downs. The sandstone bed that has been worn down to form it contains no fossils save here and there a carbonaceous stem; but in an underlying harder stratum we occasionally find a few shells; and with a specimen in my hand charged with a group of bivalves resembling the existing conchifera of our sandy beaches, I was turning aside this sand of the oolite so curiously reduced to its original state, and marking how nearly the recent shells that lay embedded in it resembled the extinct ones that had lain in it so long before, when I became aware of a peculiar sound that it yielded to the tread, as my companions passed over it. I struck it obliquely with my foot, where the surface lay dry and incoherent in the sun, and the sound elicited was a shrill sonorous note, somewhat resembling that produced by a waxed thread when tightened between the teeth and the hand, and tipped by the nail of the forefinger. I walked over it, striking it obliquely at each step, and with every blow the shrill note was repeated. My companions joined me, and we performed a concert, in which, if we could boast of but little variety in the tones produced, we might at least challenge all Europe for an instrument of the kind which produced them. It seemed less wonderful that there should be music in the granite of Memnon, than in the loose oolite sand of the Bay of Laig. As we marched over the drier tracts, an incessant *woo, woo, woo*, rose from the

surface, that might be heard in the calm some twenty or thirty yards away; and we found that where a damp semi-coherent stratum lay at the depth of three or four inches beneath, and all was dry and incoherent above, the tones were loudest and sharpest, and most easily evoked by the foot.—**H. MILLER.**

SARCASM.—A True

A true sarcasm is like a sword-stick—it appears, at first sight, to be much more innocent than it really is, till, all of a sudden, there leaps something out of it—sharp, and deadly, and incisive—which makes you tremble and recoil.—**S. SMITH.**

SATAN.—The Boast of

Come up! we have conquered by evil:
Good reigns not alone:
I prevail now! and, angel or devil,
Inherit a throne!—**MRS. BROWNING.**

SATAN.—A Description of

He was
The spirit evil of the universe,
Impersonate. Oh, strange and wild to
know!
Perdition and destruction dwelled in him,
Like to a pair of eagles in one nest.

His eyeballs burned
Revolving lightnings like a world on fire;
Their very night was fatal as the shade
Of death's dark valley. And his space-
spread wings
Were stained with the blood of many a
starry world.

His brow was pale—
Pale as the life-blood of the undying worm
Which writhes around its frame of vital
fire:
Eclipse-like fell his thought upon the mind,
Space-piercing shadow, alighting on the
face
Of some fair planet circling deep in heaven.
Causing it to shudder as an angel when
He hears the thunder-curse of demon foe!
His voice blew like the desolating gust
Which strips the trees, and strews the earth
with death.
His words were ever like a wheel of fire,
Rolling and burning this way now, now
that:
Now whirling forth a blinding beam, now
soft
And deep as heaven's own luminous blue—
and now
Like to a conqueror's chariot-wheel they
came,
Sodden with blood and slow-revolving
death:

And every tone fell on the ear and heart
Heavy, and harsh, and startling, like the
first
Handful of mould cast on the coffined
dead,
As though he claimed them his.

P. J. BAILEY.

SATAN.—The Impersonation of

Satan,—the impersonation of that mixture of the bestial, the malignant, the impious, and the hopeless; which constitute the fiend,—the enemy of all that is human and divine.—JAMESON.

SATAN.—The Pride of

There is something to me almost awful in meeting suddenly in the works of Lord Byron, so great and solemn a truth as is expressed in that speech of Lucifer—"He who bows not to God hath lowed to me!"—DR. ARNOLD.

SATAN.—The Promises of

I have read of King Canute, that promised to make him the highest man in England who should kill King Edmund his rival; which, when one had performed, and expected his reward, he commanded him to be hung on the highest tower in London. So Satan promises great things to people in pursuit of their lusts, but he puts them off with great mischief. The promised crown turns to a halter; the promised comfort to a torment; the promised honour into shame; the promised consolation into desolation; and the promised heaven turns into a hell.—WHITECROSS.

SATAN.—The Solicitation of

Satan daily solicits me to sin, point-blank, against God's Word.—DR. FULLER.

SATIETY.—Defined.

A surfeit of the sweetest things.—SHAKESPEARE.

SATIRE.—The Appellation of

Does there not appear to be some impropriety in the conduct of an author who informs us, in the title-page of his book, that he has written a satirical poem? Would he not act more judiciously by selecting some plain and inoffensive title, and allowing his *satire* to be discovered by the reader? The word *satire* in English conveys a very different idea from the *satira* of the Romans, which was merely the name of a miscellaneous composition in verse. When an author boldly and dexterously lashes the vices of the world, he is accounted a *satirist*; when he uses ingenious ridicule as the means of making men ashamed of their follies, he is said to be *satirical*; when in a

strain of delicate irony he laughs at the errors of his species, the productions of his pen are justly denominated *satires*; but we can hardly suppose that verses, merely because they are ill-natured, merely because they declare war against the vices and follies of men, are entitled to the appellation of *satire*.—SAVAGE.

SATIRE.—The Blamableness of

Unless a love of virtue light the flame,
Satire is, more than those he brands, to
blame:

He hides behind a magisterial air
His own offences, and strips others bare;
Affects indeed a most humane concern,
That man, if gently tutor'd, will not learn
That mulish folly, not to be reclaim'd
By softer methods, must be made asham'd;
But (I might instance in St. Patrick's dean)
Too often rails to gratify his spleen.

COWPER.

SATIRE.—Delineated.

Satire is a dwarf which stands upon the shoulders of the giant Ill-Nature.—LYTTON.

SATIRE.—Furnished for

A little wit, and a great deal of ill-nature, will furnish a man for satire; but the greatest instance of wit is to commend well.—ABP. TILLOTSON.

SATIRIST.—The Wit of a

The wit of a satirist is like invisible writing: look at it with an indifferent eye, and lo! there is none: hold it up to the light, and you cannot perceive it; but rub it over with your own spirit of acid, and see how plain and striking it becomes!—LYTTON.

SATISFIED.—Never

Our condition never satisfies us: the present is always the worst. Though Jupiter should grant his request to each, we should continue to stun him.—FONTAINE.

SAUL.—King

The character of Saul was very complex in its elements. Indolent, yet capable of great exertion; selfish, yet with sparks of generosity; fitful in temper, vindictive in disposition, confusedly brave, irregularly liberal, melancholy mad, without genius, possessed of strong attachments, stronger hatreds and jealousies, neither a tyrant nor a good prince, neither thoroughly bad nor good, whom you can neither "bless nor ban," he is one of the nondescripts of history. He reminds us most of the gloomy tyrant of Scotland—Macbeth. Like him, he has risen from a lower station; like him, he has cemented his tottering throne

with blood ; like him, he is possessed by an evil spirit ; like him, too, he is desperate—the Philistines are upon him—David is at a distance—Samuel sleeps at Ramah—God has refused to answer him by prophets, or Urim, or dreams, and he must now, like Macbeth in his extremity, go and knock at the door of hell ! But all in vain. He stands on the high places of his last battle, with the courage of despair gleaming in his eyes. At last Jonathan is slain before him. Young, strong, and beautiful, he yields to a stronger than he. Saul himself is wounded by the archers. The giant totters toward the ground, which is already wet with his blood. Feeling his fate inevitable, he asks his armour-bearer to save, by slaying him, from the hands of the uncircumcised. He refuses, and the unfortunate monarch throws himself on his own sword, and you hear him crying with his last breath—"Not the Philistines, but thou, unquiet spirit of Ramah, hast overcome me!"—G. GILFILLAN.

SAY.—Nothing to

When you have nothing to say, say nothing ; a weak defence strengthens your opponent, and silence is less injurious than a bad reply.—COLTON.

SCANDAL—not to be Believed.

Believe not each accusing tongue,
As most weak persons do ;
But still believe that story wrong
Which ought not to be true.

SHERIDAN.

SCANDAL.—Consent Necessary to

Malice may empty her quiver, but cannot wound ; the dirt will not stick, the jests will not take ; without the consent of the world, a scandal doth not go deep ; it is only a slight stroke upon the injured party, and returneth with the greater force upon those that gave it.—SAVILLE.

SCANDAL.—The Piquancy of

Scandal has something so piquant, it is a sort of cayenne to the mind.—BYRON.

SCANDAL.—The Relish for

A man who takes delight in hearing the faults of others, shows sufficiently that he has a true relish of scandal, and consequently the seeds of this vice within him. If his mind is gratified with hearing the reproaches which are cast on others, he will find the same pleasure in relating them, and be the more apt to do it, as he will naturally imagine every one he converses with is delighted in the same manner with himself.—ADDISON.

SCANDAL-MONGERS.

It is painful to witness the many who feed and fatten upon scandal,—who lacerate and suck the blood of the worthiest men, giving full scope to their villanous weapons, for no end I can see, but because, being themselves in the sink of all vice and iniquity, cowardly and behind a screen they would drag down to the same abominable vileness the fair reputation and honourable purposes of the most unblemished men and women. They play a game between truth and falsehood, between sincerity and sport ; they make no difference between things good and evil, calling bitter sweet and sweet bitter ; and, being themselves divested of virtue, of religion, of honour, broken in name, which therefore they dare not avow, ruined in prospects, they do wreak the malignity with which the devil hath stocked them withal, in reward for their souls sold over to his service.—E. IRVING.

SCANDALS.—The Spread of

There is a lust in man no charm can tame,
Of loudly publishing his neighbour's shame ;
On eagle's wings immortal scandals fly ;
While virtuous actions are but born and die.
E. L. HARVEY.

SCARS.—Jesting at

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
SHAKESPEARE.

SCEPTIC.—Counsel to the

Sceptic ! No more the dazzling beams
withstand,
Bright emanations of a sapient God ;
But, taught by Nature, Nature's Lord
adore :
From known effects of order and design,
Rise to the self-existent Cause Supreme :
The depths of wisdom, far as human ken
Can penetrate, explore ; and here attain
A foretaste of that knowledge, which,
perhaps,
With angels pouring o'er the text abstruse,
And in ecstatic admiration lost,
Will, in eternity's unceasing round,
The intuition of thy soul absorb.—BALLY.

SCEPTICISM.—The Cause of

Scepticism springs from infirmity of the understanding, or what might be termed—a paralysis of the reasoning faculty. By pride, or jealousy, or petulance, or coldness of temper, the habit of distrusting all evidence has been indulged, until it has grown so strong, that even the most conclusive reasons fail to take effect upon the mind : all things appear alike uncertain ; a dimness affects the faculties.—I. TAYLOR.

SCEPTICISMS.—Modern

The great scepticisms of our time are—market scepticism, political scepticism, and religious scepticism. Men who feel that it would be wicked to sacrifice great pecuniary interests for the sake of principle; men who think it would be a tempting of Providence to refuse profitable business speculations, to leave profitable situations, or to refuse dividends of evil; men whose consciences will not permit them, as the members of a corporation, to expose its wickedness; men who stand in the market and feel that they have a right to do anything that wins,—these men are infidels. You need not tell me that they believe in the Bible; they believe in the Bible just as I believe in birds' nests in winter—nests that have no birds in them. They believe in an empty Bible—a Bible of the letter, and not a Bible of the spirit, which says to a man—"Sacrifice your right hand before you do your integrity."—H. W. BEECHER.

SCEPTRE.—The Weight of a

He on whom Heaven confers a sceptre, knows not the weight till he bears it.—CORNEILLE.

SCHEMES.—Realized.

Many schemes ridiculed as Utopian, decried as visionary, and declaimed against as impracticable, will be realized the moment the march of sound knowledge has effected this for our species—that of making men wise enough to see their true interests, and disinterested enough to pursue them.—COLTON.

SCHISM.—The Sin of

Schism from the Church of Christ is, doubtless, a great sin; and if I can avoid it, I ought to avoid it; but if not, the cause of that sin carries the guilt with it.—DEFOE.

SCHOLAR.—A Ripe

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;
Lofty and sour to them that loved him
not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer. SHAKSPEARE.

SCHOLAR.—The Toil of the

Whence is thy learning? hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?
GAY.

SCHOLARS.—The Greatest

The greatest scholars are not the wisest men.—REGNIER.

SCHOOL.—The Common

The common school stands on the threshold of society, and throws each generation back to the one starting-point, and says to it—"Now come up because of what is in you."—H. W. BEECHER.

SCHOOL.—Creeping to

The whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like a snail,
Unwillingly to school.—SHAKSPEARE.

SCHOOL.—Emulation in a

More is learned in a public than in a private school from emulation: there is the collision of mind with mind, or the radiation of many minds pointing to one centre.—DR. JOHNSON.

SCHOOLMASTER.—Abroad.

Let the soldier be abroad if he will; he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage abroad,—a person less imposing,—in the eyes of some, perhaps, insignificant. The schoolmaster is abroad; and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array.—BROUGHAM.

SCHOOLMASTER.—The Modern

The modern schoolmaster is expected to know a little of everything, because his pupil is required not to be entirely ignorant of anything. He must be superficially, if I may say so, omniscient. He is to know something of pneumatics; of chemistry; of whatever is curious or proper to excite the attention of the youthful mind; an insight into mechanics is desirable, with a touch of statistics; the quality of soils, etc., botany, the constitution of his country, *cum multis aliis*. You may get a notion of some part of his expected duties by consulting the famous tractate on education addressed to Mr. Hartlib.—LAMB.

SCHOOLMASTER.—The Village

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,—
There in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,

Conveyed the dismal tidings when he
frown'd :
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he
knew ;
'Twas certain he could write and cipher
too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides
presage,
And e'en the story ran—that he could
gauge :
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd he could argue
still ;
While words of learned length and thun-
d'ring sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder
grew,
That one small head could carry all he
knew.

GOLDSMITH.

SCHOOLMISTRESS.—The Village

In yonder cot, along whose mouldering
walls,
In many a fold, the mantling woodbine
falls,
The village matron kept her little school—
Gentle of heart, yet knowing well to rule ;
Staid was the dame, and modest was her
mien ;
Her garb was coarse, yet whole, and nicely
clean :
Her neatly-bordered cap, as lily fair,
Beneath her chin was pinn'd, with decent
care,
And pendent ruffles of the whitest lawn,
Of ancient make, her elbows did adorn.
Faint with old age, and dim were grown her
eyes,
A pair of spectacles their want supplies ;
These does she guard secure in leathern
case
From thoughtless wights in some unweeted
place.
Here first I enter'd, though with toil and
pain,
The lowly vestibule of Learning's fane ;
Enter'd with pain, yet soon I found the
way,
Though sometimes toilsome, many a sweet
display.
Much did I grieve, on that ill-fated morn,
When I was first to school reluctant borne ;
Severe I thought the dame, though oft she
tried
To sooth my swelling spirits when I sigh'd ;
And oft, when harshly she reproved, I
wept,
To my lone corner, broken-hearted, crept,
And thought of tender home, where anger
never kept.

But soon, inured to alphabetic toils,—
Alert I met the dame with jocund smiles ;
First at the form, my task for ever true,
A little favourite rapidly I grew :
And oft she stroked my head with fond
delight,
Held me a pattern to the dunce's sight ;—
And as she gave my diligence its praise,
Talk'd of the honours of my future days.

H. K. WHITE.

SCIENCE—an Agent.

We glory in the conquests of science, but
we look upon science as merely an *agent*.
Science may be a botanist, but who started
the vital fluid in the veins of the herb and
flower? Science may be a geologist, but
who wrote the rock-covered page, whose
hieroglyphics she would translate? Science
may be an astronomer, but who built the
worlds, who projected the comets, whose
mysterious paths she traces? Science may
be an agriculturalist, she may open the
earth's breast and cast in most precious
seed, but if the fountains of dew be stayed,
science herself will die of thirst! Be it
observed, then, that science is an *agent*, not
a *cause*, and that while we rejoice in its
agency, we are bound to acknowledge the
goodness and mercy of the INFINITE
INTELLIGENCE.—DR. PARKER.

SCIENCE.—The Nature of

To define the nature of science, to give
an exact and complete definition of what
science is and means, has, as it naturally
must, at all times occupied the meta-
physician. He has answered the question
in various ways, more or less satisfactorily
to himself or others. To me, science, in its
most general and comprehensive accepta-
tion, means—the knowledge of what I know
—the consciousness of human knowledge.
Hence, to know is the object of all science ;
and all special knowledge, if brought to
our consciousness in its separate distinct-
tiveness from, and yet in its recognized
relation to, the totality of our knowledge,
is scientific knowledge. We require, then,
for science those two activities of our mind
which are necessary for the acquisition of
any knowledge—analysis and synthesis :
the first to dissect and reduce into its com-
ponent parts the object to be investigated,
and to render an accurate account to our-
selves of the nature and qualities of these
parts by observation ; the second to re-
compose the observed and understood parts
into a unity in our consciousness, exactly
answering to the object of our investigation.
—PRINCE ALBERT.

SCIENCE—the Twin Sister of Religion.

Twin-sister of natural and revealed re-
ligion, and of heavenly birth, science will

never belie her celestial origin, nor cease to sympathize with all that emanates from the same pure home. Human ignorance and prejudice may for a time seem to have divorced what God has joined together; but human ignorance and prejudice shall at length pass away, and then science and religion shall be seen blending their parti-coloured rays into one beautiful bow of light, linking heaven to earth and earth to heaven.—PROF. HITCHCOCK.

SCIENCE.—The Value of

Science is too inestimable for expression by a money-standard.—PLAYFAIR.

SCIENCES.—The Disposition of the

The sciences are of a sociable disposition, and flourish best in the neighbourhood of each other; nor is there any branch of learning but may be helped and improved by assistance drawn from other arts.—BLACKSTONE.

SCOFFER.—The Reproof of a

A scoffing infidel, of considerable abilities, being once in company with a person of weak intellect, but a real Christian; and supposing, no doubt, that he should obtain an easy triumph, and display his ungodly wit, put the following question to him—"I understand, sir, that you expect to go to heaven when you die; can you tell me what sort of a place heaven is?" "Yes, sir," replied the Christian; "*heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people*; and if your soul is not prepared for it, with all your boasted wisdom, you will never enter there."—BUCK.

SCORN.—Impossible to Escape from

Thou mayest from law, but not from scorn escape;

The pointed finger, cold, averted eye,
Insulted virtue's hiss, thou canst not fly.

SPRAGUE.

SCORN.—A Virtuous

A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn—

To scorn to owe a duty over long;

To scorn to be for benefits forborne;

To scorn to lie, to scorn to do a wrong;

To scorn to bear an injury in mind;

To scorn a free-born heart slave-like to bind.

T. CAREW.

SCOTLAND.—An Address to

Land of my fathers, though no mangrove here

O'er thy blue streams her flexile branches rear,

Nor scaly palm her finger'd scions shoot,

Nor luscious guava wave her yellow fruit,

Nor golden apples glimmer from the tree,
Land of dark heaths and mountains, thou art free!—

Free as his lord the peasant treads the plain,

And heaps his harvest on the groaning wain;

Proud of his laws, tenacious of his right,
And vain of Scotia's old unconquer'd might:

Dear native valleys, long may ye retain
The charter'd freedom of the mountain swain!

Long 'mid your sounding glades, in union sweet,

May rural innocence and beauty meet;

And still be duly heard, at twilight calm,
From every cot, the peasant's chanted psalm!

LEYDEN.

SCOTLAND—Characterized.

That Knuckle-end of England—that land of Calvin and oat-cakes.—S. SMITH.

SCOTLAND.—Love for

Scotland's very ruggedness, as the land of "the mountain and the flood," I cherish with more than ordinary fondness. How could it be otherwise? Nestled and nursed, as it were, from earliest infancy among its wildest and sublimest scenes,—no pastime half so exhilarating as the attempt to out-ride the wild goat in clambering from crag to crag, or to outstrip the eagle in soaring to their loftiest summits,—no music half so sweet as the roar of the cataract among the beetling precipices of some dark frowning ravine or solitary dell,—no chariot and equipage half so much coveted as the buoyant wreaths of mist that scoured athwart the scalped brows, or curled their strange and fantastic shapes around the rugged peaks of the neighbouring hills. Hence a fondness for the characteristic scenery of my native land, amounting almost to a passion,—a passion which, like every other, it requires divine grace to modify and subdue.—DR. DUFF.

Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,

Land of the mountain and the flood,

Land of my sires! what mortal hand

Can e'er untie the filial band

That knits me to thy rugged strand?

SIR W. SCOTT.

SCOTLAND—as a Nation.

It is a nation cast in the happy medium between the spiritless acquiescence of submissive poverty and the sturdy credulity of pampered wealth; cool and ardent; adventurous and persevering; winging her eagle flight against the blaze of every science, with an eye that never winks, and

a wing that never tires ; crowned, as she is, with the spoils of every art, and decked with the wreath of every muse, from the deep and scrutinizing researches of her HUME to the sweet and simple, but not less sublime and pathetic, poetry of her BURNS.—CURRAN.

SCRIPTURE.—Danger of Jest

• If in the troublesome days of King Edward IV. a citizen in Cheapside was executed, as a traitor for saying he would make his son heir to the crown, although he meant only his own house, having a crown for the sign, how much more dangerous is it to jest with the two-edged sword of God's Word,—to wit-wanton it with the majesty of God?—DR. FULLER.

SCRIPTURE.—The Majesty of

The majesty of Scripture strikes me with admiration, as the purity of the Gospel has its influence on my heart. Peruse the works of our philosophers ; with all their pomp of diction, how mean, how contemptible are they compared with the Scriptures ! Is it possible that a book at once so simple and sublime should be merely the work of man ? The Jewish authors were incapable of the diction, and strangers to the morality contained in the Gospel, the marks of whose truth are so striking and inimitable, that the inventor would be a more astonishing character than the hero. —ROUSSEAU.

SCRIPTURES.—The End and Scope of the

The end and scope of the Scriptures is for the advancement of God's glory and the salvation of man's soul ; for they treat either of the noble acts of God and of Christ, or the salvation of mankind.—ABR. USHER.

SCRIPTURES.—The English

The history of the English Scriptures is unique. The other great vernacular versions of Europe are the works of single men, definitely stamped with their impress, and bearing their names. A German writer somewhat contemptuously remarks that it took nearly a century to accomplish in English the work which Luther achieved in the fraction of a single life-time. The reproach is exactly our glory. Our version is the work of a Church, and not of a man. —WESTCOTT.

SCRIPTURES.—Search the

The full and thorough knowledge of anything is only got by searching. There is a ship at sea ; a heavy fog has come on ;

there is nothing to be seen all round about ; the very stars are shut out of view, and no longer serve to guide the vessel's course ; and as the man at the mast-head hoarsely cries out—"Breakers ahead !" and the crew furl the sails, and the helmsman turns the wheel, what is the captain about, old sailor as he is, now poring over his charts, and now glancing at the compass, and now loudly giving his orders ? What can he mean by looking so often and so eagerly at that map-looking thing of his ? That is his chart by which his course is guided, and he is searching it to find where he is, and how he may steer his ship in safety—to keep clear of a rock here, and a shallow there, and make a good passage through the channel, and save his crew and his cargo, and at length gain the harbour. So says the great Teacher—"Search the Scriptures."—J. H. WILSON.

SCRUPLES.—Rigid

Scruples too rigid are nothing else but concealed pride.—GOETHE.

SCULPTURE.—A Taste for

A taste for sculpture belongs to the best, purest, and noblest of our enjoyments ; and we feel most reluctant to be separated from those forms, from which, however often we contemplate them, we derive renewed and indeed heightened pleasure.—HUMBOLDT.

SEA.—The Beauty of the

In itself the ocean panorama is very grand. It would be hard to exaggerate the beauty of both sea and sky, especially in and near the tropics. The sky near the horizon was of pale blue, and often the clouds all round the sea line of a light pink tint, and the sea near the ship like an amethyst or the wing of some tropical bird. In those rare times when the sea was quite calm, the motion of the ship made it flow in large sheets as of some oily liquid ; or, again, like the blue steel of some polished cuirass.—LYTTELTON.

SEA.—A Calm

The wond'rous boat scant touch'd the troubled main,
But all the sea still, hush'd, and quiet was ;
Vanish'd the clouds, ceased the wind and rain,
The threaten'd storm did overblow and pass :
A gentle breathing air made ev'n and plain
The azure face of heaven's transparent glass ;
And Heaven itself smil'd from the skies above,
With a calm clearness, on the earth, His love.
TASSO.

SEA.—The Changing Colours of the

The changing colours of the sea are familiar to all who have visited the shores of the mighty deep :—

In colour changing, when from clouds or sun
Shades after shades upon the surface run ;
Embrowned and fearful now ; and now
serene,
In limpid blue, or evanescent green.

These almost perpetually varying hues displayed at the surface of the ocean, owe their existence in great measure to the mere reflection of the changing skies in the water. Thus, for instance, an apparently dark inky-coloured sea is usually indicative of an approaching storm ; not, however, because the water is really blacker than usual, but because it reflects the general hue of the atmosphere near the horizon.—ZORNLIN.

SEA.—The Floor of the

The floor is of sand, like the mountain-drift ;
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow ;

From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow :

The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there ;
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow

In the motionless fields of upper air :
There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,

And the crimson leaf on the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter ;

There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea ;

And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea ;
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,

Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe when the wrathful spirit of storms

Has made the top of the wave his own :
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,

And demons are waiting the wreck on shore ;

Then far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly
Through the bending twigs in the coral grove.

PERCIVAL.

SEA.—Graves beneath the

Peace be to those whose graves are made
Beneath the bright and silent sea !

Peace that their relics there were laid
With no vain pride and pageantry.

LONGFELLOW.

SEA.—Longing for the

Where is the sea ?—I languish here—
Where is my own blue sea !
With all its barks of fleet career,
And flags and breezes free ?

I miss that voice of waves—the first
That woke my childhood glee ;
The measured chime, the thundering burst—
Where is my own blue sea ?

Oh ! rich your myrtles' breath may rise,
Soft, soft your winds may be ;
Yet my sick heart within me dies—
Where is my own blue sea ?

I hear the shepherds' mountain flute,
I hear the whispering tree ;
The echoes of my soul are mute—
Where is my own blue sea ?—HEMANS.

SEA.—Midnight at

It is the midnight hour ;—the beauteous sea,
Calm as the cloudless heaven, the heaven
discloses,

While many a sparkling star, in quiet glee,
Far down within the watery sky reposes.
As if the ocean's heart were stirr'd
With inward life, a sound is heard,

Like that of dreamer murmuring in his sleep ;

'Tis partly the billow, and partly the air,
That lies like a garment floating fair
Above the happy deep.

The sea, I ween, cannot be fann'd
By evening freshness from the land,
For the land is far away ;

But God hath will'd that the sky-born
breeze

In the centre of the loneliest seas
Should ever sport and play.

The mighty moon, she sits above,
Encircled with a zone of love,
A zone of dim and tender light,
That makes her wakeful eye more
bright :

She seems to shine with a sunny ray,
And the night looks like a mellow'd
day !

The gracious mistress of the main
Hath now an undisturbed reign,
And from her silent throne looks down,
As upon children of her own,
On the waves that lend their gentle breast
In gladness for her couch of rest !

J. WILSON.

SEA.—The Phosphorescence of the

The luminous appearances exhibited on the surface of the sea are very varied. Sometimes a vessel, whilst traversing the

ocean, seems to mark out a track of fire, and, if oars be used, each stroke of the oar causes the emission of light, sometimes brilliant and sparkling, and sometimes tranquil and pearly. Sometimes, again, innumerable points glitter over the whole surface of the ocean, whilst at other times a broad sheet of light extends in all directions; and this, perhaps, may then suddenly break up into a thousand parts, in which an active imagination can conjure up every form and figure. Different causes have been assigned for this phenomenon; but it would appear that although in all probability it occasionally originates in the phosphorescence of decaying organized substances diffused in the waters of the sea, yet the most usual cause of the luminosity of the ocean is the presence of vast numbers of living creatures, which possess the power of emitting light.—ZORNLIN.

SEA.—The Prose of the

Though the landsman could sympathize with the poetry of the sea in its most brilliant form, I could not help feeling there was also a very prosaic side to the matter. To me a high wind and sea mean such things as these:—sober men walking about as if they were drunk, endless trouble in the inevitable duties of washing and dressing, all sorts of movable things tumbling about with great noise both by day and night, rolling about as if one were a log or a mummy or a swaddled baby, tea visiting the outside of the stomach before it was introduced to the inside, and meat with no gravy.—LYTTELTON.

SEA.—A Storm at

Now, through the parting wave impetuous bore,
The scudding vessel stemmed th' Athenian shore;
The pilots, as the waves behind her swell,
Still with the wheeling stern their force repel;
For this assault should either quarter feel,
Again to flank the tempest she might reel:
The steersmen every bidden turn apply
To right and left the spokes alternate fly—
Thus, when some conquered host retreats in fear,
The bravest leaders guard the broken rear;
Indignant they retire, and long oppose
Superior armies that around them close;
Still shield the flanks, the routed squadrons join,
And guide the flight, in one continued line:
Thus they direct the flying bark before
Th' impelling floods, that lash her to the shore:

High o'er the poop th' audacious seas
aspire,
Uprolled in hills of fluctuating fire;
With labouring throes she rolls on either side,
And dips her gunnels in the yawning tide;
Her joints, unhinged, in palsied languors play,
As ice-flakes part beneath the noontide ray:
The gale howls doleful through the blocks and shrouds,
And big rain pours a deluge from the clouds;
From wintry magazines that sweep the sky
Descending globes of hail impetuous fly:
High on the masts, with pale and livid rays,
Amid the gloom portentous meteors blaze;
Th' ethereal dome in mournful pomp arrayed,
Now buried lies beneath impervious shade,
Now, flashing round intolerable light,
Re-doubles all the horror of the night—
Such terror Sinai's trembling hill o'er-spread,
When Heaven's loud trumpet sounded o'er its head:
It seemed the wrathful angel of the wind
Had all the horrors of the skies combined,
And here, to one ill-fated ship opposed,
At once the dreadful magazine disclosed:
And lo! tremendous o'er the deep he springs,
Th' inflaming sulphur flashing from his wings;
Hark! his strong voice the dismal silence breaks,
Mad Chaos from the chains of death awakes:
Loud and more loud, the rolling peals enlarge,
And blue on deck the fiery tides discharge;
There all aghast the shivering wretches stood,
While chill suspense and fear congealed their blood;
Wide bursts in dazzling sheets the living flame,
And dread concussion rends th' ethereal frame;
Sick Earth convulsive groans from shore to shore,
And Nature, shuddering, feels the horrid roar.
FALCONER.

SEA.—Study of Passengers at

The passengers who are grouped together in temporary intercourse on a voyage are always an interesting study. Ours were for the most part intelligent and gentlemanly, with much respect for the ordinances of religion. They were of several nations, and of many

pursuits in life. A New York banker and a Boston editor sit side by side with Liverpool merchants, and young English soldiers, stalwart representatives of the fair-haired Saxon. Yonder is a Spanish count, bilious and gloomy—here an aged apostle of temperance, who has spent a fortune in the spread of information upon its principles, and who has just had an interview with the Emperor of the French, whom he hopes to convert by-and-bye. There the popular author of "Framley Parsonage," yonder the "stump orator" of a company of itinerant minstrels—popular also, though on a lower level. Here is a lady with two children, on her way to join her husband in California, who will be six weary weeks before she reaches the end of her travel. Oppressed with a sorrow which no stranger may share, there there is a gentleman who left New York a month ago, accompanied to the ship by a son of twenty-eight years of age, then in perfect health; but the fever has stricken him, and the telegram has summoned the father to a bereft and cheerless home. We had also on board a cool specimen of an American trader, who was currently rumoured to have with him a large quantity of what would be purchased at Niagara as genuine "Table Rock," but which was in reality Derbyshire spar, which he had been to England to buy.—PUNSHON.

SEA.—Thoughts at

There is something grand, even to awfulness, in the thought of utter helplessness which you feel at sea. Sky and water—with no living thing visible over the vast expanse—for days together just your own vessel with its human freight—and God! To a thoughtful mind there is no surer teaching both of humility and trust.—PUNSHON.

SEA.—A Touching Scene at

Two weeks ago on board an English steamer, a little ragged boy, aged nine years, was discovered on the fourth day of the voyage out from Liverpool to New York, and carried before the first mate, whose duty it was to deal with such cases. When questioned as to his object of being stowed away, and who brought him on board, the boy, who had a beautiful sunny face, and eyes that looked like the very mirrors of truth, replied that his step-father did it, because he could not afford to keep him, nor to pay his passage out to Halifax, where he had an aunt who was well off, and to whose house he was going. The mate did not believe the story, in spite of the winning face and truthful accents of

the boy. He had seen too much of stow-aways to be easily deceived by them, he said; and it was his firm conviction that the boy had been brought on board and provided with food by the sailors. The little fellow was very roughly handled in consequence. Day by day he was questioned and re-questioned, but always with the same result. He did not know a sailor on board, and his father alone had secreted him, and given him the food which he ate. At last the mate, wearied by the boy's persistence in the same story, and perhaps a little anxious to inculcate the sailors, seized him one day by the collar, and, dragging him to the fore, told him that unless he would tell the truth in ten minutes from that time, he would hang him from the yard-arm. He then made him sit down under it on the deck. All around him were the passengers and sailors of the midway watch, and in front of him stood the inexorable mate, with his chronometer in his hand, and the other officers of the ship by his side. It was the finest sight, said our informant, that he ever beheld—to see the pale, proud, sorrowful face of that noble boy, his head erect, his beautiful eyes bright through the tears that suffused them. When eight minutes had fled, the mate told him he had but two minutes to live, and advised him to speak the truth and save his life; but he replied with the utmost simplicity and sincerity by asking the mate if he might pray. The mate said nothing, but nodded his head and turned as pale as a ghost, and shook with trembling like a reed with the wind. And there, all eyes turned on him, the brave and noble little fellow, this poor waif, whom society owned not, and whose own step-father could not care for him—there he knelt, with clasped hands, and eyes turned to heaven, while he repeated audibly the Lord's Prayer, and prayed the Lord Jesus to take him to heaven. There then occurred a scene as of Pentecost. Sobs broke from strong, hard hearts, as the mate sprang forward to the boy, and clasped him to his bosom, and kissed him and blessed him, and told him how sincerely he believed his story, and how glad he was that he had been brave enough to face death and be willing to sacrifice his life for the truth of his word.—E. DAVIES.

SEA.—A Water-Spout at

Lo! on the larboard quarter, they descry
A liquid column, towering, shoot on high:
The foaming base the angry whirlwinds sweep,
Where curling billows rouse the fearful deep;

Still round and round the fluid vortex flies,
 Diffusing briny vapours o'er the skies :
 This vast phenomenon, whose lofty head,
 In heaven immersed, embracing clouds o'er-
 spread,
 In spiral motion first, as seamen deem,
 Swells, when the raging whirlwind sweeps
 the stream.
 The swift volution and th' enormous train
 Let sages versed in Nature's lore explain !
 *The horrid apparition still draws nigh,
 And white with foam the whirling billows
 fly ;
 The guns were primed—the vessel north-
 ward veers
 Till her black battery on the column bears :
 The nitre fired : and while the dreadful
 sound,
 Convulsive, shook the slumbering air
 around,
 The watery volume, trembling to the sky,
 Burst down, a dreadful deluge from on high ;
 Th' expanding ocean trembled as it fell,
 And felt with swift recoil her surges swell.
 But soon, this transient undulation o'er,
 The sea subsides, the whirlwinds rage no
 more.

FALCONER.

SEA-GULL.—The

The white sea-gull, the wild sea-gull,
 A joyful bird is he,
 As he lies like a cradled thing at rest
 In the arms of a sunny sea !
 The little waves rock to and fro,
 And the white gull lies asleep,
 As the fisher's bark, with breeze and tide,
 Goes merrily over the deep :
 The ship, with her fair sails set, goes by,
 And her people stand to note
 How the sea-gull sits on the rocking waves,
 As still as an anchored boat :
 The sea is fresh, and the sea is fair,
 And the sky calm overhead,
 And the sea-gull lies on the deep, deep sea,
 Like a king in his royal bed !

M. HOWITT.

SEA-SHELL.—A

Hast thou heard of a shell on the margin
 of ocean,
 Whose pearly recesses the echoes still
 keep,
 Of the music it caught when, with tremu-
 lous motion,
 It join'd in the concert pour'd forth by
 the deep ?

And fables have told us when far inland
 carried,
 To the waste sandy desert and dark ivied
 cave,
 In its musical chambers some murmurs have
 tarried,
 It learn'd long before of the wind and
 the wave.

Oh ! thus should our spirits, which bear
 many a token
 They are not of earth, but are exiles
 while here,
 Preserve in their banishment, pure and un-
 broken,
 Some sweet treasured notes of their own
 native sphere.
 Though the dark clouds of sin may at times
 hover o'er us,
 And the discords of earth may their
 melody mar ;
 Yet to spirits redeem'd, some faint notes of
 that chorus
 Which is born of the blest, will be brought
 from afar !

BARTON.

SEA-VOYAGE.—A

Save only that we were mercifully pre-
 served from peril, we had in our eleven
 days' voyage a compression of the expe-
 rience of all possible voyages. I could not
 help thinking that it set forth in similitude
 the history of many a Christian life. Calm
 at the start ; broken and troubled water
 when the Atlantic surges met us ; heavy
 gales, blowing furiously against our pro-
 gress ; a sea majestic in its wrath, now
 making the ship to shake with trembling,
 now drenching it with showers of spray ;
 the presence of three large icebergs, beau-
 tiful but dangerous neighbours ; a shroud of
 fog which wrapped the heavens from our
 sight for a day and a half, during which the
 dreary fog-horn groaned out its dirge-like
 sound ; calmer water as we approached the
 land, and then a brilliant sun, and a sea of
 exquisite beauty, as we sailed through the
 Narrows, and anchored in the fair haven.
 Do you not think that there are in our
 voyage the elements of a perpetual sermon ?
 What heart, which has any experience of
 the things of God, does not understand this
 vicissitude within itself ? How often is the
 fair start for heaven clouded soon by op-
 position and difficulty ; then the blasts of
 persecution are fierce, and the billows of
 passion are angry. Then the heart is frosted
 by the world's chill neighbourhood, or dark-
 ened by the gathering doubts which heap
 their shadows round it. Oh that the simili-
 tude may be carried on to the end ! calm
 water coming with the latest sunrise, and
 an "abundant entrance" and a joyous
 welcome at last !—PUNSHON.

SEA-WEED.—An Address to a
 Piece of

Exotic !—from the soil no tiller ploughs,
 Save the rude serge ;—fresh stripping
 from a grove
 Above whose tops the wild sea-monsters
 rove ;

Have not the genii harboured in the
boughs,
Thou filmy piece of wonder!—have not
those

Who still the tempest for thy rescue
strove,

And stranded thee thus far, the might to
prove

Of spirits, that the caves of ocean house?

How else, from capture of the giant-spray,
Hurt-free escapest thou, slight ocean-
flower?

As if Arachne wove, thus faultless lay
The full developed forms of fairy bower;
Who that beholds thee thus, nor with
dismay

Recalls the struggling thro' the storm's
dark hour!

SCHILLER.

SEALS.—The History of

The ancients endeavoured to prohibit the use of images of their idols on signs or seals; but in process of time this was little regarded. It became customary to have the figures of Egyptian and other deities—as well as of heroes, monsters, friends, ancestors, and even brutes—on their ring-seals. The use of them is of high antiquity. Jezebel, in 1 Kings xxi., seals the orders she sent for Naboth's death with the king's seal. Pliny tells us that at Rome they were become of absolute necessity, inasmuch as a testament was null without the testator's seal and the seals of seven witnesses. It was the custom in the middle ages for the sovereign to add greater sanction, when sealing his mandates, by embedding three hairs from his beard in the wax; and there is still a charter of 1121 extant, which contains, in the execution clause, words recording that the king had confirmed it by placing three hairs from his beard in the seal. The Etruscans sealed treaties with blood, and dough or paste has been used. Wax is, however, the most usual substance, and the several colours which we know are white, yellow, red, green, black, blue, and mixed.—LOARING.

SEASONS.—The March of the

So forth issew'd the seasons of the year:

First, lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of
flowres

That freshly budded and new bloosmes
did beare,

In which a thousand birds had built their
bowres

That sweetly sung to call forth para-
mours;

And in his hand a javelin he did beare,

And on his head (as fit for war-like
stoures)

A guilt engraven motion he did weare,
That as some did him love, so others did
him feare.

Then came the jolly Sommer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock coloured greene,
That was unlyned all, to be more light;
And on his head a girlond well beseene
He wore, from which as he had chauffed
been

The sweat did drop; and in his hand he
bore

A bowe and shaftes, as he in forrest
greene

Had hunted late the libbard or the bore,
And now would bathe his limbes with labor
heated sore.

Then came the Autumne all in yellow
clad,

As though he joyed in his plentious store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh,
full glad

That he had banisht hunger, which to-
fore

Had by the belly oft him pinched sore:
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrold

With ears of corn of every sort, he
bore;

And in his hand a sickle he did holde,
To reap the ripened fruits the which the
earth had vould.

Lastly, came Winter cloathed in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him
chill;

Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did
freese,

And the dull drops, that from his purpled
bill

As from a limbeck, did adown distill:

In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed
still;

For he was faint with cold, and weak with
eld,

That scarce his loosed limbs he able was
to weld.

SPENSER.

SECRECY.—Addicted to

People addicted to secrecy are so without
knowing why; they are not so for cause,
but for secrecy's sake.—HAZLITT.

SECRECY.—Defined.

It is a mixture of cowardice and conceit.
—HAZLITT.

SECRECY.—A Habit of

Talkers and futile persons are commonly
vain and credulous withal; for he that
talketh what he knoweth, will also talk
what he knoweth not; therefore set it down
that a habit of secrecy is both politic and

moral : and in this part it is good ; that a man's face gives his tongue leave to speak ; for the discovery of a man's self by the tracts of his countenance, is a great weakness and betraying, by how much it is many times more marked and believed than a man's words.—LORD BACON.

SECRECY—the Soul of Great Designs.

- Secrecy has been well termed the soul of all great designs ; perhaps more has been effected by concealing our own intentions than by discovering those of our enemy. But great men succeed in both.—COLTON.

SECRET.—The Betrayal of a

Thou hast betrayed thy secret, as a bird
Betrays her nest, by striving to conceal it.
LONGFELLOW.

SECRET.—The Difficulty of Keeping a

Nothing is so oppressive as a secret : it is difficult for ladies to keep it long ; and I know even in this matter a good number of men who are women.—FONTAINE.

SECRET.—Giving up Part of a

He who gives up the smallest part of a secret has the rest no longer in his power.—RICHTER.

SECRET.—Intrusting Another with a

You should be careful not to intrust another unnecessarily with a secret which it may be a hard matter for him to keep, and which may expose him to somebody's displeasure when it is hereafter discovered that he was the object of your confidence. Your desire for aid or for sympathy is not to be indulged by dragging other people into your misfortunes. There is as much responsibility in imparting your own secrets as in keeping those of your neighbour.—DARLEY.

SECRETS.—Fond of

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them ; such persons covet secrets, as a spendthrift covets money, for the purpose of circulation.—COLTON.

SECRETS.—Keeping

A man can keep the secrets of another better than his own ; a woman, on the contrary, keeps her own better than that of another.—LA BRUYÈRE.

SECRETS.—Telling

To tell our own secrets is often folly ; to communicate those of others is treachery.—DR. JOHNSON.

SECTS.—The Strength of

The effective strength of sects is not to be ascertained merely by counting heads.—MACAULAY.

SECTS AND MORALITY.

Sects are different, because they come from men ; morality is everywhere the same, because it comes from God.—VOLTAIRE.

SECURITY.—The Danger of

He shall spurn death, scorn fate, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear ;
And you all know security
Is mortal's chiefest enemy.—SHAKESPEARE.

SECURITY.—False

It resembles a flash of lightning, which ushers in a loud clap of thunder ; or it is like a profound calm at sea, which is generally succeeded by a dreadful storm.—W. SECKER.

SEEING—is Believing.

One eye-witness weighs
More than ten hear-says. Seeing is believing,
All the world over.—PLAUTUS.

SEEMING.—All Live by

All live by seeming :
The beggar begs with it, and the gay courtier
Gains land and title, rank and rule, by seeming ;
The clergy scorn it not, and the bold soldier
Will eke with it his service.—All admit it,
All practise it ; and he who is content
With showing what he is, shall have small credit
In church, or camp, or state—so wags the world.
SIR W. SCOTT.

SELF.—Speaking of

The more you speak of self, the more you are likely to lie.—ZIMMERMAN.

SELF.—Thinking of

Some persons can neither stir hand nor foot without making it clear they are thinking of themselves, and laying little traps for approbation.—S. SMITH.

SELF-ACQUAINTANCE.

Happy is the man who has become well acquainted with himself ; he sees no greater misfortune in dying than in being born. He goes as he has come.—D'HÉNAULT.

SELF-APPROBATION.

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next to escape the censures of the world. If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind, than to see those approbations which it gives itself, seconded by the applauses of the public.—ADDISON.

SELF-CONCEIT.

Those who, from conceit and vanity, have neglected looking out of themselves, have from that time not only ceased to advance and improve in their performances, but have gone backward. They may be compared to men who have lived upon their principal until they are reduced to beggary and left without resources.—SIR J. REYNOLDS.

SELF-CONDEMNATION.

We many times condemn others and therein pass sentence against ourselves: thus Judah said of Tamar—"Bring her forth and let her be burnt," not considering that he spake the word against his own soul. Thus David to Nathan—"The man that hath done this thing shall die," not considering that he was the man.—VENNING.

SELF-CONFIDENCE.

It is storied of two men, named Denton and Wolsey, that the one was very fearful he should deny the cause of Christ were he but called to make profession thereof: the other, which was Denton, showed a great deal of confidence, as being able to stand upon his own legs; but being both cast into prison, and put to the trial, Wolsey stands up for the cause of God, and having no other foundation but what was laid in Jesus Christ, suffers martyrdom; whilst Denton, for all his great show, played the *renegado*, and turned, like a weather-cock, with the time. But it so fell out—that he who would not willingly burn for religion, was afterwards unwillingly burned, in the saving of his own house, then on fire.—J. FOXE.

SELF-CONQUEST.

The bravest trophy ever man obtain'd,
Is that which o'er himself, himself hath
gained. STIRLING.

SELF-CONTROL.

Sir Isaac Newton's temper, it is said, was so equal and mild, that no accident could disturb it; a remarkable instance of which is related as follows:—Sir Isaac had a favourite little dog, which he called

Diamond. Being one evening called out of his study into the next room, Diamond was left behind. When Sir Isaac returned, having been absent but a few minutes, he had the mortification to find that Diamond had overturned a lighted candle among some papers, the nearly finished labour of many years, which were soon in flames, and almost consumed to ashes. This loss, from Newton's advanced age, was irreparable; but without at all punishing the dog, he exclaimed—"O, Diamond, Diamond! you little know the mischief you have done!"—ARVINE.

SELF-CULTURE.

An earnest purpose finds time, or makes time, for self-culture. It seizes on spare moments, and turns fragments to golden account. And it is astonishing how fruitful of improvement a short season becomes when eagerly seized and faithfully used.—DR. CHANNING.

SELF-DECEPTION.

It many times falls out that we deem ourselves much deceived in others, because we first deceived ourselves.—SIR P. SIDNEY.

SELF-DEFENCE.

Self-defence is Nature's eldest law.—DRYDEN.

Men have the right of killing in self-defence.—MONTESQUIEU.

SELF-DENIAL.

It cannot but at first appear futile to assert the expediency of self-denial for its own sake, when for so many sakes it is every day necessary to a far greater degree than any of us practise it. But I believe it is just because we do not enough acknowledge or contemplate it as a good in itself, that we are apt to fail in its duties when they become imperative, and to calculate with some partiality whether the good proposed to others measures or warrants the amount of grievance to ourselves, instead of accepting with gladness the opportunity of sacrifice as a personal advantage.—RUSKIN.

'Tis much the doctrine of the times that men should not please themselves, but deny themselves everything they take delight in; not look upon beauty, wear no good clothes, eat no good meat, etc., which seems the greatest accusation that can be upon the Maker of all good things. If they are not to be used, why did God make them?—SELDEN.

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

I will stand no more
On others' legs, nor build one joy without
me.

If ever I be worth a house again,
I'll build all inward : not a light shall ope,
The common outway : no expense, no art,
No ornament, no door, will I use there ;
But raise all plain and rudely like a rampire
Against the false society of men,
That still batters

All reason piece-meal ; and, for earthly
greatness,

All heavenly comforts rarifies to air.
I'll therefore live in dark ; and all my light,
Like ancient temples, let in at my top ;
That were to turn one's back to all the
world,

And only look at heaven.—CHAPMAN.

SELF-ESTEEM.

I put no account on him who esteems
himself just as the popular breath may
chance to raise him.—GOETHE.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

Let not sleep fall upon thy eyes till thou
hast thrice reviewed the transactions of the
past day. Where have I turned aside from
rectitude? What have I been doing?
What have I left undone which I ought to
have done? Begin thus from the first act,
and proceed ; and, in conclusion, at the ill
which thou hast done, be troubled, and re-
joice for the good.—PYTHAGORAS.

SELF-GOVERNMENT.

He that would govern others, first should be
The master of himself,—richly endued
With depth of understanding, height of
knowledge.—MASSINGER.

SELF-HELP.

This is the root of all genuine growth in
the individual ; and, exhibited in the lives
of many, it constitutes the true source of
national vigour and strength.—SMILES.

SELF-INTEREST.

Man would contend that two and two
did not make four if his interest were affected
by this position.—HOBBS.

SELFISHNESS.

Selfishness is that detestable vice which
no one will forgive in others, and no one is
without in himself.—H. W. BEECHER.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

KNOW THYSELF is one of the most useful
and comprehensive precepts in the whole

moral system ; and it is well known in
how great a veneration this maxim was
held by the ancients ; and in how high
esteem the duty of self-examination is
necessary to it. Thales, the Milesian, the
prince of the philosophers, who flourished
about A.M. 3330, and was contemporary
with Josiah, king of Judah, is said to be
the first author of it ; who used to say—
that "for a man to know himself is the
hardest thing in the world." It was after-
wards adopted by Chylon, the Lacedæ-
monian ; and is one of those three precepts
which Pliny affirms to have been consecrated
at Delphos in golden letters. It was after-
wards greatly admired, and frequently
adopted by others, till at length it acquired
the authority of a divine oracle, and was
supposed to have been given originally by
Apollo himself. Of which general opinion
Cicero gives us this reason—"because it
hath such a weight of sense and wisdom
in it, as appears too great to be attributed
to any man." And this opinion, of its
coming originally from Apollo himself,
perhaps was the reason that it was written
in golden capitals over the door of his
temple at Delphos.—W. MASON.

SELF-LOVE.

Self-love is the love of self, and of
everything for the sake of self. When
fortune gives the means, self-love makes
men idolise themselves, and tyrannize over
others. It never rests or fixes anywhere
from home. If it settle on external things,
it is only as the bee doth on flowers, to
extract what may be serviceable. Nothing
is so impetuous as its desires ; nothing so
secret as its designs ; nothing so artful as
its conduct. Its suppleness is inexpressible ;
its metamorphoses surpass those of Ovid,
and its refinements those of chemistry. We
can neither fathom the depth, nor penetrate
the obscurity of its abyss. * * * The
sea is its representative ; in the flux and
reflux of whose waves it may find a lively
expression of the turbulent succession of
its thoughts, and of its eternal motion.—
LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

SELF-MERRIMENT.

And therein sat a lady fresh and fayre,
Making sweete solace to herselfe alone ;
Sometimes she song as loud as larke in
ayre,
Sometimes she laught that nigh her breath
was gone ;
Yet was there not with her else any one
That to her might move cause of merri-
ment ;
Matter of mirth enough, though there were
none

She could devise, and thousand waies
invent
To feede her foolish humour and vaine
jolliment. SPENSER.

SELF-MURDER.

Those men who destroy a healthful constitution of body by intemperance, as manifestly kill themselves as those who hang, or poison, or drown themselves.—SHERLOCK.

SELF-OPINIONATED.

I know what's what. I know on which
side
My bread is buttered. FORD.

SELF-PRAISE.

It is a sign that your reputation is small and sinking, if your own tongue must praise you; and it is fulsome and unpleasing to others to hear such commendations.—ADDISON.

SELF-PRIDE.

Self-pride is the eldest daughter of self-love; and this it is that consoles us on many occasions, and exhilarates us on more; it lends a spring to our joys, and a pillow to our pains; it heightens the zest of our reception, and softens the asperity of our repulse; and it is not until this is mortally wounded within us that the spirit to endure expires. This Self-pride is the common friend of our humanity, and, like the bell of our church, is resorted to on all occasions; it ministers alike to our festivals or our fasts, our merriment or our mourning, our weal or our woe.—COLTON.

SELF-REPROACH.

After abdicating his throne and retiring to a monastery, Charles the V., Emperor of Germany, passed away his time with mechanical arts, particularly that of watch-making. One day he broke out with the exclamation—"What an egregious fool must I have been to have squandered so much blood and treasure, in an attempt to make all men think alike, when I cannot even make a few watches keep time together!"—E. DAVIES.

SELF-RESPECT.

The truest self-respect is not to think of self.—H. W. BEECHER.

SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS.

What is all righteousness that men devise? What, but a sordid bargain for the skies? But Christ as soon would abdicate His own As stoop from heaven to sell the proud a throne. G. HERBERT.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

It is reported of Agrippina, the mother of Nero, who being told that if ever her son came to be an emperor he would be her murderer, she made this reply:—"I am content to perish, if he may be emperor."—ABP. SECKER.

SELF-SEEKERS.

How many are there who have occupied public places with private spirits! While they pretended to undertake everything for the good of others, they undertook nothing but for the good of themselves. Such suckers at the roots have drawn away the sap and nourishment from the tree. They have set kingdoms on fire, that they might roast their own venison at the flames. These drones, stealing into the hive, have fed upon the honey, while the labouring bees have famished. They never want fire so long as any yard affords them fuel: they enrich their own sideboard with other men's plate.—W. SECKER.

SELF-SUFFICIENCY.

Self-sufficiency is a miserable insufficiency.—PULSFORD.

SELF-WILL.

Self-will is so ardent and active, that it will break the world to pieces to make a stool to sit upon.—R. CECIL.

SENSATION.—The Highest Pleasure of

The highest pleasure of sensation comes through the eye. She ranks above all the rest of the senses in dignity. He whose eye is so refined by discipline that he can repose with pleasure upon the serene outline of beautiful form, has reached the purest of the sensational raptures.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

SENSE.—Common

The complement of those cognitions or convictions which we receive from nature, which all men possess in common, and by which they test the truth of knowledge and the morality of actions.—SIR W. HAMILTON.

SENSE.—Good

Good sense is the same in all ages; and course of time rather improves than impairs her. What has been, may be again: another Homer and another Virgil may possibly arise from those very causes which produced the first; though it would be presumption to affirm that any such have yet appeared.—DRYDEN.

SENSE.—Writing Good

For not the desk with silver nails,
Nor bureau of expence,
Nor standish well-japanned, avails
To writing of good sense.

DEAN SWIFT.

SENSES.—The Action of the

To see, to hear, to smell, to touch, to taste, are processes which appear to be performed instantaneously, and which really are performed with extraordinary rapidity, in a person who observes them in himself; but they were not always performed thus rapidly; they are processes acquired, businesses learned;—processes and businesses acquired and learned, not without the cost of many efforts and much labour. And the same is true of the muscles of volition. How many efforts are made before the power of distinct articulation is acquired! how many before the infant can stand! how many before the child can walk!—DR. S. SMITH.

SENSIBILITIES.—Fine

Fine sensibilities are like woodbines, delightful luxuries of beauty to twine round a solid, upright stem of understanding; but very poor things if, unsustained by strength, they are left to creep along the ground.—FOSTER.

SENSIBILITY.—The Gushes of

Beautiful are the gushes of sensibility from a manly soul,—as if from some noble mountain, with granite heart and crest of cedar, there should issue a crystal rill, brightening the landscape with its dimpled beauty, or flashing archly beneath the setting sun.—PUNSHON.

SENSIBILITY AND INSENSIBILITY.

Too much sensibility creates unhappiness, too much insensibility creates crime.—TALLEYRAND.

SENSIBILITY AND REASON.

Sensibility is like the stars, that can lead only when the sky is clear. Reason is the magnetic needle, which guides the ship when the stars are wrapt in darkness.—BP. HEBER.

SENSUALITY.—Indulgences in

Indulgences in sensuality derive their strength more from habit than from the consent of the will.—J. JOHNSON.

SENTIMENT.—The Expression of

Sentiment expresses, in my opinion, very happily, those complex determinations of the mind which result from the co-operation

of our entire rational powers, and of our moral feelings.—D. STEWART.

SENTIMENT.—Public

Public sentiment is like a battery, which protects the city that is behind it, but sweeps with destruction all the plain that is before it. It powerfully restrains men from doing wrong; but when they have done wrong, it sets itself as powerfully against them. The height of Dover Cliffs would prevent a man from jumping into the sea; but once amid the thunder of the waves, and what chance would there be for him to climb the steep?—H. W. BEECHER.

SENTIMENTALISM.—Defined.

Sentimentalism is that state in which a man speaks deep and true, not because he feels things strongly, but because he perceives that they are beautiful, and that it is touching and fine to say them—things which he fain would feel, and fancies that he does feel.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

SEPTEMBER.—The Month of

We watch the summer leaves and flowers decay,

And feel a sadness o'er the spirit thrown,
As if the beauty fading fast away

From Nature's scenes, would leave our hearts more lone,

More desolate, when sunny hours are gone,—

And much of joy from outward things we find,

But more from treasures that may be our own,

Through winter's storm, the higher hopes of mind,—

The trust which soars from earth—earth has no chains to bind.—PEABODY.

SERMON.—The Definition of a

It is not an essay read before a selection of judges; nor a paper in a review to amuse or to give instruction upon some secular topic. It deals with things sacred, eternal, spiritual, of inexhaustible value; it is an address to the intellect, the heart, the conscience; whose design is to persuade, to instruct, or to comfort; the preacher showing all the humility of the Christian, all the candour of the reasoner, all the sympathy of the man; endeavouring to say little of himself, but to stand by, and let reason and Scripture argue and persuade for him.—CUMMING.

SERMON.—A Long

Nothing can justify a long sermon. If it be a good one, it need not be long; and

if it be a bad one, it ought not to be long.
—LAMONT.

SERMON.—Making a

One of the most important considerations in making a sermon is to disembarass it as much as possible. The sermons of the last century were like their large, unwieldy chairs. Men have now a far more true idea of a chair. They consider it as a piece of furniture to sit upon, and they cut away from it everything that embarrasses and encumbers it. It requires as much reflection and wisdom to know what is not to be put into a sermon as what is.—R. CECIL.

SERMON.—The Result of a

Some years ago, a vessel which was blessed with a pious chaplain, and was bound to a distant part of the world, happened to be detained by contrary winds, over a Sabbath, at the Isle of Wight. The chaplain improved the opportunity to preach to the inhabitants. His text was—"Be clothed with humility." Among his hearers was a thoughtless girl, who had come to show her fine dress, rather than to be instructed. The sermon was the means of her conversion. Her name was Elizabeth Wallbridge, the celebrated DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER, whose interesting history, by the Rev. Legh Richmond, has been printed in various languages, and widely circulated, to the spiritual benefit of thousands. What a reward was this for a single sermon preached "out of season!"—ARVINE.

SERVANT.—The Domestic

Her humble lot is recognized amid the provisions and commands of the Law, and was announced and defended by the thunders of Mount Sinai.—J. A. JAMES.

SERVANT.—A Faithful

At the unjust banishment of the famous Barthélemy, it is said, his servant Le Tellier came running up, just as his master was getting into the carriage, with an order from the Directory, permitting him to accompany his master. He delivered it to Augereau, who, having read it, said—"You are determined, then, to share the fate of these men who are lost for ever? Whatever events await them, be assured they will never return." "My mind is made up," answered Le Tellier; "I shall be but too happy to share the misfortunes of my master." "Well, then," replied Augereau; "go, fanatic, and perish with him!" at the same time adding—"Soldiers, let this man be watched as closely as those miscreants." Le Tellier

threw himself on his knees before his master, who was but too happy at this awful moment to press so affectionate a friend to his bosom.—BUCK.

SERVANT.—A Good

A good servant is a real God-send; but, truly, it is a rare bird in the land.—LUTHER.

SERVANTS.—Conduct toward

Expect not more from servants than is just; Reward them well if they observe their trust;

Nor them with cruelty or pride invade,
Since God and Nature them our brothers made.
DENHAM.

SERVANTS.—Pious

Many a precious stone lies neglected upon the ground, but nevertheless continues to be a precious stone. The pearl oyster is rough and unsightly on the outside, but beautiful and bright within, and precious for what it contains. Even so pious servants are often humble and despised in the world's eyes, but great in God's.—SCRIVER.

SERVICE.—Free

God counts that free service which love dictates, and not necessity.—ST. AUGUSTINE.

SERVICE.—Lamenting the Lack of

If I had served my God as faithfully as my king, He would not thus have forsaken me.—CARDINAL WOLSEY.

SERVICE.—Motives to

To serve man's necessity is charitable; to serve his conveniency is warrantable; to serve his iniquity is blameable; but to serve his purity is honourable.—W. SECKER.

SERVICE.—The Reward of

But, go to! Thy love
Shall chant itself its own beatitudes,
After its own life-working. A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.

MRS. BROWNING.

SERVILITY.—A Contrast in

When I went to the Palace, I alighted at the grand staircase; I was received by the sticks gold and silver, and other officers of the household, who called in sonorous tones from landing to landing, and apartment to apartment—"Room for the Lord High

Chancellor of England." I entered the presence-chamber ; I gave the seals to her Majesty ; I had the honour of kissing her hand ; I left the apartment by another door, and found myself on a back staircase, down which I descended without any one taking any notice of me, until, as I was looking for my carriage at the outer door, a lackey bustled up, and with a patronizing air, said — "Lord Lyndhurst, can I do anything for you?"—LYNDHURST.

SERVILITY.—The Irksomeness of

There is nothing to me more irksome than to hear weak and servile people repeat with admiration every silly speech that falls from a person of mere rank and fortune. The nonsense grows more nauseous through the medium of their admiration, and shows the venality of vulgar tempers, which can consider Fortune as the goddess of wit. — SHENSTONE.

SEVERITY—Allowable.

Severity is allowable where gentleness has no effect.—CORNEILLE.

SEWING—Characterized.

Sewing is a sort of secret handwriting, peculiar to women. Many a strange history, many a life's poem, has been traced in thread by the needle, hemmed into sheets, darned into stockings to be trodden under a thankless foot, stitched into wreathings of flowers and garlands. Every day these records are written, but never read. Characters marked in invisible ink will lie hidden in blank parchment, unsuspected, for years, and at last the breath of fire, like the touch of a wizard, will call them to light, and deliver their message. But no sage will ever translate the histories traced by the needle, of patience, of heroism, of passion, and anguish. How they are written and stored, these poems ! Every household has its stores of such family archives. In the linen chests they lie ; on the shelves of deep presses ; in the drawers strewn with lavender. In the wardrobe hung with dresses, in the cupboard with mended hose ; in the locked drawer where the little trousseau is arranged, smooth and orderly, of the baby who died ; in the trunks, packed between laughing and crying, of the bride who will shortly go forth. If a light were suddenly given to read these hidden writings, what wild revelations, what beautiful lessons, what outpourings of joy, what majestic examples of endurance would not startle the world, and make it blush for the affectations it treasures in staring print !—DICKENS.

SEXES.—Improvement in the

No improvement that takes place in either of the sexes can possibly be confined

to itself ; each is a universal mirror to each ; and the respective refinement of the one will always be in reciprocal proportion to the polish of the other.—COLTON.

SEXTON.—The Callousness of a

See yonder maker of the dead man's bed—

The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle !

Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole

A gentle tear.

R. BLAIR.

SEXTON. - The Grave of a

The glow-worm loves her emerald light to shed,

Where now the sexton rests his hoary head :

Oft as he turned the green sward with his spade,

He lectured every youth that round him played ;

And, calmly pointing where our fathers lay,

Roused us to rival each—the hero of his day.

S. ROGERS.

SHADE.—A Delightful

Refreshing change ! where now the blazing sun ?

By short transition we have lost his glare, And stepp'd at once into a cooler clime.

How airy and how light the graceful arch, Yet awful as the consecrated roof

Re-echoing pious anthems ! while beneath The chequer'd earth seems restless as a flood

Brush'd by the wind. So sportive is the light

Shot through the boughs, it dances as they dance,

Shadow and sunshine intermingling quick, And darkening and enlightening, as the leaves

Play wanton every moment, every spot.

COWPER.

SHADOWS.—The Effect of

Shadows to-night

Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard

Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,

Arm'd in proof.

SHAKSPEARE.

SHADOWS.—Kissing

Some there be that shadows kiss ;
Such have but a shadow's bliss.

SHAKSPEARE.

SHAKSPEARE—Eulogized.

He was not of an age, but for all time !
Sweet swan of Avon !—JONSON.

SHAKSPEARE—Eulogized.

Shakspeare had perceptions of every kind ; he could think *every* way. His mind might be compared to that monster the prophet saw in his vision, which had *eyes all over*.—FOSTER.

Far from the sun and summer-gale
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty Mother did unveil
Her awful face : the dauntless child
Stretched forth his little arms and smiled.
This pencil take (she said), whose colours
clear

Richly paint the vernal year ;
Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal boy !
This can unlock the gates of joy ;
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic
tears. T. GRAY.

SHAME—Abhorred.

Shame is that which ambitious nature
abhors.—W. SECKER.

SHAME.—Definitions of

A painful sensation excited by a consciousness of guilt, or having done something which injures reputation.—DR. WEBSTER.

It is Nature's hasty conscience.—MARIA
EDGEWORTH.

SHAME.—The Memory of

The vintage of a hundred years
Will never slake the memory of shame.
P. J. BAILEY.

SHAME.—Shamelessness Added to

He that blushes not at his crime, but
adds shamelessness to shame, has nothing
left to restore him to virtue.—BP. TAYLOR.

SHAME.—Superior to

Studious to please, yet not ashamed to fail.
DR. JOHNSON.

SHAMROCK.—Claiming the

Says Valour—"See,
They spring for me,
Those leafy gems of morning !"
Says Love—"No, no ;
For me they grow,
My fragrant path adorning."
But Wit perceives
The triple leaves,
And cries—"Oh, do not sever
A type that blends
Three God-like friends—
Love, Valour, Wit—for ever !"
O the Shamrock,—the green, immortal
Shamrock !

Chosen leaf

Of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock !

T. MOORE.

SHAMROCK.—St. Patrick and the

When St. Patrick first preached the Christian faith in Ireland, before a powerful chief and his people, when he spoke of one God, and of the Trinity, the chief asked how one could be in three. St. Patrick, instead of attempting a theological definition of the faith, thought a simple image would best serve to enlighten a simple people, and, stooping to the earth, he plucked from the green sod a *shamrock*, and holding up the trefoil before them, he bid them there behold one in three. The chief, struck by the illustration, asked at once to be baptized, and all his sept followed his example.—LOVER.

SHEEP.—The Uses of the

Certainly, if created specially for his use, though the pride of the herald might prevent him from selecting it as in aught typical of the human race, it would yet not be easy to instance a family of animals that has ministered more extensively to his necessities. I refer to the sheep,—that soft and harmless creature that clothes civilized man everywhere in the colder latitudes with its fleece,—that feeds him with its flesh,—that gives its bowels to be spun into the catgut with which he refits his musical instruments,—whose horns he has learned to fashion into a thousand useful trinkets,—and whose skin, converted into parchment, served to convey to later times the thinking of the first full blow of the human intellect across the dreary gulf of the middle ages.—H. MILLER.

SHEEP-SHEARING.—The Excitement of

In one diffusive band,
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a
dog
Compell'd to where the mazy-running
brook
Forms a deep pool ; this bank abrupt and
high,
And that fair-spreading in a pebbled shore,
Urged to the giddy brink ; much is the
toil,
The clamour much, of men, and boys, and
dogs,
Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly sides. And oft the
swain,
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in :
Embolden'd, then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing
wave,
And, panting, labour to the farther shore

Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd
fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively
haunt
The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream ;
Heavy and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmless race : where, as
they spread
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
Only disturbed, and wondering what this
wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud com-
plaints
The country fill ; and, toss'd from rock to
rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
At last, of snowy white, the gathered flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumerable press'd,
Head above head : and, ranged in lusty
rows,
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding
shears,
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy
stores,
With all her gay-dress'd maids attending
round.
One chief, in gracious dignity enthroned,
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and
rays
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-
king :
While the glad circle round them yield their
souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no
gall.
Meantime their joyous task goes on apace ;
Some, mingling stir the melted tar, and
some,
Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving
side,
To stamp the master's cypher ready stand ;
Others th' unwilling wether drag along :
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy
Holds by the twisted horns the indignant
ram.
Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft
By needy man, that all-depending lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild creature
lies ;
What softness in its melancholy face,
What dumb complaining innocence appears !
Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you waved ;
No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided
shears,
Who having now, to pay his annual care,
Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous
load,
Will send you bounding to your hills again.

J. THOMSON.

SHELL.—The Formation of a

A shell, whether simple or complicated
in contour or colour, is the aggregate result

of the functional operation of numberless
minute membranous cells, the largest of
which does not exceed one-hundredth of an
inch in diameter, and in the majority of
instances is less than one-thousandth of an
inch. In the cavities of these microscopic
chambers is deposited a crystalline carbonate
of lime, which gives compactness to the
beautiful dwelling-house, or rather coat of
mail, that protects the tender mollusc. How
astonishing is the reflection—that myriads of
exactly similar and exceedingly minute or-
gans should so work in combination, that
the result of their labours should present an
edifice rivalling, nay, exceeding, in com-
plexity, yet order of detail and perfection
of elaborate finish, the finest palaces ever
constructed by man !—JESSE.

SHELLS.—The Non-Extinction of

Not a single shell seems to have become
extinct during the last six thousand years !
—H. MILLER.

SHEPHERD.—The Care of a

Ah, gentle shepherd ! thine the lot to tend,
Of all that feel distress, the most assail'd,
Feeble, defenceless : lenient be thy care ;
But spread around thy tend'rest diligence
In flow'ry spring-time, when the new-dropt
lamb,
Tott'ring with weakness by his mother's
side,
Feels the fresh world about him ; and each
thorn,
Hillock, or furrow, trips his feeble feet :
Oh, guard his meek sweet innocence from
all
Th' innumerable ills that rush around his
life !
Mark the quick kite, with beak and talons
prone,
Circling the skies to snatch him from the
plain ;
Observe the lurking crows, beware the
brake,
There the sly fox the careless minute waits ;
Nor trust thy neighbour's dog, nor earth
nor sky ;
Thy bosom to a thousand cares divide.
Eurus oft slings his hail : the tardy fields
Pay not their promised food ; and oft the
dam
O'er her weak twins with empty udder
mourns,
Or fails to guard, when the bold bird of
prey
Alights, and hops in many turns around,
And tires her also turning : to her aid
Be nimble, and the weakest, in thine arms,
Gently convey to the warm cot, and oft
Between the lark's note and the nightin-
gale's,
His hungry bleating still with tepid milk :

In this soft office may thy children join,
And charitable actions learn in sport.
Nor yield him to himself, ere vernal airs
Sprinkle thy little croft with daisy flowers :
Nor yet forget him : life has rising ills.

DYER.

SHEPHERD.—The Happy

Thrice, oh, thrice happy, shepherd's life
and state !

When courts are happiness' unhappy pawns !
His cottage low, and safely humble gate,
Shuts out proud Fortune with her scorns
and fawns :

No feared treason breaks his quiet sleep,
Singing all day, his flocks he learns to
keep ;

Himself as innocent as are his simple sheep.

P. FLETCHER.

SHILLING.—Having a

Happy the man who, void of care and strife,
In silken or leathern purse retains
A splendid shilling.—J. PHILIPS.

SHIP—Becalmed.

Four days becalmed the vessel thus remains,
And yet no hopes of aiding wind obtains ;
For sickening vapours lull the air to sleep,
And not a breeze awakes the silent deep.

FALCONER.

SHIP.—The Captain of a

The stately ship, with all her daring band,
To skilful Albert owned the chief com-
mand ;

Though trained in boisterous elements, his
mind

Was yet by soft humanity refined :
Each joy of wedded love at home he knew ;
Abroad confessed the father of his crew !
Brave, liberal, just—the calm domestic scene
Had o'er his temper breathed a gay serene.

Him Science taught, by mystic lore, to trace
The planets wheeling in eternal race :
To mark the ship in floating balance held,
By earth attracted and by seas repelled ;
Or point her devious track through climes
unknown,

That leads to every shore and every zone ;
He saw the moon through heaven's blue
concave glide,

And into motion charm th' expanding tide ;
While earth impetuous round her axle rolls,
Exalts her watery zone, and sinks the poles ;
Light and attraction, from their genial
source,

He saw still wandering with diminished
force ;

While, on the margin of declining day,
Night's shadowy cone reluctant melts away.
Inured to peril, with unconquered soul
The chief beheld tempestuous oceans roll ;

O'er the wild surge, when dismal shades
preside,

His equal skill the lonely bark could guide ;
His genius, ever for th' event prepared,
Rose with the storm, and all its dangers
shared.

FALCONER.

SHIP.—The Convict

Morn on the waters ! and, purple and bright
Bursts on the billows the flashing of light ;
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on ;
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennon streams onward, like hope,
in the gale ;

The winds come around her, and murmur
and song,

And the surges rejoice as they bear her
along.

See ! she looks up to the golden-edged
clouds,

And the sailor sings gaily aloft in her
shrouds :

Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,
Over the waters, away and away !

Bright as the visions of youth ere they part,
Passing away, like a dream of the heart !

Who, as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
Music around her, and sunshine on high,

Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
Oh ! there be hearts that are breaking below.

Night on the waves ! and the moon is on
high,

Hung like a gem on the brow of the sky,
Treading its depths in the power of her
might,

And turning the clouds, as they pass her,
to light ;

Look to the waters ! asleep on their breast,
Seems not the ship like an island of rest ?

Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart-cherish'd home on some deso-
late plain !

Who, as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of
night,

Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty,—could deem, with
a sigh,

That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And souls that are smitten lie bursting
within !

Who, as he watches her silently gliding,
Remembers that wave after wave is divid-
ing

Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not
sever,

Hearts that are parted and broken for
ever ?

Or dreams that he watches, afloat on the
wave,

The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's
grave ?

T. K. HERVEY.

SHIP.—The Definition of a

A prison, with the chance of being drowned.—DR. JOHNSON.

SHIP.—The Disadvantages of a

A ship is worse than a jail. There is, in a jail, better air, better company, better conveniency of every kind ; and a ship has the additional disadvantage of being in danger. When men come to like a sea-life, they are not fit to live on land. Men go to sea, before they know the unhappiness of that way of life ; and when they have come to know it, they cannot escape from it, because it is then too late to choose another profession ; as indeed is generally the case with men when they have once engaged in any particular way of life.—DR. JOHNSON.

SHIP—Sailing.

Upon the gale she stoop'd her side,
And bounded o'er the swelling tide,
As she were dancing home ;
The merry seamen laugh'd to see
Their gallant ship so lustily
Furrow the green sea-foam.

SIR W. SCOTT.

SHIP—under Weigh.

The tide is in, the breeze is fair,
The vessel under weigh ;
The gallant prow glides swiftly on,
And throws aside the spray :
The tranquil ocean, mirror-like,
Reflects the deep blue skies ;
And, pointing to the destin'd course,
The straighten'd pennon flies.

T. H. BAYLY.

SHIPBOARD.—Night on

To one unaccustomed to such scenes this is a very striking time on shipboard. Afterwards, and when its novelty had long worn off, it never ceased to have a peculiar interest and charm for me. The gloom through which the great black mass holds its direct and certain course ; the rushing water, plainly heard, but dimly seen ; the broad, white, glistening track that follows in the vessel's wake ; the men on the look-out forward, who would be scarcely visible against the dark sky, but for their blotting out some score of glistening stars. The helmsman at the wheel, with the illuminated card before him, shining, a speck of light amidst the darkness, like something sentient, and of divine intelligence ; the melancholy sighing of the wind through block, and rope, and chain ; the gleaming forth of light from every crevice, nook, and tiny piece of glass about the decks, as though the ship were filled with fire in hiding, ready to burst through any outlet,

wild with its resistless power of death and ruin. At first, too, and even when the hour, and all the objects which it exalts, have come to be familiar, it is difficult, alone and thoughtful, to hold them to their proper shapes and forms. They change with the wandering fancy : assume the semblance of things left far away : put on the well-remembered aspect of favourite places dearly loved ; and even people them with shadows. Streets, houses, rooms ; figures so like their usual occupants that they have startled me by their reality, which far exceeded, as it seemed to me, all power of mine to conjure up the absent ; have, many and many a time, at such an hour, grown suddenly out of objects with whose real look, and use, and purpose, I was as well acquainted as with my own two hands.—DICKENS.

SHIP-CABIN.—A

The cradle of the rude imperious surge.

SHAKESPEARE.

SHIPWRECK.—The Description of a

It comes ! the dire catastrophe draws near,
Lashed furious on by Destiny severe :
The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,

Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar
beneath !

In vain the cords and axes were prepared,
For every wave now smites the quivering
yard :

High o'er the ship they throw a dreadful
shade,

Then on her burst in terrible cascade ;

Across the foundered deck o'erwhelming
roar,

And foaming, swelling, bound upon the
shore.

Swift up the mounting billow now she
flies,

Her shattered top half buried in the skies ;
Borne o'er a latent reef the hull impends,
Then thundering on the marble crags de-
scends ;

Her ponderous bulk the dire concussion
feels,

And o'er upheaving surges wounded reels—
Again she plunges ! hark ! a second shock
Bilges the splitting vessel on the rock.—
Down on the vale of death, with dismal
cries,

The fated victims shuddering cast their
eyes

In wild despair : while yet another stroke,
With strong convulsion rends the solid
oak :

Ah, Heaven !—behold her crashing ribs
divide !

She loosens, parts, and spreads in ruin o'er
the tide.

FALCONER.

SHIP-WRECKED.—The

When she took the ground,
 She went to pieces like a lock of hay.
 Tossed from a pitchfork. Ere it came to
 that,
 The captain reeled on deck with two small
 things,
 One in each arm—his little lad and lass :
 Their hair was long, and blew before his
 face,
 Or else we thought he had been saved ; he
 fell,
 But held them fast. The crew, poor luck-
 less souls !
 The breakers licked them off ; and some
 were crushed,
 Some swallowed in the yeast, some flung
 up dead,
 The dear breath beaten out of them : not
 one
 Jumped from the wreck upon the reef to
 catch
 The hands that strained to reach, but
 tumbled back
 With eyes wide open.—INGELOW.

**SHOULDER.—The Seat of Strength
in the**

The shoulder is the seat of strength in
 the human frame. A man can bear more
 there than on any other part of his body.
 Hence, concerning a man who has much
 depending upon him—many weighty trans-
 actions and serious responsibilities—it is a
 common proverbial saying, that “he has a
 great deal upon his shoulders.”—DEAN
 M’NEILE.

SHOWER.—Foretelling a

Careful observers may foretell the hour,
 By sure prognostic, when to dread a shower.
 DEAN SWIFT.

SHOWERS.—April

Down, down they come—those fruitful
 stores !

Those earth-rejoicing drops !
 A momentary deluge pours,
 Then thins, decreases, stops.

And ere the dimples on the stream
 Have circled out of sight,
 Lo ! from the west a parting gleam
 Breaks forth of amber light.

But yet behold—abrupt and loud,
 Comes down the glittering rain ;
 The farewell of a passing cloud,
 The fringes of her train.—CHAUCER.

SHYNESS—no Virtue.

A shy person not only *feels* pain, and
gives pain ; but, what is the worst, he
 incurs blame, for want of that rational and
 manly confidence, which is so useful to those

who possess it, and so pleasant to those
 who witness it. I am severe against shy-
 ness, because it looks like a virtue without
being a virtue, and because it gives us false
 notions of what the *real* virtue is.—S.
 SMITH.

SICKNESS.—Good Derived from

Health and the sun have been always
 sung and praised ; I will now celebrate
 sickness and shade. I will celebrate thee,
 bodily sickness, when thou layest thy hand
 on the head and heart of man, and sayest
 to the sufferings of his spirit—“Enough !”
 Thou art called on earth an evil ; ah ! how
 often art thou a good, a healing balsam,
 under whose benign influence the soul
 rests after its hard struggles, and its wild
 storms are still ! More than once hast
 thou prevented suicide, and preserved from
 madness. The terrible, the bitter words
 which destroy the heart are by degrees
 obliterated during the feverish dreams of
 illness ; the terrors which lately seemed so
 near us are drawn away into the distance ;
 we forget—God be thanked !—we forget ;
 and when, at last, we arise with exhausted
 strength from the sick-bed, our souls often
 awake, as out of a long night, into a new
 morning. So many things, during the ill-
 ness of the body, conspire to soften the
 feelings ; the still room—the mild twilight
 through the window—curtains—the low
 voices—and then, more than all, the kind
 words of those who surround us—their at-
 tention—their solicitude—perhaps a tear
 in their eyes—all this does us good—does
 us essential good ; and when the wise
 Solomon enumerated all the good things
 which have their time upon earth, he forgot
 to celebrate sickness among the rest.—
 BREMER.

SICKNESSES.—Long-continued

Sicknesses, particularly if they are of long
 continuance, are years of apprenticeship for
 the art of living, and the forming of the
 mind.—NOVALIS.

SIDE.—A Doubtful and a Safe

In every question of conduct, where one
 side is doubtful, and the other side safe, we
 are bound to take the safe side.—ADN.
 PALEY.

SIDES.—Hear both

Hear one side, and you will be in the
 dark ; hear both sides, and all will be clear.
 —HALIBURTON.

SIGH.—A

What is a sigh ? A sunny thought
 Of childhood clouded by a care ;—

SIGHT.

A hope of disappointment wrought :—
A lover's wish ;—a sinner's prayer ;—
Man's heritage !—an inward fight
Prolong'd beyond the spirit's power ;—
A breath which bears the soul to light
When sadly closes life's dark hour.

S. G. GOODRICH.

SIGHT.—The Sense of

The author of the Book of Ecclesiastes has told us that "the light is sweet, and it is a pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the sun." The sense of sight is indeed the highest bodily privilege, the purest physical pleasure, which man has derived from his Creator.—S. SMITH.

SIGHTS.—The Abidance of

Sights, as they come sooner to the eye than sounds to the ear, so they abide longer : audible words are more transient, visible words more permanent.—P. GOODWIN.

SILENCE.—The Advantage of

I hear other men's imperfections, and conceal my own.—ZENO.

SILENCE.—Approval by

Silence gives consent.—GOLDSMITH.

SILENCE.—The Eloquence of

Ambassadors were sent to Rome from the cities of Greece, to complain of the injuries done them by Philip, King of Macedon ; and when the affair was discussed in the Senate, betwixt Demetrius, the son of Philip, and the ambassadors, Demetrius was so overcome with the truth of their representations, that he could make no defence, but *blushed exceedingly*. The Senate, less moved by the eloquence of the ambassadors than by the still more eloquent silence of Demetrius, dismissed the complaint.—PERCY.

SILENCE.—Enforced

The youthful warrior heard with silent woe ;

From his fair eyes the tears began to flow ;
Big with the mighty grief he strove to say
What sorrow dictates, but no words found way.

POPE.

SILENCE—when with God.

Calm and dewy as the soft stillness of the summer-night is the silence into which we are led, when at last we yield ourselves wholly to God. Then indeed we enter into rest. Then heat is quenched in sacred coolness, and anger sinks into shame, and wilfulness yokes itself to the car of duty, and perfect love casteth out fear!—DR. RALEIGH.

SILENCE.

SILENCE—Invoked.

Still-born Silence ! thou that art
Flood-gate of the deeper heart !
Offspring of a heavenly kind !
Frost o' the mouth, and thaw o' the mind !
Secrecy's confidant, and he
Who makes religion mystery !
Admiration's speaking'st tongue !
Leave thy desert shades among
Reverend hermits' hallow'd cells,
Where retired devotion dwells !
With thy enthusiasms come,
Seize our tongues, and strike us dumb !

FLECKNOE.

SILENCE.—The Mind Mended in

In silence mend what ills deform thy mind ;
But all thy good impart to all thy kind.

STIRLING.

SILENCE.—A Month's

There was no new speculation in the clubs and coteries of London respecting the maiden speech of the new member, Lord Brougham. From his impetuous and impatient temperament, it was expected that he would burst out with a flaming oration the very night he took his seat. But to astonish his friends, and to prove to the world his forbearance and self-control, he had made a vow that he would be silent for a month. Having actually kept this vow in the midst of many temptations to break it, he thought he had acquired a sufficient character for taciturnity to last him during the rest of his life, and it was remarked that for the future he never was in his place a whole evening in either house of parliament without regularly or irregularly more than once taking part in the discussions.—LORD CAMPBELL.

SILENCE.—A Region of

The region we had lately passed seemed nearly destitute of human beings. The brute creation also had deserted the shores ; the tracks of deer were no longer to be seen ; nor was there an aquatic bird on the whole extent of the canal ; animated nature seemed nearly exhausted ; and her awful silence was only now and then interrupted by the croaking of a raven, the breathing of a seal, or the scream of an eagle. Even these solitary sounds were so seldom heard, that the rustling of the breeze along the shore, assisted by the solemn silence that prevailed, gave rise to ridiculous suspicions in our seamen, of hearing rattlesnakes and other hideous monsters in the wilderness, which was composed of the productions already mentioned, but which appeared to grow with infinitely less vigour than we had been accustomed to witness.—VAN- COUVER.

SILENCE.—The Response of

Silence is the safest response for all the contradiction that arises from impertinence, vulgarity, or envy.—ZIMMERMAN.

SILENCE.—The Worth of

Silence is the understanding of fools, and one of the virtues of the wise.—BONNARD.

SIMILITUDE AND COMPARISON.

The distinction between similitude and comparison is—that the former has reference to the *quality*, the latter to the *quantity*. Comparison is between more or less; similitude is between good and bad. Hannibal—hung like a tempest on the declivities of the Alps—is a likeness by similitude. The sublimity of the Scriptural Prophets exceeds that of Homer as much as thunder is louder than a whisper, is a likeness by comparison.—J. Q. ADAMS.

SIMPLETON.—The Advice of a

A simpleton sometimes gives important advice.—BOILEAU.

SIMPLICITY.—Affected

Affected simplicity is a subtle deception.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

SIMPLICITY.—Majesty in

There is a majesty in simplicity which is far above the quaintness of wit.—POPE.

SIMPLICITY—in Nature and Art.

Simplicity
Is Nature's first step, and the last of Art.
P. J. BAILEY.

SIMULATION—sometimes Beneficial.

Though an ill mind appear in simulation,
And, for the most part, such quality
offends ;
'Tis plain that this in many a situation
Is found to further beneficial ends,
And save from blame, and danger, and
vexation ;
Since we converse not always with our
friends,
In this, less clear than crowded, mortal
life,
Beset with snares, and full of envious strife.
ARIOSTO.

SIN.—The Curse of

O Sin ! how hast thou curst us ! Thou
hast thrown up a barrier between ourselves
and God ; with thy chilling breath thou
hast extinguished the light of our house-
hold joys ; thou hast unstrung our harp,
and filled the air with discordant cries ;
thou hast unsheathed the sword, and
bathed it in human blood ; thou hast dug

every grave in the bosom of the fair earth ;
but for thee we should not have known the
name of widow, or orphan, tear and sigh,
sorrow and death ; but for thee our hearts
had been untorn by a pang, and our joy
pure as the ecstasies of heaven !—DR.
PARKER.

SIN.—Custom in

Crows are fair with crows ;
Custom in sin gives sin a lovely dye ;
Blackness in Moors is no deformity.
DECKER.

SIN.—The Death of

There is nothing so hard to die as sin.
An atom may kill a giant, a word may
break the peace of a nation, a spark burn
up a city ; but it requires earnest and pro-
tracted struggles to destroy sin in the soul.
—DR. THOMAS.

SIN.—Death Preferred to

I fear nothing in this world more than
sin ; and whatever liberties I have formerly
taken, I would rather now submit to be
torn to pieces by wild beasts, than know-
ingly or willingly commit any sin against
God.—GODOMAR.

SIN.—Defined.

It is the voluntary departure of a moral
agent from the known rule of rectitude or
duty prescribed by God ; or, in the briefer
phrase of Scripture, it is " the transgression
of the law."—DR. THOMPSON.

SIN.—The Denial of Original

A pious minister, having preached on
the doctrine of original sin, was afterwards
waited on by some persons who stated their
objections to what he had advanced. After
hearing them, he said—" I hope you do not
deny actual sin, too ? " " No," they replied.
The good man expressed his satisfaction at
their acknowledgment ; but to show the
folly of their opinions in denying a doc-
trine so plainly taught in Scripture, he
asked them—" Did you ever see a tree grow-
ing without a root ?"—J. G. WILSON.

SIN.—The Fear of

When Eudocia angrily threatened St.
Chrysostom with banishment, he calmly
replied—" Go, tell her I fear nothing but
sin."—W. SECKER.

SIN.—The Forgiveness of

When God forgives sin, He does it in-
stantly, freely, fully, everlastingly.—DR.
DAVIES.

SIN.—A Little

Know assuredly that nothing in or about
sin can be—except in the relation of words

—“little;” that sin is and ever must be sin, and sin only, and sin absolutely, and sin eternally. The smallest neglected spark of fire has flashed out into a conflagration; the smallest neglected leak has sunk the proudest ship; the smallest neglected sickness has “brought down” to the grave; and the smallest consciously neglected, unconfessed, and *therefore* unpardoned sin will lose you, O man! O woman! thy soul!—GROSART.

SIN.—The Means of Mortifying

Five persons were studying what were the best means to mortify sin: one said—to meditate on death; the second—to meditate on judgment; the third—to meditate on the joys of heaven; the fourth—to meditate on the torments of hell; the fifth—to meditate on the blood and sufferings of Jesus Christ; and certainly the last is the choicest and strongest motive of all.—T. BROOKS.

SIN.—A Question regarding

At a missionary station among the Hotentots, the question was proposed—“Do we possess anything that we have not received of God?” A little girl of five years old immediately answered—“Yes, *sin*.”—ARVINE.

SIN.—Sins will Follow a

Where one sin has entered, legions will force their way through the same breach.—PROF. ROGERS.

SIN.—No Sorrow too Intense for

Think of the grand harmony of the moral universe, all deranged by this vile discord of evil; think of the disturbing element, which has not only smitten the earth with a curse, and plunged its inhabitants under the shadow of a terrible penalty, but which dashes like an angry breaker against the throne of the Divine, intercepting God’s complacency in the perfection of the creatures that He has made; think of a taint so thorough, and a taint so general, that it can be eradicated only by a new expient of mercy, that it can be healed only by an exhausting of the very fulness of heaven; think of God’s outraged honour and violated law; think of your own neglected opportunity and forfeited privilege, and then say if any sorrow can be too intense and too absorbing, whether it moan in speechless agony, or whether it charge the head with waters, and turn the eyes into a fountain of tears.—PUNSHON.

SIN.—The Terribleness of

Ah! sin is a terrible thing, whether it ripens a city for divine vengeance, or

whether it only ruins a soul! No night can be so dark as its shadow: no misery so bitter as that which it breeds: no earthly misfortune so appalling as the stupendous and remediless disaster in which it ends; for “sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.”—DR. RALEIGH.

SIN.—The Universality of

The existence of sin; of sin, as an acknowledged fact—of sin as an acknowledged evil which has not only tainted the nature, but which has poured its corruption upon every part of every man; found everywhere, alike in the crowded city-streets, and among the scantier tribes of the Savannah; alike where refinement and civilization gild and soften crime, and where in the swarthy bearded Druse it reigns tameless as the pennon that flutters upon the lance of his djeered; alike in sordid man and lost woman, in generous youth and smiling babe—in all circumstances, in all countries, in all parallels of latitude, in all diversities of language, there is no escape, and there is no exception from this disastrous uniformity of evil. The fountain has been corrupted, and the streams of necessity must flow polluted and impure. Every mouth must be stopped, for all the world is guilty before God.—PUNSHON.

SINAI.—Mount

Standing in the midst of some of the most desolate scenery in the world, Mount Sinai lifts its huge form into the heavens like some monster slumbering in conscious strength. Its bald and naked summit, its barren and rocky sides, and all its sombre features, correspond perfectly to the surrounding scene. It is a wild and desolate spot; and were there even no associations connected with it, the loneliness and gloom that surround it would arrest the traveller, and cause him to shudder as he pitched his tent under its shadow. But Mount Sinai has associations that render it chief among the Sacred Mountains. The moral,—the divine instructions given to man from its summit, are, of course, the things of prime importance; but I speak only of the outward scenes amid which they were imparted. Behold the white tents of Israel, scattered like snow-flakes at the base of that treeless, barren mountain! Moses has declared to that mighty population that on the third morning the eternal God is to place His feet thereon. At length the morning comes, and that vast encampment is filled with the murmur of the moving multitude, all turned anxiously to distant Sinai. And lo! a solitary cloud comes

drifting along the sky, and catches against the top of the mountain. Suddenly the thunder began to speak from its depths, and the fierce lightning traversed its bosom, gleaming and flashing from every part of it. That cloud was God's pavilion; the thunder was its sentinels, and the lightning the lances' points as they moved round the sacred trust. Amid the incessant firing of heaven's artillery, suddenly from out of the bosom of that cloud came a single trumpet blast: not like the thrilling music of a thousand trumpets that herald the shock of cavalry, but one solitary clarion note with no sinking and rising swell, but an infinite sound rising in its ascension power, till the universe was filled with the strain! Suddenly the uproar ceased; and from that silent cloud came a voice more fearful than all—the voice of Jehovah calling Moses up into the mount; and there the moral law was given, and also the civil code, which men have so learnedly traced to the social compact. * * * Turned into sapphire by Jehovah's feet, consecrated by His touch, and baptized by the cloud of fire and of glory, Mount Sinai stands the third Sacred Mountain on the earth.—HEADLEY.

SINCERE.—Not Earnestly

The whole faculties of man must be exerted in order to call forth noble energies; and he who is not earnestly sincere, lives in but half his being, self-mutilated, self-paralysed.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

SINCERITY—not Appreciated.

Sincerity in this world is like gold among savages, who barter treasure for glass beads. 'Tis a costly quality, but not current money.—W. MASON.

SINCERITY—Defined.

Sincerity is to speak as we think, to do as we pretend and profess, to perform and make good what we promise, and really to be what we would seem and appear to be.—ABP. TILLOTSON.

SINCERITY.—The Show of

If the show of anything be good for anything, I am sure sincerity is better; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to?—ABP. TILLOTSON.

SINCERITY.—The Worth of

Sincerity is the basis of every virtue.—DR. BLAIR.

SINGING.—The Art of

Music in its origin is composed merely of cries of joy or expressions of grief and pain;

in proportion as men become civilized their singing advances to perfection, and that which was at first an accent of passion only becomes at length the result of art. There is, doubtless, a vast distance between the ill-articulated sounds which issue from the throat of a woman of Nova Zembla, and the *fleur-de-lis* of Mesdames Malibran and Sontag; but it is no less certain that the melodious singing of the latter has the croaking of the former for its rudiments.—FÉTIS.

SINGING.—A Happy Use of

An excellent clergyman, possessing much knowledge of human nature, instructed his large family of daughters in the theory and practice of music. They were all observed to be exceedingly amiable and happy. A friend inquired if there was any secret in his mode of education. He replied—“When anything disturbs their temper, I say to them *sing*, and if I hear them speaking against any person, I call them to sing to me; and so they have sung away all causes of discontent, and every disposition to scandal.” Such a use of this accomplishment might serve to fit a family for the company of angels. Young voices around the domestic altar, breathing sacred music at the hour of morning and evening devotion, are a sweet and touching accompaniment.—ARVINE.

SINGULARITY.—Affecting

Nothing more exposes us to madness than affecting to make ourselves different from others, and nothing assists more to maintain our common sense than a life spent in the common way amidst general society.—GOETHE.

SINGULARITY.—Desire of

If any are brave enough to desire singularity, they have only to become eminently good, or to dress after a simple fashion, and their desire is immediately realized.—DR. DAVIES.

SISTER.—The Love of a

No love is like a sister's love,
Unselfish, free, and pure—
A flame that, lighted from above,
Will guide, but ne'er allure:
It knows no form of jealous fear,
No blush of conscious guile;
Its wrongs are pardon'd through a tear,
Its hopes crown'd by a smile.—E. FRY.

SISTER.—The Mission of a

The mission of a sister ranks next to that of an angel. It is so gentle, and patient, and loving. It can accomplish great things; and often saves a soul from ruin. No dis-

appointment, or trial, can extinguish the hope which sustains its inspiration.—E. M. DAVIES.

SITTING-UP.—The Disadvantages of

There are few things more worrying than sitting-up for somebody, especially if that somebody be at a party. You cannot help thinking how quickly the time passes with them which drags so heavily with you ; and the more you think of this, the more your hopes of their speedy arrival declines. Clocks tick so loud, too, when you are sitting-up alone, and you seem as if you had an under garment of cobwebs on. First, something tickles your right knee, and then the same sensation irritates your left. You have no sooner changed your position, than it comes again in the arms ; and when you have fidgeted your limbs into all sorts of odd shapes, you have a sudden relapse in the nose, which you rub as if to rub it off. Eyes, too, are merely personal inconveniences ; and the wick of one candle gets an inch and a half long while you are snuffing the other. These, and various other little nervous annoyances, render sitting-up, for a length of time, after everybody else has gone to bed, anything but a cheerful amusement.—DICKENS.

SKILL.—The Value of

It is not the worth of the thing, but the skill in forming it, which is so highly estimated. Everything that enlarges the sphere of human powers, that shows man he can do what he thought he could not do, is valuable. The first man who balanced a straw upon his nose ; Johnson, who rode upon three horses at a time ; in short, all such men deserved the applause of mankind, not on account of the use of what they did, but of the dexterity which they exhibited.—DR. JOHNSON.

SKULL.—A Butterfly Resting on a

Creature of air and light,
Emblem of that which cannot die,
Wilt thou not speed thy flight,
To chase the south wind through the sunny sky ?
What lures thee thus to stay,
With silence and decay,
Fix'd on the wreck of dull mortality ?
The thoughts once chamber'd there
Have gather'd up their treasures and are gone :
Will the dust tell us where
They that have burst the prison-house are flown ?
Rise, nursling of the day !
If thou would'st trace their way ;
Earth has no voice to make the secret known.

Who seeks the vanish'd bird
By the forsaken nest and broken shell ?

Far hence he sings unheard,
Yet free and joyous, 'midst the woods to dwell :

Thou of the sunshine born,
Take the bright wings of morn ;
Thy hope calls heavenward from yon ruin'd cell.
HEMANS.

SKULL.—A Jester's

Here hung those lips that I have kissed
I know not how oft. Where be your gibes
now ? your gambols ? your songs ? your
flashes of merriment, that were wont to set
the table on a roar ? Not one now !—
SHAKESPEARE.

SKY.—The Beauty of the

Oft have I seen at break of day the
eastern sky clad in roseate hues, and the
rest of heaven one deep, beautiful serene.
—DANTE.

SKY.—The Characteristics of the

Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious,
sometimes awful, never the same for two
moments together ; almost human in its
passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness,
almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to
what is immortal in us is as distinct, as its
ministry of chastisement or of blessing to
what is mortal, is essential.—RUSKIN.

SKY.—A Winter's

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky !
That does not bite so nigh,
As benefits forgot :
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
SHAKESPEARE.

SKYLARK.—The

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea !
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh to abide in the desert with thee !

Wild is thy lay, and loud,
Far in the downy cloud ;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth ;
Where on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying ?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth !

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day ;
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing away !

HOGG.

SLANDER.—Conduct in Relation to

If we take the liberty to act, others will take the liberty to talk and write :—when they charge us falsely, we may laugh ; when truly, we must amend.—XIMENES.

To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it.—TENNYSON.

SLANDER.—Continually Subject to

To be continually subject to the breath of slander, will tarnish the purest virtue, as a constant exposure to the atmosphere will obscure the brightness of the finest gold ; but, in either case, the real value of both continues the same, although the currency may be somewhat impeded.—COLTON.

SLANDER.—Different Modes of

The hint malevolent, the look oblique,
The obvious satire, or implied dislike,
The sneer equivocal, the harsh reply,
And all the cruel language of the eye ;
The artful injury, whose venom'd dart
Scarce wounds the hearing while it stabs
the heart ;
The guarded phrase whose meaning kills.
H. MORE.

SLANDER—a Recommendation.

The slander of some people is as great a recommendation as the praise of others.—FIELDING.

SLANDER.—The Universality of

'Tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword ;
whose tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile ; whose
breath
Rides on the posting wind, and doth belie
All corners of the world ; kings, queens,
and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the
grave,
The viperous slander enters !
SHAKESPEARE.

SLANDER—a Vice.

Slander is a vice impure in its source, dangerous in its effects, and sometimes irreparable in its consequences. It generally strikes three mortal blows :—it wounds him who commits it, him against whom it is committed, and him who knows that it is committed. It is tolerated in society only because almost everyone has an unhappy inclination to commit it.—SAURIN.

SLANDERER.—A Sketch of the

Slander, the foulest whelp of Sin. The man

In whom this spirit entered was undone :
His tongue was set on fire of hell ; his heart

Was black as death ; his legs were faint
with haste

To propagate the lie his soul had framed ;
His pillow was the peace of families
Destroyed, the sigh of innocence reproached,
Broken friendships, and the strife of brother-
hoods,

Yet did he spare his sleep, and hear the
clock

Number the midnight watches, on his bed .
Devising mischief more ; and early rose,
And made most hellish meals of good men's
names :

From door to door you might have seen
him speed,

Or placed amidst a group of gaping fools,
And whispering in their ears with his foul
lips :

Peace fled the neighbourhood in which he
made

His haunts ; and, like a moral pestilence,
Before his breath the healthy shoots and
blooms

Of social joy and happiness decayed :
Fools only in his company were seen,
And those forsaken of God, and to them-
selves

Given up : the prudent shunned him and
his house

As one who had a deadly moral plague.
R. POLLOK.

**SLANDERERS.—The Difficulty of
Discovering**

It is Ælian's observation—how that men, being in danger to be stung by scorpions, used to place their beds in water ; yet the politic serpents have a device to reach them : they get up to the top of the house, where one takes hold, the next hangs at the end of him, a third upon the second, a fourth upon the third ; and so, making a kind of serpentine rope, they at last wound the man. And thus it is that, among slanderers, one begins to whisper, another makes it a report, a third enlargeth it to a dangerous calumny, a fourth divulgeth it for a truth : so the innocent man's good name, which, like a merchant's wealth, got in many years and lost in an hour, is maimed, and so secretly traduced, that it is hard to find out who did it.—UDALL.

SLANDERERS.—The Treatment of

I, every day, do my best endeavour, as well in my sayings as doings, to prove them untruthful.—PHILIP OF MACEDON.

SLAVE.—Taking the

'Twas night :—his babes around him lay at
rest,

Their mother slumber'd on their father's
breast :

A yell of murder rang around their bed ;
 They woke ; their cottage blazed ; the
 victims fled ;
 Forth sprang the ambush'd ruffians on their
 prey,
 They caught, they bound, they drove them
 far away ;
 The white man bought them at the mart of
 blood ;
 In pestilential barks they cross'd the flood ;
 Then were the wretched ones asunder torn
 To distant isles, to separate bondage borne :
 Denied, though sought with tears, the sad
 relief
 That misery loves,—the fellowship of grief.
 J. MONTGOMERY.

SLAVE-BROKER.—The

Lives there a savage ruder than the slave ?
 Cruel as death, insatiate as the grave,
 False as the winds that round his vessel
 blow,
 Remorseless as the gulf that yawns below,
 Is he who toils upon the wafting flood,
 A Christian broker in the trade of blood ;
 Boisterous in speech, in action prompt and
 bold,
 He buys, he sells,—he steals, he kills, for
 gold.
 At noon, when sky and ocean, calm and
 clear,
 Bend round his bark one blue unbroken
 sphere ;
 When dancing dolphins sparkle through the
 brine,
 And sunbeam circles o'er the water shine ;
 He sees no beauty in the heaven serene,
 No soul-enchancing sweetness in the scene,
 But darkly scowling at the glorious day,
 Curses the winds that loiter on their way.
 When swollen with hurricanes the billows
 rise,
 To meet the lightning midway from the
 skies ;
 When from the unburthen'd hold his shriek-
 ing slaves
 Are cast, at midnight, to the hungry waves ;
 Not for his victims strangled in the deeps,
 Not for his crimes the harden'd pirate
 weeps,
 But grimly smiling, when the storm is o'er,
 Counts his sure gains, and hurries back for
 more.
 J. MONTGOMERY.

SLAVERY.—The Evil Effects of

Slavery darkens and degrades the intellect
 —it paralyses the hand of industry—it is
 the nourisher of agonising fears and of sul-
 len revenge—it crushes the spirit of the
 bold—it belies the doctrines, it contradicts
 the precepts; it resists the power, it sets at
 defiance the sanctions of religion—it is the
 tempter, and the murderer, and the tomb of
 virtue, and either blasts the felicity of those

over whom it domineers, or forces them to
 seek for relief from their sorrows in the
 gratifications, and the mirth, and the mad-
 ness of the passing hour.—DR. A. THOM-
 SON.

**SLAVERY.—Religion and Nature
 Denounce**

Not only does the Christian Religion, but
 Nature herself cry out against the state of
 slavery.—LEO X.

SLAVERY.—The Villainousness of

The sum of all villainies.—J. WESLEY.

SLAVES—Free in England.

Slaves cannot breathe in England ; if their
 lungs
 Receive our air, that moment they are free ;
 They touch our country, and their shackles
 fall.
 COWPER.

SLEEP.—The Caprice of

Sleep is no servant of the will ;
 It has caprices of its own ;
 When courted most it lingers still,
 When most pursued 'tis swiftly gone.
 BOWRING.

SLEEP—Characteristic.

Even sleep is characteristic. How charm-
 ing are children in their lovely innocence !
 how angel-like their blooming hue ! How
 painful and anxious is the sleep and expres-
 sion in the countenance of the guilty !—
 HUMBOLDT.

SLEEP—a Divine and Beneficent Gift.

Sleep ; what a rich boon it is to frail and
 weary men ! It is one of God's purest acts
 of beneficence. He gives what He never
 needs, what He never takes. He sheds a
 sweet oblivion round and round the world,
 Himself keeping watch, while man, and
 beast, and bird, and even, in a measure,
 bud, and leaf, and blossom, take their rest.
 Sleep ; it comes to the wet sea-boy in the
 rudest hour, to the poor slave in the in-
 tervals of his hopeless toil, to the traveller
 in the forest or on the mountains, and—
 marvel of mercy !—to the sinner under the
 heavy load of his sin !—DR. RALEIGH.

SLEEP.—The Ease of

The greatest ease in life is sleep.—SIR
 W. TEMPLE.

SLEEP—Invoked.

Care-charming sleep, thou easer of all woes !
 Brother to Death ! sweetly thyself dispose
 On this afflicted prince ; fall, like a cloud,
 In gentle showers ; give nothing that is loud,
 Or painful to his slumbers ; easy, sweet,

And as a purling stream, thou son of Night !
 Pass by his troubled senses ; sing his pain,
 Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain :
 Into this prince gently, oh, gently slide,
 And kiss him into slumbers like a bride !

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

SLEEP.—King Henry's Apostrophe on

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
 Are at this hour asleep ! Sleep, gentle
 sleep !

Nature's soft nurse ! how have I frighted
 thee,

That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids
 down,

And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?

Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,

Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,

And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy
 slumber,

Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,

Under the canopies of costly state,

And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody ?

O thou dull god ! why liest thou with the
 vile,

In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly
 couch,

A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell ?

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast

Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his
 brains

In cradle of the rude imperious surge ;

And in the visitation of the winds,

Who take the ruffian billows by the top,

Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging
 them

With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery
 clouds,

That, with the hurly, death itself awakes ?

Canst thou, O partial sleep ! give thy repose

To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ;

And in the calmest and most stillest night,

With all appliances and means to boot,

Deny it to a king ? Then, happy low, lie
 down !

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

SHAKESPEARE.

SLEEP.—The Power to

Different matters are arranged in my head
 as in drawers ; I open one drawer and close
 another as I wish. I have never been kept
 awake by an involuntary pre-occupation of
 the mind. If I desire repose, I shut up all
 the drawers, and sleep. I have always
 slept when I wanted rest, and almost at
 will.—NAPOLEON I.

SLEEP.—The Proper Quantity of

From an observation of more than sixty
 years, I have learnt that man in health
 requires, at an average, from six to seven
 hours' sleep ; and healthy women a little
 more,—from seven to eight, in four-and-

twenty hours. I know this quantity of
 sleep to be most advantageous to the body
 as well as the soul. It is preferable to any
 medicine which I have known both for
 preventing and removing nervous disorders.
 —J. WESLEY.

SLEEP—Related to Death.

Death's younger brother, and so like him,
 that I never dare trust him without my
 prayers.—SIR T. BROWNE.

SLEEP.—Security in

When one asked Alexander how he could
 sleep so soundly and securely in the midst
 of danger, he told them that *Parmenio*
 watched. Oh, how securely may they
 sleep over whom He watches that never
 slumbers nor sleeps ! "I will," said David,
 "lay me down and sleep, for thou, Lord,
 makest me to dwell in safety."—VENNING.

SLEEP.—Sound

Lucius !—fast asleep ? It is no matter :

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :

Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies

Which busy care draws in the brains of
 men ;

Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

SHAKESPEARE.

SLEEP.—The Visits of

He, like the world, his ready visit pays

Where fortune smiles ; the wretched he
 forsakes :

Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,

And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

DR. E. YOUNG.

SLIDING.—The Enjoyment of

Soon as morn

Kindles, the village youngster tries his foot

Upon the frozen margin of the pool,

Fearful to venture on the slippery floor,

Lest, bursting with abrupt and hideous
 crash,

It drown his instep and his naily shoe

Drench with the chilly element below.

Bold with success, he tries a daring stroke

Along its verge, and now magnanimous

Darts o'er the fragile centre of the flood

His long resounding slide. Safe borne to
 shore,

He turns impatient, and with rushing heel

Shapes o'er the pond his parallel return.

Then round and round he leads his gliding
 team

Of schoolmates well-assured, and panting
 sport

Glow with her effort, nor bestows a
 thought

Upon the lurking peril of her game.

HURDIS.

SLIGHTS.—Petty

There are moments when petty slights are harder to bear than even a serious injury. Men have died of the festering of a gnat-bite.—DANBY.

SLOTH—Described.

Sloth lay till mid-day, turning on his couch,
Like ponderous door upon its weary hinge;
• And having rolled him out, with much ado,
And many a dismal sigh, and vain attempt,
He sauntered out, accoutred carelessly—
With half-oped, misty, unobservant eye,
Somniferous, that weighed the object down
On which its burden fell—an hour or two;
Then with a groan retired to rest again.

R. POLLOK.

SLOTH.—The Good and Evil of

Sloth, if it has prevented many crimes,
has also smothered many virtues.—COLTON.

SLOTHFUL.—The Foes of the

The slothful wretch who lives from labour
free,

Like drones, the robbers of the working bee,
Has always men and gods alike his foes
Him famine follows with her train of woes.

HESIOD.

SLOVEN.—A Christian should not be a

A Christian should never plead spirituality for being a sloven; if he be but a shoe-cleaner, he should be the best in the parish.—J. NEWTON.

SMATTERERS.—The Briskness and Pertness of

All smatterers are more brisk and pert
Than those that understand an art;
As little sparkles shine more bright
Than glowing coals that give them light.

S. BUTLER.

SMILE.—The Adornment of a

The poets make use of this metaphor when they would describe Nature in her richest dress; for beauty is never so lovely as when adorned with the smile.—MRS. STEELE.

SMILE.—The Colour of a

A smile that glowed
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue.

MILTON.

SMILE.—The Cost of a

How little does a smile cost! — LA BRUYÈRE.

SMILE.—No Idiot

Had sin not entered into the world, no idiot smile would have gathered on the face of folly to put out of countenance the man of worth! — R. POLLOK.

SMILE.—The Influence of a Beautiful

A beautiful smile is to the female countenance what the sunbeam is to the landscape:—it embellishes an inferior face, and redeems an ugly one.—LAVATER.

SMILE.—The Influence of a Disagreeable

A disagreeable smile distorts the lines of beauty, and is more repulsive than a frown.—LAVATER.

SMILES.—Illusive and Dangerous

How softly bends the bow,—it bends to kill!

Green grows the grass upon the fiery hill:
Trust not much courtesy, of smiles beware,—

The deadly arrow *singing* cleaves the air.

CALDWELL.

SNAIL.—The

Within his house secure he hides,
When danger imminent betides
Of storm, or other harm besides
Of weather.

Give but his horns the slightest touch,
His self-collecting power is such,
He shrinks into his house with much
Displeasure.

Where'er he dwells, he dwells alone,
Except himself has chattels none,
Well satisfied to be his own

Whole treasure.

Thus, hermit-like, his life he leads,
Nor partner of his banquet needs,
And, if he meets one, only feeds
The faster.

COWPER.

SNEER.—The Definition of a

A sneer is the laugh and act of a demon!
—DR. DAVIES.

SNEER.—People most Apt to

The most insignificant people are the most apt to sneer at others. They are safe from reprisals, and have no hope of rising in their own esteem but by lowering their neighbours. The severest critics are always those who have either never attempted, or who have failed in original composition.—HAZLITT.

SNOW.—Death in the

Down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguish nature
shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying
man,
His wife, his children, and his friends un-
seen.

In vain for him th' officious wife prepares

The fire fair blazing, and the vestment
warm ;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
With tears of heartless innocence. Alas !
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he
behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every
nerve
The deadly winter seizes ; shuts up sense ;
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern
blast. J. THOMSON.

SNOW.—The Falling

Out of the bosom of the Air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments
shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft, and slow
Descends the snow.

This is the poem of the air,
Slowly in silent syllables recorded ;
This is the secret of despair,
Long in its clouded bosom hoarded,
Now whispered and revealed
To wood and field.—LONGFELLOW.

SNOW !—Whiter than

The Rev. R. M. M'Cheyne was observed
looking out of his window one clear frosty
winter's afternoon. The sun shone, and
the snow glittered white and fair. He was
seen to look upon it very lovingly, with
glowing eye, and was heard to mutter to
himself—"Whiter than snow ! whiter than
snow !" —referring either to the sanctifica-
tion of his own heart, or to the condition
of the glorified "who have washed their
robes and made them *white* in the blood of
the Lamb."—E. DAVIES.

SNOW-DROP.—The

The fair maid of February.—HONF.

The snowdrop, Winter's timid child,
Awakes to life, bedew'd with tears ;
And flings around its fragrance mild,
And where no rival flow'rets bloom,
Amid the bare and chilling gloom,
A beauteous gem appears !

All weak and wan, with head inclined,
Its parent breast the drifted snow ;
It trembles while the ruthless wind
Bends its slim form ; the tempest lours,
Its emerald eye drops crystal showers
On its cold bed below.

Poor flower ! on thee the sunny beam
No touch of genial warmth bestows ;
Except to thaw the icy stream

Whose little current purls along
Thy fair and glossy charms among,
And whelms thee as it flows.

The night-breeze tears thy silky dress,
Which deck'd with silvery lustre shone ;
The morn returns, not thee to bless,
The gaudy crocus flaunts its pride,
And triumphs where its rival died,
Unshelter'd and unknown !

No sunny beam shall gild thy grave,
No bird of pity thee deplore ;
There shall no spreading branches wave ;
For Spring shall all her gems unfold,
And revel 'mid her buds of gold,
When thou art seen no more !

Where'er I find thee, gentle flower !
Thou still art sweet and dear to me ;
For I have known the cheerless hour,
I have seen the sunbeams cold and pale,
Have felt the chilling wintry gale,
And wept and shrunk like thee !

M. ROBINSON.

SNUFF-TAKER.—The

They who snuff, take it almost with-
out being sensible that they take it, and the
acute sense of smell is deadened, so as
to feel hardly anything from so sharp a
stimulus ; yet, deprive the snuff-taker of his
box, and he is the most uneasy mortal in
the world.—BURKE.

SOCIETY.—Agreeable in

If you wish to appear agreeable in society,
you must consent to be taught many things
which you know already.—LAVATER.

SOCIETY.—The Benefit of

Society is the happiness of life.—SHAK-
SPEARE.

SOCIETY.—The Changes of

Society undergoes continual changes : it
is barbarous, it is civilized, it is christian-
ized, it is rich, it is scientific : but this
change is not amelioration. For every-
thing that is given, something is taken.
Society acquires new arts, and loses old
instincts. The civilized man has built a
coach, but has lost the use of his feet : he
has a fine Geneva watch, but cannot tell
the hour by the sun.—EMERSON.

SOCIETY—Defined.

Society is the union of men, and not men
themselves ; the citizen may perish, and
yet man may remain.—MONTESQUIEU.

SOCIETY.—The Foundations of

The true and natural foundations of soci-
ety are the wants and fears of individuals.
—BLACKSTONE.

SOCIETY—in a Levelled Condition.

If the condition of mankind be levelled, and kept level by the equal distribution of property, then there can be no gathering reservoir of wealth for any emergency, no rushing cataract of enthusiastic enterprise, no flowing river of fertilizing beneficence, no running stream of industrial improvement. All would be stagnant, because all would be level.—DEAN M'NEILE.

SOCIETY.—Two Tribes in

Society is now one polish'd horde,
Form'd of two mighty tribes, the bores and
bored. BYRON.

SOFA.—The Invention of a

Necessity invented stools,
Convenience next suggested elbow-chairs,
And luxury the accomplish'd sofa last !
COWPER.

SOLDIER.—The Action of a

A valiant and brave soldier seeks rather
to preserve one citizen than to destroy a
thousand enemies.—SCIPIO.

SOLDIER.—The Ambition of the

Dearer to me
Than years of silken ease, one little hour
Snatch'd in the battle's fore-front, when the
foes,
Meeting in silence, eye to eye, brows knit,
Teeth clench'd, knees set, and hand and
weapon one,
Forget death, danger, glory, only feel
Strength—sinewy strength—and with it the
fierce thirst
That prompts to carnage ! With the sense
of blood
Men madden into demons. Tiger-fierce
Their eyes : their cries the cries of beasts :
their hearts
As cruel and as pitiless. I know
The spur of violence, and the thirst for life ;
I know the moment—life's supremest—
when
The fight is fought, the stricken curse, the
weak
Go down, the craven fly, and yet the tide
Of human life and passion, spraying blood,
Rages and eddies round the soldier's arm,
As still he breasts the waves, still carves a
path
Through dead and dying on—and at the
last,
Or falls a hero among heroes slain,
Or fights, till on a sudden yields the foe,
And breaking ranks commingling, onward
pour
A torrent thundering in its gathering force—
And from the mystic sacrament of blood
Valour emerges—glory !—SAWYER.

SOLDIER.—The Character of a

The character of a soldier is high. They
who stand forth the foremost in danger,
for the community, have the respect of
mankind. An officer is much more re-
spected than any other man who has as
little money. In a commercial country,
money will always purchase respect. But
you find an officer, who has, properly speak-
ing, no money, is everywhere well received
and treated with attention. The character
of a soldier always stands him in stead.—
DR. JOHNSON.

SOLDIER.—A Description of the

The soldier is only a machine to obey
orders.—NAPOLEON I.

SOLDIER.—The Homeless State of the

Without a home must the soldier go, a
changeful wanderer, and can warm himself
at no home-lit hearth.—SCHILLER.

SOLDIER.—The Obedience of a

Policy goes beyond strength, and con-
trivance before action ; hence it is that
direction is left to the commander, exe-
cution to the soldier, who is not to ask
Why? but to do what he is commanded.—
XENOPHON.

SOLDIER.—The Object Sought by a

A soldier
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth.
SHAKESPEARE.

SOLDIER.—The Riches of a

I have a taste for founding, not for pos-
sessing. My riches consist in glory and
celebrity.—NAPOLEON I.

**SOLDIERS.—Maintaining the Character
of Christian**

Amongst the crowd that left Magdala
was an old woman afflicted with leprosy,
who could not well get down the hill, and a
soldier of the 33rd, perceiving her condition,
lifted her on his shoulders and carried
her down the hill. I also noticed an old
woman on the way forsaken by her friends,
and on drawing the attention of an Indian
soldier to her, he took care of her, put her
on a mule, and brought her into the English
camp. When any fell sick and had to be
left behind, they were put in the churches
under the care of the priests, and every-
thing that possibly could be done to alle-
viate their sufferings was done, for it was
my desire that in this strange country the
British army should maintain the character
of Christian soldiers.—SIR C. NAPIER.

SOLDIERS—in Peace.

Soldiers in peace are like chimneys in summer.—BURGHLEY.

SOLDIERS.—Rewards not to be Confined to

Rewards are not to be conferred upon soldiers alone; all sorts of merits are brothers. It is right that civil as well as military virtues should have their reward; intelligence has rights before force. Force, without intelligence, is nothing.—NAPOLEON I.

SOLITUDE.—The Character Shown by

Solitude shows us what we should be; society shows us what we are. Yet in the theory, solitude shows us our true character better than society. A man in his closet will find Nature putting herself forth in actions, which the presence of others would restrain him from bringing into real effect. She schemes and she wishes here without reserve. She is *pure* Nature.—R. CECIL.

SOLITUDE.—Happiness in

Solitude is not always desolation. How solitary, yet how glad, is the mathematician, among his silent ratios and quiet trains of reasoning! How solitary, yet serene, the astronomer on his watch-tower, under the twinkling of the midnight stars! How solitary the student amongst his books, and yet who more blest than he? How solitary the poet, whilst his images are either slowly arising around or swiftly sweeping across his soul, and he is tempted to say—"This is the gate of heaven!"

"Oh! there is joy beyond the name of pleasure,
Deep self-possession, and intense repose."

To make solitude happy, two elements are required: first, that the mind be at ease and satisfied with itself; and secondly, that it be employed also in some object out of itself. If a mind is not self-satisfied, solitude is solitude no more,

"But peopled with the furies."

If a mind be not occupied with some subject out of itself, its solitude may be luxurious, but is selfish, and will by-and-by become miserable.—G. GILFILLAN.

SOLITUDE.—Longing for

Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more! My ear is
pain'd,

My soul is sick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is
fill'd.
COWPER.

SOLITUDE.—The Mental Evils of

Retired, secluded characters, having no opportunity of encountering the opinions of others, or of listening to any other judgment than their own, establish a species of tyranny over their understandings, and check that free excursion of the intellect which the discovery of truth requires. They reject with disdain the close investigations of logic, and repel all attempts to examine their arguments, and expose their fallacies. Their preconceived opinions, which they dignify with the appellation of settled truths, and mistake for indisputable axioms, have infixed themselves so deeply in their minds, that they cannot endure the idea of their being rooted out or removed; and they are fearful of submitting them to the test of controversy, only because they were originally received without due examination, and have been confirmed by the implicit consent and approbation of their inferiors and dependants.—ZIMMERMAN.

SOLITUDE.—The Only Pleasing

To be exempt from the passions with which others are tormented, is the only pleasing solitude.—ADDISON.

SOLITUDE.—Requisites Necessary for

Few are able to bear solitude; and, though retirement is the ostensible object of the greater part, yet, when they are enabled by success to retire, they feel themselves unhappy. Peculiar powers and elegance of mind are necessary to enable us to draw all our resources from ourselves. In a remote and solitary village, the mind must be internally active in a great degree, or it will be miserable for want of employment. But in great and populous cities, even while it is passive, it will be constantly amused. It is impossible to walk the streets without finding the attention powerfully solicited on every side. No exertion is necessary. Objects pour themselves into the senses, and it would be difficult to prevent their admittance. But in retirement there must be a spirit of philosophy and a store of learning, or all the fancied bliss will vanish like the colours of a rainbow.—DR. KNOX.

SOLITUDE.—the School of Genius.

Conversation enriches the understanding; but solitude is the school of genius.—GIBBON.

SOLITUDE.—A Taste for

Man with a taste for solitude is generally a great reader, and has an imaginative

sympathy with alien circumstances of life. He tastes the wealth of Croesus, he touches Juliet's lips, he groans with Job under the exhortations of his friends. By this curious sympathy, he projects himself into distant times and lands. He passes into Abraham's tent; for him Pharaoh is not a mummy; Cleopatra has not lost her swarthy bloom. He peoples vacancy; he selects his friends from the race, and depends neither for solace nor amusement nor interest on contemporary acquaintance. In whatever circumstances he is placed, he is never lonely; such a man has companionship on a throne or in a dungeon. Wherever he goes he is walking in human footsteps, and he knows in whose footsteps he walks. I can feel no pain which some one has not felt before me; and no valuable, spiritual or material, can come into my possession which has not already belonged to some one.—SAGE.

SOLITUDE—little Understood.

Little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extends; for a crowd is no company: men's faces are but like pictures in a gallery, and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love.—LORD BACON.

SOLITUDE.—Wisdom Seeks

Wisdom's self

Of seeks so sweet, retired solitude,
Where, with her best nurse—Contem-
plation—
She plumes her feathers, and lets go her
wings,
That, in the various bustle of resort,
Were all too muffled, and sometimes im-
paired. MILTON.

SOLOMON.—King

Full of sublime devotion, equally full of practical sagacity; the extemporiser of the loftiest litany in existence, withal the author of the pungent Proverbs; able to mount up on Rapture's ethereal pinion to the region of the seraphim, and keenly alive to all the details of business, and shrewd in his human intercourse; zealous in collecting gold, yet lavish in expending it; sumptuous in his tastes, and splendid in costume; and, except in so far as intellectual vastitude necessitated a certain catholicity—the patriot intense, the Israelite indeed: like a Colossus on a mountain-top, his sunward side was the glory toward which one millennium of his nation had all along been climbing—his darker side, with its overlapping beams, is still the mightiest object in that nation's memory.—DR. J. HAMILTON.

Luxury and sinful attachments made him a thorough idolater, and idolatry made

him yet more licentious; until, in the lazy enervation and languid day-dreaming of the Sybarite, he lost the perspicacity of the sage, and the prowess of the sovereign; and when he woke up from the tipsy swoon, and out of the swine-trough picked his tarnished diadem, he woke to find his faculties, once so clear and limpid, all perturbed, his strenuous reason paralysed, and his healthful fancy poisoned. He woke to find the world grown hollow, and himself grown old. He woke to see the sun bedarkened in Israel's sky, and a special gloom encompassing himself; and all the remaining spirit of the mighty Solomon yawned forth that verdict of the tired voluptuary—"Vanity of vanities! all is vanity!"—DR. J. HAMILTON.

SON.—The Duty of a

Unhappy is the son
Who to his parents pays no ministry:
That honourable service well performed,
He from his sons receives in recompense
The dutious reverence he had shown his
parents. EURIPIDES.

SON.—The Education of a

I know not anything about which a man of sense ought to feel more anxious than how his son may become the very best of men.—PLATO.

Education is of infinitely more importance to a son than the patrimony of his ancestors, or thousands of gold and silver. The latter is enjoyed in time only; the former goes with him into eternity.—DR. DAVIES.

SON.—A Father's Joy in his

How great, how sweet, to live through endless ages immortal in the virtues of a son! How sweet to plant what a son shall reap, to gather what will increase his store, anticipating how high his thanks will one day rise!—SCHILLER.

SON.—A Mother's Admiration of her

Why should my heart sink? 'tis for this we
rear them!
Cherish their tiny limbs; pine if a thorn
But mar their tender skin; gather them to us
Closer than miser hugs his bag of gold;
Bear more for them than slave, who makes
his flesh
A casket for the rich purloined gem—
To send them forth into the wintry world
To brave its flaws and tempests!—They
must go;
Far better, then, they go with hearty will!
Be that my consolation.—Nestling as
He is, he is the making of a bird
Will own no cowering wing. 'Twas fine—
'twas fine

To see my eaglet on the verge o' the nest,
Ruffling himself at sight of the huge gulf;
He feels anon he'll have the wing to soar!
J. S. KNOWLES.

SONG.—The Characteristics of

The three requisites of song :—Thought that shows genius, fancy, and truth. The three excellences of song :—Simplicity of language, of subject, and of invention. The three beauties of song :—Attraction, eloquence, and boldness. The three intentions of song :—To improve the understanding, to better the heart, and to soothe the mind.—CATHERALL.

SONG—Defined.

Song is the eternal exponent of divine praise.—DR. ROGERS.

SONG.—The Power of

The gondoliers of Venice while away their long midnight hours on the waters with the stanzas of Tasso. Fragments of Homer are sung by the Greek sailors of the Archipelago; the severe labour of the trackers, in China, is accompanied with a song which encourages their exertions and renders them simultaneous. Our sailors at Newcastle, in heaving their anchors, have their "Heave and ho!" but the Sicilian mariners must be more deeply affected by their beautiful hymn to the Virgin.—I. DISRAELI.

SORROW.—The Advance and Action of

Let sorrow come alone, in its proud and lonely unity; let it attack us with the sword, we will not fly! To measure ourselves against it, will be to win our spurs. It is not thus, however, that sorrow does come; it makes use neither of the lance nor the battle-axe; too often it shrinks to mean proportions, and takes vulgar tools to torture, instead of knightly weapons to wound us.—GASPARIN.

SORROW—Brings an Heir.

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir
That may succeed as his inheritor.

SHAKESPEARE.

SORROW—Concealed.

Many a heart and countenance wears a semblance of gladness, only to conceal its deep sorrow. We cannot always judge of a man by what he seems. Looking at the sea of life, we see it studded over with white sails and gay pennons, and sparkling waves; we forget its eddying whirlpools and treacherous reefs and brooding storms. How little do God's ministers know, in looking down from their pulpits on apparently bright faces, gay attire, and undimmed eyes, how many breaking hearts

there are; sorrows too deep for utterance with which a stranger dare not intermeddle. No, we cannot let all that looks happy pass for unmingled joy. It is often the reverse like the wretched singer in the street, who passing from door to door, struggles to warble her *gleeful* songs. *Singing!* It is a poor counterfeit of crushing sorrow. Singing! The *tones* are joyous; but little does the passer-by know of the long tale of woe—the widow's agony, the orphan's tears the desolate hearth, which is muffled and dissembled under that apparent "glee."—MACDUFF.

SORROW.—A Crown of

This is truth the poet sings—
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.—TENNYSON.

SORROW—Defined.

Sorrow is uneasiness in the mind upon the thought of a good lost, which might have been enjoyed longer; or the sense of a present evil.—LOCKE.

SORROW.—The Effect of

Sorrow turns the stars into mourners, and every wind of heaven into a dirge.—HANNAY.

SORROW—the Eldest Son of Sin.

I suffer now for what hath former been,
Sorrow is held the eldest son of sin.

J. WEBSTER.

SORROW.—Godly

Godly sorrow is such a grace, as without it not a soul shall be saved, and with it not a soul shall be lost.—W. SECKER.

SORROW—the Heritage of Man.

Sorrow is at once the lot, the trial, and the privilege of man.—HELPS.

SORROW.—The Humbling Power of

A severe frost in winter will tame the wildest bird, and bring it from the forest to your door-step; so a heavy and protracted sorrow will subdue the proudest spirit, and force it into the depths of humility.—DR. DAVIES.

SORROW.—Incapable of Lodging a Great

Those shrivelled-up characters whose narrow hearts are not capable of lodging so great a guest as sorrow,—those rational people who submit to everything because incapable of resisting anything,—have never excited my respect or my emulation. They remind me of barren evergreens, all shrunk and withered beneath the heat of summer; a good shower would refresh and dilate

them. Yes, but to have such a shower, one must consent to thunderstorms.—
GASPARIN.

SORROW.—An Ode to

O Sorrow !
Why dost borrow
The natural hue of health, from vermeil
lips?—
To give maiden blushes
To the white rose bushes?
Or is it thy dewy hand the daisy tips?

O Sorrow !
Why dost borrow
The lustrous passion from a falcon-eye?—
To give the glow-worm light?
Or, on a moonless night,
To tinge, on syren shores, the salt sea-spray?

O Sorrow !
Why dost borrow
The mellow ditties from a mourning
tongue?—
To give at evening pale
Unto the nightingale,
That thou may'st listen the cold dews
among? KEATS.

SORROW.—Penitential

Such is the essential difference of temperament and circumstance in the human family, that this sorrow will be varied of necessity in its development and in its expressions. The great law of variety which God has impressed upon the universe of His hand will be equally manifested here. Just as there are different curves in smiles that are equally sunny, and different tones in equally hearty laughter, and different styles in forms that strike us with an equal sense of loveliness; so will there be different symptoms in hearts that are equally prostrated by the contritions of penitential sorrow. It may be that it will be seen in the brow of unusual thoughtfulness, or in the tear that has eluded the watchers, but that is hastily pursued and brushed off as soon as its escape is discovered. In one case it may abstract the man from the concerns of earth in dull indifference, in another it may concentrate every energy into intenser and more passionate play; it may be silent in its weeping, or unable to weep at all; it may be frantic in its cries, or it may be smitten with a strange horror of silence. It may burst like a flood into the strong man's heart, and convulse his nature with its tides of stormful feeling; or it may ripple like a rill into some quiet womanly spirit, and subdue, by its gentle influence, all her unbelief and pride.—
PUNSHON.

SORROW—a Ransom.

If hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.—SHAKSPEARE.

SORROW—Transformed into Honours.

The man who has learnt to triumph over sorrow wears his miseries as though they were sacred fillets upon his brow, and nothing is so entirely admirable as a man bravely wretched.—SENECA.

SORROW.—The Way to Deal with

Be merry with sorrow, wise men have said,
Which saying, being wisely weigh'd,
It seems a lesson truly laid
For those whom sorrows still invade,
Be merry, friends !

Make ye not two sorrows of one,
For of one grief grafted alone
To graft a sorrow thereupon,
A sourer crab we can graft none;
Be merry, friends !

Taking our sorrows sorrowfully,
Sorrow augmenteth our malady;
Taking our sorrows merrily,
Mirth salveeth sorrows most soundly;
Be merry, friends !

T. HEYWOOD.

SORROW.—Words for

Give sorrow words; the grief that does not
speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids
it break. SHAKSPEARE.

SORROWS.—Early

How many there are in arms against our early sorrows ! Sometimes satire surprises our sacredly-veiled secret; sometimes the impossibilities of practical life rear themselves in our path. Never ! That word, so terrible to us at twenty, sinks down upon the heart; and, if that heart will not submit, it breaks it !—GASPARIN.

SORROWS.—Personal

Every man feels, and not strangely, that there never were such experiences of life as his own. No joy was ever like our joy, no sorrow ever like our sorrow. Indeed, there is a kind of indignation excited in us when one likens our grief to his own. The soul is jealous of its experiences, and does not like pride to be humbled by the thought that they are *common*. For, though we know that the world groans and travails in pain, and has done so for ages, yet a groan heard by our ear is a very different thing from a groan uttered by our mouth. The sorrows of other men seem to us like clouds

of rain that empty themselves in the distance, and whose long-travelling thunder comes to us mellowed and subdued ; but our own troubles are like a storm bursting right overhead, and sending down its bolts upon us with direct plunge.—H. W. BEECHER.

SOUL.—An Address to the

Poor soul ! the centre of my sinful earth,
Fooled by those rebel powers that thee
array,

Why dost thou pine within, and suffer
death,

Painting thy outward walls so costly gay ?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend ?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge ? Is this thy body's
end ?

Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's
loss,

And let that pine to aggravate thy store ;
Buy terms divine in selling hour of dross ;
Within be fed, without be rich no more ;
So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on
men ;

And, death once dead, there's no more
dying then. SHAKESPEARE.

SOUL.—Blemishes of the

Blemishes of the soul are like the wounds of the body : however skilfully healed, the scar always remains, and they are at every moment in danger of breaking open again.
—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

SOUL.—The Control of the

A man might as well fill a tree full of nightingales, and, standing on the ground, attempt to control their notes, and to hold them enchoired together, as to attempt to control by his volitions the multiplied thoughts and feelings of his own soul. Some persons hearing this will say—"A man can regulate his mind as easily as his house." Certainly, if he has nothing more in his mind than is in his house ; but faculties ought not to be furniture. We can appoint the bounds and the directions of our thoughts and feelings, but within those bounds we can no more control their individual spring than a man can control all the motions of the drops of water in a stream because he has the power to fix its shores.—H. W. BEECHER.

SOUL.—The Conversion of a

It requires all that is in God to convert a soul.—J. H. EVANS.

SOUL.—The Covering of the

The body is a transparent covering of the soul. In all movements and changes,

in repose as in action, we recognize the soul behind the appearances of the body. It is not the body that loves or is angered ; it is the soul that speaks in thundering accents through the instrumentality of the voice, and which smiles in the merry glance of the eye ; it is the shame felt by the soul that suffuses the cheek with blushes ; it is the soul's courage, terror, longing, or suffering that is shown in the various expressions of its outward covering. For when the soul is separated from the delicate and mobile covering which we call body—what becomes of the latter ? It sinks down and lies like a discarded garment. It grows rigid like a marble statue ; and we can hardly believe that these dead ashes have ever been animated by a higher essence.—ZSCHOKKE.

SOUL.—A Definition of the

The spiritual, rational, and immortal part of man ;—that part which enables him to think, and which renders him a subject of moral government.—DR. WEBSTER.

SOUL.—The Immortality of the

The life of the soul is immortal, an image of God's own eternity. It lives on in sleep ; it lives on through death ; it lives even more abundantly, and with fuller and mightier energy.—ABP. MANNING.

It must be so, Plato, thou reason'st well ;
Else whence this pleasing hope, —this fond
desire,—

This longing after immortality ?

Or whence this secret dread, and inward
horror

Of falling into naught ? Why shrinks the
soul

Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us ;

'Tis heaven itself that points out an here-
after,

And intimates eternity to man :

Eternity ! thou pleasing, dreadful thought !

Through what variety of untried being,—

Through what new scenes and changes
must we pass ?

The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies
before me,

But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest
upon it.

Here will I hold :—if there's a Power
above,—

And that there is all Nature cries aloud

Through all her works,—He must delight
in virtue ;

And that which He delights in must be
happy.

But when ? or where ? this world was made
for Cæsar ;

I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.

Thus am I doubly armed :—my death and life,

My bane and antidote, are both before me ;
This in a moment brings me to an end ;

But this informs me I shall never die.

The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point :
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself

Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years ;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of
worlds !

ADDISON.

Had I no other proof of the *immortality*
of the soul than the oppression of the just
and the triumph of the wicked in this
world, this alone would prevent my having
the least doubt of it. So shocking a dis-
cord amidst so general a harmony of things
would make me naturally look for a cause ;
I should say to myself we do not cease to
exist with this life ; everything re-assumes
its order after death.—ROUSSEAU.

SOUL.—Inordinate Passions of the

Plato and his followers tell us that every
passion which has been contracted by the
soul during her residence in the body,
remains with her in a separate state, and
that the soul in the body and out of the
body differs no more than the man does
from himself when he is in his house or in
open air.—ADDISON.

SOUL.—Liberty of

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage ;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage :

If I have freedom in my love
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.—LADY LOVELACE.

SOUL.—The Loss of the

The loss of the soul is an unparalleled
loss ; it can never be made up again.—
T. WATSON.

SOUL.—A Noble

A noble soul is like a ship at sea,
That sleeps at anchor when the ocean's
calm ;
But when she rages, and the wind blows
high,
He cuts his way with skill and majesty.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

SOUL.—Peace and Repose of

All God's providences,—all God's deal-
ings with us,—all His judgments, mercies,
warnings, deliverances, tend to peace and
repose of soul as their ultimate issue. All
our troubles and pleasures here—all our
anxieties, fears, doubts, difficulties, hopes,
encouragements, afflictions, losses, attain-
ments, tend this one way.—DR. NEWMAN.

SOUL.—The Residence of the

"Tell me," said Napoleon, "you have
searched the human frame in all its wind-
ings, have you ever met with the soul under
your scalpel? Where does the soul re-
side? In what organ?"—DR. ANTO-
MARCHI.

The ivory palace of the skull is the
central abode of the soul, although it dwells
in the whole body.—PROF. G. WILSON.

SOUL.—A Satire respecting the

What is mind? No matter. What is
matter? Never mind. What is the soul?
It is immaterial.—HOOD.

SOUL.—The Vision of the

It is gifted with vision so keen,
As to know the unknown and to see the
unseen ;
To glance at eternity's numberless days,
Till dazzled, confounded, and lost in the
maze. J. TAYLOR.

SOUL.—The Worth of a

Know'st thou the importance of a soul
immortal?
Behold this midnight glory—worlds on
worlds !
Amazing pomp ! re-double this amaze—
Ten thousand add, and twice ten thousand
more !
Then weigh the whole ; one soul outweighs
them all ;
And calls the astonishing magnificence
Of unintelligent creation, poor.
DR. E. YOUNG.

SOULS.—Communications of

Souls of a high character demand not
communications of a familiar nature.—
HUMBOLDT.

SOULS.—Departed

The souls of good men remain in a better,
of bad men in a worse place, awaiting the
time of judgment.—MARTYR.

SOULS.—The Labour of

Souls immortal must for ever heave
At something great—the glitter or the gold.
DR. E. YOUNG.

SOULS.—The Well-Being of our

The well-being of our souls depends only on what we *are*.—FROUDE.

SOUND.—The Conveyance of

Sound is conveyed by ripples in the air, produced by the sounding body, and spreading till they strike against the drum of the ear. These undulations are like couriers running in every direction to convey their messages to us.—DR. BREWER.

SOUNDS—in Eden.

What was 't awaken'd first the untried ear
Of that sole man who was all humankind?
Was it the gladsome welcome of the wind,
Stirring the leaves that never yet were sere?
The four mellifluous streams which flow'd
so near,

Their lulling murmurs all in one combined?
The note of bird unnamed? The startled
hind

Bursting the brake—in wonder, not in fear
Of her new lord? Or did the holy ground
Send forth mysterious melody to greet
The gracious presence of immaculate feet?
Did viewless seraphs rustle all around,
Making sweet music out of air as sweet?
Or his own voice awake him with its sound?

H. COLERIDGE.

SOVEREIGN.—The People and the

I could have wished to have been born in a country where the people and the sovereign have only one interest—where all the movements of the political machine tend to the common good; which can only happen where the people and the sovereign are one.—ROUSSEAU.

SOVEREIGN.—The True and Only

The true and only sovereign is the one whom we love.—DR. VINET.

SOVEREIGNTY—Invested in the Good.

To put the power
Of sovereign rule into the good man's hand,
Is giving peace and happiness to millions.

J. THOMSON.

SOWER.—The Hope and Reward of the

Full of hope, the sower in spring-time scatters the golden seed on all sides of the ploughed earth, and patiently waits for the sun and the shower to bring it forth to a plentiful harvest. Nor is he disappointed: ere long the reaper follows him with the sickle, and the shout of "Harvest-home" is the crown of his reward. So wisdom, during life, sows golden deeds on every hand, and depends upon the Spirit and power of God to bring them to perfection. Slowly, but surely they ripen; and at

length are gathered by angel-reapers into the garner of eternity, all heaven shouting "Harvest home!"—DR. DAVIES.

SPACE—Defined.

Space
Is but a property of God wherein
Is laid all matter.—P. J. BAILEY.

SPARKS.—Three

Three sparks—pride, envy, and avarice—are those which have been kindled in all hearts.—DANTE.

SPEAK.—When to

Never speak but when you have something to say: wherefore should'st thou run, seeing thou hast no tidings?—BP. BUTLER.

SPEAKING.—Extempore

A practised orator will dec'aim in measured and in various periods—will weave his discourse into one texture—form parenthesis within parenthesis—excite the passions, or move to laughter—take a turn in his discourse from an accidental interruption, making it the topic of his rhetoric for five minutes to come, and pursuing in like manner the new illustrations to which it gives rise—mould his diction with a view to attain or to shun an epigrammatic point, or an alliteration, or a discord; and all this with so much assured reliance on his own powers, and with such perfect ease to himself, that he shall even plan the next sentence while he is pronouncing offhand the one he is engaged with, adapting each to the other, and shall look forward to the topic which is to follow and fit in the close of the one he is handling to be its introducer, nor shall any auditor be able to discover the least difference between all this and the portion of his speech which he has got by heart, or tell the transition from the one to the other.—BROUGHAM.

SPEAKING.—Loud

When a Rabbi, little learned, and less modest, usurped all the discourse at table, one, much admiring him, asked his friend in private whether he did not take such a man for a great scholar; to whom he plainly answered:—"For aught I know he may be, but I never heard learning make such a noise." So when a modest man gave thanks to God with a low and submissive voice, an impudent critical gallant found fault with him that he spake grace no louder; but he gave him a bitter reply:—"Make me but a fool, and I shall speak as loud as you, but that will mar the grace quite." Thus it is that the sun shows least when it is at the highest; that deep waters run most silent: but what a murmur and

bubbling, yea, sometimes, what a roaring do they make in the shallows! Empty vessels make the greatest sound, but the full ones give a soft answer. Profound knowledge says little; and men, by their unseasonable noise, are known to be none of the wisest, whereas a man of parts and learning says little.—T. ADAMS.

SPEAKING.—Too Much

• A man that speaketh too much, and museth but little and lightly, Wasteth his mind in words.—TUPPER.

SPECIES.—Defined.

A species is a succession of individuals which perpetuates itself.—CUVIER.

SPECTATOR.—An Indifferent

It was a remarkable law of Solon, that any person who, in the commotions of the republic, remained neuter, or an indifferent spectator of the contending parties, should be condemned to perpetual banishment.—ADDISON.

SPECULATES.—One who

He is like a brute on a barren heath driven by an evil spirit round and round, while fair green pastures stretch everywhere beyond.—GOETHE.

SPECULATION.—The Risk of

Boundless risk must pay for boundless gain.—W. MORRIS.

SPECULATIONS.—Political

Political speculations are of so dry and austere a nature, that they will not go down with the public without frequent seasonings.—ADDISON.

SPEECH.—Defined.

Speech is as a pump, by which we raise and pour out the water from the great lake of Thought, whither it flows back again.—STERLING.

SPEECH.—Fluency of

The common fluency of speech in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter and a scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language and has a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in; and these are always ready at the mouth: so people come faster out of a church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.—DEAN SWIFT.

SPEECH.—Freedom of

Without freedom of thought there can be no such thing as wisdom, and no such thing as public liberty without freedom of speech; which is the right of every man, as far as by it he does not hurt and control the right of another; and this is the only check which it ought to suffer, and the only bounds which it ought to know. Freedom of speech produce excellent writers, and encourages men of fine genius. Tacitus tells us that the Roman commonwealth bred great and numerous authors, but when it was enslaved, its great wits were no more. Tyranny had usurped the place of equality, which is the soul of liberty, and destroyed public courage. The minds of men, terrified by unjust power, degenerated into all the vileness and methods of servitude; abject sycophancy and blind submission became the only means of preferment, and indeed of safety; men durst not open their mouths but to flatter. Pliny the Younger observes that this dread of tyranny had such effect, that the Senate, the great Roman Senate, became at last stupid and dumb. And in one of his epistles, speaking of the works of his uncle, he makes an apology for eight of them, as not written with the same vigour which was to be found in the rest; for that these eight were written in the reign of Nero, when the spirit of writing was cramped by fear.—W. GORDON.

SPEECH.—The Invention of

The most noble and profitable invention of all others was that of speech, whereby men declare their thoughts one to another for mutual utility and conversation, without which there had been amongst men neither commonwealth nor society, no more than amongst lions, bears, and wolves.—CUVIER.

SPEECH.—The Matter of a

Sheridan once said of some speech, in his acute, sarcastic way, that "it contained a great deal both of what was new and what was true: but that unfortunately what was new was not true, and what was true was not new."—HAZLITT.

SPEECH.—The Modes of

The modes of speech are scarcely more variable than the modes of silence.—DR. BLAIR.

SPEECH.—Sweet, Silvery

When she spake,
Sweet words, like dropping honey, she did shed;
And 'twixt the pearls and rubies softly brake
A silver sound, that heavenly music seem'd to make.

P. FLETCHER.

SPEED.—Moderate

Moderate speed is a sure help to all proceedings; where those things that are prosecuted with violence of endeavour or desire, either succeed not, or continue not.—J. HALL.

SPEND.—Little to

It is pleasant assuredly to have enough for supply of actual wants; but it is, I urge, pleasant to have only so enough that many little treats are possibilities; that there may be certain extras which come rarely enough to be prized. I say that you miss much enjoyment if you need deny yourself nothing, if it be with you but wish and have. So my theory is that "little to spend" is preferable to "much to spend."—BAYNES.

SPHERES.—The Music of the

Thou seest these shining orbs
That wing their smooth way through the
fields of ether;
And thou didst hear on earth the seas and
hills
Giving out joyful music: think'st thou,
then,
These mighty worlds are voiceless?

ATHERSTONE.

Behold these spheres! These be heaven's
golden harps,
By God strung, struck by angels; making
now
Harmonious worlds, now worlds of har-
mony. P. J. BAILEY.

Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou
behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim.

SHAKSPEARE.

SPIDER.—The Touch of a

The spider's touch—how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and livens along the
line. POPE.

SPINSTER.—The Term—

Formerly it was a custom that a young woman should never be married until she had *spun* herself a set of body, table, and bed linen. From this custom, all unmarried women were termed spinsters, a name they still retain in all deeds and law proceedings.—DEAN SWIFT.

SPIRIT.—A Contented

This alone makes a man pass through fire and not be scorched; through seas, and not

be drowned; through hunger and nakedness, and want nothing.—BP. TAYLOR.

SPIRIT.—Defined.

Spirit is a substance in which thinking, knowing, doubting, and a power of moving, do subsist.—LOCKE.

SPIRIT.—A Disdainful

A disdainful spirit in society has the very opposite effect that we wish, if it is to make ourselves esteemed and loved.—LA BRUYÈRE.

SPIRIT.—High

High spirit in man is like a sword, which, though worn to annoy his enemies, yet is often troublesome in a less degree to his friends; he can hardly wear it so inoffensively but it is apt to incommode one or other of the company; it is more properly a loaded pistol, which accident alone may fire and kill one.—SHENSTONE.

SPIRIT.—A Party

A party spirit is that disposition which envenoms and contracts so many hearts, separates so many families, divides so many societies, and undermines real religion: party spirit not only incapacitates for sweet communion with God, but by encouraging pride, and many evil passions, it frequently excites to malice and barbarity, and the most bitter persecutions.—SAURIN.

SPIRIT.—A Poor

A poor spirit is poorer than a poor purse. A very few pounds a year would ease a man of the scandal of avarice.—DEAN SWIFT.

SPIRIT.—A Right

A right spirit is such a spirit as God requires and takes pleasure in; and such a spirit as becomes the condition of those who profess to be His followers. Such a spirit must be a spirit of faith and trust; a spirit of contrition and humility; a spirit of thankfulness; a spirit of love; a spirit of patience and submission; a spirit of zeal; and a spirit of firmness and constancy. Such is the spirit produced in all the subjects of divine grace.—JAY.

SPIRIT.—The Witness of the Holy

The celebrated Philip de Mornay, prime minister to Henry IV. of France, one of the greatest statesmen, and the most exemplary Christian of his age, being asked a little before his death if he still retained the same assured hope of future bliss which he had so comfortably enjoyed during his illness, he made this memorable reply:—

"I am," said he, "as confident of it, from the incontestable evidence of the Spirit of God, as ever I was of any mathematical truth from all the demonstrations of Euclid."
—ARVINE.

SPIRIT.—The Work of the Holy

Whilst the Spirit's work is *beyond* nature, it is not *against* nature. He displaces no faculty; He disturbs no mental process; He does violence to no part of our moral framework; He creates no new organ of thought or feeling. His office is to set "all to rights" within you; so that you never feel so calm, so true, so real, so perfectly natural, so much yourself, as when He has taken possession of you in every part, and filled your whole man with His heavenly joy. Never do you feel so perfectly *free*—less constrained and less mechanical—in every faculty, as when He has "brought every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ."—DR. BONAR.

SPIRITS.—Ardent

There are, indeed, some spirits so ardent, that change of employment to them is rest, and their only fatigue a cessation from activity.—COLTON.

SPIRITS.—Broken

We read sometimes of broken hearts; pretty poetic things, no doubt, and perhaps true. Broken spirits, at any rate, there are. Oh, yes! the spirit breaks, but not for love. Love is the dream of early youth, and the spirit breaks not then. Youth has itself the elements of so much happiness; its energy, its hope, its trust, its fond belief that everything is beautiful, that every one is true, and its warm affection, all give a buoyancy, an ever-moving principle of joy; and though the spirit bow, it breaks not then. It is in after-years, when stern experience has become our teacher, when the bright glowing hue of hope has passed away, and in its place dark shadows fall; when all life's billows have swept over us, and each succeeding wave has left its furrows on the soul; oh! then it is the spirit breaks, and all man's boasted energy gives way.—SALA.

SPIRITS.—Evil

There are evil spirits who suddenly fix their abode in man's unguarded breast, causing us to commit devilish deeds, and then hurrying back to their native hell, leave behind the stings of remorse in the poisoned bosom.—SCHILLER.

SPIRITS.—Poor but Generous

Thank Heaven that the temples of such spirits are not made with hands, and that

they may be even more worthily hung with poor patchwork than with purple and fine linen!—DICKENS.

SPITE—a Little Word.

Spite is a little word, but it represents as strange a jumble of feelings and compound of discords as any polysyllable in the language.—DICKENS.

SPORT—Denounced.

Detested sport,
That owes its pleasures to another's pain,—
That feeds upon the sobs and dying shrieks
Of harmless nature, dumb, but yet endued
With eloquence, that agonies inspire,
Of silent tears and heart-distending sighs!
Vain tears, alas! and sighs that never find
A corresponding tone in jovial souls.

COWPER.

SPORTSMAN.—The Disappointment of a

I've had bad sport! My track
Lay with the wind, which to the startlish
game
Betray'd me still.—J. S. KNOWLES.

SPRING.—An Address to

Sweetly breathing vernal air,
That with kind warmth dost repair
Winter's ruins, from whose breast
All the gums and spice of th' East
Borrow their perfumes; whose eye
Gilds the morn, and clears the sky;
Whose dishevel'd tresses shed
Pearls upon the violet bed;
On whose brow, with calm smiles drest,
The halcyon sits, and builds her nest;
Beauty, youth, and endless spring,
Dwell upon thy rosy wing!
Thou, if stormy Boreas throws
Down whole forests when he blows,
With a pregnant flowery birth
Canst refresh the teeming earth:
If he nip the early bud,
If he blast what's fair or good,
If he scatter our choice flowers,
If he shake our hall or bowers,
If his rude breath threaten us,
Thou canst stroke great Æolus,
And from him the grace obtain
To bind him in an iron chain.—T. CAREW.

SPRING.—The Beauties of

Stately Spring! whose robe-folds are
valleys, whose breast-bouquet is gardens,
and whose blush is a vernal evening.—
RICHTER.

SPRING.—The Benefits of

There's perfume upon every wind,
Music in every tree,
Dews for the moisture-loving flowers,
Sweets for the sucking-bee:

The sick come forth for the healing breeze ;
The young are gathering flowers ;
And life is a tale of poetry
That is told in golden hours.

N. P. WILLIS.

SPRING.—The Enjoyment of

Beneath these fruit-tree boughs, that shed
Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
With sweetest sunshine round me spread
Of Spring's unclouded weather ;
In this sequester'd nook how sweet
To sit upon my orchard-seat !
And flowers and birds once more to greet,
My last year's friends together.

W. WORDSWORTH.

SPRING.—Life in the

The animal tribes now find a delicious repast in the sweet and tender herbage, which begins to clothe our sheltered valleys with its soft verdure ; and among the innumerable sources of enjoyment which this most interesting of all the seasons affords, perhaps there is none which sheds so sweet a pleasure over the benevolent mind, as the universal gladness which, as the weather becomes more genial, sensibly pervades everything that lives. There is a kind of mysterious sympathy which seems to pass from tribe to tribe of the animated world, and to unite them all in one common hymn of gratitude and praise to the bountiful Giver of all good. The lowing of the cattle as they luxuriate in the green fields ; the bleating of the sheep from the heath-clad hills, while their new-dropt lambs sport around them, exulting in the consciousness of young existence ; the hum of the industrious bees, as they fly from flower to flower collecting their sweet food ; and the varied notes of love and joy, pouring from bush and brake, all unite in one harmonious and spirit-stirring chorus. Nay, inanimate Nature itself seems conscious of the general joy,—and as the sun breaks forth from the April shower, every blade of grass sparkles in his beams, wood and mead smile, and the very silence of the clear heavens and swelling earth utters the voice of enjoyment.—DUNCAN.

Among the feathered tribes, the rooks are beginning to obey the first law of Nature, and their incessant notes of enjoyment, mingled with the bustle of preparing for the important duties of incubation, everywhere attract the attention of the lovers of Nature. The croaking raven, led by a congenial instinct, selects some venerable tree where she may build her nest, and the sweet songs of the woodlark and chaffinch, mixed with the mellow tones of the blackbird and thrush, from the neigh-

bouring groves, delight the ear ; while the wren, the redbreast, and the titmouse, and the hedge-sparrow, flutter from spray to spray, and utter their varied notes of gladness, as the sun sheds his warmer rays on wood and field, giving the promise of approaching mildness and fertility. Turkey-cocks now strut and gobble ; partridges begin to pair ; the house-pigeon has young ; field-cricket open their holes, and wood-owls hoot ; gnats play about, and insects swarm under sunny hedges ; the stone curlew clamours, and frogs croak.—W. HOWITT.

The effect upon the economy of vegetables is more or less rapid, according to their different structures ; but in no long period the increased and increasing heat produces a universal development of foliage and flowers. The earth opens, as it were, her bosom to the sun ; all her veins feel the genial influence ; and a vital energy moves and works in all her blossoms, buds, and leaves. What was lately barrenness becomes fertility ; from desolation and death start up life and varied beauty, as if beneath the reviving footsteps of a present Deity.—DUNCAN.

SPRING.—Voices of the

There seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every opening flower,
Which tells, O God ! the wondrous tale
Of Thy indulgence, love, and power :
The birds, that rise on quivering wing,
Appear to hymn their Maker's praise,
And all the mingling sounds of Spring
To Thee a general anthem raise.

OPIE.

SQUIRE.—A Learned

Within our house there was a Breton squire,
Well-learned, who fail'd not to fan the fire
That evermore unholpen burned in me,
Strange lands and things beyond belief to see :

Much lore of many lands this Breton knew ;
And for one tale I told he told me two :
He, counting Asagard a new-told thing,
Yet spoke of gardens ever blooming
Across the Western sea, where none grew old,

E'en as the books at Micklegarth had told ;
And said, moreover, that an English knight
Had had the earthly paradise in sight,
And heard the songs of those that dwell therein,

But entered not, being hindered by his sin :
Shortly, so much of this and that he said,
That in my heart the sharp barb entered,
And like real life would empty stories seem,

And life from day to day an empty dream.

W. MORRIS.

STAG.—The Pursuit and Death of the

The stag, too, singled from the herd, where
long

He ranged, the branching monarch of the
shade,

Before the tempest drives. At first, in
speed

He, sprightly, puts his faith, and, roused
by fear,

• Gives all his swift aerial soul to flight ;
Against the breeze he darts, that way the
more

To leave the lessening murderous cry be-
hind :

He bursts the thickets, glances through the
glades,

And plunges deep into the wildest wood :

If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track,
Hot-steaming, up behind him come again

The inhuman rout, and from the shady
depth

Expel him, circling through his every shift.
He sweeps the forest oft, and sobbing sees

The glades, mild opening to the golden
day ;

Where, in kind contest, with his butting
friends

He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.

Oft in the full-descending flood he tries
To lose the scent, and lave his burning
sides :

Oft seeks the herd ; the watchful herd,
alarm'd,

With selfish care avoids a brother's woe.
What shall he do ? His once so vivid

nerves,
So full of buoyant spirits, now no more

Inspire the course ; but fainting breathless
toil,

Sick, seizes on his heart : he stands at
bay ;

And puts his last weak refuge in despair.

The big round tears run down his dappled
face ;

He groans in anguish ; while the growling
pack,

Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
And mark his beauteous chequer'd sides

with gore. J. THOMSON.

STAR.—The Evening

O Hesperus ! thou bringest all good things—
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,

To the young bird the parent's brooding
wings,

The welcome stall to the o'erlabour'd
steer ;

Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone
clings,

Whate'er our household gods protect of
dear,

Are gather'd round us by thy look of rest ;
Thou bring'st the child, too, to his mother's

breast.—BYRON.

STAR.—A Falling

It is a little fiery meteor which is often
witnessed on a clear evening. It is merely
a small cloud, containing a sort of gaseous
exhalation in its centre, which, by growing
continually hot, is spontaneously kindled,
and the fire runs through the cloud till the
vapour is exhausted ; but being free from
electric matter, no noise is occasioned by
the ignition. It burns gradually, and has
the appearance of a sky-rocket in the air.—
LOARING.

STAR.—The Morning

Fairest of stars ! thou crown'st the smiling
morn

With thy bright circlet.—MILTON.

STARS.—Described.

The poetry of heaven.—BYRON.

These preachers of beauty, which light
the universe with their admonishing smile.
—EMERSON.

Those golden candles fix'd in heaven's air.

SHAKESPEARE.

STARS.—The Distances of the

The only mode we have of conceiving
intervals of space between the stars at all is
by calculating the time which it would re-
quire for light to traverse them. Now light,
as we know, travels at the rate of one hun-
dred and ninety-two thousand miles per
second. It would therefore occupy one
hundred million thousand seconds, or up-
wards of three years, in such a journey, at
the very lowest estimate. What, then, are
we to allow for the distance of those innumerable stars of the smaller magnitudes,
which the telescope discloses to us ? If we
admit the light of a star of each magnitude
to be half that of the magnitude next above
it, it will follow that a star of the first
magnitude will require to be removed three
hundred and sixty-two times its distance to
appear no larger than one of the sixteenth.
It follows, therefore, that among the count-
less multitude of such stars, visible in tele-
scopes, there must be many whose light has
taken at least a thousand years to reach us ;
and that when we observe their places, and
note their changes, we are, in fact, reading
only their history of a thousand years' date,
thus wonderfully recorded.—HERSCHEL.

STARS.—Invoked.

Shine, ye stars of heaven !

On a world of pain ;

See old Time destroying

All our hoarded gain ;

All our sweetest flowers,
Every stately shrine ;
All our hard-earned glory,
Every dream divine.

Shine, ye stars of heaven !
On the rolling years ;
See how Time consoling
Dries the saddest tears,—
Bids the darkest storm-clouds
Pass in gentle rain,
While up-spring in glory
Flowers and dreams again !

W. B. PROCTER.

STARS.—The Number of the

Numerous as glittering gems of morning
dew,
Or sparks from populous cities in a blaze,
And set the bosom of old Night on fire.

DR. E. YOUNG.

STARS.—The Soul and the

The stars are out in heaven ! How the
soul
Expands while gazing on their silver light !

D. BATES.

STATE.—The Design of a

What is a State ! The wise behold in her
A creature born of Time, that keeps one eye
Fixed on the statutes of Eternity,
To which her judgments reverently defer :
Speaking through Law's dispassionate voice,
the State

Endues her conscience with external life
And being, to preclude or quell the strife
Of individual will, to elevate
The grovelling mind, the erring to recall,
And fortify the moral sense of all.

W. WORDSWORTH.

STATE.—The Duty and Action of the

The duty of the State is to protect the
rights and the freedom of every one. Its
action ought not to be manifested by vio-
lence, or arbitrary force, but by justice.—
ABD-UL-AZIZ.

STATE.—The Government of a

A State is to be governed with the care
and constant attention that is required of a
person managing a horse. I have often
travelled on horseback over very rough and
mountainous countries, and never got any
hurt, always taking care to keep a steady
rein ; but in the smoothest plains, thinking
the same precautions useless, and letting
loose the reins, my horse has stumbled and
put me in danger. Thus it is with govern-
ment ; for when it is in the most flourishing
condition, the prince ought never to abate
anything of his usual vigilance.—MING
TSONG.

STATE.—The Object of a

The promotion of religion and morality
is not a secondary but a primary object of a
civilized State.—RUSSELL.

STATE.—Religion and the

The consecration of the State, by a State
religious establishment, is necessary to ope-
rate with a wholesome awe upon free citi-
zens, because in order to secure their free-
dom they must enjoy some determinate
portion of power. To them, therefore, a
religion connected with the State, and with
their duty towards it, becomes even more
necessary than in such societies where the
people by the terms of their subjection are
confined to private sentiments, and the
management of their own family concerns.
All persons possessing any portion of power
ought to be strongly and awfully impressed
with an idea that they act in trust, and that
they are to account for their conduct in that
trust to the one great Master, Author, and
Founder of society.—BURKE.

STATE.—A Well-Governed

Where spades grow bright, and idle words
grow dull ;
Where jails are empty, and where barns are
full ;
Where church-paths are with frequent feet
outworn ;
Law court-yards weedy, silent, and forlorn ;
Where doctors foot it, and where farmers
ride ;
Where age abounds, and youth is multi-
plied ;
Where these signs are, they clearly indicate
A happy people and well-governed State.

CONFUCIUS.

**STATES.—The Flourishing and
Declining of**

States thrive or wither as moons wax and
wane,
Even as God's will and His decrees ordain ;
While honour, virtue, piety bear sway,
They flourish ; and as these decline, decay.

COWPER.

STATES.—Services Rendered by

The greatest services to humanity have
been rendered by the smallest States. Jude-
a gave religion to the world ; and Judea
is but a patch of ground hardly larger than
an English county. Athens gave arts and
philosophy to mankind ; and Athens, tried
by its population, would scarcely now be
ranked as a second-rate town. Papal Rome
exercises to this day a wider sway than ever
was wielded by Pagan Rome ; and Papal
Rome is but a city of ruins. Geneva, with
its twelve thousand souls, its new-born inde-

pendence, and its new-born faith, became, under Calvin, the platform where an experiment was tried, and great religious problems solved affecting all mankind.—BLAICKIE.

STATESMAN.—The Calling of a

Of all mere earthly callings a statesman's is the most noble, because it relates most immediately to the welfare of God's noblest visible creature.—BR. TROWER.

STATESMAN.—The Pay of a

It is curious that we pay a statesman for what he says, not for what he does; and judge of him from what he does, not from what he says.—COLTON.

STATESMAN.—The Policy and Safety of a

If a statesman will consider the true interest of his country, and that only in national points; if he will engage his country in neither alliances nor quarrels but where it is really interested; if he will raise no money but what is wanted, nor employ any civil or military officers but what are useful, and place in those employments men of the highest integrity and of the greatest abilities; if he will employ some few of his hours to advance our trade, and some few more to regulate our domestic government; if a minister would do this, he will either have no opposition to baffle, or he will baffle it by a fair appeal to his conduct. Such a minister may, in the language of the law, put himself on his country when he pleases, and he shall come off with honour and applause.—FIELDING.

STATESMAN.—The Real and the Feigned

The great difference between the real statesman and the pretender is, that the one sees into the future, while the other regards only the present; the one lives by the day, and acts on expediency; the other acts on enduring principles and for immortality.—BURKE.

STATUES.—A Desire respecting

I would much rather that posterity should inquire *why no statues* were erected to me, than *why they were*!—CATO.

STEADINESS.—Defined.

Steadiness is a point of prudence as well as of courage.—L'ESTRANGE.

STEAM-ENGINE.—The Invention of the

Like other contrivances and discoveries, the invention of the steam-engine—the

king of machines—was effected step by step,—one man transmitting the result of his labours, at the time apparently useless, to his successors, who took it up and carried it forward another stage,—the sentinels of the great idea answering each other across the heads of many generations.—SMILES.

STENOGRAPHY.—The History of

This mode of writing was known to the Greeks; and Plutarch, in his life of Cato, informs us that the celebrated speech of that patriot relating to Cataline's conspiracy, was taken in short-hand. Cicero, at that time Consul, placed *notarii*, or short-hand writers, in different parts of the Senate-house to preserve the speech. We are also further informed that Titus Vespasian was remarkable for the rapidity with which he wrote short-hand. He not only applied it to purposes of business, but of diversion; it was his custom to get his amanuenses together, and entertain himself with trying which of them could write the fastest.—LOARING.

STICK.—Love for a

I remember once seeing an advertisement in the papers, with which I was much struck; and which I will take the liberty of reading:—"Lost, in the Temple Coffee-House, and supposed to be taken away by mistake, an oaken stick, which has supported its master not only over the greatest part of Europe, but has been his companion in his journeys over the inhospitable deserts of Africa; whoever will restore it to the waiter, will confer a very serious obligation on the advertiser; or, if that be any object, shall receive a recompense very much above the value of the article restored." Now, here is a man, who buys a sixpenny stick, because it is useful; and, totally forgetting the trifling causes which first made his stick of any consequence, speaks of it with warmth and affection: calls it his companion; and would hardly have changed it, perhaps, for the gold stick which is carried before the king.—S. SMITH.

STILLNESS.—An Awful

There is an awful stillness in this place, A presence that forbids to break the spell, Till the heart pours its agony in tears.

DAWES.

STING.—The Pain of a

What weapon can be nearer to nothing than the sting of a wasp? Yet what a painful wound hath it given me! That scarce visible point—how it envenoms, and rankles, and swells up the flesh! The tenderness of the part adds much to the

grief. If I be thus vexed with the touch of an angry fly, how shall I be able to endure the sting of a tormenting conscience? —BP. HALL.

STOICS.—A Description of the

They are said to be “men without hearts,” and “men without tears;” that is, an All-wise Creator has fashioned them with hearts full of sensibility, and eyes that are as surely the fountain of tears as they are the organs of sight; but, as if wiser than God, they try their utmost to reverse the divine arrangement by petrifying the former and confining the latter, so that they live and act as if they had neither hearts nor tears; hence the truth of the statements respecting them.—DR. DAVIES.

STOICS.—The Philosophy of the

They teach that men should be free from passion, unmoved by joy or grief, and submit without complaint to the unavoidable necessity by which all things are governed. —DR. WEBSTER.

STONES.—Lessons out of

There are no natural objects out of which more can be learned than out of stones. They seem to have been created especially to reward a patient observer. Nearly all other objects in nature can be seen, to some extent, without patience, and are pleasant even in being half seen. Trees, clouds, and rivers are enjoyable, even by the careless; but the stone under his foot has for carelessness nothing in it but stumbling: no pleasure is languidly to be had out of it, nor food, nor good of any kind; nothing but symbolism of the hard heart and the unfatherly gift. And yet, do but give it some reverence and watchfulness, and there is bread of thought in it, more than in any other lowly feature of all the landscape; for a stone, when it is examined, will be found a mountain in miniature. The fineness of Nature's work is so great, that, into a single block, a foot or two in diameter, she can compress as many changes of form and structure, on a small scale, as she needs for her mountains on a large one; and, taking moss for forests, and grains of crystal for crags, the surface of a stone, in by far the plurality of instances, is more interesting than the surface of an ordinary hill;—more fantastic in form, and incomparably richer in colour.—RUSKIN.

STORM.—The Approaching

The day is lowering—stilly black
Sleeps the grim wave, while heaven's rack,
Dispersed and wild, 'twixt earth and sky
Hangs like a shattered canopy!

There's not a cloud in that blue plain
But tells of storm to come or past;—
Here, flying loosely as the mane
Of a young war-horse in the blast;—
There, roll'd in masses dark and swelling,
As proud to be the thunder's dwelling!
While some, already burst and riven,
Seem melting down the verge of heaven;
As though the infant storm had rent
The mighty womb that gave him birth,
And having swept the firmament,
Was now in fierce career for earth.
On earth 'twas yet all calm around,
A pulseless silence, dread, profound,
More awful than the tempest's sound:
The diver steered for Ormus' bowers,
And moored his skiff till calmer hours;
The sea-birds, with portentous screech,
Flew fast to land;—upon the beach
The pilot oft had paused, with glance
Turn'd upward to that wild expanse.

T. MOORE.

STORM.—A Forest

A cloud thickens the night:
Hark, how the tempest crashes through the
forest!
The owls fly out in strange affright,
The columns of the evergreen palaces
Are split and shattered;
The roots creak, and stretch, and groan;
And ruinously overthrown,
The trunks are crushed and batter'd
By the fierce blast's unconquerable stress.

SHELLEY.

STORM.—The Moorland

Fierce, frequent, sudden, is the moorland
storm;
And oft, deep-shelter'd in the stream-fed
vales,
The swain beholds upon the lessening tor
The heavens descend in gloom; till mass
on mass
Accumulated, all the mighty womb
Of vapour bursts tremendous. Loud re-
sounds
The torrent rain; and down the gutter'd
slopes
Rush the resistless waters. Then the leap
Of headlong cataract is heard, and roar
Of rivers struggling o'er their granite beds.

CARRINGTON.

STORY.—The Opposite of a

The very opposite of a story which circulates respecting affairs and persons is often the truth.—LA BRUYÈRE.

STORY-TELLING.—The Knack of

Story-telling is not an act, but what we call a “knack;” it doth not so much subsist upon wit as upon humour: and I add that it is not perfect without proper gesticulations of the body, which naturally attend

STRENGTH.

such merry emotions of the mind. I know very well that a certain gravity of countenance sets some stories off to advantage, where the hearer is to be surprised in the end ; but this is by no means a general rule ; for it is frequently convenient to aid and assist by cheerful looks and whimsical gesticulations. I will yet go further and affirm that the success of a story very often depends upon the make of the body, and the formation of the features of him who relates it.—DEAN SWIFT.

STRENGTH.—The Enjoyment of

“As a man is, so is his strength ;” and as his strength is, so is his joy and pleasure. The sun is said to go forth “as a strong man, rejoicing to run his race.” When a man goes in the fulness of his strength upon any enterprise, how do his blood and spirits triumph beforehand ! no motion of hand or foot is without a sensible delight. The strength of a man’s spirit is unspeakably more than that of the outward man ; its faculties and powers more refined and raised ; and hence are rational or intellectual exercises and operations much more delightful than corporal ones can be.—HOWE.

STRENGTH.—The Possession and Use of

Oh ! it is excellent

To have a giant’s strength ; but it is tyrannous

To use it like a giant. SHAKESPEARE.

STRIFE.—Bigoted to

Their breath is agitation, and their life

A storm whereon they ride, and sink at last,

And yet so nursed and bigoted to strife,

That should their days, surviving perils past,

Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast

With sorrow and supineness, and so die ;
Even as a flame unfed, which runs to waste

With its own flickering, or a sword laid by,

Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously.

BYRON.

STRIFE.—The Worthiest in

Aristippus and Æschines having differed, Aristippus came to his opponent and said :—“Æschines, shall we be friends ?” “Yes,” he replied, “with all my heart.” “But remember,” said Aristippus, “that I being older than you, do make the first motion.” “Yes,” replied Æschines, “and therefore I conclude that you are the worthiest man ; for I began the strife, and you began the peace.”—ARVINE.

STUDENTS.

STUBBORNNESS.—The Evil of

Stubbornness is as much opposed to happiness and prosperity as it is to intellectual advancement.—DR. DAVIES.

STUDENT.—A

A youth was there, of quiet ways,
A student of old books and days,
To whom all tongues and lands were known,

And yet a lover of his own ;
With many a social virtue graced,
And yet a friend of solitude :
Books were his passion and delight,
And in his upper room at home
Stood many a rare and sumptuous tome,
In vellum bound, with gold bedight,
Great volumes garmented in white,
Recalling Florence, Pisa, Rome :
He loved the twilight that surrounds
The border-land of old romance,
Where glitter hauberk, helm, and lance,
And banner waves, and trumpet sounds,
And ladies ride with hawk on wrist,
And mighty warriors sweep along,
Magnified by the purple mist,
The dusk of centuries and of song.

LONGFELLOW.

STUDENTS.—Aged

Cato, at sixty years of age, thought proper to learn Greek ; and Plutarch, almost as late in life, Latin.

Henry Spelman, having neglected the sciences in his youth, cultivated them at fifty years and produced good fruit.

Fairfax, after having been general of the Parliamentary forces, retired to Oxford to take his degrees in law.

Colbert, the famous French minister, almost at sixty, returned to his Latin and law studies.

Tellier, the chancellor of France, learnt logic merely for an amusement, to dispute with his grandchildren.

Though the above instances are somewhat singular, yet young persons should beware of procrastination, and not lose the present moment in expectation of improving the future. Very few are capable of making any proficiency under the decrepitude of old age, and when they have been long accustomed to negligent habits. Great defects and indigested erudition have often characterised the *ὀψιμαθής*, or “late learned.”—BUCK.

STUDENTS.—Diligent

Queen Elizabeth, unto the very last year of her life, accustomed herself to appoint set hours for reading, scarce any young student in a university more daily or more duly.

Alfred, notwithstanding the multiplicity and urgency of his affairs, employed himself in the pursuits of knowledge. He usually divided his time into three equal portions : one was employed in sleep and the refection of his body by diet and exercise ; another in the dispatch of business ; a third in study and devotion. And that he might more exactly measure the hours, he made use of burning tapers of equal length which he fixed in lanterns, an expedient suited to that rude age when the geometry of dialling, and the mechanism of clocks and watches, were entirely unknown ; and by such a regular distribution of time, though he often laboured under great bodily infirmities, this martial hero, who fought in person fifty-six battles by sea and land, was able, during a life of no extraordinary length, to acquire more knowledge, and even to compose more books, than most studious men, though blest with the greatest leisure and application, have in more fortunate ages made the object of their uninterrupted industry.

Brutus, when a soldier under Pompey in the civil wars, employed all his leisure in study ; and the very day before the battle of Pharsalia, though it was in the middle of summer, and the camp under many privations, spent all his time till the evening in writing an epitome of Polybius.—B. MONTAGU.

STUDY.—Helps to

The celebrated Haydn was in company with some distinguished persons. The conversation turned on the best means of restoring their mental energies, when exhausted with long and difficult studies. One said, he had recourse in such a case to a bottle of wine.—another that he went into company. Haydn being asked what he would do, or did do, said that he retired to his closet and engaged in prayer—that nothing exerted on his mind a more happy and efficacious influence than prayer. Haydn was no enthusiast.—ARVINE.

STUDY—Overshot.

Study evermore is overshot ;
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should :
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won, as towns with fire ; so won, so lost.
SHAKESPEARE.

STUDY.—The Pleasures of

The pleasures of study are classed by Burton among those exercises or recreations of the mind which pass within doors. Looking about this "world of books," he exclaims—"I could even live and die with such

meditations, and take more delight and true content of mind in them than in all thy wealth and sport ! There is a sweetness, which, as Circe's cup, bewitcheth a student : he cannot leave off, as well may witness those many laborious hours, days, and nights, spent in their voluminous treatises. So sweet is the delight of study. The last day is *prioris discipulus*. Heinsius was mewed up in the library of Leyden all the year long, and that which, to my thinking, should have bred a loathing, caused in him a greater liking. 'I no sooner,' saith he, 'come into the library, but I bolt the door to me, excluding Lust, Ambition, Avarice, and all such vices, whose nurse is Idleness, the mother of Ignorance and Melancholy. In the very lap of eternity, amongst so many divine souls, I take my seat with so lofty a spirit and sweet content, that I pity all our great ones and rich men, that know not this happiness.'" Such is the incense of a votary who scatters it on the altar less for the ceremony than from the devotion.—I. DISRAELI.

STUPIDITY.—Encouragement Given to

Every encouragement given to stupidity, when known to be such, is a negative insult upon genius.—GOLDSMITH.

STYLE.—Definitions of

The style is the man.—BUFFON.

Proper words in proper places.—VOLTAIRE.

STYLE.—The Difficulty of

Nothing is so difficult as the apparent ease of a clear and flowing style ; those graces, which from this presumed facility encourage all to attempt an imitation of them, are usually the most inimitable.—COLTON.

STYLE.—A Natural

When we see a natural style, we are quite astonished and delighted ; for we expected to see an author, and we find a man.—PASCAL.

SUBJECT.—The Choice of a

Choose, you that write, a subject of a kind
That suits the strength and stature of your
mind ;

And ponder long, and scrutinize with care,
What they refuse, and what thy nerve can
bear :

He that selects with this prime rule in view,
Will write with freedom and with clearness
too,

In words that shall with eloquence express,
His thoughts in easy flow and lucid dress.

HORACE.

SUBJECT.

SUBJECT.—The Obedience of a

The subject must obey his prince, because God commands it, and human laws require it.—DEAN SWIFT.

SUBMISSION.—Enjoined.

Submit thy fate to Heaven's indulgent care,
Though all seems lost, 'tis impious to despair :

The tracks of Providence like rivers wind,
And though immersed in earth from human eyes,
Again break forth, and more conspicuous rise.
DR. E. YOUNG.

SUBMISSION.—Humble

The usual way that men adopt to appease the wrath of those whom they have offended, when they are at their mercy, is humble submission; whereas a bold front, a firm and resolute bearing—means the very opposite—have been at times equally successful.—MONTAIGNE.

SUBORDINATION.—The Pleasure of

I am a friend to subordination, as most conducive to the happiness of society. There is a reciprocal pleasure in governing and being governed.—DR. JOHNSON.

SUBSTANCES.—Waste

Modern ingenuity has been exercised upon waste substances, producing marvellous results. Woollen rags are torn by machinery, and then spun into cloth, baize, and table covers. Cloth rags are also torn by machinery, and then made up into Tahmas, Raglans, and fashionable paletots. These rag materials add to the annual stock of wool an amount equal to four hundred thousand sheep. Some rags are not good enough for this "shoddy," but serve a useful purpose in Kent by acting as manure for the hops. The water used for washing the woollen, at one time so destructive to the fish in the rivers, is now made to produce stearine—the basis of composite candles, as well as cake manure, which sells at forty shillings per ton. The French buy up our written parchments, and return them to us in the shape of kid gloves. Fish scales are manufactured into brooches and bracelets; and the dried intestines of sheep are manufactured into strings for musical instruments. Formerly the Corporation of Antwerp paid one thousand pounds a year to get rid of the refuse of their city; now they receive forty thousand a year from contractors, who convert the refuse into guano. The old clothes of London alone are exported to the extent of two million pounds annually. Straw and flax are now made

SUCCESS.

into beautiful paper. Waste paper and waste paper cuttings are manufactured over again. The sweepings of cotton and flax mills, the outside wrappers of cotton bales, field weeds, thistles, and grass, the stalks of reeds and canes, sawdust and pine shavings, moss and furze, old sacks, worn-out ropes, are all converted into paper. The waste liquors of soap and stearine candle-works are converted into glycerine. The charred husks of the grape and residue of the wine-press are used for making blacks, or the choice ink used in copper-plate printing. Bread raspings from overbaked loaves are used for covering hams: the crusts are collected in Paris, and sold as food for poultry. Rotten potatoes and damaged grain are converted into starch. Mahogany dust is employed for smoking fish; box dust for cleaning jewellery. Sandal-wood dust is used to fill scent sachets. Soot is sold for sixpence a bushel for manure. The sediment of wine-casks is converted into cream of tartar. Horse-shoe nails are manufactured into the best gun barrels. Thus nothing is lost.—J. JOHNSON.

SUCCESS.—in Anticipation and Realization.

Success is full of promise till men get it; and then it is a last year's nest, from which the bird has flown.—H. W. BEECHER.

SUCCESS.—Conditions of

The recognition of a determinate purpose in life, and a sturdy adhesion to it through all disadvantages, are indispensable conditions of success.—PUNSHON.

SUCCESS.—Determined to Deserve

'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll
deserve it. ADDISON.

SUCCESS.—at First.

Success at first doth many times undo men at last.—VENNING.

SUCCESS.—Sudden

More men are prepared for sudden death than for sudden success.—G. GILFILLAN.

SUCCESS.—The Uncertainty of

Success, the mark no mortal wit,
Or surest hand can always hit;
For whatso'er we perpetrate,
We do but row, we'er steer'd by Fate,
Which in success oft disinherits,
For spurious causes, noblest merits.

S. BUTLER.

SUFFER.—All must

Who breathes, must suffer; 'and who
thinks, must mourn;
And he alone is bless'd who ne'er was born.
PRIOR.

SUFFERING.—The Benefit of

I have learned more of God, and of myself, by one week's suffering than by all the prosperity of a long lifetime.—BP. HALL.

SUFFERING.—Ways of Escaping from

There are two ways of escaping from suffering: the one by rising above the causes of conflict, the other by sinking below them; for there is quiet in the soul whenever all its faculties are harmonized about any centre. The one is the religious method; the other is the vulgar worldly method. The one is called Christian elevation; the other stoicism.—H. W. BEECHER.

SUFFRAGE.—Female

The demand for female suffrage is an attempt to make trumpets out of flutes, and sun-flowers out of violets.—BUSHNELL.

SUICIDE—an Argument for Immortality.

Suicide itself, that fearful abuse of the dominion of the soul over the body, is a strong proof of the distinction of their destinies. Can the power that kills be the same that is killed? Must it not necessarily be something superior and surviving? The act of the soul, which in that fatal instant is in one sense so great an act of power, can it at the same time be the act of its own annihilation? The will kills the body; but who kills the will?—NICOLAS.

SUICIDE.—The Delusion of the

Tired of earthly scenes, he rushes unbidden into eternity to escape them; but instead of escaping them, he goes where every one of these mortal evils, yea, and multiplied too, a thousand-fold, shall start up in his path with a distinctness of which he had no conception. And henceforth he can never find, as in this world, even a partial deliverance from their terrible vividness. It is as if to avoid the moonlight, because too bright, a man should plunge into the sun.—PROF. HITCHCOCK.

SUICIDE—Prevented.

"I was weary of life," said a Piedmontese nobleman to me; "and after a day such as few have known and none would wish to remember, was hurrying along the street to the river, when I felt a sudden check. I turned and beheld a little

boy, who had caught the skirt of my cloak in his anxiety to solicit my notice. His look and manner were irresistible. Not less so was the lesson he had learnt. 'There are six of us,' he said, 'and we are dying for want of food.' Why should I not, said I to myself, relieve this wretched family? I have the means, and it will not detain me many minutes. But what if it does? The scene of misery he conducted me to I cannot describe. I threw them my purse, and their burst of gratitude overcame me. It filled my eyes; it went as a cordial to my heart. I will call again to-morrow, I cried. Fool that I was, to think of leaving a world where such pleasure was to be had, and so cheaply!"—S. ROGERS.

SUITOR.—The Miseries of a

Full little knowest thou, that hast not tried,
What hell it is, in suing long to bide;
To lose good days, that might be better
spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and
sorrow;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with
cares;
To eat thy heart through comfortless
despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run;
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone!
SPENSER.

SUMMER.—The Advent of

The Summer! the Summer! the exquisite
time
Of the red rose's blush, and the nightin-
gale's chime;
The chant of the lark, and the boom of the
bee,—
The season of brightness, and beauty, and
glee!
It is here—it is here! it is lighting again,
With sun-braided smiles, the deep heart of
the glen;
It is touching the mountain and tinging the
hill,
And dimpling the face of the low-laughing
rill;
It is flooding the forest-trees richly with
bloom,
And flinging gold showers in the lap of the
broom!
I have heard the lark warble his hymn in
the sky,
I have seen the dew-tear in the meek daisy's
eye;
I have scented the breath of the fresh
open'd flowers,
I have pluck'd a rich garland from bright
hawthorn bowers;

My footsteps have been where the violet
sleeps,
And where arches of eglantine hang from
the steepes ;
I have startled the linnet from thickets of
shade,
And roused the fleet stag as he bask'd in
the glade ;
And my spirit is blithe—as a rivulet clear,
• For the Summer, the golden crown'd
Summer, is here !—HOUSEMAN.

SUMMER.—A Blight in

The sky is overcast, and yet there are no
clouds ; nothing but a dry and stifling ob-
scuration, as if the mouth of some pestilent
volcano had opened, or as if sulphur
mingled with the sunbeams. "The
beasts groan ; the cattle are oppressed."
From the trees the embryo-fruits and the
remaining blossoms fall in an unnoticed
shower, and the foliage curls and crumples.
And whilst creation looks disconsolate, in
the hedge-rows the heavy moths begin to
flutter, and ominous owlets cry from the
ruin.—DR. J. HAMILTON.

SUMMER.—Cattle in

Around th' adjoining brook, that purls
along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
Gently diffused into a limpid plain,
A various group the herds and flocks com-
pose.
Rural confusion ! on the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie ; while others stand
Half in the flood, and often bending sip
The circling surface. In the middle
droops
The strong laborious ox, of honest front,
Which incomposed he shakes ; and from
his sides
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
Slumbers the monarch swain ; his careless
arm
Thrown round his head, on downy moss
sustain'd ;
Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands
fill'd ;
There, list'ning ev'ry noise, his watchful
dog.
Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a
flight
Of angry gadflies fasten on the herd ;
That startling scatters from the shallow
brook,
In search of lavish stream. Tossing the
foam,
They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour
the plain,

Through all the bright severity of noon ;
While, from their labouring breasts, a
hollow moan
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the
hills.—J. THOMSON.

SUMMER.—The Noontide Heat of

'Tis raging noon ; and, vertical, the sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays :
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging
eye
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns ; and
all
From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.
In vain the sight, dejected, to the ground
Stoops for relief ; thence hot ascending
steams
And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields
And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
Blast fancy's bloom, and wither even the
soul.
Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
Of sharpening scythe : the mower sinking,
heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers per-
fumed ;
And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard
Through the dumb mead. Distressful na-
ture pants :
The very streams look languid from afar ;
Or, through th' unsheltered glade, impa-
tient, seem
To hurl into the covert of the grove.
All-conquering heat, oh, intermit thy
wrath,
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not so fierce ! incessant still you flow,
And still another fervent flood succeeds,
Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
And restless turn, and look around for
night ;
Night is far off, and hotter hours approach.
Thrice happy he who on the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines ;
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
And fresh bedew'd with ever spouting
streams,
Sits coolly calm, while all the world with-
out,
Unsatisfied and sick, tosses in noon !
Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,
Who keeps his temper'd mind serene and
pure,
And every passion aptly harmonized,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflamed.
J. THOMSON.

SUN.—An Eclipse of the

All nature sympathises with, and en-
hances your feelings of awe and mysterious
apprehension, when such an event transpires.
The earth, seas, and sky assume a lurid,

unnatural hue. An unearthly silence is felt at the moment of totality. Every living thing catches the influence, and cowers under the great blank in the heavens. Beasts of burden lie down with their loads on the road, and refuse to move on. Swallows, in their bewilderment, dash against the walls of houses, and fall down dead. The dog drops its bone from its mouth, and does not venture to seize it again till the light returns. Chickens seek the shelter of the parent-wing; and even ants halt in their tracks with their burdens, and remain immovable till the shadow is past.—LEITCH.

SUN.—The Impartiality of the

The self-same sun that shines upon the court,
Hides not his visage from the cottage, but
Looks on both alike. SHAKSPEARE.

SUN.—A Lesson from the

Ay, strive with him. He never lies a-bed
When it is time to rise. He ever is
The constant'st workman, that goes through
his task,
And shows us how to work by setting to't
With smiling face; for labour's light as ease
To him that toils with cheerfulness. Be
like
The sun. J. S. KNOWLES.

SUN.—The Rising of the

At last, the golden Oriental gate
Of greatest heaven 'gan to open fair;
And Phœbus, fresh as bridegroom to his
mate,
Came dancing forth, shaking his dewy
hair,
And hurl'd his glist'ring beams through
gloomy air. SPENSER.

The rising of the sun has the same effect on me as it is said to have had on the celebrated statue of Memnon; and I never observe that glorious luminary breaking out upon me that I do not find myself harmonized for the whole day.—FITZ-OSBORNE.

SUN.—Satan's Address to the

O thou that, with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion, like the
god
Of this new world;—at whose sight all the
stars
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I
call. MILTON.

SUN.—The Setting of the

The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.
SHAKSPEARE.

SUN.—A Voluptuary and the

I knew a voluptuary who, for a long course of years, had neither seen either the rising or the setting of the sun; for in the evening, when it set, his eyes were already closed with wine, and in the morning, when it rose, he had not slept out his sleep.—SENECA.

SUNBEAM.—The Purity of a

A sunbeam passes through pollution unpolluted.—EUSEBIUS.

SUNDAY.—The Blessedness of the

O day most calm, most bright!
The fruit of this, the next world's bud;
The endorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with His blood;
The couch of time; care's balm and balm;
The week were dark but for thy light;—
Thy torch doth show the way.
G. HERBERT.

Oh, what a blessing is Sunday, interposed between the waves of worldly business like the divine path of the Israelites through Jordan! There is nothing in which I would advise you to be more strictly conscientious than in keeping the Sabbath-day holy. I can truly declare that to me the Sabbath has been invaluable.—W. WILBERFORCE.

SUNDAY.—The Observance of

If the Sunday had not been observed as a day of rest during the last three centuries, I have not the slightest doubt that we should have been at this moment a poorer people and less civilized.—MACAULAY.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.—The Origin of

The utility of an establishment of this sort was first suggested by a group of little miserable wretches, whom I observed one day in the street, where many people employed in the pin manufactory reside. I was expressing my concern to one, at their forlorn and neglected state, and was told that if I were to pass through that street upon Sundays, it would shock me, indeed, to see the crowds of children who were spending that sacred day in noise and riot, to the extreme annoyance of all decent people. I immediately determined to make some effort to remedy the evil. Having found four persons who had been accustomed to instruct children in reading, I engaged to pay the sum required for receiving and instructing such children as I should send to them every Sunday. The children were to come soon after ten in the morning, and stay till twelve; they were then to go home and return at one; and after read-

ing a lesson they were to be conducted to church. After church they were to be employed in reading the catechism till after five, and then to be dismissed, with an injunction to go home without making a noise, and by no means to play in the street. This was the general outline of the regulations.—RAIKES.

SUN-DIAL.—A Churchyard

- So passes silent o'er the dead, thy shade,
Brief time! and hour by hour, and day
by day,
The pleasing pictures of the present fade,
And like a summer vapour steal away.
And have not they, who here forgotten lie
(Say, hoary chronicler of ages past),
Once mark'd thy shadow with delighted
eye,
Nor thought it fled,—how certain and
how fast?
Since thou hast stood, and thus thy vigil
kept,
Noting each hour, o'er mould'ring stones
beneath;
The pastor and his flock alike have slept,
And "dust to dust" proclaimed the
stride of Death.
Another race succeeds, and counts the hour,
Careless alike; the hour still seems to
smile,
As hope, and youth, and life, were in
our power;
So smiling and so perishing the while.
I heard the village bells, with gladsome
sound
(When to these scenes a stranger I drew
near),
Proclaim the tidings to the village round,
While mem'ry wept upon the good man's
bier.
Even so, when I am dead, shall the same
bells
Ring merrily, when my brief days are
gone;
While still the lapse of time thy shadow
tells,
And strangers gaze upon my humble
stone!
Enough, if we may wait in calm content,
The hour that bears us to the silent sod;
Blameless improve the time that Heaven
has lent,
And leave the issue to Thy will, O God!
- C. BOWLES.

SUNFLOWER.—The Demand of the

The proud giant of the garden race,
Who, madly rushing to the sun's embrace,
O'ertops her fellows with aspiring aim,
Demands his wedded love, and bears his
name.

CHURCHILL.

SUNRISE.—A Glorious

See! the flushed horizon flames intense
With vivid red, in rich profusion streamed
O'er heaven's pure arch. At once the
clouds assume
Their gayest liveries; these with silvery
beams
Fringed lovely; splendid those in liquid
gold,
And speak their sovereign's state. He
comes, behold!
Fountain of light and colour, warmth and
life!
The King of Glory. Round his head
divine,
Diffusive showers of radiance circling flow;
As o'er the Indian wave, uprising fair,
He looks abroad on Nature, and invests,
Where'er his universal eye surveys,
Her ample bosom, earth, air, sea, and sky,
In one bright robe, with heavenly tinctures
gay.

MALLET.

SUNSET.—A Glorious

What a sunset! how golden! how beautiful! The sun just disappearing, and the narrow liny clouds, which a few minutes ago lay like soft vapoury streaks along the horizon, lighted up with a golden splendour that the eye can scarcely endure, and those still softer clouds which floated above them wreathing and curling into a thousand fantastic forms as thin and changeful as summer's smoke, now defined and deepened into grandeur, and edged with ineffable, insufferable light! Another minute, and the brilliant orb totally disappears, and the sky above grows every moment more varied and more beautiful as the dazzling golden lines are mixed with glowing red and gorgeous purple, dappled with small dark specks, and mingled with such a blue as the egg of the hedge-sparrow. To look up at that glorious sky, and then to see that magnificent picture reflected in the clear and lovely water, is a pleasure never to be described and never to be forgotten. My heart swells and my eyes fill as I write it, and think of the immeasurable majesty of Nature, and the unspeakable goodness of God, who has spread an enjoyment so pure, so peaceful, and so intense, before the meanest and lowliest of His creatures.—

MITFORD.

SUPERFLUITIES.—The Giving Way of

Our superfluities should give way to our brother's conveniences, and our conveniences to our brother's necessities; yea, even our necessities should give way to their extremity for the supplying of them.—

VENNING.

SUPERFLUITIES.—A Slave for

What man in his right senses, that has wherewithal to live free, would make himself a slave for superfluities? What does that man want who has enough? Or what is he the better for abundance that can never be satisfied?—L'ESTRANGE.

SUPERIORITY.—The Pride of

The pride of superiority only calls to its aid the hatred of equality, and the contempt of inferiority.—LACORDAIRE.

SUPERIORITY.—Prudence in Concealing

To excel others is a proof of talent; but to know when to conceal that superiority is a greater proof of prudence.—COLTON.

SUPERSTITION.—The Errors of

The greatest and wisest men have not been proof against the errors and superstitious conceits of the age in which they lived. Augustus Cæsar thought the skin of a sea-calf to be a preservative against lightning, and expected some grievous calamity to befall him in the course of the day, if at rising he happened to put the left shoe upon the right foot; but we are not to say he was a fool. The very learned Bishop Taylor, on a certain topic asserts what was rather suited to the notions current in his time than what was philosophically true, but it does not follow that *The Holy Living and Dying*, in which this passage occurs, is therefore a foolish book. He would indeed be a foolish man, who would catch at such a passage, and make it a reason for rejecting all the excellent instruction and counsel contained in that golden treatise.—Bp. HORNE.

SUPERSTITION.—Natural.

Superstition is natural to men, and takes refuge, when we imagine that we have routed it out, in the strangest nooks and corners, from which it issues at once, when it thinks itself in any way secure.—GOETHE.

SUPERSTITION.—Practically Exemplified.

I heard of a man in Cleveland (Yorkshire) being buried two years ago with a candle, a penny, and a bottle of wine in his coffin;—the candle to light him along the road, the penny to pay the ferry, and the bottle of wine to nourish him as he went to the New Jerusalem. I was told this, and the explanation was given to me by some rustics who professed to have attended the funeral. This looks to me as though the shipping into the other land were not re-

garded merely as a figure of speech, but as reality.—BARING-GOULD.

SUPPER.—The Lord's

As the sun shines brightest at noon, so does divine love shed its most glorious beams in this marvellous repast. Here the Son of God has opened wide His heart, like a rose in full bloom. Here He presents, not His garments or pictures, not silver or gold, not crown or sceptre, but *Himself*, with His whole merits, complete righteousness, heaven, and perfect bliss.—SCRIVER.

SUPPER.—the Meal or the Ancients.

It is well known that the principal meal of the ancients was the supper: and it has been matter of surprise that they, whose wisdom was so generally conspicuous in the several institutions of common life, should adopt a practice which is now universally esteemed injurious to health. The fact was, they were unwilling to clog their intellects by satisfying the cravings of hunger in the day-time—the season of business and deliberation, and chose rather to indulge themselves in the hour of natural festivity, when no care remained but to retire from the banquet to the pillow.—DR. KNOX.

SUPREMACY.—The Love of

Cæsar, passing a certain village in the Alps, and perceiving in that little forum the agitation respecting the election of a chief, lingered a moment to gaze on the spectacle. His captains around him were astonished. "Is it possible," they asked, "that in this place, too, there should be disputes for supremacy?" And Cæsar, great as he was, replied—"I would rather be first in this little village than second in Rome."—LACORDAIRE.

SURETY.—The Danger of being a

He who is surety is never sure. Take advice, and never be security for more than you are quite willing to lose. Remember the words of the wise man:—"He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it; and he that hateth suretyship is sure."—SPURGEON.

SURGEON.—The Functions of a

The functions of a simple, earnest, and skilful surgeon, living in a small town or village, and circulating in a radius of ten miles, are, and might always be made, superior in real, urgent, and fitting relief, to the Lady Bountiful.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

SURGEON.—Treatment by a

M. Boudon, an eminent surgeon, was one day sent for by the Cardinal Du Bois,

Prime-Minister of France, to perform a very serious operation upon him. The cardinal, on seeing him enter the room, said to him—"You must not expect to treat me in the same rough manner as you treat your poor miserable wretches at your hospital of the Hôtel Dieu." "My lord," replied M. Boudon with great dignity, "every one of those miserable wretches, as your eminence is pleased to call them, is a prime-minister in my eyes."—ARVINE.

SURMISE.—The Injurious Effects of

Surmise is the gossamer that malice blows on fair reputations;—the corroding dew that destroys the choice blossom. Surmise is primarily the squint of suspicion, and suspicion is established before it is confirmed.—ZIMMERMAN.

SURNAMES.—The Origin of

Surnames originally designated occupation, estate, place of residence, or some particular thing or event that related to the person; thus—Robert *Smith*, or the *smith*; William *Turner*, or the *turner*.—DR. WEBSTER.

SUSPICION.—Banished.

Where an equal poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate the event, my nature is
That I incline to hope rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.
MILTON.

SUSPICION.—The Course of

If thou begin to suspect evil of another,
the next thing is to conclude it, and the
next to report it.—BP. HOPKINS.

SUSPICION.—The Cruel Acts of

Oh, it is hard indeed that mere suspicion,
Hating all good and charitable deeds,
Should take from men the glorious names
they win
By constant virtues and a life of toil!
PRAY.

SUSPICION.—Haunts the Guilty.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.
SHAKESPEARE.

SWAIN.—The Happy State of the

Oh, happy, if he knew his happy state,
The swain who, free from business and
debate,
Receives his easy food from Nature's hand,
And just returns of cultivated land!
No palace with a lofty gate he wants,
To admit the tide of early visitants,
With eager eyes devouring as they pass
The breathing figures of Corinthian brass:
No statues threaten from high pedestals,

No Persian arras hides his homely walls
With antic vests, which, through their
shadowy fold,
Betray the streaks of ill-dissembled gold:
He boasts no wool where native white is
died
With purple poison of Assyrian pride:
No costly drugs of Araby defile,
With foreign scents, the sweetness of his
oil;
But easy quiet, a secure retreat,
A harmless life that knows not how to
cheat,
With home-bred plenty the rich owner
bless,
And rural pleasures crown his happiness:
Unvex'd with quarrels, undisturb'd by
noise,
The country king his peaceful realm enjoys.
VIRGIL.

SWALLOW.—The Chimney-Haunting

The chimney-haunting swallow my eye
And ear well pleases. I delight to see
How suddenly he skins the glassy pool,
How quaintly dips, and with a ballet's
speed
Whisks by. I love to be awake, and hear
His morning song twitter'd to dawning day.
HURDIS.

SWALLOW.—The Life of the

The swallow is one of my favourite birds,
and a rival of the nightingale, for he cheers
my sense of seeing as much as the other does
my sense of hearing. He is the glad proph-
et of the year—the harbinger of the best
season; he lives a life of enjoyment amongst
the loveliest forms of nature; winter is un-
known to him; and he leaves the green
meadows of England in autumn for the
myrtle and orange groves of Italy, and for
the Palms of Africa; he has always objects
of pursuit, and his success is secure. Even
the beings selected for his prey are poetical,
beautiful, and transient. The ephemera
are saved by his means from a slow and
lingering death in the evening, and killed
in a moment when they have known but
pleasure. He is the constant destroyer
of insects, the friend of man, and may be
regarded as a sacred bird. This instinct,
which gives him his appointed season, and
teaches him when and where to move, may
be regarded as flowing from a divine source;
and he belongs to the oracles of nature,
which speak the awful and intelligible lan-
guage of a present Deity.—DAVY.

SWALLOW.—The Migration of the

Their migration is annual and regular;
and in this way we may perceive the wise
and beneficent direction of Providence. Of
this I had the clearest proof in the immense

bodies of these birds I perceived in my voyage to Alexandria, pushing their way in the direction of Egypt from Europe, during the month of October; and they may be compared to some of the vast caravans in the East. On the banks of the Thames, as well as in numerous other parts, they collect their forces, and make arrangements for migration. From the more hospitable regions they return to our climate in the beautiful season of the year; a fact which is expressly alluded to in the Oracles of Truth (Jer. viii. 7). When they take a departure early, it is considered as a prognostication of severe weather approaching. These scouts appear as if, like Noah's dove, they were despatched from the main body to spy and report on the appearance of the earth, and ascertain the longitude and latitude of their flight, before the general migration takes place.—RAE WILSON.

SWAN.—The Death-Hymn of the

The wild swan's death-hymn took the soul
Of that waste place with joy
Hidden in sorrow; at first to the ear
The warble was low, and full, and clear;
And floating about the under-sky,
Prevailing in weakness, the coronach stole
Sometimes afar, and sometimes anear;
But anon her awful jubilant voice,
With a music strange and manifold,
Flow'd forth on a carol free and bold;
As when a mighty people rejoice
With shawms, and with cymbals, and harps
of gold,
And the tumult of their acclaim is roll'd
Thro' the open gates of the city afar,
To the shepherd who watcheth the evening
star.
And the creeping mosses and clambering
weeds,
And the willow-branches hoar and dank,
And the wavy swell of the souging reeds,
And the wave-worn horns of the echoing
bank,
And the silvery marish-flowers that throng
The desolate creeks and pools among,
Were flooded over with eddying song.

TENNYSON.

SWEARING.—An Effectual Check to

Once when I was returning from Ireland, I found myself much annoyed by the reprobate conduct of the captain and mate, who were both sadly given to the scandalous habit of swearing. First, the captain swore at the mate—then the mate swore at the captain—then they both swore at the wind—when I called to them with a strong voice for fair play. "Stop! stop!" said I, "if you please, gentlemen; let us have fair play: it's my turn now." "At what is it your turn, pray?" said the captain. "At

swearing," I replied. Well, they waited and waited until their patience was exhausted, and then wanted me to make haste and take my turn. I told them, however, that I had a right to take my own time, and swear at my own convenience. To this the captain replied, with a laugh—"Perhaps you don't mean to take your turn?" "Pardon me, captain," I answered, "but I do, as soon as I can find the good of doing so." I did not hear another oath on the voyage.—R. HILL.

SWEARING—Prohibited.

Take not His name, who made thy mouth,
in vain;
It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse;
Lust and wine plead a pleasure, avarice
gain:
But the cheap swearer, through his open
sluice,
Lets his soul run for nought.

G. HERBERT.

SWEARING.—The Way to Cure

Would'st thou know by what means thou may'st be rid of this wicked custom of swearing, I'll tell thee a way, which, if thou'lt take, will certainly prove successful. Every time, whenever thou shalt find thyself to have let slip an oath, punish thyself for it by missing the next meal. Such a course as this, though troublesome to the flesh, will be profitable to the spirit, and cause a quick amendment; for the tongue will need no other monitor to make it take heed of swearing another time, if it has been thus punished with hunger and thirst for its former transgression, and knows it shall be so punished again if ever it commits the like crime hereafter.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM.

SWEAT—a Common Destiny.

Sweat is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brows or of the mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing.—J. HALL.

SWEET.—Things that are

'Tis sweet to hear
At midnight, on the blue and moonlight
deep
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
By distance mellow'd, o'er the waters
sweep;
'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear;
'Tis sweet to listen to the night winds
creep
From leaf to leaf; 'tis sweet to view on
high
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.
'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest
bark

SWIMMER.

Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw
near home ;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will
mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we
come ;
'Tis sweet to be awaken'd by the lark,
Or lull'd by falling waters ; sweet the
hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of
birds,
The lisp of children, and their early words.
BYRON.

SWIMMER.—The Boldness of a

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs ; he trod the
water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him : his
bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and
oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore.
SHAKESPEARE.

SWIMMING.—The Art of

The only obstacle to the acquirement of,
and improvement in, this necessary and life-
preserving art, is fear.—DR. FRANKLIN.

SWOONING.—Feelings when

As I died,
Or seemed to die, a soft, sweet sadness fell,
With a voluptuous weakness, on my soul,
That made me feel all happy.
P. J. BAILEY.

SWORD.—Honours obtained by the

It is reported of Philip of Macedon,
that after having obtained an unexpected
victory, he looked very much dejected ; on
being asked the reason, he replied :—
“The honours which are obtained by the
sword may also be lost by the sword.”—
W. SECKER.

SWORD AND THE PEN.—The

Men in the olden time won glory by the
steel that flashed in their hands amid the
smoke and din of battle. Men in the pre-
sent day control nations and win battles by
the steel they handle in the quiet of their
libraries ; the former was the sword of
steel, the latter the steel pen.—MRS. BAL-
FOUR.

SYCOPHANTS.—Described.

Practised their master's notions to embrace,
Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face ;
With every wild absurdity comply,
And view each object with another's eye ;
To shake with laughter ere the jest they hear,

SYMPATHY.

To pour, at will, the counterfeited tear ;
And as their patron hints the cold or heat,
To shake in dog-days, in December sweat :
How, when competitors like these contend,
Can surly virtue hope to find a friend !

DR. JOHNSON.

SYLLABLE.—The Chase of a

'Learned philologists chase
A panting syllable through time and space.
COWPER.

SYLLABLES.—The Power of

Syllables govern the world.—SELDEN.

SYMBOLS.—Various

Earth is the symbol of humanity,
Water of spirit, fire of Deity,
And air of all things ; stars the truths of
Heaven.
P. J. BAILEY.

SYMPATHY.—Nature's

Human Nature is fallen, and I am not
in the habit of unduly exalting it ; yet, re-
garded from this point of view, it presents
some vestiges of a departed glory—the last
lights of sunset. Let me illustrate this by
an example, over which I can fancy the
angels bending with admiration :—A boat
of castaways lay on the lone sea, drifting on
a shoreless ocean ; bread they had none ;
water they had none ; no ship, no sail hove
in sight. Among the dead and dying a
boy lay clasped in his mother's arms ; with
looks—for his lips were black and speech-
less—that seemed to cry—“Mother, mo-
ther, give me bread !” A rough sailor, who
had kept and concealed a shell-fish for his
own last extremity, looked on the child ;
the tears started to his eye ; he raised his
rough hand to wipe them from his cheek ;
and then, drawing out his prized last mor-
sel, put it to the lips of the dying boy. I
don't know where he sailed from ; I know
neither his name nor his creed ; but I know
this—that I would rather my soul were
bound up in the same bundle with his, than
with the souls of those who go to church,
and, having no bowels of mercy, heap up
money, while other men are dying of star-
vation. Till she has sunk into the lowest
depth of selfishness and sin, Human Na-
ture could not enjoy the banquet when
hungry faces were staring in at the window,
and not the music of tabret and viol filled
the air, but the low moanings of manly suf-
fering and the weeping of mothers whose
children cry for bread and they have none
to give them. The Gospel of Jesus Christ
directs us to love even our enemies—if they
hunger, to feed them ; if they thirst, to
give them drink ; and though Human
Nature may not be great enough to forgive an
enemy, she is kind enough to pity a suf-

ferer, and to sympathise with suffering. Give her way, then ! Yield to her generous impulses !—DR. GUTHRIE.

SYMPATHY.—The Need of

That which is wanted, to hold together the bursting bonds of the different classes of this country, is not kindness, but sympathy.—TALFOURD.

SYMPATHY.—The Pleasures of

What though in scaly armour drest,
Indifference may repel
The shafts of woe—in such a breast
No joy can ever dwell.

'Tis woven in the world's great plan,
And fix'd by Heaven's decree,
That all the true delights of man
Should spring from sympathy.

'Tis Nature bids, and whilst the laws
Of Nature we retain,
Our self-approving bosom draws
A pleasure from its pain.—COWPER.

SYSTEM.—A False

A false system has for accomplice whoever spares it by silence.—DR. VINET.

SYSTEMS.—The Chief of all

All moral systems are fine. The Gospel alone has shown a full and complete assemblage of the principles of morality, stripped of all absurdity. It is not made up, like your creed, of a few commonplace sentences put into bad verse.—NAPOLEON I.

T.

TABLE.—The Significancy of the Word—

If there is one word that is universally significant of love, peace, refinement, social amenity, friendship, pure society, joy, it is the table. Such power has the heart to clothe the most unseemly things with its own vines and fragrant flowers, that we have not only forgotten that eating is an animal act, but we have come to associate everything that is sweet and beautiful with it. We no longer think of appetite, but of love. It is not food, but society that we have. We cover the merest animal necessities with such sympathies, tastes, conversations, and gaieties, that the table, the symbol of appetite, has cleared itself from all grossness, and stands, in the language of the world, as the centre of social joy. A feast becomes sacred to hospitality.—H. W. BEECHER.

TABLES.—Two

Jupiter placed two tables in the world for every station : the cunning, the vigilant, and the strong are seated at the first, while the silly and weak eat their scraps at the second.—FONTAINE.

TABOR.—Mount

Mount Tabor is understood to be situated on the north-eastern side of the great plain of Esdraclon, in Palestine, about two leagues south-east of Nazareth. It is considered to be the highest mountain in Lower Galilee, and rises about a thousand feet above the level of the sea. Though surrounded by other mountains on all sides, it is the only one that stands entirely by itself. On its summit are considerable ruins, the masonry of which is traced to the time of the Romans. The view from the top is by every traveller described as of extraordinary beauty and great extent. Each feature in this magnificent prospect is said to be exceedingly grand ; the eye and the mind are alike delighted ; and by a combination of objects and associations unusual to fallen man, earthly scenes, which more than satisfy the external sense, elevate the soul to heavenly contemplations.

There is one circumstance appertaining to the modern history of this sacred mountain which forms a striking contrast to the solemn scene of which it was the solemn witness nearly two thousand years ago. The historian informs us that the battle of Mount Tabor was fought in this locality, fifty years since, between the French and the Turks. It was a sanguinary engagement, having commenced in the morning, when General Kleber marched his three thousand soldiers into the plain, to encounter the Turkish army of fifteen thousand infantry and twelve thousand splendid cavalry. While the battle raged, a figure was seen standing on the top of Tabor, keenly surveying the conflict on the plain beneath. This was Napoleon, a name at which the world has often turned pale. It seems he made choice of this elevation to watch his opportunity for a final and fatal charge. When, then, the wearied Kleber was well-nigh despairing, this extraordinary man descended from the mountain, with only a single division of a small army, and with only one piece of cannon, and rushing to the rescue, completely put the Turks to flight. They were driven back toward the Jordan, where Murat was waiting to receive them and to hew them to pieces. It is said that Murat declared that the recollection of the transfiguration of the Redeemer on Tabor nerved him in the hottest of the engagement with additional courage. What an extraordinary perversion

of a scriptural reminiscence!—M'FARLANE.

TACT.—A Play upon the Word—

A tact which surpassed the tact of her sex as much as the tact of her sex surpasses the tact of ours.—MACAULAY.

TAIL-PIECE.—An Extraordinary

A few months before that ingenious artist, Hogarth, was seized with the malady which deprived society of one of its most distinguished ornaments, he proposed to his matchless pencil the work he has entitled "The Tail-Piece." The first idea of this is said to have been started in company at his own table. "My next undertaking," said Hogarth, "shall be the end of all things." "If that is the case," replied one of his friends, "your business will be finished; for there will be an end of the painter." "There will so," answered Hogarth, sighing heavily, "and, therefore, the sooner my work is done the better." Accordingly he began the next day, and continued his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension that he should not live till he had completed it. This, however, he did in the most ingenious manner, by grouping everything which could denote the end of all things:—a broken bottle—an old broom worn to the stump—the butt end of an old firelock—a cracked bell—a bow unstrung—a crown tumbled in pieces—towers in ruins—the sign-post of a tavern, called "The World's End," tumbling—the moon in her wane—the map of the globe burning—a gibbet falling, the body gone, and the chains which held it dropping down—Phœbus and his horses dead in the clouds—a vessel wrecked—Time, with his hour-glass and scythe broken; a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, the last whiff of smoke going out—a play-book opened, with *excut omnes* stamped in the corner—an empty purse—and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against Nature. "So far good," cried Hogarth; "nothing remains but this," taking his pencil in a sort of prophetic fury, and dashing off the similitude of a painter's pallet broken—"Finis," exclaimed Hogarth: "*the deed is done, all is over.*" It is a very remarkable and well-known fact that he never again took the pallet in hand. It is a circumstance less known, perhaps, that he died about a year after he had finished this extraordinary Tail-Piece.—BUCK.

TALE.—An Awful

But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young
blood,

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from
their spheres,

Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

SHAKESPEARE.

TALE.—The Mischief of Carrying a

The carrying of a tale, and reporting what such an one said or such an one did, is the way to sow such grudges, to kindle such heart-burnings between persons, as oftentimes break forth and flame, to the consumption of families, courts, and perhaps at length of cities and kingdoms. The mischief such incendiaries do is incredible, as being indeed for the most part inevitable. And a vine or a rose-tree may as well flourish when there is a secret worm lurking and gnawing at the root of them, as the peace of those societies thrive that have such concealed plagues wrapt up in their hearts.—DR. SOUTH.

TALE.—The Requisites of a

A tale should be judicious, clear, succinct: The language plain, and incidents well link'd;

Tell not as new what everybody knows,
And, new or old, still hasten to a close;
There, centring in a focus round and neat,
Let all your rays of information meet.

COWPER.

**TALENT.—Companionship and Training
Adverse to**

It is adverse to talent to be consorted and trained up with inferior minds or inferior companions, however high they may rank. The foal of the racer neither finds out his speed, nor calls out his powers, if pastured out with the common herd that are destined for the collar and the yoke.—COLTON.

TALENT.—Counsel Respecting

Whatever you are from Nature, keep to it; never desert your own line of talent. Be what nature intended you for, and you will succeed; be anything else, and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing!—S. SMITH.

TALENT.—The High Poetic

The high poetic talent—as if to prove that a poet is only, at the best, a wild although beautiful error of Nature—the high poetic talent is the rarest in creation.—C. FLEMING.

TALENT.—Unappreciated.

When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child—understanding, it strikes

a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.—SHAKESPEARE.

TALENT.—Wealth Respected rather than

Gross and vulgar minds will always pay a higher respect to wealth than to talent; for wealth, although it be a far less efficient source of power than talent, happens to be far more intelligible.—COLTON.

TALENT AND GENIUS.

Talent convinces—Genius but excites; This tasks the reason, that the soul delights: Talent from sober judgment takes its birth; And reconciles the pinion to the earth; Genius unsettles with desires the mind, Contented not till earth be left behind; Talent, the sunshine on a cultivated soil, Ripens the fruit, by slow degrees, for toil: Genius, the sudden Iris of the skies, On cloud itself reflects its numerous dyes: And to the earth, in tears and glory given, Clasps, in its airy arch, the pomp of heaven; Talent gives all that vulgar critics need— From its plain horn-book learns the dull to read:

Genius, the Pythian of the Beautiful, Leaves its large truths a riddle to the dull— From eyes profane a veil the Isis screens, And fools on fools still ask—“what Hamlet means?”

LYTTON.

TALK.—Advantages Derived from

I have often learnt a good deal from my own talk. Often when I have been advising a man or funning of him, new reasons or new illustrations have sprung up of their own accord that I never thought of before. It has made my opinions stronger, or given me cause to change them in some particulars. I am not certain whether a man, if he could be sure not to be overheard, was to think aloud, but that it would be beneficial to him. It would take off the dreaminess of thinking and castle-building, and give reality to his reasons and life to his humour.—HALIBURTON.

TALK.—The Evil of

Men are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say; but, from their conduct, one would suppose that they were born with two tongues and one eye, for those talk the most who have observed the least, and obtrude their remarks upon everything, who have seen *into* nothing.—COLTON.

TALK.—Patriotic

Patriotic talk is tall talk, much of it, though it makes the heart swell proudly

within one: ancient glories are a frail protection to a degenerate people, albeit they kindle the imagination, and are a mighty incentive to an imitative heroism when the true heroic heart is vanished.—ADN. GARBETT.

TALKER.—An Impertinent

If you light upon an impertinent talker, that sticks to you like a burr, to the disappointment of your important occasions, deal freely with him, break off the discourse, and pursue your business. These repulses, whereby our resolution and assurance are exercised in matters of less moment, will accustom us to it by degrees on greater occasions.—PLUTARCH.

TALKER.—An Incessant

I know a lady that loves talking so incessantly, she won't give an echo fair play; she has that everlasting rotation of tongue, that an echo must wait till she dies, before it can catch her last words!—CONGREVE.

TALKER.—A Sober, Deliberate

He proceeds with much thought and caution; makes his preface; branches out into several digressions; finds a hint that puts him in mind of another story, which he promises to tell you when this is done; comes back regularly to his subject; cannot readily call to mind some person's name; holding his head, complains of his memory; the whole company all this while is in suspense; at length, he says it is no matter, and so goes on. And, to crown the business, it perhaps proves at last a story the company has heard fifty times before; or, at best, some insipid adventure of the narrator.—DEAN SWIFT.

TALKER.—A Tedious

A magistrate once gave Dr. Johnson a long, tedious account of the exercise of his criminal jurisdiction, the result of which was his having sentenced four convicts to transportation. The Doctor, in an agony of impatience to get rid of such a companion, exclaimed:—“I wish, sir, I were a fifth!”—G. W. HERVEY.

TALKERS.—Admirable

There probably were never four talkers more admirable in four different ways than Johnson, Burke, Beauclerk, and Garrick.—MACAULAY.

TALKERS.—Smooth, Oily

Their voices are soft and sweet, and they have an inimitable talent in flowing on, without let or hindrance, in the most genial and soothing manner. They steal upon

your ear, and lull your temper ; they come upon you with a kind of change that resembles a May atmosphere after March winds. One cannot remember what they say, but at the time the charm almost amounts to a fascination. One word takes hold of another with such a soft touch, and one sentence moves into another, as drops of water in a stream move indistinguishably upon each other.—H. W. BEECHER.

TAPER.—An Address to a

My taper, lend thy glimmering ray,
Oh give me all thy little light !
Departed is the orb of day,
And o'er the city falls the night.

Now gathering storms the sky o'erspread,
And sweep with ruffian-blasts the plain ;
Now on my window and my shed
Descends the chill and beating rain.

How fast thy slender form decays !
Still, still a little longer stay ;
Now in the socket falls thy blaze—
It flutters, and it dies away.

How like thy dim and dying flame
The sons of genius and of lore —
Whose souls, too ardent for their frame,
Burn till their pulse can beat no more !
LINN.

TASTE—Defined.

Taste is the power of relishing or rejecting whatever is offered for the entertainment of the imagination.—GOLDSMITH.

TASTE.—The Expense of

Taste is pursued at a less expense than fashion.—SHENSTONE.

TASTE.—False

False taste is for ever sighing after the new and the rare, and reminds us in her works of the scholar of Apelles, who, not being able to paint his Helen beautiful, determined to make her fine.—S. ROGERS.

TASTE.—A Fastidious

A fastidious taste is like a squeamish appetite : the one has its origin in some disease of the mind, as surely as the other has in some ailment of the stomach.—DR. SOUTHEY.

TASTE.—The Formation of the

The formation of the taste arises from a keen and true perception of the beautiful.—WIELAND.

TASTE.—The Home of

You seek the home of taste, and find
The proud mechanic there,

Rich as a king, and less a slave,
Thron'd in his elbow-chair !
Or on his sofa reading Locke,
Beside his open door !
Why start?—why envy worth like his—
The carpet on his floor ?

Oh, give him taste ! it is the link
Which binds us to the skies —
A bridge of rainbows, thrown across
The gulf of tears and sighs !
Or like a widower's little one—
An angel in a child—
That leads him to her mother's chair,
And shows him how she smil'd !
E. ELLIOTT.

TASTE.—Reading Essays on

There are some readers who have never read an essay on taste ; and if they take my advice they never will ; for they can no more improve their taste by so doing than they could improve their appetite or digestion by studying a cookery book.—DR. SOUTHEY.

TASTES.—Opinion respecting

Some physiologists have been of opinion that a large proportion of what are classed as tastes, including all flavours as distinguished from the generic taste of sweet, sour, bitter, etc., are really affections of the nerves of smell, and are mistaken for tastes only because they are experienced along with tastes as a consequence of taking food into the mouth.—J. S. MILL.

TAXATION—a Curse.

Taxation on the necessities of life is a curse equal to the barrenness of the earth and the inclemency of the weather.—DR. A. SMITH.

TAXATION.—Potentates Approve of

There is one passage in the Scriptures to which all the potentates of Europe seem to have given their unanimous assent and approbation, and to have studied so thoroughly as to have it quite at their fingers' ends :—"There went out a decree in the days of Claudius Cæsar, that all the world should be taxed."—COLTON.

TAXES—the Consequence of War.

Permit me to inform you what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory :—Taxes—upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot—taxes upon everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste—taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion—taxes on everything on earth, and the waters under the earth, on everything that comes from abroad or is

grown at home—taxes upon the raw material—taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man—taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health—on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal—on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice—on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribbons of the bride—at bed or board, we must pay taxes. The school-boy whips his taxed top—the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle on a taxed road—and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine which has paid seven per cent. into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent., flings himself back upon his chintz bed which has paid twenty-two per cent., makes his will on an eight-pound stamp, and expires in the arms of an apothecary, who has paid a licence of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers—to be taxed no more.—S. SMITH.

TAXES.—Heavy

The taxes are indeed heavy; and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing any abatement.—DR. FRANKLIN.

TEA.—The Origin and Introduction of

This now common beverage is of recent origin in Europe; neither the ancients nor those of the middle ages tasted of this luxury. The first accounts we find of the uses of this shrub are the casual notices of travellers, who seem to have tasted it, and sometimes not to have liked it. A Russian ambassador, in 1639, who resided at the court of the Mogul, declined accepting a large present of tea for the Czar, "as it would only encumber him with a commodity for which he had no use." Dr. Short has recorded an anecdote of a stratagem of the Dutch, in their second voyage to China, by which they at first obtained their tea without disbursing money; they carried with them great store of dried sage, and bartered it with the Chinese for tea; and received

three or four pounds of tea for one of sage; but, at length, the Dutch could not export sufficient quantity of sage to supply their demand. This fact, however, proves how deeply the imagination is concerned with our palate; for the Chinese, affected by the exotic novelty, considered our sage to be more precious than their tea.

The first introduction of tea into Europe is not ascertained; according to the common accounts, it came into England from Holland in 1666, when Lord Arlington and Lord Ossory brought over a small quantity: the custom of drinking tea became fashionable, and a pound weight sold then for sixty shillings. This account, however, is by no means satisfactory. I have heard of Oliver Cromwell's tea-pot in the possession of the collector, and this will derange the chronology of those writers who are perpetually copying the researches of others, without confirming or correcting them.—I. DISRAELI.

TEA-CHEST.—A Pun on the

A facetious Cantab is said to have placed on his tea-caddy the Latin words—*Tu doces*—Thou teachest, rendering the phrase into a punning motto—Thou tea-chest.—RILEY.

TEACH.—The Way to

Knowledge is not to be crammed in by mere naked dictation; you must teach as nature teaches, gently, softly, kindly—a little now, a little then—a little here, a little there—a little this way, a little that way. See how Nature trains her plants in the field. If you have gone into the corn-field early in the morning, you have seen the little drop of dew on the top of each wheat-ear, standing there and asking the sun to kiss it, and impart to it some new chemical virtue, and having been kissed by the sun and invigorated, it looks for a little groove, a little canal, a little fissure in the plant, and runs down that fissure to the root, and nourishes it. That takes place every morning; and what is the consequence? Why, there is the ear filling all round the top of the stalk—a number of rows, in each row a number of little granular buds when the summer sun shines out, the dew-drop is formed, and these little granular buds swell; they harden; they swell again, and harden again; the summer sun shines out still more bravely; and then you have the full corn in the ear, which bows its head and asks the reaper to take it in.—DR. BEAUMONT.

TEACHER.—The Influence of the

I can conceive no higher aim of generous ambition than to exercise an influence over

the minds, thoughts, opinions, and characters of men. Now, such an influence the teacher exercises to an extent that can never be calculated, but which is unquestionably very great. Its greatness depends just upon the same circumstance on which it depends that it is incalculable. Other influences may be estimated, inasmuch as they generally consist in the modification or reversal of opinions already formed, and of characters already developed. But the teacher's influence is exerted in developing the mind itself, and almost in forming it, so that it never can be known what it would have been but for that influence having been brought to bear upon it. If other influences be compared to a force applied to push backward or forward the hands of the watch upon the dial, this may be likened to a power applied to the structure of the interior mechanism, and through that ruling the actual pointing of the hands at every point of the time during which the watch shall last. Thus it is by no mere exaggeration that our schoolmasters, in the good old times, were called "masters;" for they really exercised a mastery over the generation which they educated, and through them over the generations that followed. Students of physical science tell us that the undulations or pulsations of the air, which constitute sound, can never wholly cease, but must go on propagating themselves until every particle of air in the atmosphere has received an impulse which must cause it to vibrate for ever, however its vibrations may be crossed and re-crossed and modified by the infinity of other vibrations which have been communicated to it by other sounds; so that no whispered word and no falling pin leave any atom of our atmosphere in precisely the position which it would have occupied had the word not been uttered, or the pin not fallen. This is demonstrably true, but it is scarcely apprehensible, so infinitesimally minute is the effect produced in remote regions by any sound that can be produced on earth. Equally real and more potent is the influence produced by the teacher upon a mind that must, of necessity, influence others, and these others in their turn, until the whole minds in the world are brought under an influence that originated in, and issued from, it may be, a very humble village school.—DR. W. SMITH.

TEACHER.—The Responsibility of a

To a single teacher the hope of an entire city is often intrusted.—SCRIVER.

TEAR.—Drying up a

The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore.
BYRON.

TEAR.—The Ornament of a

Her eye did seem to labour with a tear,
Which suddenly took birth, but, over-
weigh'd
With its own swelling, dropp'd upon her
bosom,
Which, by reflection of her light, appear'd
As Nature meant her sorrow for an orna-
ment.
SHIRLEY.

TEAR.—A Penitent's

A penitent's tear is an undeniable ambas-
sador, and never returns from the throne of
grace unsatisfied.—SPENCER.

TEAR.—Religion's

But there's a tear that gently flows,
And, like the dew-drop on the rose,
Refreshes all things near—
In which the sky of purest blue
Reflects its own celestial hue—
It is religion's tear!—CAUNTER.

TEAR.—The Test of a

When friendship or love our sympathies
move,
When truth in a glance should appear,
The lips may beguile with a dimple or
smile,
But the test of affection's a tear.
Too oft is a smile but the hypocrite's wile,
To mask detestation or fear;
Give me the soft sigh, while the soul-telling
eye
Is dimmed for a time with a tear.

BYRON.

TEAR.—A Woman's

Oh! too convincing—dangerously dear—
In woman's eye the unanswerable tear!
That weapon of her weakness she can
wield,
To save, subdue—at once her spear and
shield.
BYRON.

TEARS.—The Benefit of

Tears, to speak in the style of figure,
fertilize the soil in which the virtues grow.
Indeed, the faculties of the mind, as well
as the feelings of the heart, are meliorated
by adversity.—DR. KNOX.

TEARS.—Definitions of

Certain drops of salt.—SHAKESPEARE.

The diamonds of the eye.—DR. DAVIES.

TEARS.—Desirable

No tears are desirable but those that tend
to clear the eyes from the filth of sin, that
they may see better the loveliness of God.
—BAXTER.

TEARS.—A Father's

Tears such as tender fathers shed,
Warm from my aged eyes descend,
For joy, to think, when I am dead,
My son will have mankind his friend.

HANDEL.

TEARS.—Idle and Despairing

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,—
Tears from the depth of some divine despair,
Rise in the heart, and gather in the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

TENNYSON.

TEARS—of Joy.

Pardon my tears ; 'tis joy which bids them flow—
A joy which never was sincere till now.

DRYDEN.

TEARS—should be Secret.

When man weeps he should be alone ;
not because tears are weak, but they should be secret.—LYTTON.

TEARS.—Self-Deceiving

What sadder scene can angels view
Than self-deceiving tears,
Poured idly over some dark page
Of earlier life ?

KEBLE.

TEARS.—Unmoved by

He who is unmoved by tears has no heart.—NAPOLEON I.

TEDIOUS.—A Person Excessively

I tell you what—
He held me last night at least nine hours
In reckoning up the several persons' names
That were his lackeys : I cried " hum,"
and " well, go to,"
But mark'd him not a word. Oh, he is as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife ;
Worse than a smoky house ! I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom.

SHAKESPEARE.

TEETH—A Row of

Such a pearly row of teeth, that Sovereignty would have pawned her jewels for them.—STERNE.

TEETH.—White

Teeth like falling snow
For white.—COWLEY.

TELEGRAM.—The Word—

The word is formed according to the strictest laws of the language whence the

root comes. While *telegraph* means—to write from a distance, *telegram* means the writing itself executed from a distance. Monogram, lologram, etc., are words formed upon the same analogy, and in good acceptance.—E. P. SMITH.

We nicely discuss whether *telegram* is a proper word or not, and invoke the heroes of Homer to side with us for or against a term which would have tried every Greek tongue in its utterance, and vexed every Greek tongue in its hearing ; and all the while the bees, who rejoice amid the sugar plantations of our heather, warn and welcome each other in songs which the bees of Hymettus sang to each other ; and the grasshoppers signal from meadow to meadow as they did of old, when the musical shiver of their wings rang over Greece as its cradle psalm. For one, I am lost in wonder and reverence, when I consider the telegraphic doings of the humblest creatures. Whether it be a legion of locusts bent on a war of extermination, or a cohort of butterflies arranging for a dance ; in some mysterious silent way the signal passes, and all understand it, and all obey it.—PROF. G. WILSON.

TELEGRAMS.—Dislike to

I never see one of those grey envelopes arrive without a shudder. They bring more bad news than good. And then these telegrams have a summary way of proceeding, which knocks one completely down. Letters alleviated the blow, or at all events they prepared for it ; they anticipated your questions, they told you what you wanted to know. The telegram either half kills you or bewilders you ; and having done that, leaves you there. I know, indeed, that in an instant, from one end of the world to the other, voices may question and answer ; rapidly disquieted, one may be rapidly re-assured. But distance and time—two instruments of torture—are also conditions of life ; they place some interval between the anvil and the hammer ; take that away, the hammer will strike without cessation, and the broken anvil fall to pieces beneath the blows. In order to breathe, man must have air ; and I question whether, in order to exist, he does not require, in a certain measure, both time and space ; one and the same moderating influence under two modes.—GASPARIN.

TELEGRAPH.—The Electric

Of all the physical agents discovered by modern scientific research, the most fertile in its subserviency to the arts of life is, incontestably, electricity ; and of all the ap-

plications of this subtle agent, that which is transcendently the most admirable in its effects, the most astonishing in its results, and the most important in its influence upon the social relations of mankind, and upon the spread of civilization and the diffusion of knowledge, is the electric telegraph. No force of habit, however long continued, no degree of familiarity, can efface the sense of wonder which the effects of this most marvellous application of science excites.—DR. LARDNER.

TELEGRAPH.—The Extension of the

Telegraph lines now stretch from Norway to the shores of Africa; from Nova Scotia to the Gulf of Mexico; from Great Britain they spread westwards to Newfoundland, and eastwards to Constantinople; the greater part of Europe and North America is netted over with them; a considerable part of Asia and Australia, and a portion of Africa. Every week some addition is made, and the day is not far distant when all the cities of the world shall be as near each other in time as the churches are in great cities, and "the electric shock of a nation's gratitude" shall be reckoned a bare fact, and not a poetical simile.—PROF. G. WILSON.

TELEGRAPH.—The Marvellousness of the

The applications of electricity to the arts of life are, in themselves, of such romantic, if not poetic character, as to lead to their fancied predictions being traceable in the higher regions of embellished thought. Contemplating these marvellous results, it is asked—Might we not exclaim, after the inspired author of the Book of Job—"Canst thou send lightning, that they may go and say unto thee—Here we are?" There is a fancied allusion to the application of electrical power in "Hudibras," where Sidrophel knows how to

"Fire a mine in China, here,
With sympathetic gunpowder."

And even Puck's fairy boast of putting a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes, has been almost reduced to practice; one of our most profound electricians having exclaimed—"Give me but an unlimited length of wire, with a small battery, and I will girdle the universe with a sentence in forty minutes." And this is no vain boast; for so rapid is the transition of the electric current along the lines of the telegraph wire, that, supposing it were possible to carry the wires eight times round the earth, it would but occupy one second of time!—TIMES.

TELEGRAPH.—The Materials of the

They represent all the quarters of the globe:—Norwegian and Canadian wood, Swedish steel, English iron, Australian copper, Silesian zinc, Siamese gutta-percha, Russian hemp, Sicilian sulphur, African palm-oil, South American platina, and other ingredients from every region of the world.—PROF. G. WILSON.

TELEGRAPH.—The Pedigree of the

Directly it is the child of the Penny Post, and the grandchild of the Railway Locomotive, to which it shows its affinity by clinging to the Railway.—PROF. G. WILSON.

TELEGRAPH.—A Private

And they threaten us with a private telegraph from house to house! The first bore who may take it into his head to ask us how we are, or to inform us that he has just sneezed, will but have to place his finger on the electric keys; and though we be enclosed under triple bolts, the lightning will strike us! Neither the *tête-à-tête*, nor solitude, nor the labour of the brain, nor prayer, nor day, nor night, will preserve us! When that comes, it will be all over with us indeed!—GASPARIN.

TELEGRAPH.—The Song of the

If you stand at any time beside a telegraph-post, you will hear the wind playing on the Æolian harp of the stretched wires, and evoking from them the sweetest music. They sing at their work. Whatever the message may be, they speed it along the line: but all the while they sing, and these are the words I last heard them singing:—

Men have spoken, men have dreamed,
Of a universal tongue;
Universal speech can be
Only when the words are sung:
When our harp has all its strings,
And its music fills the air,
In a universal tongue
All the world shall share.

PROF. G. WILSON.

TELESCOPE.—The Invention of the

It was in the month of April or May, 1609, that a rumour, creeping through Europe by the tardy messengers of former days, at length found its way to Venice, where Galileo was on a visit to a friend, that a Dutchman had presented to Prince Maurice of Nassau an optical instrument, which possessed the singular property of causing distant objects to appear nearer to the observer. This Dutchman was Hans, or John Sippershey, who, as has been

clearly proved by the late Professor Moll, of Utrecht, was in possession of a telescope made by himself so early as October 1608. A few days afterwards, this report was confirmed in a letter from James Badorere, at Paris, to Galileo, who immediately applied himself to the consideration of the subject. On the first night after his return to Padua, he found in the doctrines of refraction the principle which he sought. Having procured two spectacle-glasses, both of which were plane on one side, while one of them had its other side convex, and the other its second side concave, he placed one at each end of a leaden tube a few inches long; and having applied his eye to the concave glass, he saw objects pretty large, and pretty near him. This little instrument, which magnified only three times, and which he held between his fingers or laid in his hand, he carried to Venice, where it excited the most intense interest. Crowds of the principal citizens flocked to his house to see the magical toy; and after nearly a month had been spent in gratifying this epidemical curiosity, Galileo was led to understand from Leonardo Deodati, the Doge of Venice, that the Senate would be highly gratified by obtaining possession of so extraordinary an instrument. Galileo instantly complied with the wishes of his patrons, who acknowledged the present by a mandate, conferring upon him for life his professorship at Padua, and raising his salary from five hundred and twenty to one thousand florins.—TIMBS.

TELESCOPE AND THE MICROSCOPE.

—The

About the time of the invention of the telescope, another instrument was formed, which laid open a scene no less wonderful. This was the microscope. The one led me to see a system in every star: the other leads me to see a world in every atom. The one taught me that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people and of its countries, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity: the other teaches me that every grain of sand may harbour within it the tribes and the families of a busy population. The one told me of the insignificance of the world I tread upon: the other redeems it from all its insignificance; for it tells me that in the leaves of every forest, and in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the glories of the firmament. The one has suggested to me that, beyond and above all that is visible to man, there may lie fields of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the

Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe: the other suggests to me that within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man has been able to explore, there may lie a region of invisibles; and that, could we draw aside the mysterious curtain which shrouds it from our senses, we might there see a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy has unfolded,—a universe within the compass of a point so small as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but where the wonder-working God finds room for the exercise of all His attributes, where He can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with the evidences of His glory.—CHALMERS.

TEMPER—Aroused.

I know thy generous temper well;
Fling but the appearance of dishonour on it,
It straight takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.

ADDISON.

TEMPER.—A Bad

Notwithstanding the many complaints of the calamities of human life, it is certain that more constant uneasiness arises from ill temper than from ill fortune. In vain has Providence bestowed every external blessing if care has not been taken by ourselves to smooth the asperities of the temper. A bad temper embitters every sweet, and converts a place of happiness into a place of torment.—DR. KNOX.

TEMPER.—A Cheerful

A cheerful temper is as the sunshine of Paradise.—E. DAVIES.

TEMPER.—The Command of the

Sir Walter Raleigh, a man of known courage and honour, being very injuriously treated by a hot-headed youth, who next proceeded to challenge him, and, on his refusal, spit in his face, and that too in public, the knight, taking out his handkerchief with great calmness, made him only this reply:—"Young man, if I could as easily wipe your blood from my conscience as I can this injury from my face, I would this moment take away your life." The youth, with a sudden and strong sense of his misbehaviour, fell on his knees, and begged forgiveness.—BUCK.

TEMPER.—Courtesy of

Courtesy of temper, when it is used to veil churlishness of deed, is but a knight's girdle around the breast of a base clown.—SIR W. SCOTT.

TEMPER.—A Good

It is a medicine which brings relief,
And moderates the malady of grief;
It is a ceaseless spring from which doth flow
Contentment, peace, and happiness below;
It is the pilot which our bark will guide
Safe past the rocks of envy, hate, or pride;
It is the soft south wind that mildly blows,
Carrying sweet fragrance wheresoe'er it goes;
It is the shield that will protect our hearts
From malice, and from envy's poison'd
darts;

Like water doth it fall on hatred's flame,
And either quenches or abates the same;
But on affection's pure and hallow'd fire
It falls like oil, and makes it mount the
higher.

R. W. JACKSON.

TEMPER.—A Quarrelsome

If a man has a quarrelsome temper, let
him alone. The world will soon find him
employment; he will soon meet with some
stronger than himself, who will repay him
better than you can. A man may fight
duels all his life, if he is disposed to quar-
rel.—R. CECIL.

TEMPER.—Sweetness of

Sweetness of temper is not an acquired,
but a natural excellence; and, therefore, to
recommend it to those who have it not, may
be deemed rather an insult than an advice.
—DR. JOHNSON.

TEMPER.—The Way to Master the

A merchant of London having a dispute
with a Quaker concerning a business ac-
count, determined to institute a lawsuit
against him. Desirous of amicably settling
the matter, the Quaker called at the house of
the merchant, when he became so enraged,
that he vehemently declared to his servant
that he would not see him. The Quaker
mildly said to him—"Well, friend, may
God put thee in a better mind." The mer-
chant was subdued by the kindness of the
reply; and, after careful consideration,
became convinced that he was wrong. He
sent for the Quaker, and after making a
humble apology, he said—"How were you
able to bear my abuse with so much
patience?" "Friend," replied the Quaker,
"I was naturally as hot and violent as thou
art; but I knew that to indulge my temper
was sinful, and also very foolish. I observed
that men in a passion always spoke very
loud, and I thought that if I could control
my voice, I should keep down my passions.
I therefore made it a rule never to let it rise
above a certain key; and by a careful obser-
vance of this rule, I have, with the blessing
of God, entirely mastered my natural tem-
per."—ALCOTT.

TEMPERS.—Cynical

"I tread on the pride of Plato," said
Diogenes, as he walked over Plato's carpet.
"Yes—and with more pride," said Plato.
—R. CECIL.

TEMPERS.—Vain-Glorious

Some intermixture of vain-glorious tem-
pers puts life into business, and makes a fit
composition in grand enterprises and hazard-
ous undertakings; for men of solid and sober
natures have more of the ballast than the
sail.—LORD BACON.

TEMPERANCE.—Defined.

Temperance is reason's girdle and pas-
sion's bridle, the strength of the soul, and
the foundation of virtue.—BP. TAYLOR.

TEMPERANCE.—Nature's Physician.

Wilt thou see
Nature her own physician be?
Wilt see a man all his own wealth,
His own music, his own health;
A man whose sober soul can tell
How to wear her garments well;
Her garments that upon her sit,
As garments should do, close and fit;
A well-clothed soul that's not oppress'd,
Nor choked with what she should be
dress'd:
A soul sheathed in a crystal shrine,
Through which all her bright features
shine;

As when a piece of wanton lawn,
A thin aerial veil, is drawn
O'er beauty's face, seeming to hide,
More sweetly shews the blushing bride;
A soul, whose intellectual beams
No mists do mask, no lazy steams—
A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day?
Would'st see a man whose well-warm'd blood
Bathes him in a genuine flood?
A man whose tuned humours be
A seat of rarest harmony?
Would'st see blithe looks, fresh cheeks,
beguile

Age? Would'st see December smile?
Would'st see nests of new roses grow
In a bed of reverend snow?
Warm thoughts, free spirits flattering
Winter's self into a spring?
In sum, would'st see a man that can
Live to be old, and still a man?
Whose latest and most leaden hours
Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft
flowers;
And when life's sweet fable ends,
Soul and body part like friends;
No quarrels, murmurs, nor delay;
A kiss, a sigh, and so away:
This rare one, reader, would'st thou see?
Hark, hither, and thyself be he.

TEMPERANCE.—The Rewards of

Temperance puts wood on the fire, meal in the barrel, flour in the tub, money in the purse, credit in the country, contentment in the house, clothes on the back, and vigour in the body.—DR. FRANKLIN.

TEMPERANCE.—The Use and Power of

Temperance is a bridle of gold, and he that can use it aright is liker a god than a man; for as it will transform a beast to a man again, so it will make a man a god.—BURTON.

TEMPTATION.—Cast Down by

He may quickly be cast down by a sinful temptation who is already prepared for it by a sinful occasion: and who will pity that man whose house is blown up with powder, if he keeps his barrels in the chimney-corner?—W. SECKER.

TEMPTATION.—The Course of

Temptation wins upon the soul by secret and almost insensible gradations. A first acquaintance with sin is improved into familiarity, and at length is changed into love.—BP. BLOMFIELD.

TEMPTATION.—The Duty to Avoid

I do not deny that a man who can pass unscathed through the severest temptation is plainly a man of more lofty character than one who was never tried. But it is one of the most imperative duties to avoid temptation. We are bound on all occasions to remember not only that we are to avoid things lawful, but even things that are innocent, if we find they tempt us to do wrong.—BP. TEMPLE.

TEMPTATION.—The Effect of
Yielding to

He that yields to temptation, debases himself with a debasement from which he can never arise.—MANN.

TEMPTATION.—The Fear of

They that fear the adder's sting will not come
Near her hissing.—CHAPMAN.

TEMPTATION.—Heaven Interposes in

When urged by strong temptation to the brink

Of guilt and ruin, stands the virtuous mind,
With scarce a step between; all-pitying
Heaven,

Severe in mercy, chastening in its love,
Oft-times in dark and awful visitation
Doth interpose, and leads the wanderer back
To the straight path, to be for ever after
A firm, undaunted, onward-bearing traveller,
Strong in humility, who swerves no more.
JOANNA BAILLIE.

TEMPTATION.—The Methods of

Oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us
truths;—

Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.—SHAKSPEARE.

TENDERNESS.—Power Associated with

The power to relieve distress should ever be the associate of tenderness; or he who possesses it is far more wretched than the object which has exercised it.—E. DAVIES.

TENDERNESS.—The Recompense of

He whose wakeful tenderness removes
Th' obstructing thorn which wounds the
friend he loves,
Smooths not another's rugged path alone,
But scatters roses to adorn his own.

H. MORE.

TERMS.—Common and Abstract

Common terms belong to things; abstract terms belong to qualities. Common terms are used in classification; abstract terms are employed in generalization.—I. TAYLOR.

TERMS.—Convertible

Convertible terms are such as may be exchanged, the one for the other, without affecting the sense, or destroying the truth of the proposition in which they occur.—I. TAYLOR.

TERMS.—Correlative

Correlative terms are such as have no sense, strictly speaking, apart from some other. Thus the words father and son, husband and wife, suppose, or tacitly include the other term. The words creature and Creator, king and subject, and all adjectives of comparison, are correlatives. If we speak of something that is better, or greater, or wiser, we suppose something worse, or smaller, or less wise.—I. TAYLOR.

TEST.—The Best

Experience is unquestionably the surest standard by which to test everything.—WASHINGTON.

TESTAMENT.—The New

All the genius and learning of the heathen world, all the penetration of Pythagoras, Socrates, and Aristotle, had never been able to produce such a system of *moral duty*, and so *rational* an account of Providence and of man, as is to be found in the New Testament.—BEATTIE.

TESTAMENT.—The Old

The Old Testament is the primer, the grammar, the syntax of Christianity.—DEAN M'NEILE.

TESTAMENTS.—The Old and the New

The Old Testament is chiefly a law-book, teaching what we should do or not do, and showing examples and acts how such laws are observed and transgressed. But the New Testament is a book wherein is written the Gospel of God's promises, and the acts of those that believed, and those that believed not.—**LUTHER.**

TESTIMONY—Defined.

Testimony is the conveyance of facts, by speaking or writing, from those who have personal knowledge of them, to those who have not.—**I. TAYLOR.**

TESTIMONY.—Human

The usual character of human testimony is substantial truth under circumstantial variety.—**ADN. PALEY.**

TESTIMONY.—The Value of

The value of testimony is, in most cases, easily estimated, by comparing one part with another; especially in points of a trivial or unimportant kind. The *lesser* circumstances of a story that has been invented to deceive, will seldom be found compatible one with another. Nothing but the real consistency of truth can give consistency to a long relation of facts. The minute particulars of place, and time, and persons, and accidents, can never be so calculated and arranged by a fabrication, as to remove every clue to the detection of the fraud.—**I. TAYLOR.**

THAMES.—The River

Oh could I flow like thee, and make thy stream

My great example, as it is my theme!

Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;

Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

DENHAM.

THANKFUL—for a Little.

He enjoys much who is thankful for a little.—**W. SECKER.**

THANKFULNESS.—The Cause of

Plato, looking through the dim spectacles of nature, gave thanks unto God for three things:—first, that God had created him a man, and not a beast; secondly, that he was born a Grecian, not a barbarian; thirdly, that not only so, but a philosopher also. But Christians, that are better taught, turn the stream of their thanks into another channel:—first, that God hath created them after His own image; secondly, that He hath called them out of the common crowd of this world, and made them Christians; thirdly, and more especially, that He hath

made them faithful ones—like a few quick-sighted men among a company of blind ones. Great cause of thankfulness indeed!—**J. BAYLY.**

THANKFULNESS.—The Supreme Object of

A lady applied to the eminent philanthropist, Richard Reynolds, on behalf of a little orphan boy. After he had given liberally, she said—"When he is old enough, I will teach him to name and thank his benefactor." "Stop," said the good man; "thou art mistaken. We do not thank the clouds for rain. Teach him to look higher, and thank HIM who giveth both the clouds and the rain."—**ARVINE.**

THANKSGIVING—Defined.

Thanksgiving is delighted meditation on what the Lord has *done* for ourselves or others,—praise for divine mercies.—**DR. J. HAMILTON.**

THANKSGIVING—always Ready.

As flowers carry dew-drops, trembling on the edges of the petals, and ready to fall at the first waft of wind or brush of bird, so the heart should carry its beaded words of thanksgiving; and at the first breath of heavenly favour let down the shower, perfumed with the heart's gratitude.—**H. W. BEECHER.**

THEATRE.—The Effect on Entering a

A man who enters the theatre is immediately struck with the view of so great a multitude, participating of one common amusement; and experiences, from their very aspect, a superior sensibility or disposition of being affected with every sentiment which he shares with his fellow-creatures.—**HUME.**

THEATRE AND THE PULPIT.—The

The theatre has often been at variance with the pulpit: they ought not to quarrel. How much it is to be wished that the celebration of Nature and of God were intrusted to none but men of noble minds!—**GOETHE.**

THEOLOGY.—A Conventional

This is a theology which a man has received from others, rather than reached by his own research;—a theology which has been put into his memory as a class of propositions, rather than wrought out of his soul as spiritual convictions;—a theology which is more concerned about grammar than grace—symbol than sense—sign than substance.—**DR. THOMAS.**

THEOLOGY—Defined.

The science which treats of the existence, character, and attributes of God, His laws

and government, the doctrines we are to believe, and the duties we are to practice.
—DR. WEBSTER.

THEORY—Worth but Little.

Theory is worth but little, unless it can explain its own phenomena, and it must effect this without contradicting itself: therefore the facts are sometimes assimilated to the theory, rather than the theory to the facts.—COLTON.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

One clear frosty morning, an eminent Cambridge don, famous for encyclopædic information, accompanied some of his young friends to the ice; and, in going, talked to them with such science about skating, that they expected from him marvellous feats of clever gyration. To their surprise, his skill proved to be but small, and his tumbles woeful. "Doctor," at length cried one, as he lifted the fallen professor, "how is this?" "Easily explained," was the ready reply: "I, you see, am *up* in theory, but *down* in practice."—COLEY.

THINGS.—Holy

Holy things are easy and sweet; they bear entertainments in their hands, and rewards at their backs: their good is certain and perpetual; and they make us cheerful to-day, and pleasant to-morrow; and spiritual songs end not in a sigh and a groan; neither, like unwholesome physic, do they let loose a present humour, and introduce an habitual indisposition; but they bring us to the felicity of God, "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." They do not give a private and particular delight, but their benefit is public, like the incense of the altar, which sends up a sweet smell to heaven, and makes atonement for the religious man that kindled it, and delights all the standers by, and makes the very air wholesome.—BP. TAYLOR.

THINGS—Ill-Got.

Things ill-got had ever bad success.

SHAKSPEARE.

THINGS.—Incredible

Three incredible things among incredible things:—pure mechanism of the brute creation, passive obedience, and the infallibility of the Pope.—MONTESQUIEU.

THINGS.—Little

Drops do pierce the stubborn flint,
Not by force but often falling;
Custom kills by feeble dint,
More by use than strength and vailing.
Single sands have little weight,
Many make a drawing freight.

SOUTHWELL.

THINGS.—Little

A little rope sufficeth to hang a great thief; a little dross abaseth much gold; a little poison infecteth much wholesome liquor; a little heresie corrupteth much sound doctrine; a little fly is enough to spoil all the alabaster box of ointment. So the smallest sin, the least *peccadillo*, WITHOUT GOD'S MERCY, is sufficient to ruin our souls to all eternity.—BOSQUIERI.

THINGS.—Pleasant

Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
Ease after war, death after life, doth greatly
please. SPENSER.

THINKER.—The Laugh of the

Note thou this for a verity,—the subtlest thinker, when alone,
From ease of thoughts unbent, will laugh
the loudest with his fellows.—TUPPER.

THINKING—Necessary to Reading.

Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking makes what we read ours. So far as we apprehend and see the connection of ideas, so far it is ours; without that it is so much loose matter floating in our brain.—LOCKE.

THINKING.—The Privilege of

Thinking has been one of the least exerted privileges of cultivated humanity.—BUCK.

THINKING.—The Process of

I have asked several men what passes in their minds when they are thinking; and I could never find any man who could think for two minutes together. Everybody has seemed to admit that it was a perpetual deviation from a particular path, and a perpetual return to it; which, imperfect as the operation is, is the only method in which we can operate with our minds to carry on any process of thought.—S. SMITH.

THINKING.—The Properties of Just

What is possible; what is commendable; and what ought to be.—CATHERALL.

THINKING-POWER.—The

The thinking-power is, according to its nature, a power as never-dying as that which holds together suns and stars. Its organs may work themselves out, and the sphere of its operations may change; but its nature is eternal as the Divine Mind, and its supports are as firm as the pillars of the universe.—HERDER.

THORN.

THORN.—None without a

Where will you find a man who has not some thorn in his side?—WOLFE.

THORNS—Reaped.

The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree

I planted ; they have torn me, and I bleed : I should have known what fruit would spring from such a deed.—BYRON.

THOUGHT—Dissipated.

The cry of a child, the fall of a book, the most trifling occurrence, is sufficient to dissipate religious thought, and to introduce a more willing train of ideas ; a sparrow fluttering about the church is an antagonist which the most profound theologian in Europe is wholly unable to overcome.—S. SMITH.

THOUGHT.—The Foundations of

Perspicuity ; amplitude ; and justness.—CATHERALL.

THOUGHT.—The Joy of

Not speaking much, pleased rather with the joy of her own thought.—W. WORDSWORTH.

THOUGHT.—The Man of

The man of thought strikes deepest, and strikes safely.—SAVAGE.

THOUGHT.—The Ornaments of

Clearness ; correctness ; and novelty —CATHERALL.

THOUGHT.—Stealing and Altering a

Some steal a thought,
And clip it round the edge, and challenge him

Whose 't was to swear to it. To serve things thus

Is as foul witches to cut up old moons
Into new stars. P. J. BAILEY.

THOUGHT.—The Want of

He trudged along, unknowing what he sought

And whistled as he went for want of thought. DRYDEN.

THOUGHT—Writ Down.

A mist of words,
Like halos round the moon, though they enlarge

The seeming size of thoughts, make the light less

Doubly. It is the thought writ down we want,

Not its effect—not likenesses of likenesses.
P. J. BAILEY.

THREATS.

THOUGHTS—that Breathe.

Hark ! his hands the lyre explore ;
Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that
burn. T. GRAY.

THOUGHTS.—First

In matters of expediency and prudence wait for the after-thoughts ; but in matters of conscious and present duty, take the first thoughts that arise, for they are the divinest.—DR. RALEIGH.

THOUGHTS.—Good

Good thoughts are blessed guests, and should be heartily welcomed, well fed, and much sought after. Like rose leaves, they give out a sweet smell if laid up in the jar of memory.—SPURGEON.

THOUGHTS.—Holy

Holy thoughts breed holy words and holy actions, and are hopeful evidences of a renewed heart. Who would not have them ? To keep chaff out of a bushel, one sure plan is to fill it with wheat.—SPURGEON.

THOUGHTS.—The Immortality of

The old thoughts never die. Immortal dreams

Outlive their dreamers, and are ours for aye :

No thought once form'd and utter'd can expire. MACKAY.

THOUGHTS.—The Importance of

Such as the thoughts are, the soul is.—SCRIVER.

THOUGHTS—Printed.

You shall see them on a beautiful quarto-page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin.—SHERIDAN.

THREATS.—Abstaining from

I consider it a mark of great prudence in a man to abstain from threats or any contemptuous expressions ; for neither of these weaken the enemy, but threats make him more cautious, and the other excites his hatred and a desire to revenge himself.—MACHIAVELLI.

THREATS.—Fearless of

There is no terror in your threats !
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle winds,
Which I respect not.—SHAKSPEARE.

THREATS.—Loudest in

Those that are the loudest in their threats are the weakest in the execution of them.—COLTON.

THRIFTY.—The Work of the

The world has always been divided into two classes—those who have saved, and those who have spent—the thrifty and the extravagant. The building of all the houses, the mills, the bridges, and the ships, and the accomplishment of all other great works which have rendered man civilized and happy, has been done by the savers, the thrifty; and those who have wasted their resources have always been their slaves. It has been the law of nature and of Providence that this should be so.—CORDEN.

THRIVE.—The Way to

Diligence and humility is the way to thrive in the riches of the understanding as well as in gold.—DR. WATTS.

THRONE.—A Description of the

The throne is but a bit of gilded wood covered with velvet.—NAPOLEON I.

THRUSH.—The

The thrush derives its name from mistle-toe berries, of which it is exceedingly fond. It is famed for its clear, ringing, musical note, and sings loudest, and sweetest, and longest in storms; hence it is no mean teacher to man, whose song of gladness and gratitude should rise to heaven—not only when his sky is clear, but when it is darkened with clouds, and the storm portends fearful disasters.—DR. DAVIES.

THUNDER.—The

Heaven's great artillery.—CRASHAW.

THUNDER—the Herald of Heaven.

The herald, earth-accredited, of Heaven, Which when men hear, they think of heaven's King, And run the items o'er of the account To which He's sure to call them.

J. S. KNOWLES.

THUNDER.—A Lover of

Such was the spirit of a venerable patriarch—who shed on a very humble station the lustre of brilliant graces—that, when the storm sent others in haste to their homes, he was wont to leave his own, and to stand with upturned face, raised eye, and with his grey head uncovered, to watch the flash, and listen to the music of the roaring thunder. How fine his reply to those who expressed their wonder at his aspect and attitude—"It is my Father's voice, and

I like well to hear it!" What a sublime example of the perfect love that casteth out fear!—DR. GUTHRIE.

TIDE.—Human Affairs have a

There is a tide in the affairs of men, Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life Is bound in shallows and in miseries; On such a full sea are we now afloat; And we must take the current when it serves,

Or lose our ventures.—SHAKSPEARE.

TIDE AND TIME.

Tide and time for no man stay.

SOMERVILLE.

TIDES.—The Occasion of the

The winds raise the waves of the ocean by an action wholly mechanical, and producing a superficial and local agitation; but when they blow constantly in the same direction, they impart to the waters a motion in the direction of their own course. The sun and moon pass over the surface of the seas, and the entire mass of water, obedient to the mighty attraction, piles itself up in a wave of which the summit follows the course of the dominant luminary. This wave occasions the tides. The unequal pressure of the atmosphere on the different points of the ocean, from which result differences of level, and above all, the differences of temperature between the tropical and the polar seas, to which correspond different degrees of density, are so many more causes disturbing the equilibrium of the oceanic waters, and creating in their bosom various motions which continually tend to equilibrium, but which never produce it. Sometimes the superficial mass is transported from east to west, as in the great equatorial current; sometimes a deep and narrow band, a true oceanic river, flows rapidly through waters comparatively tranquil, as in the Gulf Stream. Here currents meet and unite; there they are separated, and the upper and under currents run in opposite directions. Everywhere change is going on; there is nowhere absolute inaction, which is as unknown to nature in the ocean as elsewhere.—GUYOT.

TIME.—The Chariot Wheels of

Time's chariot wheels make their carriage-road in the fairest face.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

TIME—Craved.

Time! time! a world of wealth for an inch of time!—QUEEN ELIZABETH.

TIME.—The Death of

Be silent and still, for his end draweth near,

And watch with a quivering breath ;
No mortal eye beheld his birth,

But all shall behold his death ;
For the nations from every land and clime
Shall gather to gaze on the close of Time.

The moon shall look down with a tearful eye,

And the sun shall withhold his fire,
And the hoary earth, all parched and dry,
Shall flame for his funeral pyre,
When the Angel, that standeth on earth and shore,

Proclaimeth that "Time shall be no more !"
E. POLLOCK.

TIME.—Defined.

Time is duration measured, or divided,
into equal parts.—I. TAYLOR.

TIME.—The Dusk of

The seasons bring the flower again,
And bring the firstling to the flock ;
And in the dusk of thee, the clock
Beats out the little lives of men.

TENNYSON.

TIME.—The Employment of

Dionysius, the Sicilian, employed his time so well, that being asked by one who wanted to speak with him if he were at leisure, answered—"Heaven forbid that I should ever have any leisure time."—SCRAGGS.

TIME.—The Flight of

I remember hearing an aged man in the country compare the slow movement of time in early life, and its swift flight as it approaches old age, to the drummings of a partridge or muffled grouse in the woods, falling slow and distinct at first, and then following each other more and more rapidly, till they end at last in a whirring sound.—BRYANT.

TIME—like a Host.

Time is like a fashionable host
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand ;
And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,
Grasps in the new comer.—SHAKESPEARE.

TIME.—The Improvement of

It seems that life is all a void,
On selfish thoughts alone employed ;
That length of days is not a good,
Unless their use be understood ;
While if good deeds one year engage,
That may be longer than an age :

But if a year in trifles go,
Perhaps you 'd spend a thousand so :
Time cannot stay to make us wise—
We must improve it as it flies.

I. TAYLOR.

TIME.—Killing

There 's scarce a point wherein mankind agree

So well as in their boast of killing me :
I boast of nothing, but when I've a mind
I think I can be even with mankind.

VOLTAIRE.

TIME.—A Little More

As for a little more time, it is ten to one if it would make you happier. If you had more time, it would be sure to hang heavily.
—DR. DOUDNEY.

TIME.—The Power of

Time has a marvellous power of ruin. Courts and cabinets tremble at its breath ; dynasties are compelled before it like the foam upon the crest of the waves ; it frets decay upon the temple-pile, and upon the oriel's delicate tracing ; it makes mounds of the palaces where once kings rioted and beauty revelled,—a roofless ruin, where owls hoot from decaying towers and where the panther makes his lair.—PUNSHON.

TIME.—The Powerlessness of

There are some things over which Time has no possible power. It cannot touch fate, for example ; that lives, grows, ripens in its despite : tradition overleaps the many tombs in which Time inters the years : memory mocks him to destroy her : the humanness of the heart is an everlasting thing ; hence the old patriarchal tales—tales of ancient hope, and fear, and joy, and wrong, and sorrow, find their way swift to the hearts of the men of all the world's ages, because they touch feelings which are eternal, and strike chords that are never out of tune.—PUNSHON.

TIME.—The Progress of

Time halts not in his noiseless march,
Nor turns, nor winds, as doth the liquid flood ;
Life slips from underneath us, like that arch
Of airy workmanship whereon we stood,
Earth stretched below, heaven in our neighbourhood.—W. WORDSWORTH.

TIME.—A Proverb on

Time and the hour run through the roughest day.—SHAKESPEARE.

TIME.—Reputation Affected by

Time never fails to bring every exalted reputation to a strict scrutiny.—AMES.

TIME.—The Results of

It is ten o'clock :
Thus may we see how the world wags ;
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine ;
And after an hour more 't will be eleven ;
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And so from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale.—SHAKSPEARE.

TIME.—The Scythe of

Occupation is the scythe of time.—
NAPOLEON I.

TIME.—Swift-Footed

On our quickest decrees the inaudible
and noiseless foot of Time steals ere we can
effect them.—SHAKSPEARE.

TIME.—Taken by the Forelock.

Time is painted with a lock before, and
bald behind, signifying thereby, that we
must take time, as we say, by the forelock,
for when it is once past there is no recalling
it.—DEAN SWIFT.

TIME.—The Touch of

Time's gradual touch
Has moulded into beauty many a tower,
Which, when it frown'd with all its battle-
ments,
Was only terrible. W. MASON.

TIME.—The Use of

When pursuing his musical avocations
in the pump-room at Bath, Sir William
Herschel had a small workshop close at
hand, and when the exacting loungers in
the pump-room admitted of a pause in the
music, he slipped off to complete the polish-
ing of a speculum, or the grinding of a lens ;
but he was always ready, when he heard
the signal, to snatch up his instrument, and
be the first in the orchestra. Thus he
gathered up the fragments of time ; and it
was these fragments that made him the
friend of monarchs, and the first of astron-
omers.—LEITCH.

TIME.—The Worth of

Thou think'st it folly to be wise too soon.
Youth is not rich in time, it may be poor.
Part with it as with money, sparing, pay
No moment but in purchase of its worth ;
And what its worth—ask death-beds, they
can tell. DR. E. YOUNG.

TIMES.—The Badness of the

The badness of the times (as the vulgar
phrase expresses a scene of distress) fre-
quently depends more on those who govern
the ship than on the weather.—ZIMMER-
MAN.

TIME-SERVER.—A

He is a good time-server that complies
his manners to the several ages of this life.
Pleasant in youth, without wantonness ;
grave in old age, without frowardness.
Frost is as proper for winter as flowers for
spring. Gravity becomes the ancient ; and
a green Christmas is neither handsome nor
healthful.—DR. FULLER.

TIME-SERVERS.

We read of an Earl of Oxford fined, by
King Henry VII., fifteen thousand marks
for having too many retainers : but how
many retainers hath Time had in all ages,
and servants in all offices ! and chaplains,
too, upon occasion, doing as the times do,
not because the times do as they should do,
but merely for sinister respects, and by ends
to ingratiate themselves !—SPENCER.

TIME-SERVING.

There be four kinds of time-serving :
First, out of Christian discretion, which is
commendable ; second, out of human in-
firmity, which is pardonable ; third and
fourth, out of ignorance or affectation, both
which are damnable.—DR. FULLER.

TIRESOME.—The Secret of being

The secret of making oneself tiresome is
not to know when to stop.—VOLTAIRE.

TITLE AND ANCESTRY.

Title and ancestry render a good man
more illustrious, but an ill one more con-
temptible. Vice is infamous, though in a
prince, and virtue honourable, though in a
peasant.—ADDISON.

TITLES.—Honour Connected with

It is not titles that reflect honour on men,
but men that reflect honour on titles.—
MACHIAVELLI.

TOBACCO.—Condemned.

It is a custom loathsome to the eye, hate-
ful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dan-
gerous to the lungs, and in the black fume
thereof, nearest resembling the horrible
Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless.
—JAMES I.

Pernicious weed ! whose scent the fair
annoys,
Unfriendly to society's chief joys,
Thy worst effect is banishing for hours
The sex whose presence civilizes ours ;
Thou art indeed the drug a gardener wants
To poison vermin that infest his plants.
COWPER.

TOBACCO.

TOBACCO—Praised.

I love thee, whether thou appearest in the shape of a cigar, or diest away in sweet perfume, enshrined in the meerscham bowl. I love thee with more than a woman's love ! Thou art a companion to me in solitude. I can talk and reason with thee, avoiding loud and obstreperous argument. Thou art a friend to me in trouble, for thou adviseest in silence, and consolest with thy calm influence over the perturbed spirit. I know not how thy power has been bestowed upon thee ; yet if to harmonize the feelings, to allow the thoughts to spring without control, rising like the white vapour from the cottage-hearth on a morning that is sunny and serene ; if to impart the sober sadness over the spirit which inclines to forgive our enemy, that calm philosophy which reconciles us to the ingratitude and knavery of the world, that heavenly contemplation whispering to us, as we look around, that "all is good ;" if these be merits, they are thine, most potent weed. What a quiet world would this be if everyone would smoke ! I suspect the reason why the fairer sex decry thee is—that thou art the cause of silence.—CAPT. MARRYAT.

Sublime tobacco ! which from east to west
Cheers the tar's labour, or the Turkman's rest,
Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides
His hours, and rivals opium and his brides ;
Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,
Though not less loved, in Wapping or the Strand :
Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe
When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe ;
Like other charmers, wooing the caress
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress ;
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties—give me a cigar !

BYRON.

TO-DAY.—Our Business

We know nothing of to-morrow ; our business is to be good and happy to-day.—S. SMITH.

TO-DAY.—The Worth of one

One to-day is worth two to-morrows.—W. SECKER.

TO-DAY—Yesterday Returned.

To-day is yesterday returned ;—returned Full-powered to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn, And re-instate us on the rock of peace : Let it not share its predecessor's fate, Nor, like its elder sisters, die a fool.

DR. E. YOUNG.

TOMBSTONES.

TOIL—the Lot of Man.

Weave, brothers, weave ! Toil is ours ;
But toil is the lot of man ;
One gathers the fruit,—one gathers the flowers,
One soweth the seed again !
There is not a creature, from England's king
To the peasant that delves the soil,
That knows half the pleasure the season bring,
If he have not his share of toil.

W. B. PROCTER.

TOIL.—Useless

The toil
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old with drawing nothing up.
COWPER.

TOLERATION—to be Qualified.

As to the thing itself, the truth is—it is better in contemplation than practice : for reckon all that is got by it when you come to handle it, and it can never satisfy for the infinite disorders happening in the government, the scandal to religion, the secret dangers to public societies, the growth of heresy, the nursing up of parties to a grandeur so considerable as to be able in their own time to change the laws and the government. So that if the question be—whether mere opinions are to be prosecuted, it is certainly true they ought not. But if it be considered how by opinions men rifle the affairs of kingdoms, it is also as certain, they ought not to be made public and permitted.—BP. TAYLOR.

TOLERATION.—Religious

When certain persons attempted to persuade Stephen, king of Poland, to constrain some of his subjects, who were of a different religion, to embrace his, he said to them—“I am king of men, and not of consciences. The dominion of consciences belongs exclusively to God.”—ARVINE.

TOMB.—Visiting the

It is well, sometimes, to visit the tomb, there to converse with the dead.—NAPOLEON I.

TOMBSTONES.—The History of

The first account we have of tombstones was about the year 590, when Pope Gregory authorized the relatives of the deceased to erect tablets, tombstones, etc., to their memory ;—that on reading the inscription, they might be induced to offer up prayers for the welfare of their souls ; but this was attended with a heavy expense, and added greatly to the revenues of the Church. Prior to this, there were no church-yards in England, nor any regular burying places ; nor did they become common till the latter end of the seventh century.—LOARING.

TO-MORROW.—A New

Our yesterday's to-morrow now is gone,
And still a new to-morrow does come on ;
We by to-morrows draw up all our store,
Till the exhausted well can yield no more.

COWLEY.

TO-MORROW.—Presuming on

In human hearts what bolder thoughts can
rise,
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's
dawn ?

Where is to-morrow ? In another world.
For numbers this is certain ; the reverse
Is sure to none.—DR. E. YOUNG.

TONE.—The Eloquence of

"Well, then," said Ellen, with peculiar
sweetness, "for *my* sake." There was an
expression in that little word—"my," which
went to the very heart, and dropped balm
there ; it had that peculiar eloquence es-
pecially belonging to woman, which may
be called the eloquence of tone, in which
they are so excelling that the ear must be
dull indeed which cannot interpret the
melodious meaning.—LOVER.

TONGUE.—The Evil Influence of the

By the tongue men may weaken their
whole inmost soul ; for verily it "setteth on
fire the course of nature, and itself is set
on fire of hell."—ABP. MANNING.

TONGUE.—A Good and a Bad

A philosopher, being asked which was
the best member of the body, answered—
"The tongue ;" and being asked again
which was the worst, answered—"The
tongue : if good, it is the only trumpet of
God's glory ; if bad, a very firebrand of
hell."—SPENCER.

TONGUE.—The Power of the

The tongue of man cannot be described.
It has deep inward relations, national and
political bearings. It is the silver bell of
the soul, or the iron and crashing hammer
of the anvil. It is like a magician's wand,
full of all incantation and witchery ; or it is
a sceptre in a king's hand, and sways men
with imperial authority.—H. W. BEECHER.

TONGUE.—The Servitude of the

The tongue is the slave of the body as
well as of the soul. The heart says—"Make
love for me," and the tongue makes love for
the heart ; the brain says—"Discourse for
me," and the tongue discourses for the brain ;
the soul says—"Pray for me, sing for me,
curse for me, tell lies for me," and the
tongue prays, sings, curses, and tells lies
for the soul.—PROF. G. WILSON.

TONGUES.—The Acquirement of

To acquire a few tongues is the task of a
few years ; but to be eloquent in one is the
labour of a life.—COLTON.

TONGUES.—Difference between

There is the same difference between
their tongues as between the hour and the
minute hand, one goes ten times as fast, and
the other signifies ten times as much.—S. SMITH.

TONGUES.—The Number of

There are now three thousand and sixty-
four known tongues spoken ; and it is stated
that in more than one thousand one hundred
of these, different forms of religious creeds
are promulgated.—DR. DAVIES.

TONGUES.—Opinion Formed by

By the striking of these clappers we guess
at the metal of the bell.—W. SECKER.

TORIES.—The Appellation—

It was derived from the Irish "toree,"
equivalent to our "Stand and Deliver."
At first applied to the Irish Royalists who
rebelled against Parliament, 1648. After-
wards the appellation of the party for up-
holding all the privileges of the Church,
Aristocracy, and Crown.—BEESLY.

TOUCH.—Defined.

Touch is that peculiar sensibility which
gives the consciousness of the resistance of
external matter, and makes us acquainted
with the hardness, smoothness, roughness,
size, and form of bodies. We must refer to
this sense also our judgment of distance, of
motion, of number, and of time.—SIR C. BELL.

TOURISTS.—The Return of

The bee, though it finds every rose has a
thorn, comes back loaded with honey from
his rambles, and why should not other
tourists do the same?—HALIBURTON.

TOWER.—Locking up the

This is an ancient, curious, and stately
ceremony. A few minutes before the clock
strikes the hour of eleven—on Tuesdays and
Fridays, twelve—the head warder, clothed
in a long red cloak, bearing a huge bunch
of keys, and attended by a brother warder
carrying a lantern, appears in front of the
main guard-house, and loudly calls out,
"Escort—Keys." The sergeant of the
guard, with five or six men, then turn out
and follow him to the "spur," or outer
gate ; each sentry challenging as they pass
his post—"Who goes there ?" "Keys."
The gates being carefully locked and barred,

the procession returns, the sentries exacting the same explanation and receiving the same answer as before. Arrived once more in front of the main guard-house, the sentry there gives a loud stamp with his foot, and asks—"Who goes there?" "Keys." "What keys?" "Queen Victoria's keys." "Advance, Queen Victoria's keys, and all's well." The yeoman porter, or head warder, then exclaims—"God bless Queen Victoria!" The main-guard respond—"Amen." The officer on duty gives the word—"Present arms!" the firelocks rattle; the officer kisses the hilt of his sword; the escort fall in among their companions; and the yeoman porter marches across the parade alone to deposit the keys in the lieutenant's lodgings. The ceremony over, not only is all egress and ingress totally precluded, but even within the walls no one can stir without being furnished with the countersign.—**LOARING.**

TOWN.—Happiness away from the

Happy the man who has escaped from the town! Every whispering from the tree, every murmuring of the stream, every sparkling pebble, preaches to him virtue and wisdom. Every shady grove is to him a holy temple, where his God waves nearer to him; every green sod an altar, where he kneels before the Lofty One.—**HÖLTY.**

TOWNS.—The Country Furnishes the

At the end of some generations, races perish or degenerate in towns; it is necessary to renew them, and it is always the country which furnishes this renewal.—**ROUSSEAU.**

TRADE.—The Changes Effected by

Trade has a great effect in changing the manners, customs, and habits of the people, especially the lower sort. By it the narrowness of their fortune is changed into wealth, the simplicity of their manners into craft, their frugality into luxury, their humility into pride, and their subjection into equality.—**FIELDING.**

TRADE.—Free

In the future, if not in the present, free trade will be the pass-word of nations.—**CHEVALIER.**

TRADE.—The Good-Will of a

The good-will of a trade is nothing more than the probability that the old customers will resort to the old place.—**LORD ELDON.**

TRADE.—A Man of Honest

What signifies a man's trade? A man of any honest trade can make himself respectable if he will.—**GEORGE III.**

TRADITION.—Defined.

Tradition is the treasure of religious thought, amassed by ages, upon the platform of positive revelation.—**DR. VINET.**

TRADITION.—a Meteor.

Tradition is but a meteor, which, if it once falls, cannot possibly be re-kindled.—**DR. JOHNSON.**

TRAGEDY.—The Effects of

Tragedy warms the soul, elevates the heart, can and ought to create heroes.—**NAPOLEON I.**

TRAGEDY.—The Fifth Act of a

The fifth act of a tragedy, though unrhymed, does lie in every death-bed, were it a peasant's, and of straw.—**CARLYLE.**

TRAINING.—Mental

If we have duties to perform, in themselves severe and laborious, is there not some mode of training by which to invest them with pleasant associations? A man may find amusements in free thoughts while following his plough upon the hill-side—in digging up the words for a dictionary, or in copying out a brief; or he may train himself, by an inefficient and shrinking spirit, to recoil from these tasks as insupportable burdens.—**FLINT.**

TRAINING.—Physical

Woe to the class or the nation which has no manly physical training! To that utter neglect of any exercises which call out fortitude, patience, self-dependence, and daring, I attribute a great deal of the low sensuality, the conceited vulgarity, the utter want of a high sense of honour, which is increasing among the middle classes, and from which the navigator, the engineer, the miner, and the sailor are comparatively free.—**CANON KINGSLEY.**

TRANQUILLITY.—A Life of

When happy in my rural scene,
Whose fountain chills the shuddering swain,
Such is my prayer—Let me possess
My present wealth, or even less,
And if the bounteous gods design
A longer life, that life be mine:
Give me of books the mental cheer,
Of wealth sufficient for a year,
Nor let me float in Fortune's power,
Dependent on the future hour:
To Jove for life and wealth I pray,
These Jove may give, or take away,
But for a firm and tranquil mind,
That blessing in myself I find.—**HORACE.**

TRANQUILLITY.—Nature in a State of

How calm, how beautiful, comes on
 The stilly hour, when storms are gone !
 When warring winds have died away,
 And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
 Melt off and leave the land and sea
 Sleeping in bright tranquillity,—
 Fresh as if Day again were born,
 Again upon the lap of Morn !
 When the light blossoms, rudely torn
 And scatter'd at the whirlwind's will,
 Hang floating in the pure air still,
 Filling it all with precious balm,
 In gratitude for this sweet calm !
 And every drop the thunder-showers
 Have left upon the grass and flowers
 Sparkles, as 'twere the lightning-gem
 Whose liquid flame is born of them !

T. MOORE.

TRANSITION.—Personal

I am not the person I was, the past is
 nothing to me ; the past *I* is not the pre-
 sent *I* ; I have transited into another
 person ; I am my own phoenix.—FOSTER.

**TRANSUBSTANTIATION.—A Sar-
casm on**

It is related of Lady Jane Grey, that
 being, when very young, at Newhall, in
 Essex, the seat of Mary, afterwards queen,
 and walking near the chapel with Lady
 Anne Wharton, she observed her com-
 panion, as they passed, bow to the elements
 on the altar. Affecting surprise at the
 motion of her friend, she asked—"Is the
 Lady Mary in the chapel?" "No," re-
 plied her companion—"I bend to Him
 who made us all." "How is that?" re-
 torted Jane : "can He be there who made
 us all, and yet the baker made Him?" It
 is asserted that this sarcastic remark laid
 the foundation of Mary's hatred to this
 lovely woman.—ARVINE.

TRAVELLER.—A Lonely

Let me believe that it was something
 better than curiosity which rivetted my
 attention, and impelled me strongly toward
 this gentleman. I never saw so patient and
 kind a face. He should have been sur-
 rounded by friends ; yet here he sat, dejected
 and alone, when all men had their friends
 about them. As often as he roused him-
 self from his reverie, he would fall into it
 again ; and it was plain that whatever was
 the subject of his thoughts, they were of a
 melancholy kind, and could not be con-
 trolled. He was not used to solitude—I
 was sure of that ; for I knew by myself that
 if he had been, his manner would have
 been different, and he would have taken
 some slight interest in the arrival of another.
 I could not fail to mark that he had no

appetite—that he tried to eat in vain—that
 time after time the plate was pushed away,
 and he relapsed into his former posture. His
 mind was wandering among old Christmas
 days, I thought. Many of them sprang up
 together, not with a long gap between each,
 but in unbroken succession, like days of
 the week. It was a great change to find
 himself for the first time in an empty,
 silent room, with no soul to care for. I
 could not help following him in imagination
 through crowds of pleasant faces, and then
 coming back to that dull place, with its
 bough of mistletoe sickening in the gas, and
 sprigs of holly parched up already by a
 simoom of roasted and boiled. The very
 waiter had gone home, and his representative
 —a poor, lean, hungry man—was keeping
 Christmas in his jacket. His dinner done,
 a decanter of wine was placed before him.
 It remained untouched for a long time ; but
 at length, with a quivering hand, he filled
 a glass and raised it to his lips. Some
 tender wish to which he had been accus-
 tomed to give utterance on that day, or
 some beloved name that he had been used
 to pledge, trembled upon them at that
 moment. He put it down hastily ; took it
 up once more ; again put it down ; pressed
 his hand upon his face, and tears stole down
 his cheeks.—DICKENS.

TRAVELLER.—The Perception of a

A traveller of taste at once perceives
 that the wise are polite all the world over ;
 but that fools are only polite at home.—
 GOLDSMITH.

TRAVELLER.—A Winter

God help thee, Traveller ! on thy journey
 far ;
 The wind is bitter keen,—the snow o'er-
 lays
 The hidden pits, and dangerous hollow
 ways,
 And darkness will involve thee.—No kind
 star
 To-night will guide thee, Traveller,—and
 the war
 Of winds and elements on thy head will
 break,
 And in thy agonizing ear the shriek
 Of spirits howling on their stormy car,
 Will often ring appalling—I portend
 A dismal night—and on my wakeful bed
 Thoughts, Traveller, of thee, will fill my
 head,
 And him, who rides where wind and waves
 contend,
 And strives, rude cradled on the seas, to
 guide
 His lonely bark through the tempestuous
 tide.
 H. K. WHITE.

TRAVELLERS.—Advice to

If you go among foreigners, instead of gruffness and *hauteur*, take with you Christian complaisance, and do justice at once to the good feeling of England and the courtesy of real religion. Take with you the Sabbath-day : keep its hours sacred in the hired lodging or the inn. Pray for the places where you sojourn. And thus associated with the profitable books you read, or the Christian intercourse you enjoyed, places will to you be fraught with pleasant recollections ; and, so beatified and sanctified, the resorts and recreations of earth will be worthy of a mental pilgrimage even from the bowers of Paradise Restored.—**DR. J. HAMILTON.**

TRAVELLING.—The Object of

In the rage for travelling, the object is not so much to gratify the love of novelty as the love of excellence ; not merely to see new things, but new grand things, new beautiful things, new excellence, in which the grand and beautiful will, upon reflection, be found to have a much greater effect than the new.—**S. SMITH.**

TRAVELLING.—Railway

Railway travelling is not travelling at all ; it is merely being sent to a place, and very little different from becoming a parcel.—**RUSKIN.**

TRAVELLING.—The Use of

The real use of travelling to distant countries, and of studying the annals of past times, is to preserve men from the contraction of mind which those can hardly escape whose whole communion is with one generation, and in one neighbourhood ; who arrive at conclusions by means of an induction not sufficiently copious, and who therefore constantly confound exceptions with rules, and accidents with essential properties.—**MACAULAY.**

TREACHERY—Defined.

Treachery is a violation of allegiance or of faith and confidence ; and that person is intensely wicked who is in the habit of practising it. He resembles a demon.—**DR. WEBSTER.**

TREACHERY.—The Greatest

There cannot be a greater treachery than first to raise a confidence, and then deceive it.—**ADDISON.**

TREAD.—An Airy

She is coming ;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her.—**TENNYSON.**

TREASON.—The Crime of

A crime against the very organization and life of society, demanding the highest form of penalty.—**DR. THOMPSON.**

TREASON.—The Result of

The man was noble ;
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out ;
Betray'd his country ; and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd.

SHAKESPEARE.

TREASURES.—Affection's

Ancient history records—that a certain city was besieged, and at length obliged to surrender. In the city there were two brothers, who had, in some way, obliged the conquering general ; and in consequence of this, received permission to leave the city before it was set on fire, taking with them as much of their property as each could carry about his person. Accordingly the two generous youths appeared at the gates of the city, one of them carrying their father, and the other their mother.—**ARVINE.**

TREATIES.—The Treatment of

It is a vain attempt
To bind the ambitious and unjust by treaties :
These they elude a thousand specious ways ;
Or if they cannot find a fair pretext,
They blush not in the face of heaven to break 'em.
J. THOMSON.

TREES.—Different Kinds of

And forth they pass, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to hear the birds' sweet harmony,
Which, therein shrouded from the tempests dread,
Seem'd in their song to scorn the cruel sky,
Much can they praise, the trees so straight and high,
The sailing pine, the cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop elm, the poplar never dry,
The builder oak, sole king of forests all ;
The aspen good for staves ; the cypress funeral.

The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors
And poets sage ; the fir that weepeth still ;
The willow worn of forlorn paramours ;
The yew obedient to the bender's will ;
The birch for shafts, the sallow for the mill,
The myrrh sweet bleeding of the bitter wound,

The warlike beech, the ash for nothing ill,
The fruitful olive, and the platane round,
The carver holm, the maple seldom inward sound.

SPENSER.

TREES.—The Interest attaching to

Trees have about them something beautiful and attractive even to the fancy, since they cannot change their places, are witnesses of all the changes that take place around them; and as some reach a great age, they become, as it were, historical monuments: and like ourselves they have a life, growing and passing away—not being inanimate and unvarying like the fields and rivers. One sees them passing through various stages, and at last, step by step, approaching death, which makes them look still more like ourselves. Hence the interest attaching to them is quite sufficient to arrest all minds and affect all hearts.—HUMBOLDT.

TRENCHMAN.—A Tall

As tall a trenchman
As e'er demolish'd a pie-fortification.

MASSINGER.

TRIAL.—The Universality of

Let a man be in the most propitious circumstances, he is sure to have something to pain his heart. Naaman was a great man, but he was a leper; Paul, a great apostle, but he had a thorn in the flesh; David a mighty sovereign, but his house was not right with God. Man looks to new relationships, and fancies they will be a beautiful garden, on which the sun will shine and the dews descend, but he will find a grave there. He looks to new departments of business as a garden, but he will find a grave there. There is some cloud on every landscape, a mildew on every flower.—DR. THOMAS.

TRIALS—Hard, yet Needful.

Trials are very hard to bear. To see the wealth, for which we have laboured long, make to itself wings, and fly away.—To have to stand and serve, where beforetime we have sat and ruled.—To lay loved ones in the lonesome grave.—To miss the merry laugh, and the glad welcome, and the protecting hand, or the guiding mind.—To see the fairest flower in our garden withered; the brightest light in our households quenched. These things are not joyous, but grievous; just as winter is not the pleasant season that summer brings, with her merry songs, and her sunny days, and her gorgeous wealth of foliage and flowers; and just as bitter medicines are not savoury meat. But, then, winter is needed in

nature, and medicines are needed for the body; and afflictions also are needed. The sharp frosts, and the keen biting winds of winter, kill the weeds and break up the soil, and so prepare it for the spring rains, and the summer suns. And afflictions, when sanctified by God, wean us from earth and nurture us for heaven.—A. C. PRICE.

TRIALS.—The Result of

I remember some years ago I went into a glass-house; and, standing very attentive I saw several masses of burning glass, of various forms. The workman took a piece of glass and put it into one furnace, then he put it into a second, and then into a third. I said to him—"Why do you put this through so many fires?" He answered—"O sir! the first was not hot enough, not the second, and therefore we put it into the third, and that will make it transparent. Thus we must be tried and exercised with many fires, until our dross be purged away and we are made fit for the Master's use.—WHITFIELD.

TRIFLES.—The Bestowal of

Riches may enable us to confer favours but to confer them with propriety and with grace requires a something that riches cannot give: even trifles may be so bestowed as to cease to be trifles. The citizens of Megara offered the freedom of their city to Alexander; such an offer excited a smile in the countenance of him who had conquered the world; but he received this tribute of their respect with complacency on being informed that they had never offered it to any but to Hercules and himself.—COLTON.

TRIFLES.—The Importance of

Think nought a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles—life.—DR. E. YOUNG.

TRINITY.—The Derivation of the Word—

This word, in its Latin form—*Trinitas*—is derived from the adjective—*trinus*—"three-fold," or "three in one;" and thus exactly expresses the divine mystery of three persons in the unity of one Godhead.—PROF. HODGE.

TRINITY.—Illustrations of the

There be three grand principles—life, generation, and obedience—
Shadowing, in every creature, the Spirit and the Father, and the Son.
Thyself hast within thyself body, and life, and mind:

Matter, and breath, and instinct, unite in all beasts of the field ;
 Substance, coherence, and weight, fashion the fabrics of the earth ;
 The will, the doing, and the deed, combine to frame a fact ;
 The stem, the leaf, and the flower ; beginning, middle, and end ;
 Cause, circumstance, consequent ; and every three is one :
 •Yea, the very breath of man's life consisteth of a trinity of vapours,
 And the noonday light is a compound, the triune shadow of Jehovah.—TUPPER.

TRINITY.—The Mystery of the

It is impossible to sound the bottomless depth of such divine mysteries with the plummet of our short-lived and short-lined reason, or think to pierce the marble hardness of God's secrets with the leaden point of our dull apprehension.—SPENCER.

TRUST.—Want of

Our want of trust justifies the deceit of others.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

TRUST.—Whom to

You may safely trust those who make conscience of the meanest work ; who, in kindling a fire or sweeping a floor, have an eye uplifted to the glory of God ; who ennoble life's humblest employment by aiming at a noble end ; and who address themselves to their business in the high and holy belief that when duty—however humble it may be—is well done, God is glorified ; just as He is glorified as well by a lowly daisy as by the garden's gaudiest and proudest flowers.—DR. GUTHRIE.

TRUTH.—Attachment to

A sincere attachment to truth, moral and scientific, is a habit which cures a thousand little infirmities of mind, and is as honourable to a man who possesses it, in point of character, as it is profitable in point of improvement.—S. SMITH.

TRUTH.—Buy, the

“Buy the truth ;” buy it at any cost ; for any amount of labour, sacrifice, or talent, buy it, and when thou hast it, sell it not ; sell it not for pleasure, for prosperity, for fame, or for life.—DR. THOMAS.

TRUTH.—Common-place

This is of no use, as it makes no impression : it is no more instruction than *wind is music*. The truth must take a *particular bearing*, as the wind must pass through tubes to be worth anything.—FOSTER.

TRUTH—Connected with Truth.

There can be no treaty dividing the domain of truth. Every one truth is connected with every other truth in this great universe of God. The connection may be one of infinite subtlety and apparent distance—running, as it were, underground for a long way, but always asserting itself at last, somewhere, and at some time. No bargaining, no fencing off the ground,—no form of process, will avail to bar this right of way.—Blessed right, enforced by blessed power !—ARGYLL.

TRUTH—Contrasted with Falsehood.

I once asked a deaf and dumb boy—“What is truth ?” He replied by thrusting his finger forward in a straight line. I then asked him—“What is falsehood ?” when he made a zigzag with his finger. Try to remember this ; let whoever will take a zigzag path, go you on in your course as straight as an arrow to its mark, and shrink back from falsehood as you would from a viper.—BARNABY.

TRUTH.—Danger attending

It generally happens that when danger attends the discovery and profession of truth, the prudent are silent, the multitude believe, and impostors triumph.—MOSHEIM.

TRUTH.—Defend the

Defend the truth ; for that who will not die, A coward is, and gives himself the lie.
 RANDOLPH.

TRUTH.—Defined.

Truth is the agreement of our notions with the reality of things ; or it is the agreement of propositions with the notions, or things, or facts, concerning which an affirmation is made.—I. TAYLOR.

TRUTH.—Experience the Test of

Human experience, which is constantly contradicting theory, is the greatest test of truth. A system, built upon the discoveries of a great many minds, is always of more strength than what is produced by the mere workings of any one mind, which of itself can do little. There is not so poor a book in the world that would not be a prodigious effort were it wrought out entirely by a single mind without the aid of prior investigators. The French writers are superficial, because they are not scholars, and so proceed upon the mere power of their own minds ; and we see how very little power they have.—DR. JOHNSON.

TRUTH—the Foundation of Virtue and Success.

Truth is the foundation of virtue. An habitual regard for it is absolutely neces-

TRUTH.

sary. He who walks by the light of it has the advantage of the mid-day sun ; he who would spurn it, goes forth amid clouds and darkness. There is no way in which a man strengthens his own judgment, and acquires respect in society so surely, as by a scrupulous regard to truth. The course of such an individual is right and straight on. He is no changeling, saying one thing to-day and another to-morrow. Truth to him is like a mountain land-mark to the pilot ; he fixes his eye upon a point that does not move, and he enters the harbour in safety. On the contrary, one who despises truth and loves falsehood, is like a pilot who takes a piece of drift-wood for his land-mark, which changes with every wave. On this he fixes his attention, and being insensibly led from his course, strikes upon some hidden reef, and sinks to rise no more. Thus truth brings success ; falsehood results in ruin and contempt.—DR. CHANNING.

TRUTH.—The Immortality of

Truth, crush'd to earth, will rise again ;

The eternal years of God are hers :

But Error wounded, writhes with pain,

And dies among her worshippers.

BRYANT.

TRUTH.—Instructed in the

Herodotus tells us, in the first book of his history, that, from the age of five years to that of twenty, the ancient Persians instructed their children only in three things, viz.—to manage a horse, to shoot dexterously with the bow, and to *speak the truth*. Which shows of how much importance they thought it to fix this virtuous habit on the minds of youth betimes.—BUCK.

TRUTH—a Jewel and a Sword.

Truth, the jewel of the wise, is a sword in the fool's hand.—G. FORSTER.

TRUTH.—Love respecting

I love to tell truth and shame the devil.
—DEAN SWIFT.

TRUTH—Naked.

Truth pleases less when it is naked.—BOUFFLERS.

TRUTH—Non-Sectarian.

Truth does not wear the dress of a party.
—R. CECIL.

TRUTH.—Physical and Moral

Physical truth is, when you tell a thing as it actually is. Moral truth is, when you tell a thing sincerely and precisely as it appears to you. I say such a one walked

TRUTH.

across the street : if he really did so, I told a physical truth. If I thought so, though I should have been mistaken, I told a moral truth.—DR. JOHNSON.

TRUTH.—Receiving and Arriving at

There is an important distinction between receiving a truth on the authority of testimony, and arriving at the same truth by a process of reasoning. I may believe that a certain piece of mechanism had a maker because I am told it had ; or I may believe this truth from the evident marks of intelligence and contrivance which I see in it. In like manner, I may believe that the world was framed by God, simply because God himself tells me so, or I may come to this conclusion from the traces of beneficent design and skill with which it everywhere abounds. In the one case, I ascend through Nature up to Nature's God ; in the other, I descend from God to Nature. In the one case, I converse with God, and hear with all the docility of a child what He says about His own world ; in the other, I converse with the world, and hear what it says concerning the wisdom, power, and goodness of Him by whose fingers it was framed. In the one case, my faith rests upon the soundness of my own intellectual processes ; in the other, it rests in child-like simplicity upon a Father's testimony.—MORRISON.

TRUTH.—Regard for

The virtue of the ancient Athenians is very remarkable in the case of Euripides. This great tragic poet, though famous for the morality of his plays, had introduced a person who, being reminded of an oath he had taken, replied—"I swore with my mouth, but not with my heart." The impiety of this sentiment set the audience in an uproar ; made Socrates, though an intimate friend of the poet, go out of the theatre with indignation ; and gave so great offence, that he was publicly accused, and brought upon his trial, as one who had suggested an evasion of what they thought the most holy and indissoluble bond of human society. So jealous were these virtuous heathens of any, the smallest, hint that might open a way to perjury.—ADDISON.

TRUTH.—Religious

This body of truth comprises all the commonly understood doctrines of natural and revealed religion : such as the independent existence of one absolutely perfect Being, the Creator, Preserver, and Governor of all things ; the doctrine of the Trinity, or of three Persons in the Godhead,—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit ; the Incar-

TRUTH.

on and Atonement of the Son for human salvation; and the necessity of the Spirit's influences to regenerate the souls of men.—T. PEARSON.

TRUTH.—The Search for

Truth, like straws, upon the surface flow;
Who would search for pearls must dive below. • DRYDEN.

TRUTH.—The Seat of

The seat of truth is in our secret hearts,
Not in the tongue which falsehood oft imparts. BRANDON.

TRUTH—Stranger than Fiction.

Truth is strange, but true; for truth is always strange,
Stranger than fiction; if it could be told,
How much would novels gain by the exchange!
How differently the world would men behold!
How oft would vice and virtue places change!
The new world would be nothing to the old,
Some Columbus of the moral seas
Would show mankind their soul's antipodes.
What "antres vast and deserts idle" then
Would be discover'd in the human soul!
What icebergs in the hearts of mighty men,
With self-love in the centre as their pole!
What Anthropophagi are nine of ten
Of those who hold the kingdoms in control!
Were things but only call'd by their right name,
Cæsar himself would be ashamed of fame. BYRON.

TRUTH—must not be Thrown away.

We must never throw away a bushel of truth because it happens to contain a few grains of chaff; on the contrary, we may sometimes profitably receive a bushel of chaff for the few grains of truth it may contain.—DEAN STANLEY.

TRUTH—Triumphing over Wits.

That to great faithless wits can truth dispense
Till't turn their witty scorns to reverence:
Make them confess their greatest error springs
From curious gazing on the least of things;
With reading smaller prints they spoil their sight,
Darken themselves, then rave for want of light:
Show them how full they are of subtle sin,
When faith's great cable they would nicely spin

TUTOR.

To reason's slender threads; then falsely bold,
When they have weakened it, cry—It will not hold! DAVENANT.

TRUTH—in Troubled Times.

In troubled water you can scarce see your face, or see it very little, till the water be quiet and stand still: so in troubled times you can see little truth; when times are quiet and settled, then truth appears.—SELDEN.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

Men are as cold as ice to the truth, hot as fire to falsehood.—FONTAINE.

TRUTH AND INTEGRITY.

Truth and integrity have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of anything be good for anything, I am sure the reality is better; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have the qualities he pretends to? For to counterfeit and dissemble is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now, the best way for a man to seem to be anything, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides, it is often as troublesome to support the pretence of a good quality as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is most likely he will be discovered to want it; and then all his labour to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.—ABB. TILLOTSON.

TUMULT.—Quelling a

As when in tumults rise th' ignoble crowd,
Mad are their motions, and their tongues are loud;
And stones and brands in rattling volleys fly,
And all the rustic arms that fury can supply:
If then some grave and pious man appear,
They hush their noise, and lend a list'ning ear:
He soothes with sober words their angry mood,
And quenches their innate desire of blood. VIRGIL.

TUTOR.—The Course to be Adopted by a

A tutor should not be continually thundering instruction into the ears of his pupil, as if he were pouring it through a funnel; but, after having put the lad, like a young horse, on a trot before him, to observe his paces and see what he is able to perform,

should, according to the extent of his capacity, induce him to taste, to distinguish, and to find out things for himself; sometimes opening the way, at other times leaving it for him to open; and by abating or increasing his own pace, accommodate his precepts to the capacity of his pupil.—MONTAIGNE.

TWILIGHT.—A Country Scene at

The twilight deepened round us. Still and black
The great woods climbed the mountain at our back;
And on their skirts, where yet the lingering day
On the shorn greenness of the clearing lay,
The brown old farm-house like a bird's nest hung:
With home-life sounds the desert air was stirred,
The bleat of sheep along the hill we heard,
The bucket plashing in the cool, sweet well,
The pasture bars that clattered as they fell:
Dogs barked, fowls fluttered, cattle lowed;
the gate
Of the barn-yard creaked beneath the merry weight
Of sun-brown children, listening while they swung
The welcome sound of supper-call to hear;
And down the shadowy lane, in tinkling clear,
The pastoral curfew of the cow-bell rung.

WHITTIER.

TWILIGHT.—The Evening

Afore sunset, heaven and earth, like lovers after a quarrel, lay embraced in each other's smile! The lambs began their races on the lea, and the thrush o' Ettrive (there is but a single pair in the vale aboon the kirk) awoke his hymn in the hill silence. It was mair like a mornin than an evenin twilight, and a' the day's hurly-burly had passed awa into the uncertainty o' a last week's dream.—PROF. WILSON.

TWILIGHT—the Hour of Hearts.

It is the hour
When lovers will speak lowly, for the sake
Of being near each other; and when love
Shoots up the eye like morning on the east,
Making amends for the long northern night
They passed ere either knew the other
loved:

It is the hour of hearts, when all hearts feel.

P. J. BAILEY.

TWILIGHT.—The Soft Hour of

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts
the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first
day

When they from their sweet friends are torn
apart;

Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay;
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?

Ah! surely nothing dies but something
mourns!

BYRON.

TWILIGHT.—The Sweetness of

How sweet the hour when daylight blends
With the pensive shadows on evening's
breast;

And dear to the heart is the pleasure it
lends,

For 'tis like the departure of saints to
their rest!

Oh, 'tis sweet, Saranac, on thy loved banks
to stray,

To watch the last day-beam dance light
on thy wave,

To mark the white skiff as it skims o'er the
bay,

Or heedlessly bounds o'er the warrior's
grave!

Oh, 'tis sweet to a heart unentangled and
light,

When with hope's brilliant prospects the
fancy is blest,

To pause 'mid its day-dreams so witchingly
bright,

And mark the last sunbeams, while sink-
ing to rest!

L. M. DAVIDSON.

TYRANNY—not God-Intended.

The Creator does not intend that the
greatest part of mankind should come into
the world with saddles on their backs and
bridles in their mouths, and a few ready
booted and spurred to ride the rest to death.
—REMBOLD.

TYRANNY.—Princely

Such princes as tyrannize over the con-
sciences of men, attack the throne of the
Supreme Being, and frequently lose the
earth by interfering too much with heaven.
—MAXIMILIAN II.

TYRANTS.—The Power of

Tyrants can sentence their victims to
death; but how much more dreadful would
be their power could they sentence them to
life?—COLTON.

TYRANTS.—The Veriest

It is often found that those who speak
most frequently, and loudly, and even elo-
quently, on liberty for the masses, are, as
kings of their own private circle, the veriest
tyrants.—DR. DAVIES.

U.

UMBRELLAS.—The History of

A celebrated missionary states that there is mention made of umbrellas and parasols in books printed in China more than fifteen hundred years ago; and that most wonderful traveller—Layard—relates that he discovered on the ruins of Nineveh, in bas-relief, a representation of a king in his chariot with an attendant holding an umbrella over his head. In India, also, the umbrella has been in use in remote ages, and principally as an insignia of royalty, its shape differing very little from those in modern use. In Burmah, the princes use a very large umbrella, and it requires a separate attendant to carry it, and his position is a recognized one in the royal household. One of the titles of the king is as follows:—"King of the white elephant and lord of the twenty-four umbrellas." The Emperor of China, who never does anything on a small scale, has no fewer than twenty-four umbrellas carried before him when he goes out hunting. It is used in that country as a defence against rain as well as sun, and is principally made of a sort of glazed silk or paper beautifully painted. We find umbrellas mentioned as in use, or at least known, in England one hundred and fifty years ago. In Cambridge, early in last century, they were let out on hire for so much per hour, like sedan chairs. Jonas Hanway, the founder of an hospital in London, has the credit of being the first person in that city who had the courage of habitually carrying an umbrella. He died in 1786; and it is said that he made use of one for thirty years; so the date of their introduction for general use may be said to date from 1756. No one who has not given the history of the umbrella and its collateral branches attention, would believe that no fewer than three hundred patents have been registered as improvements during the last century.—S. WILSON.

UNANIMITY.—The Right Kind of

The agreement proceeding from full conviction after the freest discussion.—BROUGHAM.

UNBELIEF.—The Agony of

I seem affrighted and confounded with the solitude in which I am placed by my philosophy. When I look abroad on every side I see dispute, contradiction, and distraction. When I turn my eye inward I find nothing but doubt and ignorance. Where am I? or what am I? From what cause do I derive my existence? To what

condition shall I return? I am confounded with these questions. I begin to fancy myself in a most deplorable condition, environed with the deepest darkness on every side.—HUME.

UNBELIEF.—Religious

Of every species of incredulity, religious unbelief is infinitely the most irrational.—BUCKMINSTER.

UNBELIEVER.—An

He is one of Satan's courtiers.—J. HILL.

UNCERTAINTY.—The Insupportableness of

Uncertainty is often less supportable than absolute despair.—DR. DAVIES.

UNDERSTANDING.—The Faculty of the

By understanding, I mean that faculty whereby we are enabled to apprehend the objects of knowledge, generals or particulars, absent or present, and to judge of their truth or falsehood, good or evil.—DR. WATTS.

UNDERSTANDING.—The Reflections of the

The understanding turns inward on itself, and reflects on its own operations.—LOCKE.

UNDERSTANDING.—The Submission of the

This is quite as great humility as the submission of the will.—J. H. EVANS.

UNEASINESS.—Cured by Wisdom.

He that is uneasy merely because he hath not all he would, never will be easy till he grows wiser.—ABP. SECKER.

UNEQUALS.—No Society among

Among unequals what society
Can sort, what harmony or true delight?
Which must be mutual.—MILTON.

UNFAITHFULNESS.—The Curse of

The least unfaithfulness may bring a curse upon us, as the foot of the chamois on the snowy mountains, or the breath of a traveller who sings or shouts on his snowy road, may cause an avalanche which shall entomb the village now full of life and gaiety at the mountain's base.

"It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music
mute,
And, ever widening, slowly silence all:
The little rift within the lover's lute,
Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit,
That rotting inwards slowly moulders
all."
S. MARTIN.

UNGRATEFUL.—The Uselessness of the

The ungrateful are neither fit to serve the gods, their country, nor their friends.—**XENOPHON.**

UNGRATEFUL.—The Vice of the

A thankful heart hath earned one favour twice,

But he that is ungrateful wants no vice.

F. QUARLES.

UNITY.—The Command of

Thine is the peace-branch, thine the pure command,

Which joins mankind, like brothers, hand in hand.

KINGLAKE.

UNITY.—Variation from

Every variation from unity is but a progression toward nullity.—**W. SECKER.**

UNIVERSALISM.—The Absurdity of

A preacher of Universalism was telling his little son the story of the children in the wood. The boy asked—"What became of the poor little children?" "They went to heaven," replied the father. "And what became of the wicked old uncle?" "He went to heaven too." "Won't he kill them again, father?" asked the boy. The child's question opened to the father the absurdity of his doctrine of universal and indiscriminate salvation, and led him to renounce his belief in it.—**DR. THOMPSON.**

UNIVERSE.—The Oneness of the

Astronomy has revealed the great truth—that the whole universe is bound together by one all-pervading influence. Worlds, and systems, and firmaments are linked together by the mysterious power of gravitation. No atom in the universe exists merely for itself. The very mote that dances in the sunbeam is allied to the suns burning in the depths of space. There is the universal law of mutual influence, and the universe is one grand unit, one organic whole!—**LEITCH.**

UNJUSTLY.—Determined not to do

While Athens was governed by thirty tyrants, Socrates the philosopher was summoned to the senate-house, and ordered to go with some other persons they named, to seize one Leon, a man of rank and fortune, whom they determined to put out of the way, that they might enjoy his estate. This commission Socrates flatly refused, and, not satisfied therewith, added his reasons for such refusal:—"I will never willingly assist an unjust act." Chericles sharply replied—"Dost thou think,

Socrates, to talk always in this high style, and not to suffer?" "Far from it," added he; "I expect to suffer a thousand ills, but none so great as to do unjustly."—**ARVINE.**

UNKINDNESS.—The Effect of

More hearts pine away in secret anguish for unkindness from those who should be their comforters, than for any other calamity in life.—**DR. E. YOUNG.**

UNKINDNESS.—Sharp-Toothed

She has tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture
here;

Look'd black upon me; struck me with
her tongue,

Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.

SHAKESPEARE.

UNTHANKFULNESS.—The Crime of

If it be a fault to be matched even with murder not to requite man with thankfulness, what a crime is it to deal unthankfully with God!—**ST. AMEROSE.**

UNTHANKFULNESS.—The Evil of

Our unthankfulness is the cause of the earth's unfruitfulness.—**W. SECKER.**

UPRIGHT.—The Fear of the

The upright, if he suffer calumny to move him, fears the tongue of man more than the eye of God.—**COLTON.**

UPRIGHT.—The Truly

The truly upright is inflexible in his uprightness.—**BP. ATTERBURY.**

USE.—The Effect of

Use makes nothing huge, and huge things nothing.—**CHAPMAN.**

USE.—Habit Bred by

How use doth breed a habit in a man!—**SHAKESPEARE.**

USEFUL.—All may be

It seems a daring and almost presumptuous expression, but with a proper qualification it is a true one—that usefulness is within the reach of all. The man who intensely desires to be useful, and takes the proper means, will be useful.—**J. A. JAMES.**

USEFUL—to the Last.

On the day of his death, in his eightieth year, Elliott, "the Apostle of the Indians," was found teaching an Indian child at his bed-side. "Why not rest from your labours now?" asked a friend. "Because," replied

the venerable man, "I have prayed God to render me useful in my sphere, and He has heard my prayers; for now that I can no longer preach, He leaves me strength enough to teach this poor child the alphabet.—CHAPLIN.

USEFULNESS—Personally Advantageous.

It is a great satisfaction, at the close of life, to be able to look back on the years that are past, and to feel that you have lived, not for yourself alone, but that you have been useful to others. You may be assured, also, that the same feeling is a source of comfort and happiness at any period of life. Nothing in this world is so good as usefulness. It binds your fellow-creatures to you, and you to them; it tends to the improvement of your own character; and it gives you a real importance in society, much beyond what any artificial station can bestow.—BRODIE.

USURER.—The Chamber of a

Here lay

A manor bound fast in a skin of parchment,
The wax continuing hard, the acres melting;
Here a sure deed of gift for a market-town,
If not redeem'd this day, which is not in
The unthrift's power; there being scarce one shire
In Wales or England, where my monies are not
Lent out at usury, the certain hook
To draw in more. MASSINGER.

USURER.—The Life and Death of a

Such is the usurer—converting wisdom into cunning, invention into trickery, and wit into cynicism. Engaged in no honourable cause, he, however, shows a mind resolved, making plain the crooked and involved path he treads. He dies in unblest celibacy; and thus he receives the curses of the living for his rapine, while the stranger who grasps the million he has raked together owes him no gratitude at his death.—I. DISRAELI.

USURPER.—The Character and Action of a

A usurper is extremely dishonest. With a daring worthy of a better exercise, he eagerly snatches the sceptre from the hand of its rightful owner, and places the diadem of sovereignty on his own hardened brow without a blush. Nor does he think for a moment of the country he has laid in ruins,

or of the royal line he has cut off. But Heaven is just; and ere long the guilty rebel finds that he has secured an empire by the loss of his soul.—DR. DAVIES.

UTILITARIANS.—The School of the

That school treat mankind as if they were mere machines; the feelings or affections never enter into their calculations.—S. SMITH.

UTILITY.—Vulgar Notions of

Some there are who entertain such low, vulgar notions of utility, that they eschew and denounce all manner of ornament, and would wear and enjoy nothing but what is absolutely necessary and useful, forgetting that the idea of beauty is an indestructible principle of our nature—a principle given us by the great and good Creator, and must be developed in some form or other. The golden mean lies exactly betwixt bare necessity and positive vanity.—E. DAVIES.

UTTERANCE—not Confined.

Utterance is not confined to words. Our souls speak as significantly by looks, tones, or gestures—the subtle vehicles of our more delicate emotions, as they do by set words and phrases. Indeed, the soul has a thousand ways of communicating itself.—TURNBULL.

V.

VACATION.—The Grand

Time is the space allotted for the discharge of holy duty; eternity is the grand vacation.—SHERMAN.

VACILLATOR.—The

Everything by starts, and nothing long.—DRYDEN.

VACUUM.—The Impossibility of a

The question was formerly much controverted among philosophers—whether there is, or can be, an absolute vacuum in nature. Some asserted that Nature abhors a vacuum; and others asserted just the opposite. But the question might have been settled without the least controversy, if it had been lifted to the higher platform of sacred philosophy, which maintains that Deity absolutely and constantly fills infinitude with His presence, so that any vacuum in space is an utter and eternal impossibility.—DR. DAVIES.

VAGABONDS—Described.

Vagabonds are described in old English statutes as such as wake in the night and

VALENTINE.

sleep in the day, and haunt customable taverns and routs about ; no man wots from whence they came, nor whither they go.—BURRILL.

VALENTINE.—St.

The fourteenth of February is a day sacred to St. Valentine. It was a very odd notion, alluded to by Shakspeare, that on this day birds begin to couple ; hence, perhaps, arose the custom of sending on this day letters containing professions of love and affection.—DR. WEBSTER.

Hail to thy returning festival—old Bishop Valentine ! Great is thy name in the rubric—thou venerable Arch-flamen of Hymen ! Immortal Go-between ! who and what manner of person art thou ? Art thou but a *name*, typifying the restless principle which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union ? or wert thou indeed a mortal prelate, with thy tippet and thy rochet, thy apron on, and decent lawn sleeves ? Mysterious personage ! like unto thee, assuredly, there is no mitred father in the calendar ; not Jerome, nor Ambrose, nor Cyril, nor Austin, whom all mothers hate, nor he who hated all mothers—Origen. Thou comest attended with thousands and ten thousands of little Loves, and the air is

“ Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings.”

Singing Cupids are thy choristers and precentors ; and, instead of the crozier, the mystical arrow is borne before thee. * * * The weary and all forspent postman sinks beneath a load of delicate embarrassments not his own !—LAMB.

VALIANT.—Modestly

I love the man that is modestly valiant ; that stirs not till he most needs, and then to purpose. A continued patience I commend not.—FELTHAM.

VALIANT.—Truly

He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make
his wrongs
His outsides ; to wear them like his raiment,
carelessly ;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger. SHAKSPEARE.

VALOUR —The Better Part of

The better part of valour is discretion ; in the which better part I have saved my life.—SHAKSPEARE.

VALOUR.—The Causes of

The love of glory, the fear of shame, the design of making a fortune, the desire of

VANITY.

rendering life easy and agreeable, and the humour of pulling down other people, are often the causes of that valour so celebrated among men.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

VALOUR—Going.

My valour is certainly going ! it is sneaking off ! I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palms of my hands.—SHERIDAN.

VANITIES.—Vanity of

“Vanity of vanities, all is vanity,”—vanity in pleasures, vanity in grandeurs, vanity in riches, vanity in sciences, vanity in all !—SAURIN.

VANITY.—The Effects of

Vanity makes us anxious for applause : it makes us ridiculous.—J. A. JAMES.

VANITY—General.

Vanity is so anchored in the heart of man, that a soldier, suttler, street porter, vapour and wish to have their admirers ; and philosophers even wish the same. And those who write against it, wish to have the glory of having written well ; and those who read it, wish to have the glory of having read well ; and I who write this, have perhaps this desire ; and perhaps those who read this will also.—PASCAL.

VANITY.—Laughing at

We laugh at vanity oftener than we censure pride.—BUCKMINSTER.

VANITY.—The Manifestation of

Vanity shows itself by its eagerness to catch the notice of others.—CRABBE.

VANITY.—The Possession of

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.—POPE.

VANITY.—The Pride of

Vain was the man, and false as vain,
Who said—“ Were he ordain'd to run
His long career of life again,
He would do all that he had done.”
T. MOORE.

VANITY.—The Pursuit after

O Vanity,
How are thy painted beauties doted on
By light and empty idiots ! how pursued
With even and extended appetite !
How they do sweat, and run themselves
from breath,
Raised on their toes, to catch thy airy
forms,
Still turning giddy till they reel like drunkards,

What buy the merry madness of one hour
With the long irksomeness of following
time.
JONSON.

VARIETY—Defined.

Variety is nothing else but continued
novelty.—DR. SOUTH.

VEGETATION.—The Beauty of

The rivulets which flow through the
woods afford the most pleasing retreats
imaginable. The waters run through the
midst of the rocks ; in one part gliding
long in silence, in another falling pre-
cipitately from a height, with a confused
and murmuring noise. The borders of
these ravines are covered with trees, from
which hang large bunches of scolopendria
(hart's tongue) and liannes, which falling
down, are suspended by their own twigs.
The ground about them is rugged, with
great pieces of black rock, overgrown with
moss and maiden-hair. Large trunks, over-
thrown by the hand of time, lay, covered
with fungus waved with various colours.
An infinite variety of fern appears every-
where. Some, like leaves separated from
the stem, meander among the stones, and
draw their substance from the rock itself.
Others spring up like a tree of moss, and
resemble a plume of silken feathers. The
common sort is of twice the size here, that
it is in Europe. In lieu of the groves and
reeds, which so beautifully variegate the
borders of our rivers, along the sides of
these torrents grow a kind of water-lilies,
in great abundance, with very large leaves,
in the form of a heart. They are called
souges. It will float upon the water with-
out being wet, and the drops of rain amass
together upon it, like globules of shining
silver.—ST. PIERRE.

VENERATION.—Virtue Commands

We feel a secret awe and veneration for
one who moves about us in a regular and
illustrious course of virtue.—ADDISON.

VENGEANCE—Covered.

Vengeance is often covered up in silence.
—ALFIERI.

VENICE.—The Grandeur of

There is a glorious City in the sea,
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing ; and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the
sea,
Invisible ; and from the land we went,
As to a floating city—steering in
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,

So smoothly, silently—by many a dome,
Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
The statues ranged along an azure sky ;
By many a pile in more than Eastern pride,
Of old the residence of merchant-kings ;
The front of some, though Time had shat-
ter'd them,
Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
As though the wealth within them had run
o'er.

* * * * *

A few in fear,
Flying away from him whose boast it was
That the grass grew not where his horse
had trod,
Gave birth to Venice. Like the water-fowl,
They built their nests among the ocean-
waves ;
And where the sands were shifting, as the
wind
Blew from the north or south—where they
that came
Had to make sure the ground they stood
upon,
Rose, like an exhalation from the deep,
A vast Metropolis, with glistering spires,
With theatres, basilicas adorned ;
A scene of light and glory, a dominion,
That has endured the longest among men,
And whence the talisman, whereby she
rose,
Towering ? 'Twas found there in the barren
sea.
Want led to enterprise ; and, far or near
Who met not the Venetian ?—now among
The Ægean Isles, steering from port to
port,
Landing and bartering ; now, no stranger
there,
In Cairo, or without the eastern gate,
Ere yet the Cafila came, listening to hear
Its bells approaching from the Red Sea
coast ;

Then on the Euxine, and that smaller Sea
Of Azoph, in close converse with the Russ,
And Tartar ; on his lowly deck receiving
Pearls from the Persian Gulf, gems from
Golcond ;
Eyes brighter yet, that shed the light of
love,
From Georgia, from Circassia. Wandering
round,
When in the rich bazaar he saw, displayed,
Treasures from climes unknown, he ask'd
and learnt,
And, travelling slowly upward, drew ere
long
From the well-head, supplying all below ;
Making the Imperial City of the East,
Herself, his tributary.—S. ROGERS.

VENICE—in Ruins.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier ;

Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear :
Those days are gone, but Beauty still is
here.

States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not
die,

Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

BYRON.

The decay of the city of Venice is, in many respects, like that of an out-wearied and aged human frame; the cause of its decrepitude is indeed at the heart, but the outward appearances of it are first at the extremities. In the centre of the city there are still places where some evidence of vitality remains, and where, with kind closing of the eyes to signs, the stranger may succeed in imagining, for a little while, what must have been the aspect of Venice in her prime. But this lingering pulsation has not force enough any more to penetrate into the suburbs and outskirts of the city; the frost of death has there seized upon it irrevocably, and the grasp of mortal disease is marked daily by the increasing breadth of its belt of ruin. Nowhere is this seen more grievously than along the great north-eastern boundary, once occupied by the smaller palaces of the Venetians, built for pleasure or repose; the nobler piles along the grand canal being reserved for the pomp and business of daily life. To such smaller palaces some garden-ground was commonly attached, opening to the water-side; and, in front of these villas and gardens, the lagoon was wont to be covered in the evening by gondolas, the crowd of the population coming out not till toward sunset, and prolonging their pleasures far into the night, company answering to company with alternate singing.

If, knowing this custom of the Venetians, and with a vision in his mind of summer palaces lining the shore, and myrtle gardens sloping to the sea, the traveller now seeks this suburb of Venice, he will be strangely and sadly surprised to find a new but perfectly desolate quay, about a mile in length, extending from the arsenal to the Sacca della Misericordia, in front of a line of miserable houses built in the course of the last sixty or eighty years, yet already tottering to their ruin. * * * Yet the power of Nature cannot be shortened by the folly, nor her beauty altogether saddened by the misery of man. The broad tides still ebb and flow brightly about the island of the dead, and the linked conclave of the Alps know no decline from their old pre-eminence, nor stoop from their golden thrones in the circle of the horizon. So

lovely is the scene still, in spite of all its injuries, that we shall find ourselves drawn there again and again at evening out of narrow canals and streets of the city, to watch the wreaths of the sea-mists weaving themselves like mourning veils around the mountains far away, and listen to the green waves as they fret and sigh along the cemetery shores.—RUSKIN.

VENTILATION—Absolutely Necessary.

You must have sufficient outlet for the impure air to go out, and sufficient inlet for the pure air from without to come in. You must have open chimneys, open windows, or ventilators; no close curtains round your beds; no shutters or curtains to your windows; none of the contrivances by which you undermine your own health, or destroy the chances of recovery of your sick.—NIGHTINGALE.

VENTILATION—Effected by Nature.

Nature would effect all the purposes of ventilation, if we did not prevent her.—POCOCK.

VERACITY—Defined.

Veracity is the correspondence between a proposition and a man's belief.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

VERACITY—Judged of.

The veracity even of men who lived in distant ages may be safely and fairly judged of, if history has recorded the general course of their conduct; or if their writings have descended to our times, and give, as it were, a portrait of their dispositions and principles.—I. TAYLOR.

VERACITY.—A Royal Instance of

John, king of France, left in England two of his sons as hostages for the payment of his ransom. One of them, the Duke of Anjou, tired of his confinement in the Tower of London, escaped to France. His father, more generous, proposed instantly to take his place; and, when the principal officers of his court remonstrated against his taking that honourable but dangerous measure, he told them—"Why, I myself was permitted to come out of the same prison in which my son was, in consequence of the treaty of Bretagne, which he has violated by his flight. I hold myself not a free man at present. I fly to my prison. I am engaged to do it by my word; and if honour were banished from all the world, it should have an asylum in the breast of kings." The magnanimous monarch accordingly proceeded to England,

and became the second time a prisoner in the Tower of London, where he died in 1384.—ARVINE.

VERBIAGE—Indicates Observation.

Verbiage indicates observation, but not thinking.—W. IRVING.

VERDURE—Ah Expanse of

A wide expanse of living verdure ; cultivated gardens, shady groves, fertile corn-fields, flowed round it like a sea.—MOTLEY.

VERSE—Blank

The language of assembled gods, the language of eternity !—R. POLLOK.

VERSE—The Importance of

Verse embalms virtue.—DR. DONNE.

Virtue was taught in verse.—PRIOR.

VERSE—The Power of a

A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

G. HERBERT.

VERSE-WRITING.

It has been said there is pleasure in writing, particularly in writing verses. I allow you may have pleasure from writing, after it is over, if you have written well ; but you don't go willingly to it again. I know when I have been writing verses, I have run my finger down the margin, to see how many I had made, and how few I had to make.—DR. JOHNSON.

VEXATION—Superior to

Those who saw him after a defeat looked in vain for the least trace of vexation.—MACAULAY.

VEXATIONS—Petty

Petty vexations may at times be petty, but still they are vexations. The smallest and most inconsiderable annoyances are the most piercing. As small letters weary the eyes most, so also the smallest affairs disturb us most.—MONTAIGNE.

VICAR—The Kind-Hearted

He was very kind, and loved to sit

In the low hut or garnished cottage,

And praise the farmer's homely wit,

And share the widow's homelier pottage :

At his approach complaint grew mild,

And when his hand unbarred the shutter,

The clammy lips of fever smiled

The welcome that they could not utter.

PRAED.

VICE—The Assumption of

There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.
SHAKSPEARE.

VICE—Complimenting

To compliment vice is but one remove
from worshipping the devil.—COLLIER.

VICE—The Expensiveness of a

What maintains one vice would bring up
two children.—DR. FRANKLIN.

VICE—Gilded.

I can gild vice
And praise it into alchymy, till it go
For perfect gold.—RANDOLPH.

VICE—Lectured out of

Neither the individual nor the aggregate
can be lectured out of vice nor scolded into
virtue.—PUNSHON.

VICE—a Monster.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen ;
Yet, seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
POPE.

VICE—No Room for

It is only in some corner of the brain
which we leave empty that Vice can obtain
a lodging. When she knocks at your door,
be able to say—"No room for your lady-
ship,—pass on."—LYTTON.

VICE AND VIRTUE.

Vice is covered by wealth, and virtue by
poverty.—THEOGNIS.

VICES—Great Men's

Great men's vices are more imitated than
poor men's graces.—W. SECKER.

VICES—The Impudence of

I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.—SHAKSPEARE.

VICES—Instruments to Scourge.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant
vices
Make instruments to scourge us.
SHAKSPEARE.

VICES—Remedies Applied to

Wise men will apply their remedies to
vices, not to names ; to the causes of evil
which are permanent, not the occasional
organs by which they act, and the transi-
tory modes in which they appear.—BURKE.

VICISSITUDE.—Consolatory Views of

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living being; we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities; miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which, notwithstanding, is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision of nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days, and our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetition.—SIR T. BROWNE.

VICISSITUDE.—Man only Knows

Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by:
Their raptures now that wildly flow
No yesterday nor morrow know;
'Tis man alone that joy describes
With forward and reverted eyes.

T. GRAY.

VICISSITUDES.—All Participate in

Vicissitudes track our footsteps from the cradle to the grave. Thus indeed has it ever fared with the best of men. One day Joseph was safe and happy in his father's presence and smile; another, he was thrown by his envious brethren into a damp pit at Dothan. One day David sat high as a court-guest at the table of Saul; another, he was a proscribed wanderer among the rocky wilds of Engedi. One day Daniel swayed the temporal destinies of Babylon; another, the chain of gold and the robe of scarlet were taken from him, and he was cast into the lions' den. One day Jesus rode into Jerusalem in triumph, the joyous multitudes spreading their garments in His way, and shouting as they went—"Blessed is the King that cometh in the name of the Lord!" another, they clamoured for His blood—"Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" and rested not until He expired on the accursed tree. As varied an experience, more or less, happens to us all. "The sacramental host" must "pass through rivers" of trial, and "walk through the fire" of personal and domestic affliction. They must quaff the bitter waters of Marah, as well as pluck the luscious grapes of Eshcol. This is the one and only way of "entering into the kingdom."—DR. DAVIES.

VICTORS.—The Death of

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:

Early or late

They stoop to fate,

And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

SHIRLEY.

VICTORY.—Difficult to Look upon

It is more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle.—SIR W. SCOTT.

VICTORY.—A Glorious

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man, than this—that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.—ABP. TILLOTSON.

VICTORY.—Honourable, yet Shameful.

Victory may be honourable to the arms, but shameful to the counsels, of a nation.—BOLINGBROKE.

VICTORY.—The Ownership of

Victory belongs to the most persevering.—NAPOLEON I.

VIGILANCE.—The Great Importance of

Vigilance is the safety lamp of life. What the lighthouse is to the vessel in the murky night, nearing the rock and treacherous banks; what the torch is to the traveller who has been enveloped in thick mists; what the lantern is to the miner who creeps from gallery to gallery along the low corridors which penetrate the bowels of the earth wherein the fire-damp hangs round about his way; what the genial blaze on the cottage hearth is to the shepherd as he comes from afar over the morass or moor; what the branch of the green tree was to the Arab as it floated past his vessel's side, such is vigilance to man's eternal life. Never in all the admonitions which fell from those holy lips did Christ impress upon the mind of man a more solemn duty than when He proclaimed—"What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch!" Not in the series of parables wherewith He engraved His thoughts by illustration and simile upon His hearers did He ever insist upon any duty which is more completely a guide to our path, a light upon our way, a warning against danger, and source of internal confidence in pursuit of the discovery of another and a better world, than is vigilance.—BELLEW

VILIFY.—Passions Dispose us to

Many passions dispose us to depress and vilify the merit of one rising in the esteem of mankind.—ADDISON.

VILLAGE.—The Charms of a

How often have I paused on every charm,—
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbour-
ing hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the
shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers
made! GOLDSMITH.

VILLAGE.—The Sweet Sound of the

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's
close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose :
There, as I past with careless steps and
slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from
below ;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their
young ;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from
school ;
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whis-
pering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant
mind,—
These all in sweet confusion sought the
shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had
made. GOLDSMITH.

VILLAS.—Suburban

Suburban villas, highway-side retreats,
Delight the citizen. COWPER.

VILLAIN.—The Ability of a

Here's a villain,
Able to corrupt a thousand by example.
MASSINGER.

VILLAINY—never Gives up.

Villainy, when detected, never gives up,
but boldly adds impudence to imposture.—
GOLDSMITH.

VILLAINY.—Vigilant

Villainy that is vigilant, will be an over-
match for virtue, if she slumber at her post.
—COLTON.

VINDICTIVE.—The Wretched Life of the

The vindictive live the lives of wretches ;
and as they are mischievous, so end they
unfortunately.—LORD BACON.

VINE.—Three Clusters of the

The vine bears three clusters :—the first
of pleasure ; the second of drunkenness ; the
third of insult.—EPICTETUS.

VINEGAR—Praised in Tradition.

Vinegar is praised in Mahomet's tra-
dition thus :—"If there is no vinegar in
a house, it is sin ; there is no blessing
either."—EFFENDI.

VIOLENCE.—A Divine

A divine violence has been done to that
heart which could only be gained by vio-
lence.—DR. VINET.

VIOLENCE.—A State of

A state of violence cannot be perpetual,
or disaster and ruin would be universal.—
BP. BURNET.

VIOLET.—The Colour of the

The sweetness of the violet's deep blue
eyes
Kiss'd by the breath of heaven seems
colour'd by its skies. BYRON.

**VIOLETS.—The Loveliness and
Fragrance of**

Beautiful are you in your loveliness,
Bright in your hues, delicious in your scent ;
Lovely your modest blossoms downward
bent,
As shrinking from our gaze, yet prompt to
bless
The passer-by, with fragrance, and express
How gracefully, tho' mutely, eloquent,
Are unobtrusive worth and meek content,
Rejoicing in their own obscure repose :
Delightful violets ! at the voice of Spring
Your buds unfolded to its sunbeams bright,
And, tho' your blossoms soon shall fade
from sight,
Above your lonely birthplace birds shall
sing,
And from your clustering leaves the glow-
worm fling
The emerald glory of its earth-born light.
BARTON.

VIRTUE.—The Admiration of

Most men admire
Virtue, who follow not her lore.—MILTON.

VIRTUE—never Aided by a Vice.

I never thought an angry person valiant ;
Virtue is never aided by a vice.—JONSON.

VIRTUE.—The Authority of

It is of great importance to keep public
opinion on the side of virtue. To their
authorized and legal correctors, mankind
are, on common occasions, ready enough

to submit ; but there is something in the self-erection of a voluntary magistracy which creates so much disgust, that it almost renders vice popular, and puts the offence at a premium.—S. SMITH.

VIRTUE.—The Beauty of

In nature there's no blemish but the mind ;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind ;
Virtue is beauty ; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.
SHAKESPEARE.

VIRTUE—Defined.

Virtue is but the perfection of the spirit,
its mature development in regard to its
destination in the universe.—ZSCHOKKE.

VIRTUE.—Distinguished

If virtue's self were lost, we might
From your fair mind new copies write.
WALLER.

VIRTUE—Enjoined.

Mortals that would follow me,
Love virtue ; she alone is free :
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the spherie clime ;
Or if virtue feeble were
Heaven itself would stoop to her.
MILTON.

VIRTUE—in a Fair Lodging.

I willingly confess that it likes me better
when I find virtue in a fair lodging than
when I am bound to seek it in an ill-
favoured creature.—SIR P. SIDNEY.

VIRTUE.—The Guard and Ease of

Virtue's guard is Labour—ease her sleep.
TASSO.

VIRTUE—not Hereditary.

That height and God-like purity of mind
Resteth not still where titles most adorn ;
With any, not peculiarly confined
To names, and to be limited doth scorn :
Man doth the most degenerate from kind :
Richest and poorest, both alike are born ;
And to be always pertinently good,
Follows not still the greatness of our blood.
DRAYTON.

VIRTUE—cannot be Hurt.

A famous philosopher said to a tyrant,
who threatened him with death—"Thou
mayest kill me, but thou canst not hurt
me."—THYER.

VIRTUE—Indispensable.

As great seamen, using all their wealth
And skills in Neptune's deep invisible
paths,
In tall ships richly-built and ribb'd with
brass,
To put a girdle round about the world ;

When they have done it, coming near the
haven,

Are fain to give a warning piece, and call
A poor, staid fisherman, that never pass'd
His country's sight, to waft and guide
them in ;

So when we wander furthest through the
waves

Of glassy glory, and the gulfs of state,
Topp'd with all titles, spreading all our
reaches,

As if each private arm would sphere the
earth,

We must to Virtue for her guide resort,
Or we shall shipwreck in our safest port.

CHAPMAN.

**VIRTUE.—The Influence of Amuse-
ments on**

Amusements to virtue are like breezes of
air to the flame—gentle ones will fan it, but
strong ones will put it out.—DR. THOMAS.

VIRTUE.—The Knowledge of

Surely a day is coming, when it will be
known again what virtue is in purity and
continence of life ; how divine is the blush
of young human cheeks ; how high, bene-
ficent, sternly inexorable, if forgotten, is the
duty laid, not on women only, but on every
creature, in regard to these particulars.
Well ; if such a day never come again, then
I perceive much else will never come.
Magnanimity and depth of insight will
never come ; heroic purity of heart and of
eye ; noble pious valour, to amend us and
the age of bronze and lacker, how can they
ever come ? The scandalous bronze-lacker
age, of hungry animalisms, spiritual im-
potencies and mendacities, will have to
run its course, till the pit swallow it up.—
CARLYLE.

VIRTUE.—The Motive to

The good opinion of our fellow-men is
the strongest, though not the purest motive
to virtue.—COLTON.

VIRTUE.—The Sameness of

Virtue is everywhere the same, because
it comes from God, while everything else is
of men.—VOLTAIRE.

VIRTUE.—The Sinews of

Good company and good discourse are
the very sinews of virtue.—WALTON.

VIRTUE—Tainted by the World.

Virtue, for ever frail as fair below,
Her tender nature suffers in the crowd,
Nor touches on the world without a stain ;
The world's infectious.—DR. E. YOUNG.

VIRTUE.—The Trials of

It is one, and not the least, of the many trials which virtue has to encounter, that she is liable to be seduced from her more tranquil, but happier path, by the imposing bustle, the entertaining whims, the ever-changing, careless, animating revelry, which may generally be found in the haunts of her most fatal enemies.—PROF. SMYTH.

VIRTUE.—True Nobility.

Virtue alone is true nobility :
Let your own acts immortalize your name,
'Tis poor relying upon another's fame ;
For take the pillars but away, and all
The superstructure must in ruins fall,
As a vine droops, when by divorce remov'd
From the embraces of the elm she lov'd.
DRYDEN.

VIRTUES.—The Best of

Of all virtues, justice is the best ;
Valour without it is a common pest.
WALLER.

VIRTUES.—Human

Human virtues are like false coin, good in appearance, but indebted for its currency to the misery of mankind.—SUPERVILLE.

VIRTUES.—A Tax to Pay for

This is the tax a man must pay to his virtues—they hold up a torch to his vices, and render those frailties notorious in him which would have passed without observation in another.—COLTON.

VIRTUOUS.—The Cause of being

Lockman, the sage, being asked what caused him to be virtuous, answered—"The sight of vice."—MRS. BALFOUR.

VIRTUOUS.—The Way to be

To be virtuous is to have one's affections right in respect of one's self as well as of society.—SHAFTESBURY.

VISIT.—A Tedious

It is one of the vexatious mortifications of a studious man to have his thoughts disordered by a tedious visit.—L'ESTRANGE.

VISITORS.—Unwelcome

I look upon them not as paying visits, but visitations.—FITZ-OSBORNE.

VOICE.—The Human

Of all voices fashioned and tuned by the great Creator, the human ranks supreme, simply because it is the chief organ of a deathless soul.—DR. DAVIES.

VOICE.—The Management of the

All directions as to the management of the voice must be regarded as subsidiary to the expression of feeling.—G. R. PORTER.

VOICE.—A Soft, Rich

I love that voice,
Dipping more softly on the subject ear
Than that calm kiss the willow gives the
wave—

A soft rich tone, a rainbow of sweet sounds,
Just spanning the soothed sense.

P. J. BAILEY.

VOLCANO.—The Suddenness of a

The tradition of the ancient fires of Vesuvius had faded away from the memories of men. It looked fair as the Mount of Paradise, purple and golden in the sun, with vineyards and nodding harvests. In the treacherous sleeping crater, at the summit, a happy hamlet nestled, in what seemed the loving arms of the mountain. At the foot, laved by that azure and laughing sea, were lovely towns, bright with Greek art, and radiant with all peaceful beauty. Then suddenly mysterious murmurs, as of throes and inward struggles, were heard in the mountain ; the earth shook, the heavens were darkened ; a pillar of vengeful fire shot forth from the summit turned in an instant into a mouth of hell, and a crashing, thundering, irresistible ruin fell on all.—ADN. GARBETT.

VOLCANOES.—Essential.

The remarkable proofs which modern geology has presented of vast accumulations of heated and melted matter beneath the earth's crust, make such an agent as volcanoes essential to the preservation of the globe. If there were no safety-valves through the crust, such vast accumulations of heat would rend asunder even a whole continent. Volcanoes are those safety-valves, and more than two hundred of them are scattered over the earth's surface, forming vent-holes into the heated interior. But if no such passages existed, nothing could prevent the pent-up gases from accumulating till they had gained strength enough to rend a whole continent, and perhaps the whole globe, into fragments.—PROF. HITCHCOCK.

VOLITION.—Defined.

Volition is the actual exercise of the power which the mind has of considering, or forbearing to consider, an idea.—LOCKE.

VOLTAIRE.—A Critic's Estimate of

We observe in Voltaire a certain keenness, and the skill to discover inequalities which others had innocently passed over.

He has directed attention to many of these in the Bible, to many chronological, historical, and dogmatical difficulties not easily settled. Indeed, he has called attention to even partial contradictions which have always given trouble to the commentators. The most of these, however, were not discovered by him, but by Celsus, Porphyry, and the English deists, from whom he borrowed them. But the things brought by these parties into serious debate were scattered thoughtlessly by Voltaire, the echo of Bolingbroke, in the street, before all eyes, to be trampled under rude feet. Take for example his manner of dealing with the history of the creation. He made a great outcry about there having been four days before the sun was created. The creation of man in God's image; an idea suited, as no other could be, to lift the human consciousness out of the dust into dignity, was to him a proof that Moses had conceived of God as a human body, and he was shameless enough to add that "cats would be likely to conceive of their gods as cats." Of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil he makes the low and stupid remark that "wine has been said to make men eloquent, though not learned, but that a tree should make a scholar is carrying the pleasantry a little too far!" Thus he goes on through the whole book, which he printed under the title of *La Bible enfin Expliquée*. We will not further examine it, but it is due to truth to say that Voltaire may have been induced by the age in which he lived, as well as by that which immediately preceded it, to believe religion to be a mere contrivance of the priests and a source of intolerance. Voltaire was himself brought up among the Jesuits, and received the scholastic dogmas of Rome along with the doctrines of the Bible, and the legends of the Church with the Biblical history, and all these were stirred into a confused mass in his mind. With him, the fall of one was the fall of both. He was destitute of the quiet understanding necessary for distinguishing these distinct elements, and we may add also, that he lacked that simple uprightness and conscientiousness without which the attainment of truth is impossible. He knew Protestantism only from the stern harsh side which it presented among the French Calvinists, and in this form it could win no favour from him. But the unfeeling and unimaginative man had no heart even for its more genial aspect in the spirit of genuine Lutheranism. The selfishness and vanity of his nature prevented his entering into the individuality of another. He would have religion, but it must be his religion. He sometimes praised the ethics of Christ, but at other times bitterly criticized them.

On the other hand he continually boasted of his faith in God. But what sort of a deity was the God of Voltaire? An elevated being concerning whose existence reason is continually in dispute with itself; an abstraction of the understanding ever hanging high in the clouds, without heart, love, or distinct relations to the world and to man; a God who will only be sought and discovered by the understanding of the wise, but will not be found by the heart; who does not reveal Himself to men in history, and who still less enters into their little concerns and relations.—HAGENBACH.

VOW.—Things Requisite to a

To a vow, properly so called, two things are especially requisite:—First, intention; secondly, obtestation; or, to speak more plainly, a deliberate purpose and an absolute promise. The former first bringeth on the latter; and the latter bindeth fast the former.—DR. GOUGE.

VOWS.—Unheedful

Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken; And he wants wit, that wants resolved will To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better. SHAKESPEARE.

VULGAR.—Effort Lost upon the

To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine sense, is like endeavouring to hew blocks with a razor.—POPE.

VULGARITY.—Human

The vulgarity of inanimate things requires time to get accustomed to; but living, breathing, bustling, plotting, planning, human vulgarity, is a species of moral ipecacuanha, enough to destroy any comfort.—CARLYLE.

W.

WAGER.—The Definition of a

The only argument of a foolish man.—E. DAVIES.

WAGES.—The Original Meaning of

The word meant originally—the rations dealt out to soldiers as their pay.—DR. THOMPSON.

WAIT.—Impatient to

We do not know how to wait. We are like children who stamp at the least delay. Our wills have in the ardour of their exactions all that they want in earnestness and

persistence. As soon as he is kept in suspense, the child loses all zest for his toy. It is by His slowness in answering us that God would transform our wishes into purposes.—GASPARIN.

WALDENSES.—The Persecution of the

In 1655, under the directions of "the Council for the Propagation of the Faith," the Marquis of Pianizza entered the valley with fifteen thousand soldiers, the chosen troops of the Pope, sent to convert the Waldenses. And this was the strange process of conversion:—Pianizza, with his fifteen thousand men, broke into the valley of Lucerna, and on the 27th of April the massacre began. They murdered the aged and burned them in their beds. They took the men and women, and cut their throats like sheep in a slaughter-house. They took the infants by the heel and brained them on the rocks; and one soldier taking one limb of an infant they had torn from its mother's breast, and another taking another limb, they tore the living creature asunder and smote the mother with the fragments of her own child! Tired of that slow work, they drove the inhabitants up to the top of Castelluzzo, and stripping them naked, tied them head and heels together, and rolled them over the precipice, where they fell bounding from crag to crag! It was with reference to this massacre that Milton wrote:—

"Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughter'd saints,
whose bones
Lies scattered on the Alpine mountains
cold;
Even them who kept Thy truth so pure
of old,
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and
stones,
Forget not: in Thy books record their
groans
Who were Thy sheep, and in their
ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese that
roll'd
Mother with infants down the rocks.
Their moans
The vales redoubl'd to the hills, and
they
To heaven. Their martyr'd blood and
ashes sow
O'er all the Italian field where still doth
sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may
grow
A hundred fold, who, having learned
Thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe."

It was then that Oliver Cromwell rose in his might and majesty, and proclaimed a

fast and a collection through all the parishes of England and Scotland, and, giving two thousand pounds out of his own purse, they collected from Land's-end to John o' Groat's house thirty thousand pounds, equal at least to one hundred thousand pounds now, to support and sustain the suffering Waldenses. More than that, Oliver Cromwell sent word to the Duke of Savoy—"If you do not take your hands off these suffering saints of God, I will send the British fleet to pour an army across the Alps to destroy your house."—DR. GUTHRIE.

WALES.—The Prince of

After being partially conquered by the Saxons, the ancient Britons retired to Wales, where they defended themselves with a bravery that provoked the intense admiration of their foes. But all in vain their heroic resistance; Edward I. subdued the whole country, and annexed it to England. Finding, however, that the Welsh were not reconciled to the disasters which had befallen them, he sent his queen to Caernarvon Castle. A son was born there; and Edward very wisely styled him—"The Prince of Wales." This royal title has been borne ever since by the heir to the British crown.—DR. DAVIES.

WALK.—The Saint's

'Tis no light matter to walk closely with
God: 'tis not a summer's walk at evening!
—J. H. EVANS.

WALKING.—The Benefit of

Walking is the best possible exercise. Habituate yourself to walk far. We value ourselves on having subdued the horse to our use, but I doubt whether we have not lost more than we have gained by it. No one thing has caused more degeneracy to the human body. An Indian goes on foot nearly as far in a day as an enfeebled white does on his horse; and he will tire the best horse. A little walk of half-an-hour in the morning, when you first rise, is advisable; it shakes off sleep, and produces other good effects in the animal economy.—DR. JEFFERSON.

WALLET-BEARERS.—All are

The Sovereign Author of the universe has made us all wallet-bearers, as well those of time past as those of to-day: He put the wallet behind for our own failings, and the one before for those of others.—FONTAINE.

WALL-FLOWER.—The

I will not praise the often-flattered rose,
Or, virgin-like, with blushing charms half
seen,

Or when, in dazzling splendour, like a queen,
 All her magnificence of state she shows ;
 No, nor that nun-like lily which but blows
 Beneath the valley's cool and shady screen ;
 Nor yet the sun-flower, that, with warrior mien,
 Still eyes the orb of glory where it glows ;
 But thou, neglected wall-flower ! to my breast
 And muse art dearest, wildest, sweetest flower !
 To whom alone the privilege is given
 Proudly to root thyself above the rest,
 As Genius does, and, from thy rocky tower,
 Lend fragrance to the purest breath of heaven.

DOUBLEDAY.

WANT.—The Discerning Power of

If we from wealth to poverty descend,
 Want gives to know the flatterer from the friend.

DRYDEN.

WANT.—The Influence of

Nothing makes men sharper than want.
 —ADDISON.

WANT.—The Knowledge of

Hundreds would never have known *want* if they had not first known *waste*. —SPURGEON.

WANT.—The Nature of

Want is a bitter and a hateful good,
 Because its virtues are not understood.

DRYDEN.

WANTS.—Imaginary

A great number of our wants are simply special wants of the imagination ; we want them because we think that we want them ; they give us no enjoyment when we obtain them. —FICHTE.

WANTS.—A Scheme of Supplying

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes. —DEAN SWIFT.

WANTS.—The Source of

It is not from nature, but from education and habits, that our wants are chiefly derived. —FIELDING.

WAR.—The Alarm of

Hark ! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note ?

Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath ?

Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote ;

Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
 Tyrants and tyrants' slaves ? The fires of death,
 The bale-fires flash on high ; —from rock to rock
 Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe ;
 Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
 Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

Lo ! where the Giant on the mountain stands,

His blood-red tresses deepening in the sun,
 With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
 And eye that scorseth all it glares upon :

Restless it rolls, now fix'd, and now anon
 Flashing afar—and at his iron feet

Destruction cowers, to mark what deeds are done ;

For on this morn three potent nations meet,
 To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

BYRON.

WAR.—The Best Prevention of

Providence for war is the best prevention of it. —LORD BACON.

WAR.—The Calamity of

War, though it may be undertaken, according to popular opinions and popular language, with justice, and prosecuted with success, is a most awful calamity ; it generally finds men sinners, or makes them such ; for, so great is usually the disproportion between the provocation and the punishment, between the evil inflicted or suffered, and the good obtained, or even proposed, that a serious man cannot reconcile the very frequent rise, and the very long continuance of hostilities, to reason or to humanity. Upon whom, too, do the severities of war fall most heavily ? In many cases, they by whom contention is begun, or cherished, feel their influence extended, their dependants multiplied, and their wealth, in the regular and fair course of public business, increased. While fields are laid waste and cities depopulated, the persons by whose commands such miseries take place, are often wantoning in luxurious excess, or slumbering in a state of unfeeling and lazy repose. The peaceful citizen is in the meantime crushed under the weight of exaction, to which, for "conscience' sake," he submits ; the industrious merchant is impoverished by unforeseen and undeserved losses ; and the artless husbandman is dragged away from those who are nearest and dearest to him, in order to shed the blood of beings as innocent and as wretched as himself, to repel injuries which he never

felt or suspected, and to procure advantages which he may never understand or enjoy.—PARR.

WAR.—The Costliness of

So costly is war—that if the money which has been spent in carrying it on had been sacredly employed, it might, with the blessing of the God of peace upon it, have transformed our sin-stricken world into the garden of the Lord.—E. DAVIES.

WAR.—Declared.

War even to the knife.—PALAFOX.

WAR.—Definitions of

A trade of barbarians, the whole art of which consists in being the strongest on a given point.—NAPOLEON I.

The baptism of fire.—NAPOLEON III.

What a fine-looking thing is war! Yet, dress it as we may, dress and feather it, daub it with gold, huzza it, and sing songs about it—what is it, nine times out of ten, but murder in uniform?—JERROLD.

WAR.—The Desolation of

War is that miserable desolation that finds a land before it like Eden, and leaves it behind like Sodom and Gomorrah, a desolate and forsaken wilderness. Let it be sowed with the seed of man and beast, as a field with wheat, war will eat it up.—T. ADAMS.

WAR.—The Dogs of

In these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war.
SHAKESPEARE.

WAR.—The Dreadful Fatality of

Last noon—beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve—in beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight—brought the signal—sound
of strife,
The morn—the marshalling in arms, the
day—
Battle's magnificently stern array;
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which
when rent,
The earth is cover'd thick with other
clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped
and pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red
burial blent!
BYRON.

WAR—a Game.

War is a game in which princes seldom win; the people never.—COLTON.

WAR.—No Good in

Dr. Johnson laughed at Lord Kames's opinion that war was a good thing occasionally, as so much valour and virtue were exhibited in it. "A fire," said the Doctor, "might as well be considered a good thing. There are the bravery and address of the firemen in extinguishing it; there is much humanity exerted in saving the lives and properties of the poor sufferers; yet, after all this, who can say that a fire is a good thing?"—BOSWELL.

WAR.—A Guerrilla

The term guerrilla is the diminutive of the Spanish word *guerra*—war, and means petty war, that is—war carried on by detached parties; generally in the mountains. * * * A guerrilla party is an irregular band of armed men carrying on an irregular war, not being able, according to their character as a guerrilla party, to carry on what the law terms a regular war. The irregularity of the guerrilla party consists in its origin, for it is either self-constituted, or constituted by the call of a single individual, not according to the general law of levy, conscription, or volunteering; it consists in its disconnection with the army, as to its pay, provision, and movements; and it is irregular as to the permanency of the band, which may be dismissed and called again together at any time.—LIEBER.

WAR.—The Horror of

Take my word for it, if you had seen but one day of war, you would pray to Almighty God that you might never see such a thing again.—WELLINGTON.

WAR.—Injustice in

Wherever there is war, there *must* be injustice on one side or the other, or on both. There have been wars which were little more than trials of strength between friendly nations, and in which the injustice was not to each other, but to the God who gave them life. But in a malignant war there is injustice of ignobler kind at once to God and man, which *must* be stemmed for both their sakes.—RUSKIN.

WAR.—The Lawlessness of

Laws are commanded to hold their tongues among arms; and tribunals fall to the ground with the peace they are no longer able to uphold.—BURKE.

WAR.—Proclaimed.

In Britain war was anciently proclaimed by sending messengers in different directions through the land, each holding a bended bow; and, in like manner, peace

was announced by a bow unstrung.—JOHN BAILLIE.

WAR.—The Profession of

War is a profession by which men cannot live honourably ; an employment by which the soldier, if he would reap any profit, is *obliged* to be false, and rapacious, and cruel. Nor can any man who makes war his profession be otherwise than vicious.—MACCHIAVELLI.

WAR.—The Recompense of

The Duke of Marlborough observing a soldier leaning pensively on the butt-end of his musket, just after victory had declared itself in favour of the British arms at the battle of Blenheim, accosted him thus :—
“Why so pensive, my friend, after so glorious a victory?” “It may be glorious,” replied the brave fellow, “but I am thinking that all the human blood I have spilled this day has only earned me fourpence!”
—ARVINE.

WAR.—The Sinews of

The bodies of men, munition, and money, may justly be called the sinews of war.—SIR W. RALEIGH.

WAR.—The Tug of

When Greeks join'd Greeks, then was the tug of war. DR. LEE.

WAR.—The Uncertainty of

Fortune always asserts her supremacy in war ; and often from a slight mistake so disastrous consequences follow, that in every age the uncertainty of war is a proverb.—LORD NAHER.

WAR.—The Vice of

This vice proceeds from greedy thirst of gold ;
For wars and tumults were unknown of old,
When cheerful draughts were quaff'd from common wood,
And beechen bowls on homely table stood:
No need was then of towers their wealth to keep ;
The shepherd slept secure amidst his sheep.
TIBULLUS.

WAR-HORSE.—The

The fiery courser, when he hears from far
The sprightly trumpets and the shouts of war,
Pricks up his ears, and trembling with delight,
Shifts place, and paws, and hopes the promised fight :
On his right shoulder his thick mane reclined,
610

Ruffles at speed, and dances in the wind :
Eager he stands,—then, starting with a bound,
He turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground ;
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils flow ;
He bears his rider headlong on the foe.
VIRGIL.

WARNING.—The Voice of

There is a story which tells of a bell which was suspended on a rock of the ocean dangerous to navigation. The waves of the ocean beating upon it caused it to give a noise of warning to keep off the approaching mariner. It is said that at one time some pirates destroyed the bell to prevent the warning. Not long after, these very pirates struck upon this rock, and were lost. How many there are who take pains to hush or remove the voice of warning coming forth from the point of danger, who, as soon as the warning ceases, founder upon the rock of temptation, and are lost for ever !—MCCOSH.

WARRIOR.—The Burial of a

No useless coffin enclos'd his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.
WOLFE.

WARRIOR.—The Veteran

The veteran warrior is never in haste to strike the blow ; he surveys his foe, watches his opportunity, and cautiously reins in the fury of his rage ; he changes place upon the field, advances, stops till the moment comes when he can give the sure blow.—METASTASIO.

WARS.—Civil

Civil wars leave nothing but tombs.—LAMARTINE.

WARS.—Little

A great country ought never to make little wars.—WELLINGTON.

WASSAIL.—The Origin and Meaning of

Geoffrey of Monmouth relates that Lady Rowena, the daughter of Hengist, knelt down on the approach of the king, and, presenting him with a cup of wine, exclaimed—“Lord King, *was-heil!*” that is “Health be to you!”—CALENUS.

WASTE.—Domestic

I say this emphatically,—that a tenth part of the expense which is sacrificed in domestic vanities, if not absolutely and meaninglessly lost in domestic comforts and incumbrances, would, if collectively

afforded and wisely employed, build a marble Church for every town in England ; such a Church as it should be a joy and a blessing to pass near in our daily ways and walks, and as it would bring the light into the eyes to see from afar, lifting its airy height above the purple crowd of humble roofs.—**RUSKIN.**

WASTES.—Little

Little wastes in great establishments, constantly occurring, may defeat the energies of a mighty capital.—**DR. BEECHER.**

WATCH.—Conduct Regulated like a

Could but our tempers move like this machine,
Not urg'd by passion, nor delay'd by spleen ;
But, true to Nature's regulating power,
By virtuous acts distinguish every hour,
Then health and joy would follow, as they ought,
The law of motion and the law of thought :
Sweet health to pass thy present moments o'er,
And everlasting joy when time shall be no more.
HEMSTED.

WATCH-DOG.—The

Behind followed the watch-dog,
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers :
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept ; their protector,
When from the forest at night, through the starry silence, the wolves howled.
LONGFELLOW.

WATCHFUL.—The Most

That man who is the most watchful is the least sinful.—**W. SECKER.**

WATCHFULNESS.—The Exercise of

Watchfulness is the wise exercise of a gracious soul, who is sensible of his own weakness, loves his Saviour, and fears to grieve His Spirit.—**BOGATZKY.**

WATER.—The Action of

The action of water in our food is very important. There would be no carrying of food into the system but for the agency of water. It dissolves everything that we take ; and nothing that we take as food can become nutriment that is not dissolved in water.—**DR. LANKESTER.**

WATER.—Animals and Plants Require

Both animals and plants require it ; and no animal and no plant exists without certain quantities of water. Sometimes it is so large in quantity that it constitutes the great mass of the animal or plant. Thus, if we take some plants that grow in water, we find that they are formed of from ninety to ninety-five per cent. of water ; and many of the little animals contained in water, if we take them and expose them to heat, so as to evaporate their water, almost entirely disappear. Even solid timber contains as much as thirty per cent. of water. Plants will not live without water : if we refrain from watering them, they will die. The water passes in at their roots, and up their stems, and into their leaves, and the sun dries them, and evaporates their moisture. The water taken up by plants contains their food—carbonic acid gas and ammonia. These two substances pass into the plant with the water, and out of these things we have manufactured, in the system of the plant, all our vegetable food.—**DR. LANKESTER.**

WATER.—God Brews the Beautiful

Where is the liquor which God the Eternal brews for all His children ? Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odours, and rank corruptions, doth your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life—the pure cold water ; but in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red-deer wanders, and the child loves to play ; there God brews it. And down, low down in the deepest valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing ; and high upon the tall mountain-tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun ; where the storm-cloud broods, and the thunderstorms crash ; and away far out on the wide wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar—the chorus sweeping the march of God ; there He brews it—that beverage of life and health-giving water. And everywhere it is positively a thing of beauty, gleaming in the dew-drop ; singing in the summer rain ; shining in the ice-gem, till the leaves all seem turned to living jewels ; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon ; sporting in the cataract ; sleeping in the glacier ; dancing in the hail-shower ; folding its bright snow curtains softly about the wintry world ; and waving the many-coloured iris, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose warp is the rain-drop of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven ; all che-

quered over with celestial flowers, by the mystic hand of refraction!

Still always it is beautiful, that life-giving water: no poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep no burning tears in its depths; no drunken shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in the words of eternal despair: speak out, my friends, would you exchange it for demon's drink—alcohol?—GOUGH.

WATER.—Smooth

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.—SHAKESPEARE.

WATER.—The Sources of

There are many sources of water. The first great source is the ocean, which collects all the water from the earth; and this water contains so large a quantity of salt, that none of us can drink it. The shining sun, however, bears down upon the ocean's surface, and its heating rays penetrating the water, combine, as it were, with it, and raise it up. The atmosphere, like a sponge, absorbs the vaporous water, carrying it from the equator to the Arctic and the Antarctic regions; thus distributing it north and south. It then condenses in the form of rain and of snow, when, sinking into the earth and pouring down its mountain sides, it forms springs and rivulets, entering the ocean again in the form of rivers; and now man catches it in tubs or cisterns, in its progress in the rivers, or digs down into the earth, and catches it as it passes along beneath his feet. Thus we have rain water, river water, and spring or well water.—DR. LANKESTER.

WATER-FALL.—The

Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair and placid; where collected all,
In one impetuous torrent down the steep
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.

At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud-resounding rocks below,
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.

Nor can the tortured wave here find repose;
But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments,
now
Aslant the hollow channel rapid darts;
And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,

With wild inflected course, and lessen'd roar,

It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,
Along the mazes of a quiet vale.

J. THOMSON.

WATER-FALL.—Human Affairs Illustrated by a

The apparent and the real progress of human affairs are both well illustrated in a water-fall; where the same noisy bubbling eddies continue for months and years, though the water which froths in them changes every moment. But as every drop in its passage tends to loosen and detach some particle of the channel, the stream is working a change all the time in the appearance of the fall, by altering its bed, and so subjecting the river during its descent to a new set of percussions and reverberations. And what, when at last effected, is the consequence of this change? The foam breaks into shapes somewhat different, but the noise, the bubbling, and the eddies are just as violent as before.—A. J. C. HARE.

WATER-FOWL.—A

I saw on the breast of a beautiful river,
That reflected the green of the hill—
While scarce to the sunbeam it gave a slight quiver,

For the breath of the morning was still—
A bird, with a breast than the drifted snow whiter,

Serenely and silently glide,
And give to the waters an image still brighter—

Seeming Peace upon Pleasure's fair tide:
Still on, like the solitude's spirit it glided,
Till a stranger intruding too near,
Uprising, its wings the light ether divided,
Far away from all shadow of fear!

Oh, happy the soul that reposes so lightly
On the bosom of temporal things;
At danger's approach, it can soar away brightly

Above on ethereal wings!—MIFLIN.

WATER-LILY.—The

Round thy bed the river lingers,
And each feature seems to trace,
Moving, like a blind man's fingers,
O'er the beauties of thy face.

A. H. BUTLER.

WATER-SPOUT.—A Description of the
Oft, while wonder thrill'd my breast, mine eyes
To heaven have seen the watery columns rise.
Slender at first the subtle fume appears,
And, writhing round and round, its volume rears:

Thick as a mast the vapour swells its size ;
 A curling whirlwind lifts it to the skies ;
 The tube now straitens, now in width
 extends,
 And in a hovering cloud its summit ends :
 Still gulph on gulph in sucks the rising
 tide,
 And now the cloud, with cumbrous weight
 supplied,
 Full-gorged, and blackening, spreads, and
 moves more slow,
 And, waving, trembles to the waves
 below.
 Thus when, to shun the summer's sultry
 beam,
 The thirsty heifer seeks the cooling stream,
 The eager horse-leech fixing on her lips,
 Her blood, with ardent throat, insatiate sips,
 Till the gorged glutton, swell'd beyond her
 size,
 Drops from her wounded hold, and burst-
 ing, dies.
 So burst the cloud, o'erloaded with its
 freight,
 And the dash'd ocean staggers with the
 weight. CAMOENS.

WATERING-PLACE.—A Quiet

Sky, sea, beach, and village lie as still
 before us as if they were sitting for the
 picture. It is dead low-water. A ripple
 plays among the ripening corn upon the
 cliff, as if it were faintly trying from recol-
 lection to imitate the sea ; and the world of
 butterflies hovering over the crop of radish-
 seed are as restless in their little way as the
 gulls are in their larger manner when the
 wind blows. But the ocean lies winking in
 the sunlight like a drowsy lion—its glassy
 waters scarcely curve upon the shore—the
 fishing-boats in the tiny harbour are all
 stranded in the mud—but two colliers have
 not an inch of water within a quarter of a
 mile from them, and turn exhausted on their
 sides, like faint fish of an antediluvian
 species. Rusty cables and chains, ropes
 and rings, undermost parts of posts and
 piles, and confused timber-defences against
 the waves, lie strewn about in a brown
 litter of tangled sea-weed and fallen cliff,
 which looks as if a family of giants had
 been making tea here for ages, and had ob-
 served an untidy custom of throwing their
 tea-leaves on the shore.—DICKENS.

WAVES.—The Cause of

The common cause of waves is the friction
 of the wind upon the surface of the water.
 Little ridges of elevations first appear,
 which, by continuance of the force, gradu-
 ally increase until they become the rolling
 mountains seen where the winds sweep
 over a great extent of water.—CAPT.
 MARRYAT.

WAY.—The Milky

This white belt in the heavens is formed
 by the shining of innumerable stars, too
 distant from us to be perceptible, except
 through the medium of a telescope. To me
 it presents, first of all, an emblem of Holy
 Scripture, which to him who views it super-
 ficially appears obscure and dim ; whereas
 he who contemplates it in spirit, and through
 the perspective of faith, discovers a thousand
 sparkling stars of doctrine and consolation.
 Again, the milky way also reminds me of
 the glorious assembly of the saints in the
 life eternal. Of this, in our natural con-
 dition, we know nothing ; but if we take
 the glass of faith and divine contemplation,
 we then discover that verily the spirits of
 the blessed "shine as the brightness of the
 firmament, and as the stars for ever and
 ever."—SCRIVER.

WEAK.—Divine Power Girdeth the

The strength of man sinks in the hour of
 trial ;
 But there doth live a Power that to the
 battle
 Girdeth the weak. JOANNA BAILLIE.

WEAKNESS—not to be Excused.

Weakness is thy excuse,
 And I believe it ; weakness to resist
 Philistian gold : if weakness may excuse,
 What murderer, what traitor, parricide,
 Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it ?
 All wickedness is weakness. MILTON.

WEALTH.—A Caution against

If Wealth come, beware of him, the
 smooth false friend ! There is treachery in
 his proffered hand ; his tongue is eloquent
 to tempt ; lust of many harms is lurking in
 his eye ; he hath a hollow heart : use him
 cautiously.—TUPPER.

WEALTH—Dangerous.

An accession of wealth is a dangerous
 predicament for a man. At first he is
 stunned, if the accession be sudden ; he is
 very humble and very grateful. Then he
 begins to speak a little louder, people think
 him more sensible, and soon he thinks him-
 self so.—R. CECIL.

WEALTH.—Exempt from

Who would not wish to be from wealth
 exempt,
 Since riches point to misery and contempt ?
 SHAKSPEARE.

WEALTH—a Relative Thing.

Wealth, after all, is a relative thing, since
 he that has little, and wants less, is richer
 than he that has much, but wants more.—
 COLTON.

WEALTH.—Squandering

In squandering wealth was his peculiar art,
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.

DRYDEN.

WEALTH.—The Uncertainty of

Wealth is like a bird ; it hops all day
from man to man, as that doth from tree to
tree, and none can say where it will roost
or rest at night. It is like a vagrant fellow,
which, because he is big-boned and able to
work, a man takes in-doors and cherisheth ;
and perhaps for a while he takes pains, but
when he spies opportunity the fugitive ser-
vant is gone, and takes away more with him
than all his service came to.—T. ADAMS.

WEARINESS.—The Sleep of

Weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when restless
sloth

Finds the down-pillow hard.

SHAKESPEARE.

WEATHER.—Coming

It should always be remembered that the
state of the air foretells coming weather,
rather than shows the weather that is pre-
sent—(an invaluable fact too often over-
looked).—ADM. FITZROY.

WEATHER.—The Effects of the

When the soil grows hard and frozen, our
whole being shudders ; when the spiteful
east wind attacks us, even our best feelings
decline ; when monotonous rains soak the
meadows and fill the air with unwholesome
damps, we are conscious of inexpressible
languors. When a gloomy day dawns,
when a thick curtain of fog fills all space,
when we can no longer distinguish, through
this diluted darkness—with here and there
a livid glare—either the skeleton of trees
the winter has stripped, or that old wall
where the ivy still stands green ; when there
are no longer mountains to lift our spirits,
nor the sky to speak to us of eternity—it is
a fact, that we feel oppressed.—GASPARIN.

WEATHER.—Signs of the

A few of the more marked signs of
weather are the following :—Whether clear
or cloudy—a rosy sky at sunset presages
fine weather ; a red sky in the morning, bad
weather, or much wind (perhaps rain) ; a
grey sky in the morning, fine weather ; a
high dawn, wind ; a low dawn, fair weather.
Soft-looking or delicate clouds foretell fine
weather, with moderate or light breezes ;
hard-edged, oily-looking clouds, wind. A
dark, gloomy blue sky is windy ; but a
light, bright blue sky indicates fine weather.
A bright yellow sky at sunset presages
wind ; a pale yellow, wet :—and thus by the
prevalence of red, yellow, or grey tints, the

coming weather may be foretold very nearly : indeed, if aided by instruments, almost exactly. Small inky-looking clouds foretell rain ; high upper clouds crossing the sun, moon, or stars, in a direction different from that of the lower clouds, or the wind then felt below, foretell a change of wind. After fine clear weather, the first signs in the sky of a coming change are usually light streaks, curls, whisps, or mottled patches of white distant cloud. Dew is an indication of fine weather ; so is fog. Remarkable clearness of atmosphere near the horizon, distant objects, such as hills, unusually visible, or raised (by refraction), and what is called “a good hearing day,” may be mentioned among the signs of wet, if not wind, to be expected.—ADM. FITZROY.

WEDDING.—A Happy

Happy is that wedding where Christ is a guest. There is no holy marriage whereat He is not (however invisible, yet) truly present by His Spirit, by His gracious benediction. He makes marriages in heaven, and blesses them from heaven.—BP. HALL.

WEDDING.—A Jewish Custom at a

The Jews had a custom at their wedding feasts for the married couple to drink out of the same glass together, and then to break it in pieces ; teaching them, by that emblem, that whatever felicity they expected together, their lives, upon which it all depended, were frail and brittle as glass. No sooner joined, but they were warned to prepare for separation.—BUCK.

WEDLOCK.—The Advantages of

The married man is like the bee that fixes his hive, augments the world, benefits the republic, and by a daily diligence, without wronging any, profits all ; but he who contemns wedlock, like a wasp wanders an offence to the world, lives upon spoil and rapine, disturbs peace, steals sweets that are none of his own, and, by robbing the hives of others, meets misery as his due reward.—FELTHAM.

WEEPING.—The Faculty of

The faculty of weeping serves young children in the place of language. Few tears are shed, but the noise attracts attention. With adults it is far otherwise. Their weeping is not to attract attention and call forth the aid of some bystanders ; but irrepressible heart-sorrow, which prefers to be unseen.—DR. BREWER.

WEEPING.—The Reason for

Weep not for broad lands lost ;
Weep not for fair hopes cross'd ;

Weep not when limbs wax old ;
 Weep not when friends grow cold ;
 Weep not that death must part
 Thine and the best loved heart ;
 Yet weep—weep all thou can,
 Weep, weep, because thou art
 A sin-defiled man !—ABP. TRENCH.

WELCOME.—A Hearty

The kind hosts their entertainment grace
 With hearty welcome and an open face ;
 In all they did you might discern with ease,
 A willing mind and a desire to please.

DRYDEN.

WELCOME.—A Pleasing

Where welcome is, though fare be small,
 Yet honest hearts be pleased withal.

T. HEYWOOD.

WESLEY.—John

Seldom have I seen a more beautiful old man. A serene and smooth countenance, an arched nose, the clearest and most piercing eye, a fresh colour quite unusual to one of his age, and betraying perfect health—all this gives him an exterior at once interesting and venerable. You could not see him without being struck with his appearance. Many persons who were full of prejudice and opposition to him before seeing him, acquired quite a different opinion of him after making his personal acquaintance. There was a mingling of cheerfulness and seriousness in his voice, and in all his conduct. He was very sprightly, and one could not but notice the quick variability of his animal spirits, though deep peace reigned within him. If you were to see his profile, it would indicate great acuteness of understanding. His dress was a model of neatness and simplicity : a thrice-folded neckcloth, a coat with a narrow standing collar, no knee-buckles, nor silk or satin on his whole body, but crowned with snow-white hair. These gave him the appearance of an apostle. Cleanliness and order shone out from all his person. * * * In social life Wesley was lively and communicative. He had been much among men ; he was full of anecdotes and experiences, which he related willingly, and, what is not of less importance, well. He could be very cheerful and pleasant. His elasticity of spirits communicated itself to others, and suffered so little beneath the weakness of age or the approach of death, that no one could think he had been as happy in his twentieth as he was in his eightieth year. His temperance was remarkable ; in his early life he carried it much too far. He commenced fasts, and other forms of self-denial, at Oxford, and indulged in but little sleep, but toward the close of his life he relaxed somewhat from

this rigid regimen. In thirty-five years he did not have to lie in bed one day. Wesley was one of the most industrious of men. Even yet he has not ceased to travel. If he had not possessed the art of dividing his time very systematically he could not have done what he has. But every item of business has its own hour. He went to bed between nine and ten o'clock, and rose at four. No society, no conversation, however pleasant, nothing but a case of sheer necessity, could induce him to break his rules. In the same methodical way he wrote and travelled, and visited the sick. It has been calculated that he delivered forty thousand four hundred and sixty discourses, to say nothing of the multitude of addresses he made to his society and classes. In his early life he travelled on horseback. The reins resting on the horse's neck, he held his book before his eyes, and studied ; he had many an adventure on horseback. It is thought that in fifty years he travelled two hundred and eighty thousand English miles. No one of a less powerful body could endure this ceaseless activity. In addition to this comes his great authorship. He composed hymns and added melodies. He made singing doubly pleasant, for he had the male and female voices interchange parts ; he appointed singing exercises, so that when there was no organ in the chapel its place might be amply supplied by accomplished vocalists ; he sometimes made sacred music the subject of discourses. The singing of many thousands of Methodists in the open fields, in forests, or grave-yards, was sometimes followed by wonderful effects.—HERDER.

WHEAT.—The Fragrance of

The fragrant sheaves of the wheat
 Made the air above them sweet ;
 Sweeter and more divine
 Was the scent of the scattered grain,
 That the reaper's hand let fall
 To be gathered again
 By the hand of the gleaner !

LONGFELLOW.

WHEAT.—Red

O rich red wheat ! thou wilt not long defer
 Thy beauty ; though thy stems are not
 yet grown,
 The fair blue distance and the moorland fir
 Long for thy golden laughter ! Four years
 gone,
 How oft with eager foot I scaled the top
 Of this long slope, to give mine eye full
 range !
 And now again rotation brings the
 change
 From seeds and clover to my favourite
 crop ;

How oft I've watch'd thee from my garden,
charm'd
With thy noon stillness, or thy morning
tears !
Or when the wind clove, and the sunset
warm'd
Thine amber-shafted depths and russet
ears ;
O all ye cool green stems ! improve the
time,
Fulfil your beauty, justify my rhyme !

C. TURNER.

WHIG.—Derivation of the Appellation—

"Whig," or "Whiggam," the Scotch word for urging on their horses ; first applied to the rebels who marched on Edinburgh, 1680 ; afterwards to all enemies of the Stuarts. From 1688 till now it signifies the party favouring the freedom of the people and curbing the arbitrary power of the Crown. Some derive it from a word meaning sour whey.—BESLY.

WHIP.—The

It mends the gross mistakes of Nature,
And puts new life into dull matter.

S. BUTLER.

WHISPERER.—The

The whisperer is more to be dreaded than an open slanderer, because he endeavours to accomplish his malicious purposes secretly, and his victim has no chance of frustrating them.—DR. DAVIES.

WHISPERINGS.—Foul

Foul whisperings are abroad ; unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles ; infected minds
In their deaf pillows will discharge their
secrets.

SHAKSPEARE.

WHYS.—Many

There is the why of pride,—a protestation : he who utters it, at bottom cares not for further knowledge. There is the why of frivolity, a noise that one makes in one's own ears,—that goes knocking up there, down here, always out of reach, repeating a monotonous note, wearying the echoes, like those birds wandering in the woods, uneasy, astray. Then again, there is the why of inertia and self-indulgence. Hardly does it get itself shaped. It is only good as a semblance of life, and a dispensation from action. There is the why of despair. The heart, intoxicated with its woes, breathes out its hopelessness, not as a reproach, still less a prayer. The sufferer asks nothing, wants to know nothing. And lastly, there is the why of a broken spirit, or a heart that can endure no longer. It cannot discern its way, the horizon is all dark ; it

only knows that there is a God, and that between God and it relations are established. Let be, it will soon know why !—GASPARIN.

WICKED.—The Happiness of the

The happiness of the wicked passes away like a torrent.—RACINE.

WICKED.—The Hatred of the

The hatred of the wicked is only roused the more from the impossibility of finding any just grounds on which it can rest ; and the very consciousness of their own injustice is only a grievance the more against him who is the object of it.—ROUSSEAU.

WICKEDNESS—a Diligent Architect.

Wickedness is a wonderfully diligent architect of misery ; of shame, accompanied with terror and commotion, and remorse, and endless perturbation.—PLUTARCH.

WICKEDNESS.—Hardened in

Some are so hardened in wickedness as to have no sense of the most friendly offices.—L'ESTRANGE.

WICKEDNESS.—Licentious

What rein can hold licentious wickedness,
When down the hill he holds his fierce
career ?

We may as bootless spend our vain command

Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,
As send precepts to the Leviathan
To come ashore.

SHAKSPEARE.

WIDOW.—The

She lives in her affections ; for the grave
Has closed upon her husband, children ; all
Her hopes are with the Arm she trusts will
save

Her treasured jewels ; though her views are
small,

Though she has never mounted high to fall
And writhe in her debasement, yet the
spring

Of her meek, tender feelings, cannot pall
Her unperverted palate, but will bring
A joy without regret, a bliss that has no
sting.

Even as a fountain, whose unsullied wave
Wells in the pathless valley, flowing o'er
With silent waters, kissing, as they lave,
The pebbles with light rippling, and the
shore

Of matted grass and flowers,—so softly
pour

The breathings of her bosom, when she
prays,

Low-bowed, before her Maker ; then no
more

She muses on the griefs of former days :
Her full heart melts, and flows in heaven's
dissolving rays.

And faith can see a new world, and the
eyes
Of saints look pity on her : Death will
come—

A few short moments over, and the prize
Of peace eternal waits her, and the tomb
Becomes her fondest pillow ; all its gloom
Is scattered. What a meeting there will be
To her and all she loved here ! and the
bloom

Of new life from those cheeks will never
flee ;

Theirs is the health that lasts through all
eternity. PERCIVAL.

WIDOW.—The Word for a

In the Hebrew tongue, the word for a
widow signifies *to bind* and *to be silent*,—
intimating, so to speak, that their hands
are tied, and that they must needs suffer
much injustice, and yet hold their peace.
—SCRIVER.

WIFE.—Advice to a

O woman ! thou knowest the hour when
the goodman of the house will return, when
the heat and burden of the day are past ; do
not let him at such time, when he is weary
with toil and jaded with discouragement,
find upon his coming to his habitation, that
the foot which should hasten to meet him is
wandering at a distance, that the soft hand
which should wipe the sweat from his brow,
is knocking at the door of other houses.—
W. IRVING.

WIFE.—The Choice of a

This must be not for mere beauty, nor for
great dowry, nor for lofty dignity. He that
looks only for beauty, buys a picture ; he
that loves for dowry, makes a purchase ;
and he that leaps for dignity, matches with
a multitude at once.—W. SECKER.

WIFE.—The Circumspection of a

A woman hath in every state
Most need of circumspection ; most of all
When she becomes a wife ! She is a
spring—

Must not be doubted ; if she is, no oath
That earth can utter will so purge the
stream

That men will think it pure.

J. S. KNOWLES.

WIFE.—Comfort Derived from a

Yes ! a world of comfort
Lies in that one word—wife ! After a
bickering day

To come with jaded spirit home at night,
And find the cheerful fire, the sweet repast,
At which, in dress of happy cheeks and
eyes,

Love sits, and smiling, lightens all the
board. J. S. KNOWLES.

WIFE.—The Derivation of the Word—

Before our great cotton and cloth factories
arose, one of the principal employments in
every house was the fabrication of clothing :
every family made its own. The wool was
spun into thread by the girls, who were
therefore called *spinsters* ; the thread was
woven into cloth by their mother, who
accordingly was called the weaver, or the
wife : and another remnant of this old
truth we discover in the word “heirloom,”
applied to any old piece of furniture which
has come down to us from our ancestors,
and which, though it may be a chair or a
bed, shows that a loom was once a most
important article in every house. Thus the
word “wife” means weaver ; and in the
word itself is wrapped up a hint of earnest,
in-door, stay-at-home occupations, as being
fitted for her who bears this name.—ABP.
TRENCH.

WIFE.—The Dutiful Affection of a Noble- man's

I cannot refrain from giving one beautiful
illustration of devoted duty and affection in
the instance of the Countess Confalonieri.
The moment she heard that the count was
condemned to death, she flew to Vienna,
but the courier had already set out with the
fatal mandate. It was midnight, but her
agonies of mind pleaded for instant admis-
sion to the empress. The same passionate
despair which won the attendants, wrought
its effect on their royal mistress. She
hastened that moment to the emperor, and
having succeeded, returned to the unhappy
lady with a commutation of the sentence :
her husband's life was spared. But the
death-warrant was on its way ;—could she
overtake the courier ? Throwing herself
into a conveyance, and paying four times
the amount for relays of horses, she never,
it is stated, stopped or tasted food till she
reached the city of Milan. The count was
preparing to be led to the scaffold ; but she
was in time—she had saved him. During
her painful journey, she had rested her
throbbing brow upon a small pillow, which
she bathed with her tears, in the conflict of
mingled terror and hope, lest all might be
over. This interesting memorial of conjugal
tenderness and truth, in so fearful a moment,
was sent by his judges to the count, to show
their sense of his wife's admirable conduct.
—SIR W. JONES.

WIFE.—The Duty of a

Fie, fie! unknot that threatening unkind
brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those
eyes

To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake
fair buds;

And in no sense is meet or amiable:
A woman moved is like a fountain trou-
bled—

Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of

And while it is so, none so d

Will deign to sip, or tou

Thy husband

keeps

Thy hea

thee

And for

body

To painful

To watch

cold,

While the

safe

And

But

To

S

WINE makes 12

*Strong wine makes us never it stand,
It is an ill wind that turns wine to good.*
T. B. 12.

WIND.—The Power and Gentleness of the

The wind it is a mystic thing,

Wandering o'er ocean wide,

And fanning all the thousand sails
That o'er its billows glide.

It curls the waves into foam,

WIFE.—A Light

A light wife doth make a heavy husband.
—SHAKESPEARE.

WIFE.—A Literary

How delightful is it when the mind of the female is so happily disposed, and so richly cultivated, as to participate in the literary avocations of her husband; truly that the wife comes the most delightful

Which may grow to be forbidden,
The mother's taste to be refined,
That it never's fully known;
And then she's the best of dogs
Because the rest of mankind

S. B.

WINE.—The Effect of

Before dinner, men meet with great
qualifications of understanding; and these
are diminished as their inferiority has
increased, and the more they have
of it, every man feels himself happy,
knows that morality, and grows im-
pious and wicked, but he is not un-
happy because he is a sinner, if he is not
a sinner.

WINE.—The Fatality of

So Noah, when he anchor'd safe on
The mountain's top, his lofty haven,
And all the passengers he bore
Were on the new world set ashore,
He made it next his chief design
To plant and propagate a vine,
Which since has overwhelm'd and drown'd
Far greater numbers, on dry ground,
Of wretched mankind, one by one,
Than all the flood before had done.

S. BUTLER

Opinion of

A certain chief being asked his opinion
of wine, said he thought it a juice extracted
from women's tongues and lions' hearts.
After, after he had drunk enough of it, he
could talk for ever, and fight Satan.
—BARKER.

WINE.—The Prohibition of

Mahomet is said to have been
the prohibition against the use of
in the Koran by an incident which occurred
to himself. Passing through a village one
day, he was delighted at the merriment of
a crowd of persons, enjoying themselves
with drinking, at a wedding party; but
being obliged to return by the same way

WIFE.—The Proprieties of a

The proprieties of a wife are to be disposed of by her lord, and yet all are for her provisions, it being a part of his need to refresh and supply hers.—**BP. TAYLOR.**

WIFE.—The Society of a

Oh, were I in the wildest waste

truth we

Mahomet foresaw

to the religion

if the use

promised to his

Desire of

drinks,

overturns,

MILTON.

WILL.—Compliance against the

He that complies against his will,
Is of his own opinion still ;
Which he may adhere to, yet disown,
For reasons to himself best known.

S. BUTLER.

WILL.—

JENNISON.

WINTER.—The Love of

Though now no more the musing ear
Delights to listen to the breeze
That lingers o'er the greenwood shade,
I love thee, Winter, well.

Sweet are the harmonies of spring,
Sweet is the summer's evening gale,
And sweet th' autumnal winds that shake
The many-colour'd grove.

And pleasant to the sober'd soul
The silence of the wintry scene,
When Nature shrouds herself, entranced
In deep tranquillity.—**DR. SOUTHEY.**

WINTER.—The Majesty of

To thee

Belong the charms of solemn majesty
And naked grandeur. Awful is the tone
Of thy tempestuous nights, when clouds are
blown

By hurrying winds across the troubled sky ;
Pensive when softer breezes faintly sigh
Through leafless boughs, with ivy over-
grown :

Thou hast thy decorations too, although
Thou art austere ; thy studded mantle gay
With icy brilliants, which as proudly glow
As erst Golconda's ; and thy pure array
Of regal ermine, when the drifted snow
Envelopes Nature, till her features seem
Like pale but lovely ones seem when we
dream. **BARTON.**

WISDOM.—Better than a Crown.

Without his crown, how common-place the
king !
The rich in wisdom need not anything.

CALDWELL.

WISDOM.—Counterfeited.

The formalities of life do often counter-
feit wisdom, but never beget it.—**SPRAT.**

WISDOM.—Defined.

in the choice of the
most appro-
priate ends.—

WINTER.

WINTER.

WINTER.

WINTER.

WINTER.

WINTER.

WINTER.

WINTER.

WINTER.

WINTER.

WIFE.—The Duty of a

Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow;
 And dart not scornful glances from those eyes
 To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
 It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;
 Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
 And in no sense is meet or amiable:
 A woman moved is like a fountain troubled—
 Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
 And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
 Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it:
 Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
 Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee
 And for thy maintenance; commits his body
 To painful labour, both by sea and land;
 To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
 While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
 And craves no other tribute at thy hands
 But love, fair looks, and true obedience—
 Too little payment for so great a debt:
 Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
 Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
 And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
 And not obedient to his honest will,
 What is she but a foul contending rebel,
 And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
 I am ashamed that women are so simple
 To offer war where they should kneel for peace!
 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
 Where they are bound to serve, love, and obey.

SHAKESPEARE.

WIFE.—An Economical

It is better to have a wife who cheapens everything and buys nothing, than to be impoverished by one whose vanity will purchase everything, but whose pride will cheapen nothing.—COLTON.

WIFE.—Home with a

There are who strangely love to roam,
 And find in wildest haunts their home;
 And some in halls of lordly state,
 Who yet are homeless, desolate.
 The sailor's home is on the main,
 The warrior's, on the tented plain,
 The maiden's, in her bower of rest,
 The infant's, on his mother's breast—
 But where thou art is home to me,
 And home without thee cannot be.

CONDER.

WIFE.—A Light

A light wife doth make a heavy husband.
 —SHAKESPEARE.

WIFE.—A Literary

How delightful is it when the mind of the female is so happily disposed, and so richly cultivated, as to participate in the literary avocations of her husband! It is then truly that the intercourse of the sexes becomes the most refined pleasure. What delight, for instance, must the great Budæus have tasted, even in those works which must have been for others a most dreadful labour! His wife left him nothing to desire. The frequent companion of his studies, she brought him the books he required to his desk; she collated passages and transcribed quotations; the same genius, the same inclination, and the same ardour for literature, eminently appeared in those two fortunate persons. Far from withdrawing her husband from his studies, she was sedulous to animate him when he languished. Ever at his side, and ever assiduous; ever with some useful book in her hand, she acknowledged herself to be a most happy woman. Yet she did not neglect the education of eleven children. She and Budæus shared in the mutual cares they owed their progeny. Budæus was not insensible of his singular felicity. In a letter, he represents himself as married to two ladies; one of whom gave him children, the other was Philosophy, who produced books.—I. DISRAELI.

WIFE.—The Memory of a

My wife! how fondly shall thy memory
 Be shined within the chamber of my heart!
 Thy virtuous worth was only known to me,
 And I can feel how hard it is to part:
 Farewell, sweet spirit! thou shalt ever be
 A star to guide me up to heaven and thee.

CHESTER.

WIFE.—Personal Eminence Ascribed to a

By the tender management of my weaknesses, she cured the worst of them. She became prudent from affection; and though of the most generous nature, she was taught economy and frugality by her love for me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful or creditable to me; and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am; to her, whatever I shall be.—MACINTOSH.

WIFE.—The Pleasures of a

Her pleasures are in the happiness of her family.—ROUSSEAU.

WIFE.—The Proprieties of a

The proprieties of a wife are to be disposed of by her lord, and yet all are for her provisions, it being a part of his need to refresh and supply hers.—BP. TAYLOR.

WIFE.—The Society of a

Oh, were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black, and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there !
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen.—R. BURNS.

WIFE.—Sympathy Needed in a

The man who is contented to live with a pretty useful companion, without a mind, has lost in voluptuous gratifications a taste for more refined enjoyments. He has never felt the calm satisfaction that refreshes the parched heart like the silent dew of heaven,—of being beloved by one who can *understand* him. In the society of his wife he is still *alone*, unless when the man is sunk in the brute. The charm of life, says a grave philosophical reasoner, is sympathy ;—nothing pleases us more than to observe in others a fellow-feeling with all the emotions of our own breasts.—WOLSTONECROFT.

WIFE.—The Virtues of a

Thy wife is a constellation of virtues ; she's the moon, and thou art the man in the moon.—CONGREVE.

WILDERNESS.—A Description of a

The wilderness was hoary, grotesque, and magnificently confused. It stretched itself, with a large circular sweep to the north ; and secured the orchard from incommoding winds. Copses of hazel, and flowering shrubs, filled the lower spaces ; while poplars quivered aloft in air, and pines pierced the clouds with their leafy spires. Here grew clumps of fir, clad in everlasting green. There stood groves of oak, which had weathered, for ages, the wintry storm. This woody theatre was intersected by a winding walk, lined with clms of insuperable height, whose branches, uniting at the top, reared a majestic arch, and projected a solemn shade. It is impossible to enter this lofty labyrinth without being struck with a pleasing dread. As we proceed, every inflection diffuses a deeper gloom, and awakens a more pensive attention.—J. HERVEY.

WILL.—Character Involved in the

Our character is our will ; for what we *will we are*.—ABP. MANNING.

WILL.—Compliance against the

He that complies against his will,
Is of his own opinion still ;
Which he may adhere to, yet disown,
For reasons to himself best known.

S. BUTLER.

WILL.—The Deathlessness of the

When all else is decayed and turned into death, the will lives yet. The will cannot die. In the dead soul there is a living will, even if it live to choose what is its death. The will may be changed, but it can be changed only into another will ; it cannot cease to be.—DR. PUSEY.

WILL.—The Freedom of the

Where had been
The test of faith, if the expanded arm
Of Heaven in glory, and in power displayed,
Had curbed the freedom of the human will,
Nor left the scope of choice?—HAYES.

WILL.—Luther's

In the last will and testament of this eminent reformer, occurs the following remarkable passage :—" Lord God, *I thank Thee, that Thou hast been pleased to make me a poor and indigent man upon earth.* I have neither house, nor land, nor money, to leave behind me. Thou hast given me wife and children, whom I now restore to Thee. Lord, nourish, teach, and preserve them, as Thou hast me."—ARVINE.

WILL.—The Need of

In the schools of the wrestling master, when a boy falls he is bidden to get up again, and to go on wrestling day by day till he has acquired strength ; and we must do the same, and not be like those poor wretches who, after one failure, suffer themselves to be swept along as by a torrent. You need but *will*, and it is done ; but if you relax your efforts, you will be ruined ; for ruin and recovery are both from within.—EPICETUS.

WILL.—A Resolute

I remember admiring an instance of this kind, in a firm, sagacious, and estimable old man, whom I well knew, and who has long been dead. Being on a jury, in a trial of life and death, he was satisfied of the innocence of the prisoner ; the other eleven were of the opposite opinion. But he was resolved the man should not be condemned ; and as the first effort for preventing it, very properly made application to the *minds* of his associates, spending several hours in labouring to convince them. But he found he made no im-

pression, while he was exhausting the strength which it was necessary to reserve for another mode of operation. He then calmly told them that it should now be a trial who could endure confinement and famine the longest, and that they might be quite assured he would sooner die than release them at the expense of the prisoner's life. In this situation they spent about twenty-four hours; when at length all acceded to his verdict of acquittal.—FOSTER.

WILL.—The Virtues of the

The virtues of the will are above the successions of time.—ABP. MANNING.

WILL, WIT, AND JUDGMENT.

At twenty years of age, the will reigns; at thirty, the wit; and at forty, the judgment.—GRATIAN.

WILLOW.—The

A sad tree, whereof such who have lost their love make their mourning garlands, and we know what exiles hung up their harps upon such doleful supporters. The twigs are physic to drive out the folly of children.—DR. FULLER.

WIND.—An Ill

Except wind stands as never it stood,
It is an ill wind that turns none to good.
TUSSER.

WIND.—The Power and Gentleness of the

The wind it is a mystic thing,
Wand'ring o'er ocean wide,
And fanning all the thousand sails
That o'er its billows glide.
It curls the blue waves into foam,
It snaps the strongest mast,
Then like a sorrowing thing it sighs,
When the wild storm is past.
And yet how gently does it come
At evening through the bowers,
As if it said a kind "Good-night"
To all the closing flowers.

HAWKSHAW.

WINDS.—The Moaning

Amid the mighty clouds that move along,
The moaning winds of autumn sing their song,
And shake the red leaves from the forest trees;
And subterranean voices speak.

B. W. PROCTER.

WINDS.—Seeds Sown by the

Arise, ye winds! 'tis now your time to blow,
And aid the work of Nature. On your wings

The pregnant seeds conveyed shall plant a race
Far from their native soil.

J. MONTGOMERY.

WINDS.—The Whispering

Done the tales, to bed we creep,
By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.
MILTON.

WINE.—The Abuse of

'Tis pity wine, which Nature meant
To man in kindness to present,
And gave him kindly to caress,
And cherish his frail happiness,
Of equal virtue to renew
His wearied mind and body too,
Should, like the cider-tree in Eden,
Which only grew to be forbidden,
No sooner come to be enjoy'd,
But th' owner's fatally destroy'd;
And that which she for good design'd,
Becomes the ruin of mankind.

S. BUTLER.

WINE.—The Effect of

Before dinner, men meet with great inequality of understanding; and those who are conscious of their inferiority have the modesty not to talk: when they have drunk wine, every man feels himself happy, and loses that modesty, and grows impudent and vociferous; but he is not improved; he is only not sensible of his defects.—DR. JOHNSON.

WINE.—The Fatality of

So Noah, when he anchor'd safe on
The mountain's top, his lofty haven,
And all the passengers he bore
Were on the new world set ashore,
He made it next his chief design
To plant and propagate a vine,
Which since has overwhelm'd and drown'd,
Far greater numbers, on dry ground,
Of wretched mankind, one by one,
Than all the flood before had done.

S. BUTLER.

WINE.—An Opinion of

An Asiatic chief being asked his opinion of wine, said he thought it a juice extracted from women's tongues and lions' hearts for, after he had drunk enough of it, he could talk for ever, and fight Satan.—BARKER.

WINE.—The Prohibition of

Mahomet is said to have been led to put the prohibition against the use of wine in the Koran by an incident which occurred to himself. Passing through a village one day, he was delighted at the merriment of a crowd of persons, enjoying themselves with drinking, at a wedding party; but being obliged to return by the same way

next morning, he was shocked to see the ground, where they had been, drenched with blood; and asking the cause, he was told that the company had drunk to excess, and, getting into a brawl, fell to slaughtering each other. From that day his mind was made up,—the mandate went forth from Allah, that no child of the Faithful should touch wine, on pain of being shut out from the joys of Paradise. The simple truth we suppose to be—that Mahomet foresaw there would be no stability to the religion and empire he was building up, if the use of ardent spirits was permitted to his followers.—ARVINE.

WINE.—The Repressed Desire of

Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,
Which many a famous warrior overturns,
Thou could'st repress. MILTON.

WINE.—The Spirit of

O thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou
hast no name to be known by, let us call
thee devil.—SHAKESPEARE.

WINNING.—The Way of

There is a way of winning, more by love,
And urging of the modesty, than fear;
Force works on servile natures, not the free:
He that's compelled to goodness, may be
good;
But 'tis but for that fit; where others, drawn
By softness and example, get a habit:
Then if they stray, but warn 'em, and the
same
They would for virtue do, they'll do for
shame. JONSON.

WINTER.—An Address to

I deem thee not unlovely, though thou com'st
With a stern visage. To the tuneful bird,
The blushing floweret, the rejoicing stream,
Thy discipline is harsh; but unto man
Methinks thou hast a kindlier ministry:
Thy lengthened eve is full of fire-side joys,
And deathless linking of warm heart to
heart,
So that the hoarse storm passes by unheard.
Earth, robed in white, a peaceful Sabbath
holds,
And keepeth silence at her Maker's feet:
She ceaseth from the harrowing of the
plough,
And from the harvest-shouting. SIGOURNEY.

WINTER.—Described.

Pale, rugged Winter, bending o'er his tread,
His grizzled hair be-dropp'd with icy dew;
His eyes, a dusky light, congeal'd and dead,
His robe—a tinge of light ethereal blue!
His train—a motley, sanguine, sable cloud,
He limps along the russet dreary moor;

While rising whirlwinds, blasting, keen, and
loud,
Roll the white surges to the sounding
shore. CHATTERTON.

WINTER.—The Dreariness of

There's not a flower on all the hills;
The frost is on the pane.—TENNYSON.

WINTER.—The Love of

Though now no more the musing ear
Delights to listen to the breeze
That lingers o'er the greenwood shade,
I love thee, Winter, well.
Sweet are the harmonies of spring,
Sweet is the summer's evening gale,
And sweet th' autumnal winds that shake
The many-colour'd grove.
And pleasant to the sober'd soul
The silence of the wintry scene,
When Nature shrouds herself, entranced
In deep tranquillity.—DR. SOUTHEY.

WINTER.—The Majesty of

To thee
Belong the charms of solemn majesty
And naked grandeur. Awful is the tone
Of thy tempestuous nights, when clouds are
blown
By hurrying winds across the troubled sky;
Pensive when softer breezes faintly sigh
Through leafless boughs, with ivy over-
grown:
Thou hast thy decorations too, although
Thou art austere; thy studded mantle gay
With icy brilliants, which as proudly glow
As erst Golconda's; and thy pure array
Of regal ermine, when the drifted snow
Envelopes Nature, till her features seem
Like pale but lovely ones seem when we
dream. BARTON.

WISDOM.—Better than a Crown.

Without his crown, how common-place the
king!
The rich in wisdom need not anything.
CALDWELL.

WISDOM.—Counterfeited.

The formalities of life do often counter-
feit wisdom, but never beget it.—SPRAT.

WISDOM.—Defined.

Wisdom consists in the choice of the
best ends, and the use of the most appro-
priate means to accomplish those ends.—
R. WATSON.

WISDOM.—The Gladness of

Wisdom smiles when humbled mortals
weep:
When sorrow wounds the breast as ploughs
the glebe,

And hearts obdurate feel the softening shower,
Her seeds celestial then glad Wisdom sows;
Her golden harvest triumphs in the soil.

DR. E. YOUNG.

WISDOM.—The Hands of

In Wisdom's right hand is length of days; and in her left hand riches and honour. Look to which hand you will, and you will find it full.—W. SECKER.

WISDOM.—Lessons of

Lessons of wisdom have never such power over us as when they are wrought into the heart through the ground-work of a story which engages the passions. Is it that we are like iron, and must first be heated before we can be wrought upon? or, is the heart so in love with deceit, that where a true report will not reach it, we must cheat it with a fable in order to come at the truth?—STERNE.

WISDOM.—The Power of

Wisdom can draw expedient from obstacle, invention from difficulty, safety from danger, resource from sterility, and remedy from poison. In her hands all things become beautiful by their adaptment, subservient by their use, and salutary by their application.—COLTON.

WISDOM.—The Rejection of

To reject wisdom because the person who communicates it is uncouth, and his manners are inelegant, what is it but to throw away the pine-apple, and assign for a reason the roughness of its coat?—BR. HORNE.

WISDOM.—Representations of

Wisdom is a fox who, after long hunting, will at last cost you pains to dig out: 'tis a cheese, which by how much the richer, has the thicker, the homelier, and the coarser coat, and whereof to a judicious palate, the maggots are best: 'tis a sack posset, wherein the deeper you go, you'll find it the sweeter. Wisdom is a hen, whose cackling we must value and consider, because it is attended with an egg. But lastly, 'tis a nut, which unless you choose with judgment, may cost you a tooth, and pay you with nothing but a worm.—DEAN SWIFT.

WISDOM.—The Soundest

He that is warned by all the folly of others, has attained the soundest wisdom.—COLTON.

WISDOM.—The Spread of

The strong barriers which confined the stores of wisdom have been thrown down,

and a flood overspreads the earth; old establishments are rising, the inferior schools are introducing improved systems of instruction, and good books are rendering every man's fire-side a school. From all these causes there is growing up an enlightened public opinion, which quickens and directs the progress of every art and science, and through the medium of a free press, although overlooked by many, is now rapidly becoming the governing influence of all the affairs of man.—ARNOT.

WISDOM.—The True

It is the way we go, the way of life;

A drop of pleasure in a sea of pain,
A grain of peace amid a load of strife,

With toil and grief, and grief and toil again:

Yea:—but for this; the firm and faithful breast,

Bolder than lions, confident and strong,
That never doubts its birthright to be blest,
And dreads no evil while it does no wrong:

This, this is wisdom, manful and serene;

Towards God all penitence, and prayer,
and trust;

But to the troubles of this shifting scene,
Simply courageous and sublimely just.

TUPPER.

WISDOM.—Unsanctified

Unsanctified wisdom is the devil's greatest tool.—CHARNOCK.

WISDOM AND FOLLY.

Wisdom prepares for the worst; but Folly leaves the worst for that day when it comes.—R. CECIL.

WISDOM AND LEARNING.

Wisdom and learning should go hand-in-hand, they are so beautifully qualified for mutual assistance. But it is better to have wisdom without learning, than learning without wisdom; just as it is better to be rich without being the possessor of a mine, than to be the possessor of a mine without being rich.—COLTON.

WISH.—A Noble

I wish not to plunder my enemy; but there are things I wish to take from him—not his honour, his wealth, or his life, but his ill-will.—TASSO.

WISH.—An Old Man's

Enough, if cleansed at last from earthly stain,

My homeward step be firm, and pure my evening sky.

HERSCHEL.

WISHES—Lengthen.

Like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines.
DR. E. YOUNG.

WISHES—in Regard to Wants.

From having wishes in consequence of
our wants, we often feel wants in conse-
quence of our wishes.—DR. JOHNSON.

WIT.—The Acquirement of

It is imagined that wit is a sort of inexplicable visitation, that it comes and goes with the rapidity of lightning, and that it is quite as unattainable as beauty or just proportion. I am so much of a contrary way of thinking, that I am convinced a man might sit down as systematically, and as successfully, to the study of wit, as he might to the study of mathematics: and I would answer for it, that by giving up only six hours a day to being witty, he should come on prodigiously before midsummer, so that his friends should hardly know him again.—S. SMITH.

WIT.—Attempting

I have no more pleasure in hearing a man attempting wit, and failing, than in seeing a man trying to leap over a ditch, and tumbling into it.—DR. JOHNSON.

WIT.—The Boundaries of

Wit, like every other power, has its boundaries. Its success depends on the aptitude of others to receive impressions; and that as some bodies, indissoluble by heat, can set the furnace and crucible at defiance, there are minds upon which the rays of fancy may be pointed without effect, and which no fire of sentiment can agitate or exalt.—DR. JOHNSON.

WIT—Defined by Wit.

What is wit? Wit is a two-edged sword, sharp and polished, and of course of a good temper. It is not every blade that is a wit, for many lack a point, who in their own opinion are particularly sharp! Perhaps, too, as it exalts a man, it may be called a *raiser* (razor), and requires a skillful hand in the handling; for to cut one's own fingers would be folly—in the extreme; and to wound others who are unskilled in the weapon, or unarmed, would render one's conduct (like the wounded) defenceless. Some would-be wits—mere unfledged wittings—imagine that they show their sense by having all the talk to themselves; this is by no means sound-sense, notwithstanding the noise. Such youths might be invaluable to an attorney as *engrossing* clerks; although, perhaps, their skill would

be shown more in words than deeds. What is wit, then? The essence of good sense, distilled by the fire of true genius; and the test is—that, like a reverend Doctor of Divinity, it will bear—translation.—H. WILLIS.

WIT.—The Growth of

Wit must grow like fingers. If it be taken from others, 'tis like plums stuck upon black thorns; there they are for a while, but they come to nothing.—SELDEN.

WIT—Lieth in Different Things.

Sometimes it lieth in pat allusion to a known story, or in seasonable application to a trivial saying, or in forging an apposite tale: sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense, or the affinity of their sound: sometimes it is wrapped up in a dress of humorous expression: sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude: sometimes it lodgeth in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a quirkish reason, in a shrewd intimation, in cunningly diverting, or cleverly retorting an objection: sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme or speech, in a tart irony, in a lusty hyperbole, in a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictions, or in acute nonsense: sometimes a scenical representation of persons or things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or gesture passeth for it: sometimes an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness, giveth it being: sometimes it riseth only from a lucky hitting upon what is strange, sometimes from a crafty wresting obvious matter to the purpose: often it consisteth in one hardly knows what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable and inexplicable, being answerable to the numberless roving of fancy and windings of language.—DR. BARROW.

WIT.—The Needs of a

If he who has little wit needs a master to inform his stupidity, he who has much frequently needs ten to keep in check his worldly wisdom, which might otherwise, like a high-mettled charger, toss him to the ground.—SCRIVER.

WIT.—The Pungency of

Thy wit is a very bitter sweetening; it is a most sharp sauce.—SHAKESPEARE.

WIT.—The Restraint of

Wit, like hunger, will be with great difficulty restrained from falling on vice and ignorance where there is great plenty and variety of food.—FIELDING.

WIT—Rewarded.

Wit is one of the few things which has been rewarded more often than it has been defined. A certain bishop said to his chaplain—"What is wit?" The chaplain replied—"The rectory of B—— is vacant; give it to me, and that will be wit." "Prove it," said his lordship, "and you shall have it." "It would be a good thing well applied," rejoined the chaplain.—COLTON.

WIT—Wrongly Directed.

Your wit makes wise things foolish; when we greet
With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things
but poor. SHAKSPEARE.

WIT AND JUDGMENT.

Wit is brushwood, judgment timber: the one gives the greatest flame, the other yields the durablest heat; and both meeting make the best fire.—OVERBURY.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Wit and wisdom differ: wit is upon the sudden turn, wisdom is in bringing about ends.—SELDEN.

WITCH.—Herbs Supposed to give Power to the

Here's monk's-hood, that breeds fever in the blood;
And deadly nightshade, that makes men see ghosts;
And henbane, that will shake them with convulsions;
And meadow-saffron and black hellebore,
That rack the nerves and puff the skin with dropsy:
And bitter-sweet, and briony, and eye-bright,
That causes eruptions, nose-bleed, rheumatisms:
I know them, and the places where they hide
In field and meadow; and I know their secrets,
And gather them, because they give me power
Over all men and women. Armed with these,
I am stronger than the captain with his sword,
And richer than the merchant with his money,
And wiser than the scholar with his books,
Mightier than ministers and magistrates,
With all the fear and reverence that attend them!
LONGFELLOW.

WITCH.—The Hut of the

It is a dreary and deserted spot, hedged round by a circle of evil rumours, through which nothing but despair dare penetrate.—G. GILFILLAN.

WITCH.—The Qualities of the

A borderer between earth and hell, her qualities are rather those of the former than of the latter.—G. GILFILLAN.

WITCH.—The Voice of the

At length in murmurs hoarse her voice was heard;—
Her voice beyond all plants, all magic, fear'd,
And by the lowest Stygian gods revered:
Her gabbling tongue a muttering tone confounds,
Discordant, and unlike to human sounds;
It seem'd of dogs the bark, of wolves the howl;
The doleful screechings of the midnight owl;
The hiss of snakes, the hungry lion's roar;
The sound of billows beating on the shore;
The groan of winds among the leafy wood,
And burst of thunder from the rending cloud,
'Twas these, all these in one.—ROWE.

WITCHCRAFT.—A Just Designation of

Witchcraft we may justly designate high treason against Divine Majesty, a direct revolt against the infinite power of God.—LUTHER.

WOE.—Guiltless

Beside one deed of guilt, how blest is guiltless woe!—LYTTON.

WOE.—The Luxury of

Weep on; and, as thy sorrows flow,
I'll taste the luxury of woe.—T. MOORE.

WOES.—Companionship in

Companionship in woes gives alleviation, even though it be that of an enemy.—CALDERON.

WOES.—Painting

He best can paint them who shall feel them most.—POPE.

WOMAN.—A Beautiful

She was like
A dream of poetry that may not be
Written or told—exceedingly beautiful!
And so came worshippers; and rank bow'd down
And breathed upon her heart-strings with the breath
Of pride, and bound her forehead gorgeously

With dazzling scorn, and gave unto her
step
A majesty—as if she trod the sea,
And the proud waves, unbidden, lifted
her !
And so she grew to woman—her mere
look
Strong as a monarch's signet, and her
hand
Th' ambition of a kingdom !

N. P. WILLIS.

WOMAN.—The Eye of

The artillery of her eye.—A. COWLEY.

WOMAN.—The Fall of

If once she falls, it is the fall of Lucifer.
—COLTON.

WOMAN.—The First

More lovely than a vision brought
From out the fairy realms of thought ;
Serene and silent with a grace
Divinely breathed o'er form and face,
In full array of love and light,
That dazzled his adoring sight,
By soul and sense to be revered,
The Angel of the World appear'd !
Then what a starry welcome rang !
Each orb an hymeneal sang,
While shapes unutterably bright
From heaven gazed down with new delight,
When first the ground a woman trod,
Just moulded by the hand of God !
Around her breast, in wreathy play
Her locks like braided sunbeams lay ;
And limbs unveil'd a radiance cast
Of purity, as on she pass'd
Amid the bloom and balm of flowers,
That cluster'd round Elysian bowers :
The bird and breeze together blent
Their notes in mildest languishment ;
The sun grew brighter as he shed
His glory round her living head,—
As if no orb of space were free
From one fine spell of sympathy,
When woman rose upon the scene,
Creation's fair and faultless queen.

R. MONTGOMERY.

WOMAN.—The Greatest

Shortly after my return from the conquest
of Italy, I was accosted by Madame de
Staël, at a grand entertainment given by
M. Talleyrand. She asked me in the
midst of a large circle who was the greatest
woman in the world. I looked at her, and
coldly replied—"She, Madame, who has
borne the greatest number of children.—
NAPOLEON I.

WOMAN—at Home.

One of the most hallowed, and lovely,
and beautiful sights in our world is—woman

at home ; discharging, with all the meek-
ness of wisdom, the various duties of wife,
mother, and mistress, with an order that
nothing is allowed to disturb, a patience
which nothing can exhaust, an affection
which is never ruffled, and a perseverance
that no difficulties can interrupt, and no
disappointments arrest.—J. A. JAMES.

WOMAN.—The Honour of

Woman's honour
Is nice as ermine,—will not bear a soil.
DRYDEN.

**WOMAN—not Intellectually Equal
to Man.**

Woman, sister ! there are some things
which you do not execute as well as your
brother—man ; no, nor ever will. Pardon
me, if I doubt whether you will ever pro-
duce a great poet from your choirs, or a
Mozart, or a Phidias, or a Michael Angelo,
or a great philosopher, or a great scholar.
By which last is meant, not one who de-
pends simply on an infinite memory, but
also on an infinite and electrical power of
combination ; bringing together from the
four winds, like the angel of the resurrec-
tion, what else were dust from dead men's
bones, into the unity of breathing life. If
you can create yourselves into any of these
grand creators, why have you not?—T. DE
QUINCEY.

WOMAN.—A Jealous

The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
SHAKSPEARE.

WOMAN.—The Love of

Love is the very essence of woman's
existence. It is the exigency of her soul—
the very law of her being ; a law which
nothing can ever hinder her from obeying.
—MONOD.

WOMAN—a Ministering Angel.

O woman ! in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made ;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou !
SIR W. SCOTT.

WOMAN.—The Obedience of

To be man's tender mate was woman
born,—
And, in obeying nature, she best serves
The purposes of Heaven.—SCHILLER.

WOMAN.—The Office of

Her office there to rear, to teach,
Becoming as is meet and fit
A link among the days to knit
The generations each with each.
TENNYSON.

mothers of families, conducting their households with admirable discretion. Katharine, who became Lady Killigrew, wrote Latin hexameters and pentameters. Mildred, the wife of Lord Burleigh, is described by Roger Ascham as the best Greek scholar among the young women of England, Lady Jane Grey always excepted. Anne, the mother of Francis Bacon, was distinguished both as a linguist and a theologian. She corresponded in Greek with Bishop Jewell, and translated his "Apologiæ" from the Latin so correctly, that neither he nor Archbishop Parker could suggest a single alteration. She also translated a series of sermons on fate and freewill, from the Tuscan.—J. JOHNSON.

WOMEN.—The Lot of

In great crises it is women's special lot to soften our misfortunes.—NAPOLEON I.

WOMEN.—The Melancholy of

God has made us with strong passions and little wisdom. To inspire the notion that infallible vengeance will be the consequence of every little deviation from our duty, is to encourage melancholy and despair. Women have often ill-health and irritable nerves; they want, moreover, that strong coercion over the fancy which judgment exercises in the minds of men: hence they are apt to cloud their minds with secret fears and superstitious presentiments.—S. SMITH.

WOMEN.—The Seasons of

We women have four seasons like the year: Our spring is in our lightsome girlish days, When the heart laughs within us for sheer joy;
Ere yet we know what love is, or the ill Of being loved by those whom we love not: Summer is when we love and are beloved, And seems short; from its very splendour seems
To pass the quickest; crowned with flowers it flies:
Autumn, when some young thing with tiny hands, And rosy cheeks, and flossy tendrilled locks, Is wantoning about us day and night: And winter is when those we love have perished;
For the heart ices them.—P. J. BAILEY.

WOMEN.—The Strength of

'Tis a powerful sex; they were too strong for the *first*, the *strongest*, and the *wisest*, man that was; they must needs be strong when *one hair* of a woman can draw more than a hundred pair of oxen! —HOWELL.

WOMEN.—Wit in

Wit in women is a jewel, which, unlike all others, borrows lustre from its setting, rather than bestows it; since nothing is so easy as to fancy a very beautiful woman extremely witty.—COLTON.

WONDERS—Everywhere.

Think not the things most wonderful
Are those beyond our ken,—
For wonders are around the paths,
The daily paths of men.

HAWKSHAW.

WONDERS OF THE WORLD.—The Seven

The *first* was a colossal statue of brass at Rhodes, which was dedicated to the sun. It was twelve years in making, and cost three hundred talents, or about ninety-seven thousand pounds of our money. It was seventy cubits in height, and stood directly across the harbour. Its thumbs were so large, that a man could not clasp one of them with both his arms, and its legs were spread out to such a distance, that ships of large size could sail between them. In its left hand it held a lighthouse, for the direction of mariners; and in its right, a dart, apparently ready to be discharged at any intruder. Fifty years after its erection, it was thrown down by an earthquake; and about nine centuries subsequently, the old metal was purchased by a Jew, who loaded nine hundred camels with it. *Second*: the Pyramids of Egypt, three of which still remain. The first has a square base, six hundred and sixty feet each way, and is five hundred feet high. It is made of great stones, the least of which is thirty feet in height. It took three hundred and sixty thousand men twenty years to complete it. The other two are a little smaller, and attract the admiration of the spectator. Some suppose they were built by the Israelites during their captivity; but this opinion cannot be correct, as we read that they were employed in making bricks. *Third*: the walls of the city of Babylon, built by Queen Semiramis. They formed an exact square, were sixty miles in circumference, two hundred feet in height, and fifty in breadth, so that six chariots could travel upon them abreast. *Fourth*: the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, which was a work of the greatest magnificence. The riches within were immense; and the goddess was worshipped with great solemnity. It took two hundred and twenty years in its completion, *though all Asia was employed!* It was supported by one hundred and twenty-seven pillars of beautiful Parian marble, each of a single shaft, and raised by as many *kings*. Each pillar was sixty feet in height, thirty-seven of them

being engraven. The beams and doors were made of cedar, and the rest of the timber was cypress. The image of the goddess was made of ebony : it was burnt by Erostratus, an obscure individual, one hundred and ten years after, on the same day that Alexander the Great was born. *Fifth* : the royal palace of Cyrus, king of Media. It was built by Memnon, who was as prodigal in expense as he was skilful in building. It is asserted that he actually cemented the stones with gold ! Some are inclined to give the preference to the Temple of Solomon, at Jerusalem, as a superior edifice. *Sixth* : the statue of Jupiter Olympus, in the city of Olympia. It was of prodigious size, made of ivory, and carved with the greatest art by Phidias, a noted sculptor. *Seventh* . the mausoleum, or sepulchre of Mausolus, king of Caria, built by his queen, Artemisia, of the most beautiful marble. The workmanship was splendid in the extreme ; it was sixty-three feet in length, four hundred in circumference, and thirty-five in height, surrounded by thirty-six columns of the most superb workmanship. This has been acknowledged by some, as one of the seven wonders, whilst others think that the light-house of Alexandria ought to have the preference. This was a tower of white marble, nearly four hundred feet in height, with magnificent galleries, and mirrors of enormous size. On the top was an immense lantern, with a light constantly burning, so that ships could perceive it at a distance of a hundred miles.—**LOARING.**

WOOD.—Midnight in a

In such a place as this, at such an hour,—
If ancestry can be in aught believed,—
Descending spirits have conversed with
man,
And told the secrets of the world unknown.
HOME.

WOODMAN.—The

Forth goes the woodman, leaving uncon-
cern'd
The cheerful haunts of man, to wield the
axe
And drive the wedge in yonder forest drear,
From morn till eve his solitary task :
Shaggy and lean and shrewd, with pointed
ears
And tail cropp'd short, half lurcher and half
cur,
His dog attends him. **COWPER.**

WOODS.—The Quiet of the

The rich autumnal woods,
With their innumerable shades and colour-
ings,
Are like a silent instrument at rest ;—
A silent instrument whereon the wind
Hath long forgot to play ! **HOUSEMAN.**

WOOLSACK.—The Term—

This term originated in the fact that wool being at the time the staple commodity of the land, it was considered proper that a dignitary so high as the Lord Chancellor should be seated thereon.—**E. DAVIES.**

WORD.—The Capability of a

A single word is often a concentrated poem, a little grain of pure gold, capable of being beaten out into a broad extent of gold leaf.—**ABP. TRENCH.**

WORDS.—The Abuse of

One of the most powerful instruments of vice—the most fatal of all its poisoned weapons—is the abuse of words, by which good and bad feeling are blended together, and its deformity concealed, from an apparent alliance to some proximate virtue. Prodigality and dissipation, are liberality and high spirit ; covetousness, frugality ; flattery, good breeding. As society advances in civilization, the power of this engine does not diminish. To give harsh deeds soft names is one of the evils of refinement. In preventing this confusion—in preventing this abuse of words—in sustaining a high tone of moral feeling, by giving harsh names to harsh deeds, the preservation of the boundaries between virtue and vice mainly depends.—**LADY MONTAGU.**

WORDS.—The Definition of

Definition of words has been commonly called a mere exercise of grammarians ; but when we come to consider the innumerable murders, proscriptions, massacres, and tortures, which men have inflicted on each other from mistaking the meaning of words, the exercise of definition certainly begins to assume rather a more dignified aspect.—**S. SMITH.**

WORDS.—Fair

Throughout the world, if it were sought,
Fair words enough a man shall find ;
They be so cheap, they cost right nought ;
Their substance is but only wind :
But well to say, and so to mean,
That sweet accord is seldom seen.
WYATT.

WORDS.—Familiar

Familiar in his mouth as household words.
SHAKSPEARE.

WORDS.—Kind

Sweet as refreshing dews or summer
showers,
To the long-parching thirst of drooping
flowers ;

Grateful as fanning gales to fainting swains ;
And soft as trickling balm to bleeding
pains,
Are thy kind words. GAY.

WORDS.—Last

Lord, have mercy upon me, and take my
spirit.—EDWARD VI.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,
and to the Holy Ghost.—BEDE.

This is the last of earth ; I am content.
—J. Q. ADAMS.

I leave my body to the grave, and my
soul to the great Perhaps. I am taking a
step in the dark.—HOBBS.

I have sent for you that you may see how
a Christian can die.—ADDISON.

Thank God, I have done my duty !—
LORD NELSON.

I wish I had the power of writing for
you, I would describe how pleasant it is to
die !—DR. CULLEN.

Head of the army !—NAPOLEON I.
Douglas, in a little time you will be a
duke, but I shall be a king.—DUKE OF
HAMILTON.

Our God is the God from whom cometh
salvation.—LUTHER.

I have such sweet thoughts.—PRINCE
ALBERT.

I have finished my work ; I am longing
for rest.—BICKERSTETH.

We shall this day light such a candle, by
God's grace, in England, as I trust shall
never be put out.—BP. LATIMER.

Glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's
land !—RUTHERFORD.

Give me more laudanum, that I may not
think of eternity and of what is to come.
—MIRABEAU.

My peace hath been like a river. Blessed
be God that I was ever born !—HALY-
BURTON.

Come quickly, O Death ! for fear that at
last I should forget myself.—ANTONINUS.

I die in full reliance on the perfect atone-
ment made by our Lord Jesus Christ upon
the cross.—BP. JEUNE.

God bless you.—BURKE.

My dear Lord, help and keep Thy ser-
vant.—E. FRY.

More praise still. Oh, help me to praise
Him !—JANEWAY.

I must sleep now.—BYRON.

O Death ! thou dost not trouble my
designs ; thou accomplishest them. Hasten
thee, O favourable Death !—BP. BOSSUET.

Almost well.—BAXTER.

I take a step *in* the dark, but not *into* the
dark.—COWPER.

To Jesus Christ I commend my soul.—
ANNE BOLEYN.

I have ever been their friend.—COBBETT.

Thank God for giving me this pain. How
thankful I am that my head is untouched !
DR. ARNOLD.

Farewell ! farewell !—J. WESLEY.

This hand hath offended—this unworthy
right hand !—APP. CRANMER.

My lovely flowers !—RICHTER.

There is no salvation but in the sacrifice
of the Lamb of God.—DR. JOHNSON.

How pure and lovely is the sky ! I hope
the Almighty will receive me there.—
ROUSSEAU.

I bless God I have inward supports.—M.
HENRY.

God preserve the Emperor !—HAYDN.

My God !—O glorious words !
J. HOWARD.

We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke
is of the party.—GAINSBOROUGH.

In life and in death I am the Lord's.—L.
IRVING.

This is as it should be.—JERROLD.

O God, pardon my sins. Yes ! I come
among my fellow-labourers on high.—
MAHOMET.

Let me hear once more those notes so
long my solace and delight.—MOZART.

I know that all things on earth must have
an end, and now I am come to mine.—SIR
J. REYNOLDS.

All is dark and doubtful.—GIBBON.

None but Christ—none but Christ.—
LAMBERT.

Gentlemen of the Jury, you may now
retire, and consider your verdict.—JUDGE
TENTERDEN.

The battle's fought, and the victory is
won for ever. I am going to bathe in an
ocean of purity, and benevolence, and
happiness to all eternity !—DR. PAYSON.

More light !—GOETHE.

Heaven !—MRS. DAVIES.

WORDS.—Picturesque

A collection of picturesque words, found
among our ancient writers, would constitute
a precious supplement to the history of our
language. Far more expressive than our
term of executioner is their solemn one of
the deathsmen—than our vagabond their
scatheling—than our idiot or lunatic their
moonling.—I. DISRAELI.

WORDS.—The Power of

Words have wings, and as soon as their
cage, the
Mouth, is open'd, out they fly, and mount
beyond

Our reach, and past recovery : like lightning
They can't be stopt, but break their passage
through

The smallest crannies, and penetrate

Sometimes the thickest walls ; their nature's
as
Expansive as the light. — NEVILLE.

WORDS.—Smooth

Smooth words persuade us that we are much cleverer, or better, or better-looking, than we really are ; and if they do not quite succeed in doing so, they at least put us into a good humour with ourselves. If we sift the matter, we shall find that God has implanted in us all a most powerful and useful moral agent, called love of approbation or praise ; and that a compliment is very like the real and genuine thing, which even the veriest Timon amongst us likes. If used for base purposes, it is base ; if used for simple good-humour and good-nature, it is one of the most delightful things in the world. — FRISWELL.

WORDS.—Sweet

And when she spake
Sweete wordes like dropping honey she did
shed,
And 'twixt the perles and rubins softly
brake
A silver sound, that heavenly musicke
seem'd to make. SPENSER.

WORDS.—Use in Relation to

Use may revive the obsoletest words,
And banish those that now are most in
vogue ;
Use is the judge, the law, and rule of
speech. ROSCOMMON.

WORK—Accomplished by Apostles and Prophets.

I question if there was one apostle among the twelve who could *not* do a good day's work. One can do better than Jonah, for he can make a tent ; another can drag a net over-full of fishes so skilfully that the net is not broken ; another surely knew something of the work of husbandry, if not by settled occupation, yet by occasional personal endeavours, else he could hardly describe to us so feelingly the "*long* patience of the husbandman" in waiting for the precious fruits of the earth. The prophets—don't you see Elijah, tall, strong, fearless ; a splendid instance of incarnate capability and human completeness, running before Ahab's chariot, standing on the wild rocks of Horeb, while the wind waves his mantle and plays with his locks ? And Elisha at the plough ? And Amos dressing his sycamore-tree and keeping his cattle ? And Jonah working at his booth beside Nineveh ? Work of every kind is kingly, if men knew how to do it well. The pride that despises it is beggarly. — DR. RALEIGH.

WORK.—Delighting in

Apart from all merely natural aids, apart from those chances of rising in the world, of professional, or literary, or artistic distinction, there is no greater blessing for a man than to have acquired that healthy and happy instinct which leads him to take delight in his work for the work's sake. — LORD STANLEY.

WORK.—Genius must

Richard Burke being found in a reverie shortly after an extraordinary display of powers in Parliament, and being questioned by a friend as to the cause, replied :—" I have been thinking how Edmund has contrived to monopolize all the talents of his family ; but then again, I remember, when we were at play he was always at work." The force of this anecdote is increased by the fact that Richard Burke was considered not inferior in natural talents to his brother ; yet the one rose to greatness, while the other died comparatively obscure. — MRS. BALFOUR.

WORK.—The Grandeur of

Pray learn to understand how all work has in it a spiritual element ;—how the meanest thing on earth has a divine side ; how all temporary forms include essences that are to be eternal. Whatever be the meanness of a man's occupation, he may discharge and prosecute it on principles common to him with Michael or Gabriel, or any of the highest spirits of heaven ! — BINNEY.

WORK.—Nature Developed by

No doubt hard work is a great police-agent. If everybody were worked from morning till night, and then carefully locked up, the register of crimes might be greatly diminished. But what would become of human nature ? Where would be the room for growth in such a system of things ? It is through sorrow and mirth, plenty and need, a variety of passions, circumstances, and temptations, even through sin and misery, that men's natures are developed. — HELPS.

WORK.—Tired in

I am often tired *in*, but never *of*, my work. — WHITFIELD.

WORKERS.—Hard

What was it but labour that enabled Heyne, of Gottingen, the son of a poor weaver, to become one of the greatest classical scholars ;—that enabled Akenside, the son of a butcher, to write "*The Pleasures of the Imagination* ;"—Arkwright the

barber to become Sir Richard Arkwright, inventor of the spinning jenny ;—Beattie the schoolmaster to become Professor of Moral Philosophy ;—Prideaux to become the Bishop of Winchester from being the assistant in the kitchen at Exeter College ;—Edmund Saunders the errand lad to become Sir Edmund Saunders, Chief Justice of the King's Bench ;—Jonson the common bricklayer to become Ben Jonson the famous ;—Adrian VI. to rise to his great fame as a scholar from being a poor lad in the streets, who for want of other convenience had to read by the lamps in the church porches ;—Parkes the grocer's, and Davy the apothecary's apprentice, to become so celebrated as chemists ;—Dr. Isaac Milner, Dean of Carlisle and Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, to rise from the humble position of a weaver ; and White, who was also a weaver, to become Professor of Arabic at Oxford ;—Hunter the cabinet-maker to attain the first rank among anatomists ? Incredible labour enabled Demosthenes to become the greatest orator of antiquity. "The Economy of Human Life" and "The Annual Register" were the production of Dodsley, who by labour raised himself from the position of a weaver and a footman. Labour enabled Falconer, the barber's son, to write his celebrated poem of "The Shipwreck." The editor of "The Quarterly Review," Gifford, acquired the needed capability from being a cabin-boy and shoemaker's apprentice ; Haydn, the son of a poor cartwright, to become the eminent musical composer ; Johnson, through sickness and poverty, to become the immortal linguist ; Jeremy Taylor, a barber's son, to become theologian and prelate ; Barry, from a working mason, to become the renowned painter. Dr. Livingstone has attained his celebrity from being a "piecer" in a factory. Indeed, if we read the lives of distinguished men in any department, we find them celebrated for the amount of labour they could perform. There is no exception to this rule even in the military profession. Julius Cæsar, Henry IV. of France, Washington, Napoleon, and Wellington, were all renowned as hard workers. We read how many days they could support the fatigues of a march ; how many hours they spent in the field, in the cabinet, in the court ; how many secretaries they kept employed ;—in short, how hard they worked. Superficial thinkers are ready to cry out—"Miracles !" True ; but they are miracles of industry and of labour.—J. JOHNSON.

WORKS.—Good

Good works have their proper place. They justify our *faith*, though not our *persons* ; they follow it, and evidence our

justification in the sight of men.—WHITFIELD.

WORKS.—Great

Great works, undertaken for ostentation, miss of their end, and turn to the author's shame ; if not, the transitions of time wear out their engraved names, and they last not much longer than Caligula's bridge over the Bajæ. What is become of the Mausoleum, or the ship-bestriding Colossus ? Where is Marcus Scaurus's Theatre, the bituminated walls of Babylon ? and how little rests of the Egyptian Pyramids ! And of these, how divers are the reports given of their builders—some ascribing them to one, some to another !—FELTHAM.

WORLD.—Carrying the

In the morning, we carry the world like Atlas ; at noon, we stoop and bend beneath it ; and at night, it crushes us flat to the ground.—H. W. BEECHER.

WORLD.—The Christian and the

The bird of paradise, which has such a dower of exquisitely beautiful feathers, cannot fly with the wind ; if it attempt to do so, the current, being much swifter than its flight, so ruffles its plumage as to impede its progress, and finally to terminate it : it is therefore compelled to fly against the wind, which keeps its feathers in their place, and thus it gains the place where it would be. So the Christian must **not** attempt to go with the current of a sinful world ; if he does, it will not only hinder, but end his religious progress ; but he **must** go against it, and then every effort of his soul will surely be upward, heavenward, Godward.—DR. DAVIES.

WORLD.—Dissatisfied with the

When I reflect upon what I have seen, what I have heard, what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry and bustle and pleasure of the world had any reality ; and I look on what has passed as one of those wild dreams which opium occasions, and I by no means wish to repeat the nauseous dose for the sake of the fugitive illusion.—CHESTERFIELD.

WORLD.—The Four Quarters of the

Europe derives its name from Europa, daughter of Agenor, king of Phœnicia. Asia, from Asia, the wife of Prometheus, and daughter of Oceanus. Africa, from Ophir, the grandson of Abraham. America, from Americus Vesputius.—E. DAVIES.

WORLD.—Good and Evil in the

There is good in the world, and there is evil. There is sunshine warming the earth into life, and ripening its kindly fruits; and there are torrid heats and blasting droughts, when "the earth lies parched, and the cattle die, and there is destruction and pestilence issuing as from the sun itself." There are genial showers and fructifying rains, that cause the trees to clap their hands, and the valleys to shout for joy; and there are torrents that uproot the forests, and lay waste the fields;—floods that sweep away the harvests, and desolate the homes of men;—lightning, and hail, and tempest, that in one brief moment destroy the work of years, and devour flocks, and herds, and families. There is the joy of birth, and the gloom and aching sorrow of death. There is the gush of gladsome life,—the hum of insects, the song of birds, the mirth and music of unfettered hearts; and there is pain and moaning in the chamber of disease,—in the hovel of want, and there are stifled sobs around the closing coffin, and there are new-made graves wet with scalding tears. The stars sing out their perpetual rhythm of peace and joy; and the winds wail and howl as they scatter the leaves of summer, and bring up the clouds and chill of winter. And not the seasons only, but the days as well mark this alternation. Is there not the night also? How weak, and in the hands of what unknown powers, does man feel himself to be, when, deprived of light, he looks, or strives to look, out into an infinite darkness! The night is around him, and death before him.—**THORNDALE.**

WORLD.—The Goods of this

With respect to the goods of this world, it might be said—that parsons are preaching for them,—that lawyers are pleading for them,—that physicians are prescribing for them,—that authors are writing for them,—that soldiers are fighting for them,—but that true philosophers alone are enjoying them.—**COLTON.**

WORLD.—The Hero of the

The hero of the world is the man that makes a bustle—the man that makes the road smoke under his chaise-and-four—the man that raises a dust about him—the man that manages or devastates empires!—**R. CECIL.**

WORLD.—Leaving the

There is something painful in the thought of leaving for ever what has given us pleasure. I remember, many years ago, when

my imagination was warm, and I happened to be in a melancholy mood, it distressed me to think of going into a state of being in which Shakspeare's poetry did not exist. A lady, whom I then much admired, a very amiable woman, humoured my fancy, and relieved me by saying—"The first thing you will meet with in the other world will be an elegant copy of Shakspeare's works presented to you."—**BOSWELL.**

WORLD.—Love for the

I would not slight this wondrous world. I love its day and night. Its flowers and its fruits are dear to me. I would not wilfully lose sight of a departing cloud. Every year opens new beauty in a star, or in a purple gentian fringed with loveliness. The laws, too, of matter seem more wonderful the more I study them; in the whirling eddies of the dust, in the curious shells of former life buried by thousands in a grain of chalk, or in the shining diagrams of light above my head. Even the ugly becomes beautiful when truly seen. I see the beautiful in the bumpy toad. The more I live, the more I love this little world; feel more its Author in each little thing—in all that's great.—**T. PARKER.**

WORLD.—The Reflective Character of the

We may be pretty certain that persons whom all the world treats ill deserve entirely the treatment they get. The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it will in turn look sourly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion; and so let all young persons take their choice.—**THACKERAY.**

WORLD.—Satisfying the

He is very foolish who aims at satisfying all the world and its father.—**FONTAINE.**

WORLD.—The Stage-like Character of the

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages.—**SHAKSPEARE.**

WORLD.—Standing Aloof from the

I have not loved the world, nor the world me;
I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor bow'd
To its idolatries a patient knee,
Nor coin'd my cheeks to smiles, nor cried aloud
In worship of an echo; in the crowd
They could not deem me one of such; I stood
Among them, but not of them.—**BYRON.**

WORLD.—The Way to Rise above the

We may rise above the world, not merely in the transcendency of faith, but in the fearfulness of pusillanimity, and in the repulsion of misanthropy.—DR. RALEIGH.

WORLD.—Weary of the

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry,—
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And genius checked by harsh authority,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill :
Tir'd with all these, from these would I be
gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.
SHAKESPEARE.

WORSHIP.—Meaning of the Word—

The English word—"worship," did not originally bear that meaning which it bears almost exclusively in modern language. Its original form was "wortship," and when it was in that form it was not applied to religious acts. A "place of worship" was any house of a better sort, as when an old Easter sermon says—"Good friends, ye shall know well that this day is called in many places God's Sunday. Know well that it is the manner in every *place of worship* at this day to do the fire out of the hall; and the black winter brand, and all that is foul with smoke, shall be done away, and where the fire was shall be arrayed with fair flowers." Such a usage of the word remains also in the manner of address used to magistrates—"your worship;" in the title of "Worshipful" Companies; and in the words of the bridegroom to the bride in the Marriage Service, "with my body I thee worship" (*i.e.* honour, but not of course with the honour paid to God). But when the English Bible began to solidify English forms of speech, the word was beginning to be more generally used in a religious sense. And to give it a distinctive meaning when thus used for the service of the Lord's house, the word "Divine" was added; so that "Divine Worship" came to be a common expression for all devotional acts and words publicly offered to Almighty God in His house, such as the Sacrifices and Temple Services of the Jews, and the Sacraments and Church Services of Christians.—J. H. BLUNT.

WORSHIP.—Public

Public worship is the nearest resemblance of heaven.—CLARKSON.

WORSHIP.—Spiritual

All worship to be acceptable must be

spiritual, the homage and communion of the highest part of man; for God is a spirit, and can only hold communion with spirit.
—LIGHT.

WORTH.—Depressed.

This mournful truth is everywhere confess'd—
Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd.
DR. JOHNSON.

WORTH.—A Man's

A man's worth should be reckoned by what he is, not by what he has.—H. W. BEECHER.

WORTH.—The Value of

Worth makes the man, and want of it—the fellow.—POPE.

WREN.—The Little

Small as thou art, thou gem-like bird !
Yet thou hast made thy nest on high ;
And there thy warbling voice is heard,
Singing thy children's lullaby.
Lovely bird ! with thy golden crown,
A kind and tender nurse art thou,
Making thy nest of moss and down,
And hanging it on the bending bough ;
There, rocked by the wave of the zephyr's
wings,
Amid the green branches it lightly swings ;
And a few clustering leaves of the forest-
tree,
Will serve to shelter thy cradle and thee ;
Concealing thee safely from every eye,
Until danger and fear have pass'd thee by
SIR W. SCOTT.

WRINKLES.—Deeds Indicated by

The wrinkles on his forehead are the marks which his mighty deeds have engraved, and still indicate what he was in former days.—CORNEILLE.

WRITE.—Soon.

"Write soon !" oh, sweet request of Truth !
How tenderly its accents come !
We heard it first in early youth,
When mothers watched us leaving home.

The pressing hand, the steadfast eye,
Are both less earnest than the boon
Which, fervently, the last fond sigh
Begs in the hopeful words—"Write
soon !" COOK.

WRITER.—A Tedious

He is not one who uses too many words, but one who uses many words to little purpose. Where the sense keeps pace with the words, though these be numerous, or drawn out into long periods, I am not tired with him; but when his expression goes on

while the sense stands still, I am out of patience with him. —BP. HURD.

WRITERS.—Borrowing from Ancient

Whatever our conjectures may be, we cannot be sure that the best modern writers can afford us as good models as the ancients;—we cannot be certain that they will live through the revolutions of the world, and continue to please in every climate—under every species of government—through every stage of civilization. We may still borrow descriptive power from Tacitus; dignified perspicuity from Livy; simplicity from Caesar; and from Homer some portion of that light and heat which, dispersed into ten thousand channels, has filled the world with bright images and illustrious thoughts. Let the cultivator of modern literature addict himself to the purest models of taste which France, Italy, and England could supply, he might still learn from Virgil to be majestic, and from Tibullus to be tender; he might not yet look upon the face of nature as Theocritus saw it; nor might he reach those springs of pathos with which Euripides softened the hearts of his audience. —S. SMITH.

WRITING.—The Ancient Mode of

The most ancient mode of writing was on bricks, tiles, and oyster-shells, and on tables of stone; afterwards on plates of various materials, on ivory, on barks of trees, and on leaves of trees. —I. DISRAELI.

WRITING.—Ease in

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance. POPE.

WRITING.—Frothy

Sounding brass and tinkling cymbals are descriptions of it truly emblematic. If there is any sweetness, it is that which clogs and makes you sick; if there is any brightness, it is that which dazzles and gives you pain; if there is any gold, it is that which has been expanded to an almost impalpable superfluousness, under the operation of the gold-beater. This species of style is well described as frothy; but, as a means of supplying aliment, or as a constant diet, what is a syllabub to a sirloin? —DR. KNOX.

WRITING.—The Present Mode of

It is most strange that we who excel our progenitors so far in science, literature, and commerce, should continue to use the mode of writing they have handed down to us. Our usual method of communication, by its complexity, obliges the readiest hand

to spend at least six hours in writing what can be spoken in one. —I. PITMAN.

WRITING.—Wonder Expressed at

In the erection of the chapel at Raratonga a circumstance occurred which will give a striking idea of the feelings of an untaught people, when observing, for the first time, the effects of written communications. As I had come to the work one morning without my square, I took up a chip, and with a piece of charcoal wrote upon it a request that Mrs. Williams would send me that article. I called a chief, who was superintending his portion of the work, and said to him—"Friend, take this, go to our house, and give it to Mrs. Williams." He was a singular-looking man, remarkably quick in his movements, and had been a great warrior; but in one of the numerous battles he had fought had lost an eye, and giving me an inexpressible look with the other, he said—"Take that! she will call me a fool, and scold me if I carry a chip to her." "No," I replied, "she will not: take it, and go immediately, I am in haste." Perceiving me to be in earnest, he took it, and asked—"What must I say?" I replied—"You have nothing to say; the chip will say all I wish." With a look of astonishment and contempt he held up the piece of wood, and said—"How can this speak? Has this a mouth?" I desired him to take it immediately, and not spend so much time in talking about it. On arriving at the house he gave the chip to Mrs. Williams, who read it, threw it away, and went to the tool-chest, whither the chief, resolving to see the result of this mysterious proceeding, followed her closely. On receiving the square from her, he said—"Stay, daughter; how do you know that this is what Mr. Williams wants?" "Why," she replied, "did you not bring me a chip just now?" "Yes," said the astonished warrior; "but I did not hear it say anything." "If you did not I did," was the reply; "for it made known to me what he wanted, and all you have to do is to return with it as quickly as possible." With this the chief leaped out of the house, and, catching up the mysterious piece of wood, he ran through the settlement, with the chip in one hand and the square in the other, holding them up as high as his arms would reach, and shouting as he went—"See the wisdom of these English people; they can make chips talk! they can make chips talk!" On giving me the square, he wished to know how it was possible thus to converse with persons at a distance. I gave him all the explanation in my power; but it was a circumstance involved in so much mystery that he actually tied a string to the

WRONG.

chip, hung it round his neck, and wore it for some time. During several following days, we frequently saw him surrounded by a crowd, who were listening with intense interest while he narrated the wonders which this chip had performed.—J. WILLIAMS.

WRONG.—Avenge a

A wrong avenged is doubly perpetrated ;
Two sinners stand where lately stood but one.
MACKELLAR.

WRONGS.—The Fast Growth of

Wrongs in themselves are feeble weeds,
And yet how fast they grow !
For slaves make tyrants, and the seeds
Of all that tyrants sow.—E. ELLIOTT.

WRONGS AND BENEFITS.

On adamant our wrongs we all engrave,
But write our benefits upon the wave.
T. KING.

X.

XERXES.—The Cruelty of

So cruel and fickle was Xerxes, that he crowned his footmen in the morning, and beheaded them in the evening of the same day. But he was not alone in these atrocities. Hence many have been kings in the morning, and worse than slaves by night, and have said of their symbol of elevation and rule—"O crown ! more noble than happy !"—ARVINE.

XERXES.—The Tears of

As Xerxes stood on a lofty eminence, and his eagle eye swept over the immense army in the plain beneath him, brilliant in attire, courageous in spirit, and panting, like himself, for martial glory, the thought that not one of that vast multitude would be alive one hundred years after, so oppressed his great soul, that he burst into a flood of tears. But that thought and those tears neither curbed his towering ambition, nor softened the awful hardness of his heart. Both together might have transformed him into an angel ; alas ! they left him the very reverse !—DR. DAVIES.

Y.

YEAR.—The

The year is but a quick succession of brief moments.—ZSCHOKKE.

YEAR.

YEAR.—The Address of the Dying

If we might for a moment personify the dying year in his last days, we should picture him a little shrivelled old man—shrivelled as one of his grandsire's winter pipe pins—piping in the shrill treble of extreme age, and uttering an experience strongly resembling that of human life. "Listen to me, mortals !" he might say, with the same emphasis with which the old, wise by experience, say the like to the young, who will never be wise without it :—"Listen to me, ye mortals ! for I also am of the race of the ephemerals. I had my sturdy youth, when it seemed that my life would never end ; and I dug, and ploughed, and planted, and enjoyed my jocund prime and my golden summer ; and I decked myself in the garlands of May, and reaped the yellow harvest, and gathered the purple vintage of autumn ; but scarcely had I attained the object of my desires, and secured the plenty for which I laboured, than I found the shadows lengthening, and the days shortening, and my breath growing short with them, and decrepitude coming upon me, and the days at hand of which I said—'I have no pleasure in them.' I have laid up riches and know not who shall gather them ; have planted trees which must shade far distant years, and stored the vintage of which other years must drink."—PROF. ROGERS.

YEAR.—The Adjustment of the

One can no more reflect upon the exact adjustment of the year to the cycle of plants, insects, and animals, without believing that they were adjusted for each other, than he could believe a watch, which required to be wound up at night, was designedly adjusted for a day.—DR. BREWER.

YEAR.—The Death of the Old

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing ;
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly, and speak low,
For the Old Year lies a-dying.
Old Year, you must not die !
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old Year, you shall not die !

He lieth still—he doth not move—
He will not see the dawn of day ;
He hath no other life above—
He gave me a friend and a true true-love,
And the New Year will take 'em away.
Old Year, you must not go !
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old Year, you shall not go !

How hard he breathes ! over the snow,
I heard just now the crowing cock :
The shadows flicker to and fro ;
The cricket chirps ; the lights burn low ;
'Tis nearly one o'clock.
Shake hands, before you die !
Old Year, we'll dearly rue for you :
What is it we can do for you ?
Speak out before you die !

TENNYSON.

YEAR.—The New-Born

The new-born year is hailed alike by rich and poor, old and young. Friendly greetings, sunny smiles, and generous wishes are plentiful as stars. Even foes relax their enmity, and forget their quarrels ; and vows, involving a higher and better life, are earnestly made on earth and carefully registered in heaven. Happy, thrice happy, would it be, if each year continued and ended as pleasantly and satisfactorily as it began !—E. DAVIES.

YEARNINGS.—God-sent

To be weighed down with a sense of our own incompleteness ; to long for that which we have not and cannot gain ; to descry noble attainments, as islands in the sea, eagerly sought, but which change to clouds as we draw near ; to spend our life in searching for the hidden land, as Columbus for the new continent, and to find only weeds floating, or a broken branch, or, at best, a bird that comes to us from the unknown shore ; this it is to be on earth—to live. And yet, are not these very yearnings the winds which God sends to fill our sails and give us good voyage homeward ?—H. W. BEECHER.

YEOMAN.—The Meaning of the Term—

Originally, the term yeoman meant—one bearing the bow in battle : this bow was generally made of yew ; and hence the royal mandate that yew-trees were to be planted in every church-yard, so that every yeoman in the neighbourhood thereof may be able to obtain readily the wood needed for this instrument of warfare. At present, the term yeoman, in its common acceptation, means a gentleman farmer.—DR. WEBSTER.

YEOMAN.—An Old-Fashioned

The good yeoman wears russet clothes, but makes golden payment, having time in his buttons, but silver in his pocket. If he chance to appear in clothes above his rank, it is to grace some great man with his service, and then he blusheth at his own bravery. Otherwise, he is the sweet landmark, whence foreigners may take aim of the ancient English customs : the gentry more floating after foreign fashions.—DR. FULLER.

YES.—The Importance of

A monosyllable of mighty import ! It decides the fate of things, of persons, and of empires.—DR. DAVIES.

YES AND NO.

Man's first word is—Yes ; his second—No ; his third and last—Yes. Most stop short at the first ; very few get to the last.—ATTWELL.

YESTERDAYS.—Our

All our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.
SHAKESPEARE.

YIELDING.—The Wisdom of

When the two goats, on a narrow bridge, met over a deep stream, was not he the wiser that laid down for the other to pass over him, than he that would rather hazard both their lives by contending ? He preserved himself from danger, and made the other become debtor to him for his safety. I will never think myself disparaged either by preserving peace or doing good.—FELTHAM.

YOUNG.—The Advantage of Dying

To die young is youth's divinest gift,—
To pass from one world fresh into another
Ere change hath lost the charm of soft regret,
And, feel the immortal impulse from within
Which makes the coming life cry alway
—“ On ! ”
And follow it while strong—is Heaven's
last mercy.
P. J. BAILEY.

YOUNG.—Counsel to the

Might I give counsel to my young hearer, I would say—Try to frequent the company of your betters ; in books and life that is the most wholesome society ; learn to admire rightly—the great pleasure of life is that. Note what the great specially admire ; they admire great things : narrow spirits admire basely, and worship meanly.—THACKERAY.

YOUNG.—Feeling in the

Feeling in the young precedes philosophy, and often acts with a more certain aim.—CARLETON.

YOUNG.—The Insanity of the

The little child, when it sees a star sparkle, stretches out its dimpled arms ; it wants that star. To want a star is the beautiful insanity of the young.—GASPARIN.

YOUNG.

YOUNG.—The Instruction of the

Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the
mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing
breast.
J. THOMSON.

• YOUNG.—The Joyous Play of the

I love to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,
And my locks are not yet grey ;
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And it makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

Play on ! play on ! I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring ;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing :
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smother'd call ;
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall
come,
And I shall be glad to go,
For the world, at best, is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low ;
But the grave is dark, and the heart will
fail
In treading its weary way ;
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness,
To see the young so gay.

N. P. WILLIS.

YOUTH.—The Excesses of

The excesses of youth are drafts upon our
old age, payable with interest about thirty
years after date.—COLTON.

YOUTH.—Friendship Formed in

In young minds there is commonly a
strong propensity to particular intimacies
and friendships. Youth, indeed, is the
season when friendships are sometimes
formed, which not only continue through
succeeding life, but which glow to the last,
with a tenderness unknown to the con-
nexions begun in cooler years. The pro-
pensity, therefore, is not to be discouraged,
though, at the same time, it must be regu-
lated with much circumspection and care.—
DR. BLAIR.

YOUTH.—The Picture of

Oh, how lovely will the picture of youth
appear if hung up in the palace of heaven !
—W. SECKER.

YOUTH.

YOUTH.—A Pious

Count Zinzendorf, when a boy, used to
write little notes to the Saviour, and throw
them out of the window, hoping that He
would find them ; such were his thoughts of
Jesus and his love to Him.—PHELPS.

YOUTH.—Pleasant Memories of

Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise,
We love the play-place of our early days ;
The scene is touching, and the heart is
stone,
That feels not at that sight, and feels at
none.
The wall on which we tried our graving
skill ;
The very name we carv'd subsisting still ;
The bench on which we sat while deep
employed,
Though mangled, hack'd, and hew'd, not
yet destroy'd ;
The little ones, unbuttoned, glowing hot,
Playing our games, and on the very spot ;
As happy as we once, to kneel and draw
The chalky ring, and knuckle down at
taw ;
To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,
Or drive it devious with a dext'rous pat ;
The pleasing spectacle at once excites
Such recollections of our own delights,
That, viewing it, we seem almost to ob-
tain
Our innocent sweet simple years again.

COWPER.

YOUTH.—The Sleep of

There's a gladness in the sleep of youth, and
its calm unbroken rest,
With the dew of blessing on its head from
the fountain in its breast ;
There's nothing in our after years of wear-
iness like this,
Till when the heart is young again in its
Sabbath year of bliss.—STEBBING.

YOUTH.—The Training of

While yet his youth is flexible and green,
Nor bad examples of the world hath seen,
Early begin the stubborn mind to break.

VIRGIL.

YOUTH.—Wasted.

Though the camomile, the more it is
trodden upon, the faster it grows ; yet
youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it
wears.—SHAKSPEARE.

YOUTH.—A Wish for

In age to wish for youth, is full as vain
As for youth to turn a child again.

DENHAM

Z.

ZEAL.—Angry with

I might well be angry with the officious zeal which supposes that its green conceptions can instruct my grey hairs.—SIR W. SCOTT.

ZEAL.—Apostolic

The zeal of the Apostles was this—they preached publicly and privately; they prayed for all men; they wept to God for the hardness of men's hearts; they became all things to all men, that they might gain some; they travelled through deeps and deserts; they endured the heat of the Syrian star and the violence of Euroclydon, winds and tempests, seas and prisons, mockings and scourgings, fastings and poverty, labour and watching; they endured every man and wronged no man; they would do any good, and suffer any evil, if they had but hopes to prevail upon a soul; they persuaded men meekly, they entreated them humbly, they convinced them powerfully; they watched for their good, but meddled not with their interest: and this is the Christian zeal, the zeal of meekness, the zeal of charity, the zeal of patience.—BP. TAYLOR.

ZEAL.—Blindfold

Blindfold zeal can do but harm—harm everywhere, and harm always.—LICHTWER.

ZEAL.—The Decay of

Zeal will soon wax cold, as water when fire is taken from the vessel in which it is, or iron taken out of the fire.—DR. GOUGE.

ZEAL.—Defined.

Zeal may be defined as the heat or fervour of the mind, prompting its vehemence of indignation against anything which it conceives to be evil—prompting its vehemence of desire towards anything which it imagines to be good. In itself it has no moral character at all. It is the simple instinct of energetic nature, never wholly divested of a sort of rude nobility, and never destitute of influence upon the lives and characters of others.—PUNSHON.

ZEAL.—A Detestable

Nothing can be more detestable than the disguised outside of a simulated zeal.—MOLIERE.

ZEAL.—Different Forms of

There is a zeal of pleasure, a zeal of literature, a zeal of agriculture, a zeal of commerce, a zeal of manufactures, a zeal

of education, a zeal of reform. These are all natural to man, and they are countenanced and encouraged by public opinion.—DEAN M'NEILE.

ZEAL.—Excessive

Excessive zeal for that which is good, though it may not be offensive to me, at all events raises my wonder, and leaves me in a difficulty how I should call it.—MONTAIGNE.

An Indian, having heard from a white man some strictures on zeal, replied—"I don't know about having too much zeal; but I think it is better the pot should boil over than not boil at all."—MACLEOD.

ZEAL.—A Guarantee for

His interest was a guarantee for his zeal.—MACAULAY.

ZEAL.—Injudicious

We do that in our zeal
Our calmer moments are afraid to answer.
SIR W. SCOTT

ZEAL.—Longing for

Oh that I had so much zeal as to steep it in its own liquor;—to set it forth in its own colours;—that the seraphim would touch my tongue with a live coal from the divine altar, that I might regain the decayed credit of it with the sons of men! It is good to be zealous in good things; and is it not best in the best? Or is there any better than God? or the kingdom of heaven?—S. WARD.

ZEAL—for One's Country.

Zeal for the good of one's country has frequently been represented as chimerical and romantic.—ADDISON.

ZEAL.—Overmuch

Hence 'tis that holy wars have ever been
The horrid'st scene of blood and sin;
For when religion does recede
From her own nature, nothing but a breed
Of prodigies and hideous monsters can succeed.
S. BUTLER.

ZEAL.—The Regulation of

It is like fire, which may be applied to many useful purposes when subject to wise direction, but which, if not kept in its proper place and under proper restraint, may cause a conflagration. Or, to change the illustration, it may be only as the healthful vital heat which keeps the body in comfort and action; or it may become a fever of the soul, to consume its strength and destroy its life. Or, to venture, for the

sake of emphasis, even upon a third illustration, many a zealous mind is set on fire by the speed of its own action, and for want of some regulator to check its speed, and some lubricator to lessen its friction, ignites into a flame that consumes the whole machine, and does mischief to others as well as to itself.—J. A. JAMES.

ZEAL.—Religious

Religious zeal should, in every instance, be the offspring of personal piety.—J. A. JAMES.

ZEAL.—True

Nothing can be fairer, or more noble, than the holy fervour of true zeal —MOLIÈRE.

ZEAL.—Uniformity in

We do not value an intermitting spring so much as the clear brooklet which our childhood knew, and which has laughed on its course unheeding, and which could never be persuaded to dry up, though it has had to battle against the scorplings of a jubilee of summers' suns. We do not guide ourselves by the glow-worm's bead of light, or with the marsh-lamp's fitful flame. No: we look to the ancient sun, which in our infancy struggled through the window and danced upon the wall of the nursery, as if he knew how much we delighted to see him light up the flower-cup and peep through the shivering leaf. And, for ourselves, we do not value the affection of a stranger awakened by some casual congeniality, and displayed in kindly greeting or in occasional courtesy. Our wealth is in the patient bearing, and the unnoticed deed, and the anticipated wish, and the ready sympathies, which make a summer and a paradise wherever there is a home. And not only in the natural and the social relations, but in the enterprise of the world, in the busy activities of men, the necessity for uniformity in earnestness is readily acknowledged. Society very soon brands a man if he has not got a perseverance as well as an earnestness about him. Society very soon puts its mark upon the man who lodges in a succession of Utopias,—the unwearied but the objectless builder who never roofs his house, either because he was unable to finish, or because some more brilliant speculation dazzled the builder's brain. The world has got so matter-of-fact now-a-days, that it jostles the genius of the foot-post, while the plodder, whose eye sparkles less brilliantly but more evenly and longer, steadily proceeds on his way to success.—PUNSHON.

ZEPHYR.—The

Exquisitely soft and gentle is the zephyr.

It scarcely kisses into tremulousness the leaf of the aspen, or ripples the sea of air through which it floats so joyously and free. Surely this mild breeze of the west was the only wind known in Eden; for it comes when Nature decks herself with her Easter robes, and earth resembles heaven in its beauty and gladness!—DR. DAVIES.

ZEST—Described.

It is the contrary of phlegmatic apathy; it is the contrary of littleness and of indifference, and of dulness of apprehension, and of sluggishness and slowness of the faculties. Zest is a plant which flourishes in the country: it does not grow well in a garden-pot in cities. The town substitute for zest is excitement; but you are not likely to mistake one for the other, and you may know them by this mark—zest is awake toward all things, even the dulllest; excitement wakes up only at the shrill call of things new and strange. Zest imparts a relish to things that are not the most rapid; excitement asks for larger and larger doses of cayenne, whatever it may be that is on the table.—I. TAYLOR.

ZION.—Mount

Mount Zion was one of the heights on which Jerusalem was built. It stood near Mount Moriah, where Abraham offered up Isaac to the Lord, and witnessed that greatest triumph of human faith; and centuries afterwards, when the Temple covered the summit of the former, it formed the heart and strength of the city. Situated at the southern extremity, it rose above every other part of Jerusalem, and came in time to stand for the city itself. At first it seems strange that Zion should have become a word filled with such endearing associations to the Jews. They could never let it go from them when speaking of their city. If her strength as a fortress was spoken of, the language was—"Walk about Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof: mark ye well her bulwarks, and consider her palaces:" if her elevation, it was—"The holy hill of Zion" God's affection for it was thus expressed—"He loveth the gates of Zion;" "The Lord hath chosen Zion." Occupied by the son of Jesse, it became "The city of David," the representative of all that was dear and cherished in Israel. Thus everything conspired to render "Zion" the spell-word of the nation, and on its summit the heart of Israel seemed to lie and throb. But at length it was visited by misfortune and ruin, and the eagles of Cæsar took the place of the banner of David. Now the plough-share is driven over the top of Zion. Where its towers and palaces stood, grain waves in

